2011

Out of the Past

Maude Brannen Edge
Delma E. Presley
Marvin L. Goss

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OUT
OF THE
PAST
OUT OF THE PAST

Selected Writings By
Maude Brannen Edge

Edited By Delma E. Presley & Marvin Goss

Clock Tower Series
Supported by The Jack N. & Addie D. Averitt Foundation
Bulloch County Historical Society

2011
My heartstrings are tied
becomes too insistent to

I dedicate my memories

Ma
My heartstrings are tied with knots of love to the past, and when the tug becomes too insistent to resist, I shall talk about the dear long, long ago.

I dedicate my memories to my county and to my dearest friends therein.

Maude B. Edge
CONTENTS

Preface ................................ ................................ ........................................... i
Acknowledgements ............................................................................................... v
Introduction to the Life and Work of Maude Brannen Edge ................................... ix
Foreword By Editor Shields Kenan (1957) .............................................................. xxv
1. Picture This Spot Where Indians Once Lived ................................................. 1
2. Georgia Grew in Spite of General Oglethorpe ............................................... 3
3. Pioneers in the Piney Woods ........................................................................ 7
4. Secrets of Old Roads .................................................................................... 9
5. Lost ............................................................................................................. 11
6. The Ho! Pollo! ............................................................................................ 13
7. Indians, Ancestors, and A Little Dog .............................................................. 15
8. Remembering the War That United Us ......................................................... 17
9. She Saw the Battle of Atlanta ...................................................................... 19
10. Lessons Our Southland Learned ................................................................. 21
11. Indentured Servants, Orphans, and Bound Children ..................................... 23
12. Buryin' Grounds ....................................................................................... 25
13. Women in A World of Men ...................................................................... 29
14. Ice and Religion ........................................................................................ 31
15. Tipsy Geese ............................................................................................. 33
16. Stockings, Petticoats, Shirttails, and Smiles ................................................ 35
17. The Wedding of Long Ago ......................................................................... 37
18. Kitchens and Food: Then and Now ............................................................. 39
19. Sadistic Practices and Punishments ............................................................ 41
20. Dear Old Horse and Buggy Days! ................................................................. 43
21. Uncommon Bravery of Common Women ................................................... 45
22. Not A Place to Call Home (1804 - 1879) ..................................................... 47
23. The Town Awakens (1879 - 1890) ............................................................... 51
24. Optimism on Main Street (1890 - 1900) ....................................................... 53
25. Light ........................................................................................................ 55
26. Great Oaks ............................................................................................... 57
27. Lessons Children Learned .................................................................... 59
28. Old Saws Confound Children ................................................................ 61
29. Diversions on A Sunday Afternoon ........................................................... 63
30. Growing Up Caustiously ......................................................................... 65
31. Odd Characters ....................................................................................... 67
32. Behavior and Philosophy .......................................................................... 69
33. Elder Donaldson's Letter ........................................................................ 71
34. Heartstrings Tied With ........... ................................................................ 73
35. Local Holiday Customs ........................................................................... 75
36. The Patron Saint of Lions ......................................................................... 77
37. St. Patrick and Erin ................................................................................... 79
38. Germs ..................................................................................................... 81
39. No Chance at Life ................................................................................... 83
40. The Potter's Field ................................................................................... 85
41. September Comes Again ........................................................................... 87
42. Happy Why Not? ..................................................................................... 89
43. Snakes ..................................................................................................... 91
44. War No More ........................................................................................ 93
45. Turned Inside Out .................................................................................. 95
46. The Past Comes Back ............................................................................... 97
47. Think You Know Your God .................................................................. 99
48. Better, Day by Day ................................................................................ 101
49. How To Beat the Heat ........................................................................... 103
50. By Another Road .................................................................................... 105
51. If I Had A Million .................................................................................... 107
52. Frustrations ........................................................................................... 109
53. A Walking We Go! ................................................................................ 111
54. Things That Can't Happen .................................................................. 113
55. What Do We Worship? ........................................................................ 115
57. Unpopular .............................................................................................. 119
58. Christianity in Action ............................................................................ 121
59. We Can Still Think ................................................................................ 123
60. Alone at the Wesleyai ............................................................................. 125
61. My Backyard Is A Lett ........................................................................... 127
62. The Vanishing American ........................................................................ 129
63. In Memoriam: Mary A. ........................................................................... 131
64. The Greatest Blessing ........................................................................... 133
65. What About Bomb Shi ........................................................................... 135
66. Dropping Off One By One ...................................................................... 137
67. A Pleasant Holiday ................................................................................ 139
68. Let's Live Today ..................................................................................... 141
69. It's The Little Things ............................................................................. 143
70. Rest A Wee Bit ...................................................................................... 145
71. Gathering Home .................................................................................... 147
Bibliography ..................................................................................................... 149
Index .................................................................................................................. 151
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Behavior and Philosophy of Forefathers</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Elder Donaldson's Letter</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Heartstrings Tied With Knots of Love to the Past</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Local Holiday Customs</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>The Patron Saint of Lovers</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>St. Patrick and Erin</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Germs</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>No Chance at Life</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>The Potter's Field</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>September Comes Again</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Happy? Why Not?</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Snakes</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>War No More</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Turned Inside Out</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>The Past Comes Back</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Think You Know Your County?</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Better, Day by Day</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>How To Beat the Heat</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>By Another Road</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>If I Had A Million</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Frustrations</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>A Walking We Go</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Things That Can't Happen</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>What Do We Worship?</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Which? What? Who?</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Unpopular</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Christianity In Action</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>We Can Still Think</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Alone at the Wesleyan Reunion</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>My Backyard Is A Little World</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>The Vanishing Americans</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>In Memoriam: Mary Allen Edge</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>The Greatest Blessing</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>What About Bomb Shelters?</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Dropping Off One By One</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>A Pleasant Holiday</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Let's Live Today</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>It's The Little Things</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Rest A Wee Bit</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Gathering Home</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Bibliography</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Index</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Founded in 1803 as the settlement simply refused to grow, the village of twenty-five residents was called by no name, the place was simply referred to.

Travelers who stumbled onto the dwellings. Within a stone's throw were two taverns that served the area occasionally, not to mention theNome.

Maude captured the essence of the town. In one story about a drunk who boarded the train, the conductor asked, "Where are you going?" The conductor replied: "I'll put you in Statesboro. That's the place." So she did, not historically accurate, down the tracks.

Some of her writings have become a source of local history, Statesboro Historical Society, and G. C. Coleman, preservationist.

More recently, Maude was the inspiration for a bicentennial musical of 2009. In this book, she finally takes her place in the limelight.

How did this book come to be?

During the four years leading up to the bicentennial in 2006, I had the privilege of assisting with the research and information flowing through this film, especially those published...
Founded in 1803 as the seat of government in Bulloch County, Statesboro simply refused to grow. In 1881, the year Maude Brannen was born, the village of twenty-five residents boasted a modern name: “Statesboro.” Yet, by any name, the place was still “rough” and small.

Travelers who stumbled upon this backwoods village noticed three or four dwellings. Within a stone’s throw of the wooden courthouse stood not one but two taverns that served the pleasure of judges and lawyers who attended court periodically, not to mention those who traded horses and mules.

Maude captured the early reputation of her hometown with an anecdote about a drunk who boarded the train in Savannah without a ticket. When the conductor asked, “Where are you going?” The fellow laughed: “To hell.” The conductor replied: “I’ll put you off at Dover and you can walk the ten miles to Statesboro. That’s the place you are looking for.” Now this story is pure Maude—historically accurate, downright funny, and embarrassingly true.

Some of her writings have appeared locally, though randomly. The excellent source of local history, Statesboro: A Century of Progress: 1866–1966 by Leodel and G. C. Coleman, preserved a handful of her stories.

More recently, Maude came to life onstage as a character in Statesboro’s bicentennial musical of 2004, A Place to Call Home. With the publication of this book, she finally takes her rightful place as an author.

How did this book come into being? The answer, in a word, is “serendipity.” During the four years leading up to Georgia Southern University’s centennial in 2006, I had the privilege of writing the institution’s history, The Southern Century.

Hoping to make the task less daunting, I tried to learn as much as possible about the history of the community that gave the university life and nourished it through its first century. I found a vital and refreshing stream of information flowing through reel after reel of local newspapers on microfilm, especially those published from 1901–1975. It was there I met Maude.
Other excellent columnists of the 20th century who wrote about local history included Hinton Booth, Leodel Coleman, Gene Fletcher, Lehman Franklin, Kemp Mabry, Virginia Russell, David Turner, and Georgia Watson.

I decided to copy everything The Bulloch Times published by and about this columnist who wrote under the byline of her maiden name, Maude Brannen. Readers who spend merely one-half hour with her will understand why I was taken by her writing and personal story.

Maude said she did not set out to write history. Rather, she wanted to reveal the "behavior and philosophy" of the people who lived in and around Bulloch County both before and after she was born. She hoped readers would understand and celebrate the character of a people. Her observations are especially useful for anyone who thinks about what it means to be an American.

Marvin Goss, my collaborator, colleague, and friend, is a fellow member of the Bulloch County Historical Society. After reading and discussing all of her columns, we selected about one-third of them for this book. We aspired to edit a publication that reflects her original goal: to introduce people and ideas from "out of the past." Marvin supervised the transfer of Maude's newspaper columns into text files, and he personally typed many chapters. His thorough index, diligent research, and helpful editorial suggestions exponentially increase the book's usefulness.

Reticent about details of her own family, she did not mention the numerous philanthropic projects she and her father supported. Neither did she discuss her husband's career in the Presbyterian denomination, her Ph.D. work at Johns Hopkins, or her role at Georgia Teachers College. Today's reader needs to know more about the woman who was Maude. Her humility makes the introduction necessary.

The editors depended on newspapers, archives, and individuals who remember her, especially Robert Benson, Jr., who gave us numerous helpful tips. Only one column, chapter 63, focuses on her children, in particular Mary Allen Edge. An archivist at Smith College, she died unexpectedly in 1958, while Maude was writing her newspaper columns. She quotes condolences written by her daughter's colleagues, and we have the pleasure of reading one of Mary Allen's poems that Emily Dickinson surely would have admired. We had hoped to include in this volume photographs of the author at different periods of her life. After searching for months, we located only a few usable images of Maude, who, of course, would consider the very idea a vain thing. Fortunately, a local artist, Elaine Chambers, studied and painted Maude's image. Her image appropriately seasons with wit a fantasyland of magnolias that Maude herself painted. We should be grateful.

Maude's title packs a lot...
artist, Elaine Chambers, studied photographs and painted a fine portrait of the author. Her image appropriately appears on the cover of the book jacket.

Maude's title packs a lot of meaning. *Out of the Past* does not beckon us to a fantasyland of magnolias and mint juleps. Instead of familiar stereotypes, Maude seasons with wit a more truthful portion of the local past. For this alone we should be grateful. As you will see, Maude left us with much to ponder.

* D. E. P.
This book exists because in microfilm the library predecessors: The Statesboro.
Without these files, today's readers would not have local past. The Statesboro
archives and related material.

One person who most desirable to write down her recollections of practical wisdom and spiritual
period of six years. She focused on
history: Out of the Past: Part 1
Of some 200 columns for which an Oldster. Of some 200 columns, Her final column appeared on

Dottie Donaldson Garvin
information and photographs original.
Brannen, author of the couples
Bulloch: The Story of a Wiregrass:
granddaughters assisted us, especially Mary Allen Edge.

Judith Ann Edge Ericksen
information. Sally Maude
supplied illustrations, and assisted us,
several days locating and scanning photographs passed down by
Maude's seven children. Brannen
shared several fine images from
material, information, and images.
This book exists because *The Statesboro Herald* long ago decided to preserve in microfilm the library of newspapers published by its distinguished predecessors: *The Statesboro News*, *The Bulloch Times*, and *The Bulloch Herald*. Without these files, today’s readers would not have access to the best record of our local past. The Statesboro Regional Library and the Zach S. Henderson Library at Georgia Southern University made available these newspaper archives and related materials, and the editors are thankful.

One person who most deserves our thanks is the late Shields Kenan. In 1957 this busy newspaper editor invited his friend, Maude Brannen Edge, to write down her recollections of early Bulloch County. Mr. Kenan made possible Maude’s literary career that unfolded in three installments over a period of six years. She focused the first series of twenty-nine columns on local history: *Out of the Past: Part Fact – Part Fancy*. She followed up with columns of practical wisdom and spiritual reflections: *Let’s Live Today* and *Thoughts of an Oldster*. Of some 200 columns in these series, the editors selected forty-two. Her final column appeared on October 4, 1962.

Dottie Donaldson Garvin, Maude’s great-niece, generously provided information and photographs originally collected by her aunt, the late Dorothy Brannen, author of the county’s only comprehensive history, *Life in Old Bulloch: The Story of a Wiregrass County in Georgia – 1796–1940*. Two of Maude’s granddaughters assisted us, even though they live far away from Statesboro. Judith Ann Edge Ericksen obtained photographs and provided contact information. Sally Maude Edge Obenski helpfully reviewed the manuscript, supplied illustrations, and assisted the editors. Laurie Belanus Odell spent several days locating and scanning images of Maude and her children, using photographs passed down by her grandmother, Wilhelen, the second of Maude’s seven children. Brad Ericksen, also a great-grandchild of Maude, shared several fine images from his collection. We appreciate the encouragement, information, and images provided by Maude’s helpful descendants.
When Robert Benson, Jr. learned of this effort to organize and publish Maude Edge's writings, he responded by sharing his articles and books. He fondly recalls this woman who was a friend of his parents, Robert and Martha Cone Benson. Maude befriended and influenced the Benson children during their youth. She gave the Bensons several shelves of books, most of which contain marginalia that reveal her keen intellect. Robert's sister, Noel Benson, described the consistent sparkle in the eyes of "Maude-Edge." (The Bensons pronounce her name as a word of two syllables.) The Bensons' grandmother, formerly Maude Moore — the "other Maude" — had a long friendship with Mrs. Edge, whom the entire Benson family adored. Josiah Neville also knew Mrs. Edge well, because his mother, Marguerite Nunnally Neville, discussed books and ideas with her. Judge Neville was her neighbor toward the end of her life, and he recalled Maude's devotion "to people rather than to possessions." We thank Doctor Benson and Judge Neville for their generous help.

During Statesboro's bicentennial celebration in 2003, Drs. Jack Averitt and Parrish Blitch spoke admiringly of Maude's literary gifts, and they hoped to see her stories gathered and published. Although they did not live to see this book, the editors worked with the knowledge of their original endorsement.

Joe McGlamery and Virginia Anne Franklin Waters both advised the project and did what few advisors do: they volunteered for the hard jobs. For their generous assistance we express our sincere gratitude. Others have been equally helpful and resourceful: Dr. Martha Tootle Cain, Cookie Deal, Alvin Donaldson, Rodney Harville, Robyn Holland, Dr. Betty Lane, Evelyn Darley Mabry, Mildred Parrish, and Dr. Brent Tharp. We also appreciate the most generous cooperation and assistance of Sybil McNeal, librarian at Wesleyan College, and Nanci Young, archivist at Smith College. We especially thank William F. Lewis, a veteran of World War II, who brought to life the Maude he remembered as she managed the serviceman's club in 1943.

Melanie Schmermund designed the lovely book, and Elaine Chambers artfully created the book jacket. Steve Hooley, Technical Support Specialist I at the Zach S. Henderson Library at Georgia Southern University, assisted the editors by skillfully perfecting the map of early Statesboro. Putting a book together requires skilled and tireless proofreaders. The proof of this putting is in the reading by Jenny Foss and Beverly Presley. In addition to Maude's descendants, these two have worked diligently to remove errors from early versions of the book that now rests in your hands.
Dr. Dan Good provided rare images from his fabulous collection of local and regional maps. Professor Emeritus of Geography at Georgia Southern University, Dr. Good is a founding member of the Bulloch County Historical Society. He is a first-rate geographer, a dedicated servant of this community, and a most generous friend.

The Bulloch County Historical Society has been a supportive ally, and we thank the members of this dynamic organization. The Society is indebted to the Jack N. and Addie D. Averitt Foundation for making possible the new Clock Tower Series of historical publications.

Finally, we acknowledge the community in which the author lived and wrote. In his memorial to Maude in 1963, Leodel Coleman wrote that she belonged to a unique aristocracy that cannot be defined merely by money or pedigree. During the 20th century, citizens of Bulloch County valued this child of the 19th century as a knowledgeable interpreter of its past. Early in the 21st century we proudly present Out of the Past to this once and future community.

The Editors
In the spring of 1934, Maude Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was suited to her talents and early as pastor of the historic church of 1742.

She was 21 when she married Rev. John Edge, who had more than fulfilled her expectations. The Edges moved, on average, three times a year. She also managed a growing number of accepted calls from churches in Virginia, and New Jersey.

The Lancaster congregation was pleased and knew he had planned a final move that day. They were stunned to hear the news of his suicide after the fact on a cold Thursday afternoon.

Later that day, readers of the local paper and read that the Rev. Dr. Edge had been found dead in the rear of the parsonage at 47, determined that Dr. Edge, a man of unthinnng, had killed himself. The pastor had been known to have a dark and his suicide ran rampant. The author of the book, Dr. Edges (1992), wrote: “The unthinkable had happened, course, in confidential whispers, the news had spread far beyond its time.”

Joyfully she had come home and had known the rounds, introducing or had known a wide circle of local friends black. Her purpose was to be buried in Eastside Cemetery. There, in
INTRODUCTION:
The Life and Work of Maude Brannen Edge

In the spring of 1934, Maude began packing bags and boxes at the manse in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Reluctantly she prepared to leave behind a life well-suited to her talents and education. Her husband had been called ten years earlier as pastor of the historic First Presbyterian Church that was founded in 1742.

She was 21 when she married Walter W. Edge, a native of South Carolina. She had more than fulfilled the traditional duties of a preacher’s wife, as the Edges moved, on average, every three years before they settled in Lancaster. She also managed a growing family, bearing seven children as her husband accepted calls from churches in Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland, West Virginia, and New Jersey.

The Lancaster congregation was the second he had served in Pennsylvania. He was 47 when he began his ministry there. His wife apparently did not know he had planned a final move during his 57th year. She made the discovery after the fact on a cold Thursday morning, February 8, 1934.

Later that day, readers of The Lancaster New Era opened their newspapers and read that the Rev. Dr. Walter W. Edge was “found dead in the garage at the rear of the parsonage at 7 o’clock this morning.” The local deputy coroner determined that Dr. Edge, age 57, died “by carbon monoxide fumes from his car.” The pastor had been battling an illness, but rumors about the cause of his suicide ran rampant. The author of the church history, 250 Years of Witness (1992), wrote: “The unthinkable soon became the unmentionable – except, of course, in confidential whispers. And thus the story has lived on in tacit secrecy, far beyond its time.”

Joyfully she had come home to Statesboro many times as Mrs. Edge, making the rounds, introducing or re-introducing her children to their relatives and a wide circle of local friends. In the winter of 1934, she returned wearing black. Her purpose was to bury her husband’s remains at the all-too-familiar Eastside Cemetery. There, in the past decade, she had mourned the passing
of her father, James A. Brannen, her brother, Cecil, and her sister, Nita. One month after losing her husband, she again stood at graveside, mourning her dear mother, Alice Brannen, who did not live long enough to help her daughter cope with widowhood.

Until recently she had been the wife of a charming, intelligent and influential man. After he chose to die in his car, she pondered a question she had not considered since her college commencement in 1901: “What shall I do for the rest of my life?” Return to her mother’s vacant home in Statesboro, perhaps?

Maude did the unexpected; she sat down and prepared an application to the graduate school at Johns Hopkins University. The prestigious university in Maryland accepted her. During her 33 years of marriage, perhaps she had sublimated her desire to pursue an advanced degree. That she would choose a path trodden by relatively few American women did not surprise her friend in Swainsboro, Georgia, Ida Belle Williams. She recalled that when Maude graduated in 1901, her academic average was higher than any previous graduate of Wesleyan College.

Maude and her sons, James and John, moved their belongings to Baltimore where she immersed herself in her studies. Within three years she completed the bulk of her Ph.D. requirements.

The year 1937 was not an ideal time for a 56 year-old female to go job-hunting in academia, especially if she lacked experience in the college classroom. So Maude had to decide whether to launch or to postpone her professorial career. This single parent focused less on her future than on her sons who were preparing to enter college. Her decision was easy.

She went back to the place of her childhood in southeastern Georgia. Fondly she remembered ancestral Bulloch County, and her old hometown, Statesboro. Her two remaining siblings both lived and worked here: Grover operated a pharmacy, and Harvey was a local attorney and state legislator. The late Smith Banks, beloved local historian, said, “If you are a Brannen in Bulloch County, you have more relatives than you could ever know or even want to.”

In 1937, the Statesboro Edges – Maude, James, and John – resided at 117 South Zetterower Avenue. Her “new home” was an unpretentious, wooden structure of moderate size, larger than the vernacular Victorian houses. Walter Warren Edge transferred their membership to the Presbyterian Church around the time of his marriage and of his sons’ – named for disciples of Jesus Christ – birth. Soon the twins left for college in Athens, a city of Georgia.

This chapter of Maude’s life ended when the editor, Shields Kenan, visited her and asked if she would consider writing about the people and events of the county’s history. She agreed, and so. With a warm heart and a ready pen, Maude Brannen contributed to the Statesboro Times published Maude until the day she died.

Maude was the first native of Bulloch County to write for the Times. She does more than depict her hometown. In fact, appear to hop, skip, and jump, alone as fine examples of not only being a Brannen of Bulloch County, but give insight into the character that made them what they are.

The Brannen Family

Maude Brannen was born in Bulloch County on 15 May 1869. The census for 1880. Halfway down the page, under the heading “Male,” the census enumerator, Solomon B. Key, wrote "James Alonzo Brannen, Statesboro's First"
structure of moderate size. It was larger and nicer, though less picturesque, than the vernacular Victorian home of her youth on West Main. The three Edges transferred their memberships from a Baltimore church to the local Presbyterian Church around the corner on South Broad Street. Maude and her sons — named for disciples of Jesus — walked two blocks to church on Sundays. Soon the twins left for college: John to Vanderbilt and James to the University of Georgia.

This chapter of Maude's life in Statesboro endures, because a local newspaper editor, Shields Kenan, visited her when she was 76 years old. Mr. Kenan asked if she would consider writing a regular column of her memories of people and events of the county's past. Maude said she would be delighted to do so. With a warm heart and a cool head, she began writing in 1957. *The Bulloch Times* published Maude until October of 1962, a few months before her death.

Maude was the first native to put into print such stories. In her writings, she does more than depict figures that walk across the pages of history. Some, in fact, appear to hop, skip, or stumble across. Her easy-to-read stories stand alone as fine examples of non-fiction. In addition to being interesting, they give insight into the character of the people in this part of America.

**The Brannen Way of Thinking**

Maude Brannen was born one year too late to be included in the federal census for 1880. Halfway down the single page for the Court House District, the census enumerator, Solomon Akins, wrote: "Herein ends the village of Statesboro." The page contains twenty-nine names, five of which were temporary residents, listed as boarders, who likely were counted in their own districts as well. One of those boarders resided in an adjoining county. His name was James Alonzo Brannen. The attorney recently had graduated from Mercer University's Law School.

"Lonnie," short for Alonzo, belonged to a family that settled land near the Old River Road and Blitch in the 1790s. Before the Civil War began, his father, James Monroe Brannen, moved his
home slightly beyond the Bulloch County line to the northern part of Bryan County, near Blitchton. A survivor of the Battle of Atlanta in 1864, Lonnie's father returned to the capitol after the war where he represented Bryan County in the legislature.

In February of 1881, Lonnie came back to Statesboro. But this time he rented a room for two at Fletcher's Boarding House across the lane from the Court House. He introduced the innkeeper, Mrs. Charney Fletcher, to his bride, the former Alice Vernon Williams. Technically she also was an “outsider,” having been reared near Eldora, located just beyond Bulloch County’s eastern border. Her ancestors, like Lonnie’s, earlier had lived in antebellum Bulloch County.

The birth of Maude Brannen on November 7, 1881, marked the beginning of Statesboro’s first population explosion. The census of 1890 reveals that Bulloch County’s population had increased during the previous decade by 75% to a total of 14,000 residents. But Statesboro’s statistics were staggering – up from 24 in 1880 to 525 in 1890, a gain of 2,000%. That is about all we can learn from the census for Statesboro and Bulloch County that year. A fire at government offices in Washington, D.C., destroyed most of the records for the 1890 census.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, Statesboro had transformed itself into the commercial hub of inland southeast Georgia. Merchants, both Jewish and Gentile, operated attractive stores on the town’s four Main Streets. For a time, Statesboro’s brokers bought and sold more Sea Island Cotton than any other market in the United States. Maude’s father joined hands with local leaders to build an electric generating plant, a telephone company, local banks, and a new courthouse that the county restored as a bicentennial tribute in 1996.

For good reason, citizens chose Lonnie Brannen as their first mayor in 1889. Later they elected him to posts of state representative and senator; they nominated him for the U. S. House of Representatives in the memorable campaign of 1906. Although he won the race in the First Congressional District by a two-to-one majority, Chatham County’s delegation stubbornly refused to release its electors. After weeks of stalemate, Mr. Brannen realized he could not go to Washington.

On December 1, 1906, Lonnie Brannen joined a team of fifty local citizens in a contest of far greater consequence than the congressional donnybrook earlier that year; it was the pivotal bidding match to determine the location of the First District Agricultural and Mechanical School. This time the boys from Bulloch made it all the way to the final round. They skillfully outmaneuvered the competition and won right to host what has become a major regional university, serving some 20,000 students. Governor Joseph M. Terrell appointed Brannen the A&M School’s treasurer, a voluntary position.

The community appeared eager to fulfill the ambitious prophecy of the town’s origin: Statesborough. Many suggested the place name might have reflected the aspiration of the city’s founders. Perhaps they hoped it would be Georgia’s second borough. It was and is unique in this place name.

Locals who knew Maude and when they opened The Bulloch they embraced her community to which she joyfully contributed. But she never stopped. Maude believed that “aristocracy” was Lonnie’s daughter who forsook their hard hoi polloi, one of which I am. Unlike some Southerners, earlier times in the South, she fought our wars, preserved our. A span is
from Bulloch made it all the way to the final round. Then they skillfully outmaneuvered the competition and won the right to host what has become a major regional university of some 20,000 students. Governor Joseph M. Terrell appointed Brannen the A&M School’s first treasurer, a voluntary position.

The community appeared eager to fulfill the ambitious prophecy of the town’s original name: Statesborough. Maude suggested the place name might have reflected the aspirations of the city’s founders. Perhaps they hoped it would be Georgia’s great inland town—a big borough, the State’s borough. It was and is unique. In 2011 no other town or city in America shares this place name.

Locals who knew Maude as “Mrs. Edge” might have been surprised in 1957, when they opened *The Bulloch Times* and saw the name “Maude Brannen” at the top of her column. This byline was her way of identifying totally with the community to which she joyfully had returned. She traveled far from home as Mrs. Edge, but she never stopped being a Brannen of bucolic Bulloch.

Maude embraced her ancestors’ plain, unheralded past. Like her father, Maude believed that “aristocracy” had become synonymous with “uppity.” It was Lonnie’s daughter who criticized upwardly-mobile plutocrats of the New South who forsook their hardscrabble pasts: “These articles are written for the hoi polloi, one of which I am. The plain, ordinary people are the ones who have fought our wars, preserved our integrity, and made America great,” she wrote.

Unlike some Southerners, she never confused aristocracy with riches. At earlier times in the South, she admitted, there were “people who thought they were superior to their neighbors.” However, “they just lived in larger houses, owned more slaves, and drove a span harnessed to a carriage instead of a horse hitched to a buggy. (A *span* is a pair or a team of horses.)
She grew up in a home where her father discussed editorials he wrote for newspapers he published – The Statesboro Eagle and The Statesboro News. He advocated what he called “Jeffersonian ideals.” He lamented that some citizens, consumed by “commercialism and greed,” had betrayed Jefferson’s vision of America. The “people of Bulloch County,” on the other hand, “are working, honest, progressive folks and we rejoice in their increased advancement.” (Statesboro News, 3/6/1902)

Publisher Brannen attended the Pan American Exposition held in September of 1901 in Buffalo, New York. While passing through Washington, D.C., accompanied by his friend, S. L. Moore, he visited Mount Vernon and Arlington National Cemetery. Contemplating the symbolism of this place, he wrote that the memorial was a “fitting sequel to that unhappy war. This is now one country, with one hope, and one destiny.... This is a great and mighty country, and who is not proud of his country?” He did not share the nostalgic “Lost Cause” view of southern history.

Maude’s father held non-traditional religious views. What is the purpose of religion? Mr. Brannen answered: “practical charity.” He explained: “A peck of meal and a side of bacon is of more practical use to a starving family than all the sermons they could hear.” He criticized churches that “thrive on ancient dogmas and bewildering theories.” (Statesboro News, 5/29/1903) A half-century later, daughter Maude said in a speech that the local newspaper quoted: “Religion should not be the narrow kind that teaches one particular church is God’s church...let us teach our children that God is the great Creative Spirit...that part of God dwells in them.” (The Bulloch Herald, 1/24/1952)

According to his granddaughter, Mrs. Vernon Bland, Lonnie Brannen never joined and rarely attended any church. He spoke in general of a “universal church,” and he supported local charities, many of which were church-related. Today African Americans worship in the “Brannen Chapel United Methodist Church,” named to honor the man who donated land and helped fund the building.

Although her father did not participate directly in organized religion, Maude maintained communion with the Presbyterians throughout her adulthood.


XIV

Ecumenical in outlook, she joined the League of Church Women in May of 1914 among the church women and women of all faiths in cooperation in all practical fields of service.

Maude’s father was a fervent progressive whose views of Tom Wicker and Abraham Lincoln served as models for his daughter as well as her father’s. She must have felt more at home with labor than the “Lost Cause” view of southern history.

Perhaps her most controversial speech was of ten pages entitled FACTS: The League of Women Voters. It was the first political action group preserved by the Benson family. It described elections, duties, terms of office, and salaries. The local league’s success in this kind of information, the president reported, caused the national league to take notice. Some husbands forbade their wives to join and she was a founding member.

Maude’s mother, Alice Veal Williams, was born in the Georgia mountains and moved to a farm near Statesboro where her father, James Williams, was a farmer. She was the only child of a couple who were married in 1824.

Some husbands forbade their wives to join the League. Yet the League of Women Voters grew in importance. It began as a way to get women to vote. Maude’s mother, Alice Williams Veal, was one of the first women to register and vote in the country. She was a founding member of the American Woman Suffrage Association and the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

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xiv
Ecumenical in outlook, she helped organize the Bulloch County Council of Church Women in May of 1948, designed to “promote the spirit of unity among the church women and furnish an interdenominational agency for cooperation in all practical fields of Christian life…” (The Bulloch Herald, 5/20/1948)

Maude’s father was a fervent Democrat, but he admired the sometime-progressive views of Tom Watson and Theodore Roosevelt. He considered Abraham Lincoln a model leader. Maude wrote that Lincoln’s favorite poem was also her father’s. She must have inherited her father’s frame of mind. Nonpartisan by nature, she preferred to engage in structured discussions of politics at the League of Women Voters or the American Association of University Women, and she was a founding member and chapter president of both organizations.

Perhaps her most controversial activity was to publish in 1948 a booklet of ten pages entitled FACTS: Published by the Bulloch County League of Women Voters. It was the first political directory of Bulloch County. The rare booklet, preserved by the Benson family, lists the names of local officials, noting their duties, terms of office, and salaries. Because no one had previously assembled this kind of information, the publication aroused a bit of heated conversation. Some husbands forbade their wives from attending future meetings of the local League. Yet the League of Women Voters survived, because its leaders and committee chairmen (listed in the booklet) were highly regarded local citizens.

Maude’s mother, Alice Vernon Brannen, by birth was a Williams. Practical, sturdy, and unsophisticated, her family came to America from Wales. The hardy Welsh and Scotch-Irish on the southern frontier blazed trails, cleared lands, erected churches, and built schools. Chapter seven is a gripping story of how her uncle, as a young boy, miraculously escaped an Indian massacre and scalping that claimed the life of Maude’s Great-Grandfather, James Williams.

Like most women born before 1860, Alice Williams did not attend college. The
daughter emulated her mother’s determination and sense of humor. Maude liked the sound of her mother’s backwoods vernacular. Maude captured bits and pieces of her mother’s colorful speech. She especially liked to pronounce “kind of” as “kinder.”

**Ties That Bind A Community**

Within months of settling into her parents’ home, she got busy reacquainting herself with the big town that occupied the space of that tiny town she remembered. She led women’s work in her church, volunteered at the local library, directed the Red Cross, and was active in the Statesboro Woman’s Club. In 1940 she helped the local Methodist pastor, the Rev. Nath Williams, organize the Statesboro Good Will Industries, an outgrowth of a local group known as Associated Charities. During World War II, a sixtyish Maude volunteered to manage the USO club on West and East Main Streets for members of the armed services.

In 1940, Leodel Coleman, editor of Statesboro’s other weekly newspaper, wrote a series of thirty-eight biographies of “Men and Women of the Week” for The Bulloch Herald. In town for less than three years, Maude was the subject of an early column. Not surprisingly, about three-fourths of the honorees were men. The Herald noted her major responsibilities as chairman of the Bulloch County Red Cross and her advocacy of poor but deserving families.

Maude found happiness by giving herself away. When she read for children’s programs at the Statesboro Library, young listeners said she made characters “jump right off the page.” She also continued with a project she began while living in Pennsylvania: translating books into Braille. High school and college students sought her assistance, because they knew she was knowledgeable and owned one of the best personal libraries in town. Jack Averitt, her next-door neighbor, credits Maude with teaching him to love books.
neighbord, often borrowed her well-chosen books. He recalled how she tutored him in Latin. “I want to tell you,” Averitt said, “Miss Maude did not consider Latin a dead language.”

Although she was an active Presbyterian as an adult, Maude grew up in the Methodist Church on South Main Street. Yet another denomination shaped her both spiritually and socially: The Primitive Baptist Church. Throughout her life, she attended reunions, weddings, and funerals of Brannens and Donaldsons held at Primitive Baptist Churches named Nevils Creek, Upper Lott’s Creek, Lower Lott’s Creek, Bethlehem, and so on. These were her people, and their past was hers also.

Her great-great grandfather, Robert Donaldson, was baptized in the Presbyterian Church of Northern Ireland in 1769. Like most settlers, he and his parents found only Baptist and Methodist churches in frontier Georgia. Donaldson agreed with the Baptist’s view of predestination, and he helped establish a church in the lower section of Screven County in the spring of 1790. Six years later, the State of Georgia annexed that territory into a new county called Bulloch. Donaldson’s Nevils Creek Baptist Church,* the first church organized in the county, served the Old River Road – Blitch area.

*The adjective “Primitive” entered the denomination’s name in the 1830s, when “modernists” proposed a Baptist missionary movement. Donaldson and his allies held true to the original or “Primitive” way. (Latin: “primus” = “first.”) Members of Donaldson’s church asserted they would remain Baptists — in fact, “Hard Shell Primitive Baptists.” As rural Baptists moved to towns, they followed their original practices, with a few “modern” twists: using pianos and organs in worship, and organizing Sunday Schools. These churches go by the name of “Progressive Primitive Baptists,” and the congregation that worships in a large sanctuary on South Zetterower Avenue is reputedly the largest in the world. Hard Shell Primitive Baptists are faithful to the sacrament of communion, using real wine — not grape juice. Rural churches insist on baptizing new believers by immersion in a “stream of living water,” usually a river, creek, or pond. They also participate in a ritual of foot washing, designed to signify humility and unity.
Place, Past, and Character

The table of contents reveals a broad range of topics. The title of each brief chapter—seventy-one in all—originates either in Maude’s words or in her subject matter. The book unfolds naturally, beginning with topics of local and regional interest. Maude’s writing has historical significance, even though she never claimed to write history.

After writing some two-dozen columns, she broadened her scope to include philosophical and spiritual topics. Her early pieces deal with Indians, the frontier of early Georgia, and local personalities. Each one reveals uncommon insight into the past, and many events she described never found their way into history books.

The first twenty-nine selections in this volume focus on Bulloch County and southeast Georgia from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth. She takes note of important but forgotten sites, such as Magnolia Lodge, Five Points, and the King’s Highway. She introduces connections between original Bulloch County families and national figures, such as the wife of Andrew Jackson’s Attorney General, John Berrien, and the niece of President Benjamin Harrison. She also explains her reasons for not admiring the state’s founder, General Oglethorpe.

Three fascinating chapters reveal how Statesboro slowly came to life toward the end of the nineteenth century. With a keen sense of humor, she traces the development of the county seat town during the last two decades of the 19th century. That was when the once-remote village came to life.

This book includes some of her inspirational pieces. Many columns she wrote after 1957 are devotional in a general, non-sectarian, manner. Time and again, however, incidents from the past resist writing about them, even though they have historical significance. Maude appears to have gleaned them from local citizens. As a child, she knew Magnolia Lodge when it was an old plantation home. Her mother recalled how Sherman’s troops burned it to the sea. A special treasure for wartime recipe for making coffee from tree grinds.

Although her focus was broad, she occasionally wrote about matters of history. She acknowledged the assistance of local historians, particularly Hattie Powell, Clerk of the Board of Education. The newspaper for January 21, 1943, includes a short column (#57) entitled “Unforgettable things close to my heart.” An incident from the war, a story of two men who pass judgment on a poor family during World War II.

Although she did not write about historical events, news items describe her frequent articles’ appearance in the Statesboro News. She was able to attend the University of Chicago, by chairing the national conference on contemporary social issues. She assisted the influential committee of the American Association of University Women on its national campus each year. She led discussions on the topic: “Should America go to war?”

A small town weekly, The Bulloch County News, permitted her to transform herself. She became the only woman to chair a committee. What was her purpose? To transfer the values she cherished to each student. She accomplished this task in the twentieth century. Time and again, however, incidents from the past resist writing about them, even though they are of historical significance. Since some columns contain both past and present events, they are included.

Maude With Brother Cecil

Maude With Brother Cecil in 1901

Maude congratulates brother Cecil Brannen upon his graduation from the Statesboro Institute and Business College in 1901. Courtesy of the Presley/Banks Collection.
INTRODUCTION

again, however, incidents from the past kept popping up, and she could not resist writing about them, even though she intended to focus on loftier issues. Since some columns contain both devotional and historical material, this book includes them.

Maude appears to have gleaned stories from her grandparents, uncles, and local citizens. As a child, she knew older citizens who actually remembered Magnolia Lodge when it was an Indian Village known as Garden Hill. Her paternal and maternal grandfathers fought in the Battle of Atlanta. Maude’s mother recalled how Sherman’s troops looted Bulloch County on their march to the sea. A special treasure for today’s reader is Maude’s grandmother’s wartime recipe for making coffee from vegetable seeds.

Although her focus was broader than history per se, she was accurate in matters of history. She acknowledged that well-informed fact checkers assisted her: Ruby Lanier, Claudia McKinnon, Dan Bland, A.D. Williams, and, especially, Hattie Powell, Clerk of the Bulloch County Superior Court.

The newspaper for January 21, 1960, contains her only scathing attack—a short column (# 57) entitled “Unpopular.” She warns she is writing “about things close to my heart.” An incensed Maude takes on well-to-do residents who pass judgment on a poor family whose father was an injured Veteran of World War II.

Although she did not write about her role at Georgia Teachers College, news items describe her frequent appearances before assemblies of students and faculty. She assisted the influential historian, Chester Destler (Ph.D., University of Chicago), by chairing discussion groups and leading seminars on contemporary social issues. She moderated panels of experts from major universities at the nationally significant “Georgia Progress Days” held on campus each year. She led discussions on “Building a Better Georgia” and “Art and the Life of the People.” In 1938 Maude organized a program for the AAUW on the topic: “Should America Surrender Europe to Hitler?”

A small town weekly, The Bulloch Times, gave an elderly Maude the medium to transform herself. She became a surrogate grandmother for the entire community. What was her purpose? Like most grandparents, she wanted to transfer the values she cherished to a new generation. Her columns accomplished this task in the twentieth century, and her book may well do the same for the twenty-first. Taken together, these seventy-one chapters revolve around three issues: place, past, and character.
The final chapter in this book, "Gathering Home," concerns a "ghostly, haunting...message from the dead" that she received from a once-wealthy relative. A cousin in his nineties wrote Maude on the afternoon of his death, and she received his letter the day after. The words conveyed his affection for her. Moreover, he admitted the emptiness of his earlier quest for riches. The man's confession prompted Maude to write about her relation both to the past and to the place where she was reared.

Two well-known Mississippi authors focused on issues central to Maude's writing: Eudora Welty and William Faulkner. Welty's fiction makes a compelling case for the Southerner's "sense of place." William Faulkner, on the other hand, created characters whose circumstances hinge upon the past — the burden imposed by geography, race, or family. "The past," Faulkner wrote, "is never dead. It's not even past."

In her own way, Maude advances the discussion. She suggests the past is not so much a burden as it is a birthright. Her chosen title — "Out of the Past" — is fitting, because it leads readers to ponder. She provided a clue to the meaning of this title when she called her second series, "Let's Live Today." Maude was fascinated by local history, because it reveals how a community imprints its unique mark of identification — its character. Her grandmotherly wisdom, in a nutshell, is that a community is like a nursery. Its function is to nurture and shape character. Her final advice for each one who prepares to enter the drama of life can be summarized: don't live in the past, just let it live in you.

**Image vs. Reality: The Character of Maude**

As she walked to and from downtown, she often wore a broad-brimmed straw hat decorated with colorful ribbons. In her hair she placed a ribbon. Around her neck she wore a ribbon as a necklace for her antique cameo. Her white-gloved hands held a neat wicker basket, laced with ribbons. Her colorful appearance and gentle demeanor encouraged some observers to pigeon-hole her as a "character" of the town — "The Ribbon Lady" or "That Sweet Old Woman."

Maude was anything but the not-yet-liberated female portrayed in The Feminine Mystique, Betty Friedan's best-selling book of 1963. Those who take time to read a few of Maude's columns will quickly realize she cannot be stereotyped so glibly.
Maude Brannen did not regard her tiny hometown in rural South Georgia as a liability. Like her father, Maude was a college graduate who never stopped reading and learning. Like her mother, she despised snobs and identified completely with the common people. Both the substance and style of her writing reveal her true character. In her life and writing, she topples popular stereotypes of southern women and of rural southerners in general.

Her professors at Wesleyan College in Macon encouraged Maude to express herself with assurance, unconstrained by timidity. She encountered a stimulating academic environment at the oldest woman’s college in the world (1836). When she arrived at Wesleyan in 1898 at the age of sixteen, she began a residency in a world of ideas that she continued to inhabit throughout her adulthood.

Did she conform to local traditions and prejudices? One who knew her especially well, William F. Lewis, said she was “ahead of her times on the race issue.” In his 92nd year, Lewis described Maude as highly intelligent and unbiased. He met her in 1943 when the Army Air Force stationed him in Statesboro. Maude operated the local serviceman’s club downtown. She invited him to her home on Zetterower Avenue, where he tutored her grandchildren who stayed with her during the war.

Mr. Lewis emphasized that Maude did not approve of local discrimination against African Americans. She said it was wrong for policemen to arrest citizens who, after nightfall, ventured outside the area of downtown known as “Blue Front.” He vividly recalled how she confronted a policeman who verbally and physically harassed a black man. She asked the officer to explain the nature of the man’s offense. The next day, Lewis said, Maude went to Mayor Alfred Dorman and discussed the officer’s unkind treatment of a citizen. “I think I speak for Maude when I say that we should stop thinking of people as ‘white’ or ‘black’ and should refer to others only by their names,” Lewis said.

For decades, she lived alone on a modest income, yet provided her creativity and service to the community. She inherited several commercial and residential rental properties, but she gave away most of the income.

Editor Leodel Coleman’s biographical sketch in The Bulloch Herald (February 29, 1940) focused on the character of Maude. Her achievement, he pointed out, was her untiring effort to help people transform themselves from “community liabilities into community assets.” The editor was moved by her example of leading a life of forgiveness, sympathy, charity, kindness, and unselfishness. Coleman did not explore the source of her character. Let us try.
Her life's story contains important clues. Maude's childhood and education provided her with an internal correction device that kept her moving in the right direction. Events over which she had no control briefly slowed her momentum but did not alter her trajectory. She always seemed to regain her balance. This woman for three decades was an exemplary minister's wife, all the while rearing seven children. After experiencing a jarring interruption at age fifty-one, she kept moving forward.

In 1950, David Riesman published a provocative study of the American character, entitled, *The Lonely Crowd*. An acute analyst of individuals within communities, Riesman classifies Americans according to their relationships to those around them. An “other-directed person” depends upon approval by peers, and some Americans spend their lives conforming to patterns outside themselves. An “inner-directed” person, on the other hand, prefers isolation and disregards the community. Riesman's third category best suits Maude: “autonomy.” She was comfortable in her independence.

Sociable by nature, she absorbed a set of traditional values she learned as a child of Lonnie and Alice Brannen. At Wesleyan she expanded her universe as a student of language, literature, and history. A college classmate recalled that Maude never stopped learning for as long as she lived. Her granddaughter, Sally Maude Edge Obenski, said she was lucky to have been “touched by a genius renaissance woman who gave me the gift of curiosity and skepticism.” Yes, Maude was an “autonomous” person – independent, not conflicted, and always guided by her internal resources.

She did not feign appearances, hoping to be popular. Rather, Maude built her life on the premise that if she trusted herself, others would trust her. When readers, including Dan Bland or Dr. William A. Hagins, occasionally took issue with her recollections, she could have quibbled. Instead, she thanked them: “Let’s have more opinions on anything I am mistaken about. It’s spicy.” Later she wrote that “we never learn from flattery, but adverse criticism is a bitter pill that does us much good.”

**The Legacy of Maude Brannen Edge**

Like her father, she inhabited a world of books and ideas. She wanted to live wisely, and she assimilated insights from ancient texts. She wore her learning lightly, however, and she used literary references not to gain authority but to make her point. She found wisdom in scattered members of society who were not enticed by every worthy cause. His charity was not the kind she admired. Maude was known as a man of large means, but was little involved in worthy causes. His charity was not the kind she admired. Maude was known as a man of large means, but was little involved in worthy causes. His charity was not the kind she admired.

She was not shy about being herself by society’s standards. She took humor at heart, and the saying, “When others were awe-struck, she always felt inferior,” as a joke. She did not feel inferior.

The front-page of the Savannah Morning News carried an editorial tribute to Lonnie B. Brannen on his sixty-fourth birthday.

*Mr. Brannen was known universally as a man of large means, but was little involved in worthy causes. His charity was not the kind she admired.*

Maude in Atlanta for a Red Cross Meeting

*Courtesy of the Beahanus family*
make her point. She found wisdom in the classics; she also found it in those unlettered members of society who worked hard and led lives of aspiration.

The common trait unifying father and daughter was their empathy with those who had not realized their dreams. Both were frugal and did not waste a cent. Yet they also were incredibly generous. Significantly, eulogists for both father and daughter took note of their altruism.

The front-page of the Savannah Morning News for January 7, 1923, featured an editorial tribute to Lonnie Brannen on the day of his death at the age of sixty-four:

Mr. Brannen was known universally as the friend of the poor man. He was a man of large means, but was liberal with his money and always contributed to every worthy cause. His charities ran into large figures. Helpless people in distress were a passion with him. He will be long remembered and loved by a host of people in this county. No man in the county had more friends.

Maude Brannen Edge was eighty-one when she died on January 8, 1963, forty years and one day after her father’s death. Upon hearing the news, Ida Belle Williams of Swainsboro wrote a letter to The Bulloch Herald:

Although blessed in various respects, she was as humble as the modest violet that grows in the byways and hedges. Though high in intellectual and social ranks, Maude spent much time with unfortunate groups. She also served well patriotic, civic, and religious organizations. A Statesboro lady once said, ‘Mrs. Edge does more charity work than any other person in Bulloch County.’... Maude was always on the right side of everything. Among the few who never mixed values, she was ‘as constant as the Northern star,’ shedding rays near and far. (1/17/1963)

The editor of the Herald, Leodel Coleman, endorsed those words. Then he concluded with a profoundly eloquent eulogy that echoes the tribute to her father by the Savannah newspaper.

Maude in Atlanta for a Red Cross Meeting
Courtesy of the Belanus family
in 1923. Maude belonged to “the finest aristocracy on earth,” the editor wrote:

_Without ostentation they set lights to burning in the dark places. Wanting no rewards, they reach out healing hands of compassion…. They are those who give themselves to good works in their communities; believe when others doubt; stand for righteousness and justice among men and nations…. They refuse to be lost in the pressures of immediate circumstances, finding courage and renewal in consideration of life’s ultimates. They listen to what the years have to say as against the hours._

If we could magically transcend limitations of time, Beverly and I share a fond wish. We would invite a handful of not-so-famous individuals from centuries past to join us at the supper table. Maude would be at the top of the guest list. She would keep us spellbound as she describes characters that walk “out of the past” and into our lives.

Maude inspires us to celebrate the uniqueness of those who live all around us. By example and by words, she reminds us, as a saint once did, to “strengthen the faint-hearted,” “support the weak,” and “honor all people.” This child of the nineteenth century can enrich the twenty-first. May it be true that Maude Brannen Edge reflects the enduring character of this place we call home.

_Delma E. Presley_
FOREWORD

New Feature Article Starts In The Times

Attention is called this week to a new feature beginning with this issue and published under the heading of "Out of the Past."

Written by one of our fine local women of the town, who especially asked that "no fuss" be made about it, we invite the readers of The Bulloch Times to share with her and with us the knowledge she has of Bulloch County and of the people who have through the years come to make it the county that it is.

Some 70 odd years young, she is not ashamed of her age and is not only active in church and community affairs, but she continues to hold responsible positions of leadership in the areas in which she works. She may be seen almost daily going about town to attend to her daily chores and visiting and chatting with friends.

How long has she lived in Statesboro? She says she came here when Statesboro was only a few houses and a handful of people. But we are going to let her tell you about it. She will be writing weekly under the name of Maude Brannen and we commend her writings to you.

Shields Kenan, Editor
The Bulloch Times
March 14, 1957
1. Picture This Spot
Where Indians Once Lived

In 1700 a writer said he saw herds of buffalo in this part of Georgia “numbered in the tens of thousands.” Charles Wesley wrote, “General Oglethorpe and a party of friends were away on a trip shooting buffaloes.” In 1790 the Georgia Assembly passed the first game law, but it was too late to save the buffalo, the carrier pigeons, the whooping cranes, and other kinds of wildlife unknown to us today.

The Indians were numerous in the days when this section was Saint Philip’s Parish. Today we know little about them, for they left no records except in the arrowheads and pottery found in some burial mound that is turned up by the plow or by a road-building crew.

On the Pembroke Road, once called the King’s Highway – the King of Spain’s – is a high point of land where Middleground Church and Warnock School stand. This was known as Five Points, so called because there were five paths leading to this assembly place of the Indians. Annually a pilgrimage was made to the holy place we now call Ocmulgee National Park.

The Creeks belonged to the Cherokee nation of Indians and were like the Aztecs of Mexico in many ways. There was certainly communication with their faraway kin, because Aztec arrowheads and pottery have been found at

*Bull of the Louisiana Purchase, 1804*
Five Points. Perhaps every year a band of Indians from Mexico went on the pilgrimage to the holy place.

The Spaniards mapped the King's Highway, and it was along that road that DeSoto is said to have traveled on his way to the Mississippi.

The spot where Magnolia Lodge now stands has been known as Garden Hill since the white man first came to this section.* The trees are laid out with too much symmetry to be the work of nature. Flowers not found elsewhere in the county flourish here. A plat made by the first surveyor has an arrow pointing to "Garden Hill."

Let's picture this spot as a picnic grounds of the Indians. The laughing children playing, the mothers busy with dinner, the roasting ears cooking in the hot ashes, the men coming up the steep bank with fish caught in their own river, the Ogeechee.

March 14, 1957

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*Magnolia Lodge and Garden Hill are located near the Ogeechee River in the vicinity of Burkhalter Road and the Old River Road.
England knew how to get rid of her undesirables. She sent her criminals to Australia and they had to live with cannibals. She cleaned her prisons of debtors and sent them to this new land, named Georgia for the father of her old crazy King George III.*

Which reminds me! South Georgia has been under five flags: Indian, Spanish, English and Bonnie Blue and the Union Jack.

Suppose everybody in our country who owed money were put in prison? Who would be free? England had the crazy law of putting debtors in jail. When the jails became overcrowded, and the task of feeding the poor souls became too arduous, England hired General Oglethorpe to clean out the jails and bring the unfortunates to America. They had only Indians, Spaniards, and wild animals to contend with.

These debtors were not given grants along the rivers. These were reserved for the well-to-do men of the Old Country.

You know that the choice land along both banks of our Ogeechee was once owned and lived on by Tories. The English really thought they had come to stay. We showed them!

Oglethorpe was a practical man; he laid out the new town of Savannah along utilitarian lines. The beautiful parks of today were once vegetable gardens, where the poor Londoners could grow their food.

After the debtors were settled, German immigrants were brought over. The Moravians could not get along with their Lutheran cousins, so they moved to Winston-Salem, N.C., to live with others of their kind.

After these noble acts, Oglethorpe settled himself at Frederica and spent his time buffalo hunting and fishing.

How much he missed, and he just didn’t know it!

He was not complimentary in his reports about the interior of Georgia. The original grant extended to the Mississippi and beyond. He knew nothing about the vast continuity of shade from the great trees that covered a land.

*Although James Edward Oglethorpe originally planned to settle the colony with formerly imprisoned debtors, he altered his plan and welcomed poor people and others who sought life in a new land.
Map of The State of Georgia in 1776, courtesy of Daniel B. Good
The Trading path (below R in Georgia) is the Burkhalter Trail
crossed and crisscrossed by mighty rivers, flowing into the Atlantic Ocean and
the Gulf of Mexico.

The Spaniards knew, for they had been here for over a hundred years and
had traveled over the wonderful vastness. So the general wrote in his journal
something like this: “The interior of Georgia is covered with great pines and
other enormous trees and a grass called wire, so the land is barren — pine
barrens — where nothing will grow.”

Wasn’t he a wise guy?

Then came the Scots, the Irish, the Welsh, and a sprinkling of hardy souls
from the coast, into this section.

Oglethorpe didn’t bring these pioneers. In extreme north Georgia there are
no rivers to cross — that was a big hindrance with many pioneers — so the folks
passed through the mountain gaps and over the hills from North and South
Carolina into the new land of Georgia. Parts of North Georgia were settled
before our section.

There are always brave souls with the pioneering spirit who love to follow
the fringes of civilization. It took some of these pioneers perhaps a generation
or two to make their way from north to south. Some came down the seaboard
from early settled Virginia. But many came down the Shenandoah Valley into
North Carolina into Georgia.

Their first stop from the Old World was in Pennsylvania. Out a few miles
from Lancaster is an old Irish church, Donegal. This was the place the newly-
arrived immigrants registered and it was the dispersal point. Part of a family of
brothers would stay north, one brother would move into newly-opened Ohio,
a third would come down the Shenandoah. You will find the same names, York,
Lancaster, Carlyle, and Chester, both in Pennsylvania and in South Carolina.

Our ancestors were not poor prison debtors, but fine, unpretentious folk
from the north British Isles. Oglethorpe had no vision of what these piney
barrens could blossom into within 200 years, under the leadership of fine men
and brave women. Or maybe he does know!

August 29, 1957

3. Pioneering Pines

This section was known as
grow nothing but pines, or
kinds of trees. Settlers along the
numerous creeks.

The thick carpet of leaves and
d wild animals, such as the wild
and the little wild folk danced
numerous, had a paradise in which
the white trappers who dwelt in

After the Revolution, more so
and the Scots, who were driven
of poverty and starvation.

So from the English parish
mous size, land being more ple
Toward the end of the 18th
warrant a new county. So from
formed and named for Archib
The original county was five
whites and 2,000 Negroes.

The first commissioners were
county without a capital and wi
The first court was held at
Just where this home stood is
bordhood. Judge Stephens pre
grand jury. On November 7
1801, Mr. George Siebald [or
Sibbald], who was an Augusta
businessman and owned much
land in these woods, gave “fo

*Statesborough became the seat of govern
John Milledge signed the legislative act th
3. Pioneers in the Piney Woods

This section was known as the "piney woods," because the land would grow nothing but pines, oaks, mahogany, walnut, maple, and many other kinds of trees. Settlers along the Ogeechee hunted here and caught fish in the numerous creeks.

The thick carpet of leaves and pine needles rustled to the footsteps of many wild animals, such as the wildcat, the puma, the small brown bear, the buffalo, and the little wild folk danced in the shadow of trees. The Indians, who were numerous, had a paradise in which to live and they surpassed in intelligence the white trappers who dwelt in rude log huts.

After the Revolution, more and more settlers came here, especially the Irish and the Scots, who were driven out of their own countries by the grim ghost of poverty and starvation.

So from the English parish came the county. At first counties were of enormous size, land being more plentiful than people.

Toward the end of the 18th century, our county had enough people to warrant a new county. So from Bryan and Screven the county of Bulloch was formed and named for Archibald Bulloch. The exact date was February 8, 1796. The original county was five times the size of the present one, with 3,000 whites and 2,000 Negroes.

The first commissioners were Drury Jones, John Mikell, and Israel Bird. A county without a capital and with no money with which to build a courthouse!

The first court was held at the home of Stephen Mills on May 16, 1797. Just where this home stood is uncertain, but perhaps in the Fletcher neighborhood. Judge Stephens presided and William Cone was foreman of the grand jury. On November 7, 1801, Mr. George Siebald [or Sibbald], who was an Augusta businessman and owned much land in these woods, gave "for

*Statesborough became the seat of government for Bulloch County on December 19, 1803, when Governor John Milledge signed the legislative act that officially created the town. Courtesy of Joe McGlamery.
the sake of friendship" and a token of one dollar, 200 acres of land on which to build a town for the new county of Bulloch.*

The deed was made in Richmond County and was witnessed by the famous George Walton, and by J.W. Harville and Louis Lanier of Bulloch.

But there was no money for a courthouse! The town of Statesboro was laid out February 11, 1806, and lots were sold to raise money for the building. The original building may have been of logs, but there is no record of this, or of the story that the Yankees burned it. The original building likely lasted for nearly a hundred years.*

Nobody knows the origin of the name of Statesboro. Maybe somebody had a dream that it might be the great city of the state. The town was incorporated December 20, 1866, and the limits extended a mile in all directions.

The first commissioners were: W.H. Miley, W.H. Coleman, C. Prectorius, Joseph Zetterower and C.E. Fletcher.

March 21, 1957

*Research by Parrish Blitch confirms that the original structure was replaced in 1825 by a wooden building of two stories. Union Forces burned this building in 1864, and it was replaced by a larger building of two stories in 1869 and a small brick annex for county offices. The current courthouse, built with funds donated by Lonnie Brannen and other local citizens, appeared in 1894. See Parrish Blitch, *The True Story of the Bulloch County Courthouse* (Bulloch County Historical Society, 2004).
4. SECRETS OF OLD ROADS

The Indians were apt at naming things. Ogeechee means "the old maid"!

Beginning as a tiny rivulet in the mountains of our state, the river flows southeast till she finds her destined home in the vast Atlantic. From her source till she merges, as a majestic stream, with the ocean, no other river joins her, the only tributaries being creeks.* Unwed!

On the north side of the river was an Indian trail, which was called in later years the Louisville Road. On the south side another trail became the Milledgeville Road - our Old River Road.

Old roads are like old houses - they know so many secrets. They have listened to dancing feet and to the slow, solemn steps of the funeral train. It may be that on nights when the moon is full, and the wind soughs through the great trees, that the secrets are being whispered over and over again. The great oaks know, too!

The Old Road knew the Indians and their silent footsteps; the horses of the first white settlers; the oxen drawn carts; the fancy phaetons and buggies of the wealthy river people; the children as they walked to school. The plaintive songs of the slaves, as they returned to quarters after the long day's work, were sung in Gullah, their native African tongue. This, too, the old road understood. But today the roaring autos have silenced her forever.

The Old Road knew humiliation when the heavy boots of the conqueror stamped over her. One branch of Sherman's army marched on the south side, the other on the north side of the river, bound for the same place - Savannah.

The most exciting experience of the Old Road was the stagecoach, drawn by four horses, and carrying passengers from all of the Eastern Seaboard. Every fifteen or twenty miles were relay stations, where the tired horses were changed for fresh ones. The passengers would alight and eat as they sat by the great open fires, if they were cold.

Think of the excitement when the stagecoach was due! The children, white and colored, would shout the news: "It's a-comin'!"

*As Dan Bland pointed out the Ogeechee joins the Canoochee River before it reaches the sea. (See Maude's note in chapter 12.)
The stage brought mail, friends, excitement.

Today we do not know exactly where the stations were located. Probably they were at what is now called Blitch, at Eli Kennedy’s, now the Hodges’ home; at Haskell Simmons, near Stilson, at Ivanhoe. The men who operated the stations often clashed with the drivers. At Ivanhoe, a Williams, one of my ancestors, sent for a Cone to help him beat up the driver.

Nothing in the old Wild West could surpass in excitement the early days of our section: Indians, buffaloes, stagecoaches and even brigands.

March 28, 1957

Funeral Procession, South Main Street, 1910

Courtesy of Ted Evan Lewis

After the War Between the plantations with the burn, In their prairie schooners, drawn most of the horses and mules—they went, not knowing what it Southland and settled the City.

Did you know that Georgia is a state? A million and a half slaves were owned.

What became of our Georgia mostly Brazil?

On the Old River Road in on plantations with the burn, owned their slaves who tilled the land and shipped it to England. We of them. When they were driven out.

I have a copy of a grant of land Blitch—now called. The original on them, were burned when the

After the Tories were driven out, Brannen, my two greats-grandfather,

Robert Donaldson.

I have often wondered what were driven out. Did they see the boat before the blow fell? Did theyEnglish land.

Some time when you are at Blitch a Lord and a Lady living among the young. Ask yourself: Were there they travel? And on and on!

History knows only a tiny fraction are buried in the dust of the ages.
March 10, 1960

5. Lost

After the War Between the States, many of our Southern planters left their plantations with the burned homes and devastated fields, and went west. In their prairie schooners, drawn mostly by oxen — the Yankees had stolen most of the horses and mules — they kept going westward. Like Abram of old they went, not knowing what lay ahead of them. Aristocratic families left our Southland and settled the City of San Francisco.

Did you know that Georgia had more slave owners than any other Southern state? A million and a half slaves, valued at $400,000,000.

What became of our Georgia ex-slave owners who went to South America, mostly Brazil?

On the Old River Road in colonial days, Englishmen lived on fine estates; owned their slaves who tilled their fertile land, picked the Sea Island cotton and shipped it to England. We called them Tories when we wanted to get rid of them. When they were driven out, where did they go?

I have a copy of a grant of land given to Sir Elton Wells, who had an estate at Blitch — now called. The original papers, with the seals of the King of England on them, were burned when the W.P. Donaldson home was destroyed by fire.

After the Tories were driven out in 1783, the land was granted to William Brannen, my two greats-grandfather; he later sold the land to my two greats Robert Donaldson.

I have often wondered what happened to Sir and Lady Wells when they were driven out. Did they see the end of British rule, and go to England by boat before the blow fell? Did they go to Canada? Many Tories did flee to that English land.

Some time when you are at Blitch, set your imagination to work and picture a Lord and a Lady living among the beautiful oaks that were there when I was young. Ask yourself: Were there children? Where did the family go? How did they travel? And on and on!

History knows only a tiny fraction of the past; so many important details are buried in the dust of the ages. Lost!
The Hoi Polloi gather on the court house square to celebrate the role of all citizens who helped in creating Bulloch County's agricultural economy. The occasion is the annual Tobacco Festival Parade in the early 1960s, shortly before the death of Maude Brannen Edge.

Image from the collection of Delma E. Presley and Smith C. Banks

These articles are written by ordinary people who reflect integrity and make America great.

In the U.S. today, an hundred or two hundred slaves were superior to their neighboring whites. They were superior to their neighbors: more slaves, drove a span horse hitched to a buggy.

It is true, I believe, that the Welsh did not sanction slavery.

Our ancestors were like this.

"Mind your manners" was the rule. Who remembers this?

Also, "little pitchers have big ears." When a Pennsylvania man was paying you a fine compliment, he would say, "Lincoln said, "God must have had a great deal of patience to put men like us." Let somebody else practice it!"

Our ancestors were not from the seats of learning.

There were no daily papers.

New customs traveled behind the times in their folderol for them! "What's

They said: "Bile" the c
d
tored and they fetched.

At one time in the history of Scotland and Wales "oi" had a date. The Mountain Peo
6. The Hoi Polloi

These articles are written for the hoi polloi, one of which I am. The plain, ordinary people are the ones who have fought our wars, preserved our integrity and made America great.

In the U.S. today, aristocracy has become synonymous with riches. A hundred or two hundred years ago, there were "uppity" folks who thought they were superior to their neighbors; usually they just lived in larger houses, owned more slaves, drove a span [team of horses] harnessed to a carriage instead of a horse hitched to a buggy.

It is true, I believe, that only one family out of ten owned slaves. Many of the Welsh did not sanction slavery, although they fought for the South.

Our ancestors were ladies and gentlemen in the best sense of the word. "Mind your manners" was not only a household expression but also an enforced rule. Who remembers the words: "Children should be seen and not heard"? Also, "little pitchers have big ears"? No rudeness to your elders!

When a Pennsylvania Dutchman says: "You are so nice and common," he is paying you a fine compliment. He likes just about everything about you.

Lincoln said, "God must love common folks, because he made so many of them."

Our ancestors were not ignorant or unlettered, but they were far removed from the seats of learning and "their speech was quaint and olden."

There were no daily papers, magazines, or TV quizzes.

New customs traveled slowly in those days, so the rural folks were always behind in their language and their table manners. No newfangled folderol for them! "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us." Let somebody else prove the new things; then they might adopt them!

They said: "Bile" the clothes, put kerosene "ile" in the lamp, "pison" the rats. They tooted and they fetched. Hit was right, I reckon.

At one time in the history of the English language, all of this was correct. ("Tote" is an African word.) When English was introduced into Ireland, Scotland and Wales "oi" had the sound of "i." "Hit" for "it" was also correct. This speech was Chaucerian and Spenserian, and even used in England at a later date. The Mountain People, who are our close kin, still speak in this manner.
When I was a girl, I was so ashamed of my old relatives. They ate with their knives, and tucked their napkins under their chins. Think of those beards they had! Also, no dry cleaners and only one good suit of clothes!

In the early days only two-tined forks were in use, or even known, and these were used for the meat. It’s a real feat to convey peas, on a knife, safely to your mouth!

George Washington and his contemporaries ate with their knives. When John Adams was president, at a state dinner, his wife produced a four-tined fork, and began to eat with it. Mr. Adams apologized, saying it was a queer custom his wife had learned from the French.

“True politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

May 16, 1957

In addition to a growing number of towns and villages in 1890, the county seat town of Statesboro (Statesborough on map) finally had a railroad connection to the Central of Georgia Railway in Dover, Georgia across the Screven County line. This was the first major transportation improvement under the leadership of Statesboro’s first mayor, James Alonzo “Lonnie” Brannen.

Map courtesy of Daniel B. Good


7. India and A

In our courthouse is the rec 1
Williams and Annie Elkins,
By 1800, the frontier in Ge on the Ocmulgee, with most o village of Jacksonville, in Telfa houses,” showing that times we
To this frontier land James the village of Jacksonville, whic banks of the Ocmulgee. Here, s and raised their children in sea
I have heard my grandfather boys on the river, paddling thei
The white men had an age cattle on Indian land across th farming the river bottoms made friendly arrangement. Once a across the river to give the cattle in a shack they had built.
Nobody ever knew what wer
But on a night in 1830, the about 12, my great-grandfat saw the tragedy, but escaped in a little boy on the riverbank and I
This is still folklore in Telfair during my childhood.
My great-grandmother Ann ranging from 18–6 years, moved A few years ago, I stopped at telling of the settling of the estat 1840. The mother and daughter write, but it was the law: wom
In our courthouse is the record from year 1811 for the marriage of James Williams and Annie Elkins, two of my great-grandparents.

By 1800, the frontier in Georgia had been pushed back to Telfair County on the Ocmulgee, with most of the Indians living across the river. From the village of Jacksonville, in Telfair County, to Macon, there were seven “block-houses,” showing that times were dangerous and uncertain.

To this frontier land James and Annie Williams moved. They settled at the village of Jacksonville, which, at that time, was merely a wilderness on the banks of the Ocmulgee. Here, among other Welsh, Scots, and Irish, they lived and raised their children in seeming security.

I have heard my grandfather, Frederick, talk about playing with the “Injun” boys on the river, paddling their canoes.

The white men had an agreement with the Indians about pasturing their cattle on Indian land across the river. The clearing of the land by whites for farming the river bottoms made pasturage scarce. All went along well in their friendly arrangement. Once a week, men from the white settlement went across the river to give the cattle salt and extra food. They often spent the night in a shack they had built.

Nobody ever knew what went wrong! Were the Indians stealing cattle?

But on a night in 1830, the Indians massacred and scalped the white men, about 12, my great-grandfather being one. His youngest son, Steve, aged six, saw the tragedy, but escaped in the darkness. Next morning, fishermen saw the little boy on the riverbank and he told the story.

This is still folklore in Telfair County; and one of the true stories told to me during my childhood.

My great-grandmother Annie, with her five sons and two daughters, ages ranging from 18–6 years, moved back to Bulloch County.

A few years ago, I stopped at the courthouse in McRae and found the record, telling of the settling of the estate of James Williams by his son Frederick, time 1840. The mother and daughter were not allowed to sign. Oh sure, they could write, but it was the law: women had no business sense!
It was a long journey of 150 miles back to Bulloch County, and took at least a week. The nights were spent at some settler’s log house. These pioneer folks were friendly, maybe kin; many were friends from their old Virginia days, and company was always welcome. The Williamses, with children, bag and baggage, household goods, etc., really overflowed the houses of their friends.

On the first day of their journey, their little dog chased a rabbit into the forest, and was given up for lost. I can just hear those five teenage boys whistling, calling, listening for that little cur.

The family had been settled in their new home for two weeks, when one day, they saw a sight! Limping along the road in front of their house was the little dog come home to his family.

Later, when members of the family went back to Telfair on a visit, they spent the night with the same friends along the road. The little dog, on his long quest, had spent the night in the barns where the horses had slept. The scent of the horses led him home!

March 6, 1958

The peoples in the frozen long, long winter nights, their bards tell of Thor, Odin, Between the States, our Sout
March to the Sea."

When old people came to visit their grandmothers who had had real homes, the stories were told, and
As children, we never tired of the stories, and I was crying with

My mother would sing "Bonnie Blue Flag," and recite "The Lost Cause" and before we had finished she was choking back the tears, and I was crying with

She was a small girl living in Savannah when Sherman came marching in. The aunt whom she lived was in charge of the Soldiers Wayside Home, a convalescent home, and her mother saw our soldiers die; and she sat by the beds while her aunt wrote dying messages from sons to mothers.

"Civilization is only skin deep," Also an army "travels on its stomach," thought is given to the women.

The half of Sherman’s army went down River Road. The scouts went first.

"William Cowper, "Light Shining Out of
8. REMEMBERING THE WAR THAT UNITED US

The peoples in the frozen north of Europe have their sagas. During the long, long winter nights, their chief form of amusement was to listen to their bards tell of Thor, Odin, the Niebelungs, and other heroes. After the War Between the States, our Southland had its saga and it was called “Sherman’s March to the Sea.”

When old people came to visit, especially grandfathers who had fought and grandmothers who had had regiments of Yankees quartered in front of their homes, the stories were told, always beginning with “I remember.”

As children, we never tired of hearing the tales, and our young souls burned within us in anger over the atrocities of the invaders.

My mother would sing “The Bonnie Blue Flag,” and recite “The Lost Cause” and before she had finished she was choking back the tears, and I was crying with her.

She was a small girl living in Savannah when Sherman came marching in. The aunt with whom she lived was in charge of the Soldiers Wayside Home, a convalescent home, and my mother saw our soldiers die; and she sat by the beds while her aunt wrote dying messages from sons to mothers.

“Civilization is only skin deep,” and war rubs that covering mighty thin. Also an army “travels on its stomach” and lives off the conquered territory. No thought is given to the women and children whom the invaders rob of food.

The half of Sherman’s army was a typical one when it passed over the Old River Road. The scouts went far afield for food, and robbed smokehouses, stole

chickens and livestock. They had no need to ransack houses, steal souvenirs, burn barns. The air must have been suffocating, filled with all the feathers from pillows and beds the Yanks are said to have emptied. But an army is not made of gentlemen during war. There were also stragglers who followed the army, and they were really tough.

Great was my disbelief and horror on learning that when our boys were in Pennsylvania, they even reached the banks of the Susquehanna, but the Yanks had burned the bridge leading to their capital. I repeat, our boys forgot that they were civilized, and lived "off the land."

Suppose our Southland had won the war! Where would we be today? Divided like Europe, and always fighting. "God moves in mysterious ways," and He saved the U.S.

Our is a great country, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the cold north to our balmy, wonderful Southland. Undivided we stand, able to face the world.

April 4, 1957

My grandfather, Frederick Columbus, were in the beyond Atlanta. His second wife Olney, in this county, with than an aunt.

The women of the neighbor so my grandmother undertook

At the age of 95, a year before New reporter. I am quoting fro

She got the train at Eden; that night paid $15 for a hotel

got a train out of Atlanta to a st the hot July sun, she walked 9 in an army wagon.

One moment she and her he next moment the clash of battle. tree, and told her to get away as tree all day, with shells bursting to the house in the woods where

I saw one man from my section,

I knew turned and ran. His co him, but he never stopped runn 'til long after the war. These were

She was disappointed about the when the fighting began; meat jellies, preserves - the best the with shell went through a tin pail of people who saw it.

During and after the battle, got back to Atlanta in an army with a woman gave her shelter.

*From "God Moves in Mysterious Ways," a poem by William Cowper.
My grandfather, Frederick Williams, and his sixteen-year-old son, Columbus, were in the Confederate Army - Cavalry - several miles beyond Atlanta. His second wife, twenty years his junior, was at the home at Olney, in this county, with three stepsons. My mother was in Savannah with an aunt.

The women of the neighborhood wanted to send food to their men in war, so my grandmother undertook the mission.

At the age of 95, a year before she died, she was interviewed by a *Morning News* reporter. I am quoting from this interview.

She got the train at Eden; had to go by Augusta; got to Atlanta next day; that night paid $15 for a hotel room; ate out of her box of food. Next day she got a train out of Atlanta to a station beyond the Chattahoochee River, and, in the hot July sun, she walked 9 miles to the camp, sending her box of food by an army wagon.

One moment she and her husband were having a quiet visit together, the next moment the clash of battle. Her husband placed her behind a big chestnut tree, and told her to get away as soon as she could. She remained behind that tree all day, with shells bursting all around her. At dark she made her way back to the house in the woods where she was staying. All night she heard guns.

*I saw one man from my section fall down in a faint, pale with fear. Another man I knew turned and ran. His commanding officer called him to stop, and shot at him, but he never stopped running. He hid in the swamps and never came home 'til long after the war. These were the only two I saw who were unable to stand firm.*

She was disappointed about all the good food which was being unpacked when the fighting began; meats, cornbread, dozen of boiled eggs, potatoes, jellies, preserves - the best the women back home could send their soldiers. A shell went through a tin pail of plum preserves, and a howl arose from the men who saw it.

During and after the battle, the countryside was in terrible confusion. She got back to Atlanta in an army wagon in the retreat toward the city; that night a woman gave her shelter.
Next morning in the railroad station, the floors and platforms were laid so thick with the wounded, waiting for the train to take them to the Augusta hospital, that there was no room to walk. I was the only woman on the train. Men lay on the floor, anywhere, everywhere. Much of their clothing has been cut off so their wounds could be washed. No doctors! At every station, or stream, the men who were able got water in their canteens for the helpless to drink, or to pour over their wounds. The floors were messy with mud, blood, and water.

By December, the Union forces were encamped within two miles of her home. She and the boys had driven the fattening hogs to the swamps. The Ogeechee River was in the back of their place. They had hid a 500 lb. bale of cotton in the swamp, and this sold for $1 a pound after the war.

The Yanks nailed up the corn crib with 500 bushels of corn in it, but never returned to get it.

That winter people were in a terrible fix, without food, shelter, or clothing. I gave away every grain of corn except what I had to have for the family. I gave away all my hens except six. I did not even save a rooster. People wanted them to crow for day. The Yanks had stolen all the clocks. We paid $150 for the first sack of flour we bought after the war, in Augusta. And green coffee beans were $40 a pound.

People today don't know what hardship is!

The reporter says: “Thus did this remarkable old lady talk of life 70 years back. Her eyes are bright blue; she is slim and neat, and likes nice clothes. The habits and hardihood of those war years have carried her on bravely through a long life, without illness, and no infirmities of old age.”

January 2, 1958

The results of an action are about the results of war. It itself from the torpid condition in that half-stupor we learned

We learned to work. Best of

We learned our lesson the hard

There was deprivation in the

There was deprivation in the
10. Lessons Our Southland Learned

The results of an action are usually of long duration. This is especially true about the results of war. It took our Southland a half-century to arouse itself from the torpid condition into which four years of war had sunk her, but in that half-stupor we learned many things.

We learned to work. Best of all, we learned that work is something dignified and ennobling. There were drones who had to die off, because they could not recover from their antebellum training. They could not forget the good old days when a gentleman never dirtied his hands and a lady was known by the softness of hers.

We learned our lesson the hard way. Our men came back home to find the fields run wild during four years of idleness. So the mules, hidden out in the swamps to escape the invaders, were put to work, and the fields once again bore grain. There was no money with which to buy fertilizer, and the crops were lean for many years.

High prices almost drove our grandparents mad. Sugar was $1.00 a pound; flour $100.00 a barrel; calico $1.00 a yard! (Who remembers calico?) My father learned to write on the white sand with a sharpened stick, because pencils, later selling for one-cent apiece, were 25 cents. It was almost impossible to buy new clothing, and the things in use were darned and patched and turned wrong side out. School books served the entire family till they were dog-eared.

There was deprivation in the way of food. Malnutrition caused the white plague – consumption – to run...
OUT OF THE PAST

rampant. Babies were fed on “pot likker.” (Doesn’t anybody remember suppers of cold corn bread and “pot likker”?)

But our people survived the upheaval and we are better for having suffered. Our Deep South, especially in the rural section, was not molested by carpet-baggers. The deep creeks and swamps could tell tales!

We learned the meaning of democracy. The bottom rail could get on top. A man could make the most of himself because he was an American, and not because he was born in the “right” family.

Our boys were taught to work. Our girls learned that they, too, could be assets to family life, and they got jobs.

There was talk about “family” and so and so was from sorry stock. The sons and daughters were warned not to marry into such and such a family, because, “Well, you know about their great-grandfather.” But the wheels had gone round and round and the bottom spokes were on top and intended to stay there, upheld by their own bootstraps, by which they had climbed. Thus we learned our lessons!

Let me sound a warning to our younger generations: The same conditions could arise again. What’s happened once can always happen twice. It’s so easy to forget our lessons!

April 11, 1957

11. INDEN ORPHANS, AN

LITTLE ORPHAN ARMIE'S COME TO
AND EARN HER BOARD AND KEEP*

Many boys and girls through keep and were called “bound.”

DURING COLONIAL DAYS THE INDIAN CHILDREN WERE BOUND WHILE WORKING IN AMERICA. THIS WAS AN ENGLISH CUSTOM, WHICH IS NOW LEGAL, IT WAS A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

AFTER OUR LAND BECAME FREE, THE PRACTICE CHANGED TO “BOUND.” IN A MODERN SENSE, IT MEANS “APPRENTICED” — THAT IS, IN GEORGIA TYPICALLY, “BOUND” OR “BOUNDED.”

TODAY THE CHILDREN ARE PROTECTED. THEY ARE AT THE MERCY OF THEIR RELATIVE WHO BINDS THEM OUT. THEY ARE NOT UNSCRUPULOUS AND MEAN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO ORPHANS WERE SCARCE. EVEN AFTER THERE WERE NO ORPHANS, CHILDREN WERE BOUND TO GOOD, RELIABLE PERSONS WHO WOULD RAISE THEM AND EDUCATE THEM UNTIL THEY WERE 21 YEARS OF AGE.

VERY FEW LAWS ARE ARBITRARY, AND IT WAS COMMON IN FORMER TIMES FOR A MOTHER WITH THREE OR MORE CHILDREN TO MARRY A MAN WHO DISAPPEARS IN THE NIGHT, LEAVING HER WITH NO JOBS FOR HER CHILDREN. SO SHE BOUNDS THEM OUT TO MAINDING.

A CHILD BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK IS BOUND TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE, SO COULD THIS CUSTOM ACCOUNT FOR MANY OF OUR MODERN INDEN ORPHANS?

THERE WAS NO DISGRACE CONNEDGED UPON THE MOTHER OR THE CHILD. SOMETIMES HUSBANDS HAD THEIR SONS BOUND TO THEM UNDER THE PRACTICE.

IF THE GIRL WERE CLEVER, SHE WOULD BE APPRENTICED, \*James Whitcomb Riley’s poem of 1885 inspired this idea.
11. Indentured Servants, Orphans, and Bound Children

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay...
And earn her board and keep*
Many boys and girls throughout our fair land had to "earn their board and keep" and were called "bound."

During Colonial days the indentured servant was found in many homes — bound while working out a debt, or while paying for his passage to America. This was an English custom, inherited by our forefathers. While perfectly legal, it was a sad state of affairs.

After our land became free, the custom was continued, and the name was changed to "bound." In a modified form, it is still in use and is known as "apprenticed" — that is, in Georgia.

Today the children are protected by welfare organizations, but formerly they were at the mercy of their masters, many of whom were good — but a few were unscrupulous and mean.

A hundred years ago orphans' homes were almost non-existent and money was scarce. Even after there were orphans' homes, children could be "bound out" to good, reliable persons who swore, by law, to protect and care for them until they were 21 years of age.

Very few laws are arbitrary, and most are born of necessity. As an example: a mother with three or four children is forsaken by a worthless or desperate husband, and he disappears in the wilds of Florida. What is she to do? There are no jobs for women, but she can live with some relation who does not want the children. So she binds out the children when they reach the age of twelve.

A child born out of wedlock was often disposed of in this way. Boys were bound to the age of twenty-one, then turned out with $10 and a suit of clothes. Could this custom account for much of our tenancy?

There was no disgrace connected with this condition. Fathers sometimes had their sons bound to them until they reached manhood.

If the girl were clever, she would marry one of the sons in the family —

*James Whitcomb Riley’s poem of 1885 inspired “Little Orphan Annie” and “Raggedy Ann” in the 1920s.
usually the pick of the flock — and often spent her days in the family home as its mistress. Marriage released the girl. I went to school with boys who had been bound. In their twenties they were trying to get an education.

Children were supposed to have the same kindness shown to them that the other young ones received, but that was not always true. I knew cases of this kind. Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, relentlessly follows just behind us in our footsteps. When she overtakes us, we get our “comeuppance.”

April 18, 1957

James Young died in the vicinity of this marker in the graveyard in the Blitch area, located near the intersection of Old River Road and Lakeview Road. Mr. Young, an early settler and successful farmer, died on October 1, 1893, at the age of 75 years and 7 months. The inscription reads: Precious one from us has gone. A voice we loved is stilled. A place is vacant in your home which never can be filled.

Courtesy of Delma E. Presley

When our loved ones lie less lonely, less desolate
The “old, old dead, and those in the plantation and “twas haunted,
There were no churches in these teen hundreds, when Nevils mine the seniority.)
The word “cemetery” was no ancestors. They said “buryin’ grave part of the landscape and family trees — magnolia, cedar, crepe
Today many of these graves of these ancestors have mixed with the
Where the First Methodist originally the John Wise bury
was on South Main Street.
On the site of the First Bapt Nevils buryin’ ground. This was main street.
When the church was built of three Yankee soldiers, of an ablly killed in a skirmish when the boys were trying to keep Kil
On the Fred Hodges place ground, in a fine state of presen

12. Bu

(I like criticism, because I learn brought forth two corrections from wrong about the source of the riv River flows into the river just before ions on anything I am mistaken ab

*Byron, Child Harold’s Pilgrimage.
12. Buryin’ Grounds

(I like criticism, because I learn much thereby. My fantasy on the Old River Road has brought forth two corrections from two accurate historians. Dr. William Hagans says I am wrong about the source of the river, and Dan Bland has shown me that the Canoochee River flows into the river just before the Ogeechee enters the ocean. Let’s have more opinions on anything I am mistaken about. It’s spicy.)

When our loved ones lie under the shadow of a church, their graves seem less lonely, less desolate.

The “old, old dead, and those of yesteryear” were buried somewhere on the plantation and “twas haunted, holy ground.”*

There were no churches in Bulloch County till the last years of the seventeen hundreds, when Nevils and Union were founded. (Toss a coin to determine the seniority.)

The word “cemetery” was not known or used by our rural Scots, Irish, Welsh ancestors. They said “buryin’ ground.” Fifty years ago these sacred plots were part of the landscape and familiar to us all. They were marked by a cluster of trees — magnolia, cedar, crepe myrtle — and usually enclosed by a picket fence. Today many of these graves have been plowed under and the bones of our ancestors have mixed with the dust of the fields.

Where the First Methodist Church now stands, there was a large cemetery, originally the John Wise buryin’ ground. The plantation, a grant of 500 acres, was on South Main Street.

On the site of the First Baptist Church was another cemetery, originally the Nevils buryin’ ground. This was also a grant and the plantation was on North Main Street.

When the church was built around 1890, the building covered the graves of three Yankee soldiers, of an Ohio regiment, who died here. They were probably killed in a skirmish which took place on East Main Street when our boys were trying to keep Kilpatrick and his soldiers from stealing everything.

On the Fred Hodges place on the River Road is the Eli Kennedy buryin’ ground, in a fine state of preservation.

*Byron, Child Harold’s Pilgrimage.
At Lake View is the Rigdon buryin' ground. At Blitch, on land which he once owned, is the Robert Donaldson buryin' ground. There are many young people in the county to whom he, Robert, is the five greats grandfather. It is impossible to name all these cemeteries. I do not know them all and Dan Bland estimates them as being near a hundred.

If you own one, clean it up, put a fence around it. The loved ones, whose bones lie there, once loved life, even as you and I.

Ruby Lanier and I “fixed up” the grave of a great-grandmother, buried at Upper Lotts Creek. Did I imagine it, or did she really visit us in my dreams and say: “Not forgotten – even after a hundred years”?

Lincoln’s favorite poem was: “Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?” by William Knox.* It was also my father’s choice poem. “We all sink from this earth to rest in our graves.”

April 25, 1957

*The Scottish poet, William Knox, was born on August 17, 1789. He published Mortality in 1824, the year before he died. Abraham Lincoln memorized it shortly after he first read it in 1831. He recited it often and commented that it was his favorite poem. Maude’s father, James Alonzo (Lonnie) Brannen greatly admired two Presidents: Jefferson and Lincoln, and Maude’s revelation of her father’s love of this poem provides insight into his intellectual interests and philosophy of life.
Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?
by William Knox

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes — like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes — even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.
For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved — but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned — but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved — but no wall from their slumber will come;
They joyed — but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died — ay, they died; — we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode;
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

’Tis the wink of an eye — ’tis the draught of a breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Nietzsche, the misanthrope being man.” The first million years of their existence,
I love both elements of the facts.

The Biblical injunction: “We last “jot and tittle” of the law; all business. The twain became on
Of necessity, woman acquire

Women had little education and eggs.

The wife’s relatives could app
and were not afraid to speak out

Of course, back of this law

I knew a woman who was
miles into Statesboro to do so.
Nietzsche, the misanthrope, said, "Woman is God's second mistake, the first being man." The first mistake lorded it over the second mistake for the first million years of their existence, whether living in treetops, caves or houses.

I love both elements of the human species — God bless 'em — but facts are facts.

The Biblical injunction: "Wives, submit in all things" was carried out to the last "jot and tittle" of the law; and this applied most emphatically to the money business. The twain became one and the man was the one. Wasn't she merely a rib out of his side?

Of necessity, woman acquired a propensity for chicanery, which trait characterizes her to this day. However, Eve knew a few tricks herself. When a woman married, all her property became her husband's, to do with as he pleased. This was a relic of the dowry system of the Old World. I have heard of cases where the beloved husband gambled away all of his wife's property while on their honeymoon.

Women had little education and no business training — except for butter and eggs.

The wife's relatives could appoint trustees to guard her property for her sake and her heirs', the husband not being considered. These acts were called "trust indentures in contemplation of marriage."

By 1866, women were waking up a little bit. Many were getting educated and were not afraid to speak out. A new law went into effect in Georgia in that year and was known as the Married Woman's Act of 1866. It reads, in part: "All the property of the wife at the time of her marriage, or inherited after coverture, shall vest in and belong to the wife, and shall not be liable for the payment of any debt, default or contract of the husband."

Of course, back of this law were fathers protecting daughters. Until very recent years there was a Georgia law which allowed a man to beat his wife — but the stick must be no bigger than his little finger — or was it his thumb?

I knew a woman who was used to beatings. One day she drove the twelve miles into Statesboro to do some shopping. The trip took three hours over
Out of the Past

a bad, sandy road, in a horse and buggy. Then three hours to get home. Perhaps she dared to visit a friend along the way. Whatever the cause, she was a little late arriving home. He, poor man, had probably had a bad time with the children, and his supper was late. To say the least, he was “upset,” and was ready with his stick. She, being a clever woman, slept in her best silk dress that night. He, being a thrifty man, didn’t want to hurt the dress. The beating was postponed.

Next morning, bright and early, she was up. Knowing the shortcut to a man’s heart, she had a delicious breakfast ready at 5:30 o’clock for the dear husband to eat. Again, the whipping was postponed. See what I mean by chicanery! An old doggerel comes to mind:

“A dog, a woman, and a hickory tree,
The more you beat ‘em, the better they be.”

May 2, 1957

Many Welsh came to America, but they were superstitious, ultra-elves and fairies play hide and seek in the buryin’ grounds; broom and spoon.

When the Welsh sing they don’t even the wild creatures “try.”

The people left many of their superstitions when they came to America, but they left their Welsh names.

My great uncle, Wiley Johnston, was a Welshman. His William died in Ireland.

If this relative from Virginia lived on a country road in Bulloch County, he was a Welshman. Much water has flowed since.

Great Uncle Wiley had years of hard labor. He was grey, middle, and his grey hair was a relic of his early days.

He enjoyed his droll stories. He told with laughter and emit a sound. His shrewd blue eyes would dance.

In his section of Bulloch County, he sold patent medicines, and not the days of doctors, so he had a large fortune, a valued man!

One of his favorite stories was told of a fellow members who lived two hundred miles away. Remember the Welshman’s practice in church, so he must be “true.”

The fellow members were at church, so he must be “true,” and could make ice—man never proved he was not lying.

*Milton, “L’Allegro”
Many Welsh came to this country in early days. In Wales they are an odd, superstitious, ultra-religious people. Gnomes live in the coal mines; elves and fairies play hide and seek in the narrow, sunny dells; leprechauns lurk in the buryin’ grounds; brownies live in the dark cellars.

When the Welsh sing their rollicking songs, all the folk, wee and big, and even the wild creatures “trip the light, fantastic toe.”

The people left many of these queer ways and beliefs behind when they came to America, but they still retained their love of music and of storytelling.

My great uncle, Wiley Williams, born 1815, dead these fifty years, was still a Welshman. His Williams forebear, John, came to Virginia in 1690.

If this relative from Virginia could have met his relative from Georgia along a country road in Bulloch County in 1890, each could have said to the other, “Hi, Welshman. Much water has passed under the bridge in the last 200 years.”

Great Uncle Wiley had a long, grizzly beard, which hung down to his middle, and his grey hair was long about his neck.

He enjoyed his droll stories as much as his hearers did. He would shake with laughter and emit a kind of chuckle that came from inner depths. His shrewd blue eyes would disappear behind his shabby brows.

In his section of Bulloch County, he was known as Dr. Williams. He sold patent medicines, and his buggy was an apothecary shop. There were no doctors, so he had a large territory over which he traveled. Dr. Williams was a valued man!

One of his favorite stories was about a man who went to Savannah, a hundred miles away. Remember the size of our county then? When he returned home, he told the preacher and the congregation about his wonderful experience. He had ice in his drinking water!

The fellow members were horrified. They would tolerate no liars in their church, so he must be “turned out” – a great disgrace. Grounds: Only God could make ice – man never could. The man begged to be given a chance to prove he was not lying.

*Milton, "L’Allegro"
So a committee of three, Uncle Wiley being one, was appointed to go to Savannah with the culprit, and see what they could see.

The journey by horseback took at least three or four days.

In Savannah they had ice in their drinking water. Moreover, they visited the plant, and saw ice being made – big cans of water, frozen in vats of steaming brine, thanks to circulation of ammonia in pipes.

Next Sunday at church, the committee jubilantly told their story, describing everything in detail, even to the steam coming out of pipes.

All four were “turned out.” The saints in Israel said that man might be able to make ice, but he could never do it with hot water.

No liars in that church!

When I was a child, ice was brought from Dover twice a week by horse and wagon. The train brought it to Dover. The sawdust in which it was packed had to be washed off, and the ice was wrapped in newspaper to make it last as long as possible.

In the country a familiar sight was the “safe,” covered with fine screen, standing in the shade of the huge oaks. Milk, eggs, and butter were kept there. The well bucket was a fine receptacle for a jar of butter, or a watermelon.

Draw that bucket up carefully!

May 9, 1957
15. **Tipsy Geese**

Place: Bryan County.
Time: Over a hundred years ago.
Actors: Old Grandpop Harvey, his wife, and Caesar, a small colored boy.
Star actors: 25 geese.

In the fall of the year when crops were gathered, the old great grandfather told Caesar to shell corn from the ear, get a jug from the smokehouse, and put the grains of corn in it, for next year's planting.

About these little brown jugs: Our ancestors usually saw to it that they were empty, and they usually were, after the last swig was gulped from the tilted jug. But ...

Next spring, at corn planting time, the grains were well-soaked in corn whiskey and unfit to be planted. The contents of the jug were emptied down by the pond, out of harm's way.

When Grandpop came into dinner, about noon, he said, "Well, old lady, your geese are all dead, stretched on the ground by the pond."

She, being a thrifty soul, spent no time crying over dead geese, but called the colored girls, and they went to pluck the down from the dead critters. Another feather mattress always came in handy and many fluffy pillows were needed for a big family.

The last handful of down had been plucked from the last downy body, when the 25 geese rose en masse and began to honk shrilly, staggering wildly. Grandma held on to the one she was plucking, and yelled to one of the women: "Get some flour and water and make paste. We'll stick the feathers back on."

When her companions saw the feathers being pasted on to their friend, they jumped, squawking, into the pond, and sailed away to the farther shore.

Now, what happened to those hapless geese I have never heard, but it was spring time, and they probably survived.

As for the story, it's been family lore for all these many, many years, and who am I to doubt it?

Nota bene: All geese: beware John Barleycorn: he's dangerous!

*April 26, 1962*
The image of well-to-do young women appears in the Phi Mu sorority yearbook for 1900 at Macon's Wesleyan College. Maude Brannen did not join a sorority.

Courtesy of Wesleyan College Archives

16. STOCK SHIRT

If our greats and our grand
watch the parade of wom
the poor shades would gro:
(again) just of shame."

The ladies of their day t
knock-knee or bowlegged, l
considered it "the temple of
their ankles. Poor things!

They wore black lisle stoc
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The boys and girls of the p
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Camaraderie between men
in the past.

The dresses of women, wh
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The Mother Hubbard was

When cloth was "store be
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must measure only about 18
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Flat irons were heated in t

Does anybody remember t
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The Scotsmen in the Isl
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gussets on each side, almost
16. Stockings, Petticoats, Shirttails, and Smiles

If our greats and our grandparents could stand on the square in our town and watch the parade of women as they pass by in various degrees of *deshabille*, the poor shades would groan: “Carry us back to the dead past, lest we die (again) just of shame.”

The ladies of their day had no legs, or arms, only limbs. They were not knock-kneed or bowlegged, but they did believe in the sanctity of the body, and considered it “the temple of God.” They never crossed their legs, or exposed their ankles. Poor things!

They wore black lisle stockings—three pairs for a dollar, a year’s supply. If they could only know our beautiful nylon hose—$2 a pair!

The boys and girls of the past were no more decent and finer than are those of today, and the human race may be the better for the change from prudery to brazenness.

Camaraderie between men and women exists today that was totally lacking in the past.

The dresses of women, when cloth was woven at home, were simple in style, consisting of a basque and skirt, which swept the floor.

The Mother Hubbard was the negligee.

When cloth was “store boughten,” the dress became more elaborate: six petticoats, stiffly starched, worn one at a time; the hoops, the bustle, the ruffles, and the laces. The corset, at this stage of styling, was a curse: the woman’s waist must measure only about 18 inches. I remember hearing women bragging: “My husband’s fingers could span my waist when we were married.”

Flat irons were heated in the fireplace, and the servants spent days ironing.

Does anybody remember the black washpot, the big wooden block, and the clothes paddle? Death to buttons! The scrubbing board was an innovation.

The Scotsmen in the Isles wore his kilt skirts; the Irishman and the Welshman their smocks and wraparounds. It was natural that these styles followed the immigrant to the new country, in a slightly different form, called shirttails. This garment was an elongated skirt, reaching almost to the ankles with gussets on each side, almost to the knees. It was made of heavy homespun,
and was the everyday clothing of boys and men. Don't think that this garment belonged to the Dark Ages! My father wore shirttails when he was a boy.

Trousers were hard to make, and each man in the family had only one pair. A coat, homemade, a pair of pants, brogan shoes, and a shirt were the formal attire of the male.

In a family there were often a half dozen men and boys to clothe, and the shirttail was easy to make. If you wonder if this was the sole garment — your guess is as good as mine!

Our capital, at Louisville, or Milledgeville, housed many homemade, homespun suits! A story is told in the McCroan family: the neighbor women had to help make the man of the family a new suit when he was elected representative around 1796. It was a rush order.

Don't have contempt for shirttails! One of the antebellum governors as a young man ploughed in his tails! His wife kept a straw broom in a corner of the reception room at the mansion.

William Donaldson Brannen, a first and second cousin of my grandfather, loved to tell a story, when he was an old man, about his blase youth.

One day, while working, he had a “yen” to see a certain girl. He jumped on his horse, and away he went. She was on the piazza [pronounced pie-az-er], perhaps on the watch for him. He stood on the bottom step, she on the top, gaily chatting. Once in a while, he felt a tug at his back; but so entranced was he that he paid no notice to what was going on behind him. The girl was unusually giggly, but he thought her confused by his charms.

Feeling a breeze down his spine, he looked around; a calf had eaten the back out of his shirttail. He backed to his horse and rode away, while the girl shouted with laughter.

May 23, 1957

Addendum of May 30: An old friend told me recently that he saw, in the backwoods of his county, just last winter, a family of ten boys, from two years to eighteen, all dressed in shirttails. He also said it was an all-purpose garment. If I had that many boys, I would dress each of them in a straw hat and a smile.
17. The Wedding of Long Ago

I never resent taxes, especially when I recall the roads and the creeks of my childhood.

The Model T brought many blessings, but the thing couldn’t swim.

All of the innocent-looking, unsightly ditches and the bridges have harnessed the streams, which, since earth’s first heavy rainfall, went on the rampage.

Did you ever walk on foot logs over swiftly moving water? Did you ever occupy a buggy when the horse was swimming for his life, and the waters touched your feet? I belonged to the horse and buggy days.

Tragedies sometimes happened that would out-horror the modern-day auto accidents. A horse would panic and a buggy might overturn. Stories were told of children washed out of the foot of the buggy and carried away in the swirling waters, and there were plenty of alligators in those streams in those days!

Puncheons could be laid over the mud of the roads, but nothing could be done about the main part of the stream.

When the Yankees with their enormous wagons were foraging through our land, they tore down the fences and used the rails as puncheons. A heathenish thing to do!

During a rainy season, Lotts Creek would be a mile or more wide. I mention this creek because my story centers on it. My great-grandfather, John F. Brannen, lived very near Lower Lotts Creek on the old Burkhalter Road. His daughter, Amalia [Amelia] Ann, married a Tootle from Tattnall County.
On the day of the wedding it began to rain and when the feasting was over, the guests couldn’t go home. The creek was raging and Noah’s ark was way off on Mount Ararat. It rained for a week, and guests remained the entire time.

For many years the neighbors would say, when a rainy spell began: “I hope we won’t have another Tootle Flood.”

The sad part, the Infare was to be held next day at the groom’s home over in Tattnall. This Infare was a great occasion – almost like a second wedding. The groom’s relatives all came bringing gifts, and they would feast for sure. The gifts from both sides of the family: feather beds and pillows (the old grey goose was not dead then), pillow cases and shams, home-made quilts, iron kettles, pots and pans, a skillet, a spider, flatirons – all of iron; a bread tray of fine wood.

One father would give a mule and wagon. The groom’s father would give land for the new home. The neighbors would gather for the log rolling and that was a time of great rejoicing. The women barbecued whole pigs. They didn’t use a sauce then – and had all the good things to eat. When the land was cleared and the trash burned in a great bonfire, the foundations and frame for the new home were laid. Solid logs cut from the longleaf pine. No sawmills in those days!

Often the father of the bride gave the daughter a maid for full measure. About that silver: I just don’t know, but they managed to eat and live.

May 30, 1957

Note: When Dr. Martha Tootle Cain began her teaching career in 1950 in Statesboro, Maude Brannen Edge was quite active. Dr. Cain, Professor Emeritus at Georgia Southern University in 2011, recalls numerous occasions when the author asked her about the name of the Tootle involved in this dramatic event. She did not find the answer to this genealogical question until long after Maude died. She now knows the groom was Cicero Tootle (1826-1892), but records are not clear about the proper spelling of his wife’s given name. Both census records and other documents reveal several spellings, the most common being Amelia Ann Brannen. Long after Maude’s death, Dr. Cain discovered that her ancestor indeed had married a Brannen whose name appears in census and other records as Emealia Ann, Emily, and Amelia Ann, and variants. Genealogists take into account that census workers often spelled names as they sounded: “Amelia” becomes, in local drawl, “Emealia.” What appears on her tombstone? Dr. Cain found it at the Old Shiloh Cemetery in Tattnall County. She recorded the inscription as follows: “Emealia Tootle born 1834 died June 1900.” This woman was, indeed, Maude’s relative – the sister of her grandfather, James Monroe Brannen. Maude’s column uses yet another spelling of the name: “Amalia.” The editors believe the typesetter erred, and Maude actually wrote about the ill-fated celebration of Aunt Amelia Ann Brannen’s marriage to Cicero Tootle.

18. Kit

We “et our vittles” and did not spell it wrong from the Latin “vivo,” to live – an pronunciation “et.” “Ate” is an abbreviation.

Something to eat has always been the first breath till his dying day and has caused more murdoo than any other thing in life. Eliminate hunger from the list.

This section of country was sparsely populated. There was no game in the woods and fish were wantonly killed. Mayhaws, sparkleberries, pine, hickory, and black walnuts were plentiful, as were the masts of the longleaf pine used for clearing the woods wrought by the early settlers.

The early settlers had an abundance of peaches galore. Add to the abundance of peaches was the abundance of crabs. Spraying was unknown. Nearly every planter had a potato bank filled with potatoes baked. Rutabagas were also grown.

The acrid smell of the smokehouse at my old home filled the atmosphere when smoking and rice disappeared. Nearly every planter had a smokehouse at my old home and bacon were cured.

The acrid smell of the smokehouse at my old home filled the atmosphere when smoking and rice disappeared. Nearly every planter had a smokehouse at my old home and bacon were cured.

Sugar cane patches have become obsolete. When we wanted a cup of coffee – we didn’t know tea.
We "et our vittles" and enjoyed them. We pronounced the word correctly, but spelled it wrong. Webster says that “victuals” (vittles) comes from the Latin “vivo,” to live — and so on to “vitamins.” “Eat” in past tense was once pronounced “et.” “Ate” is an innovation.

Something to eat has always been man’s foremost requirement — from his first breath till his dying day. This urge has set hordes of people on the march, and has caused more murder and bloodshed than have all the kings of the earth. Eliminate hunger from the world and wars would likely cease.

This section of country was literally “a land flowing in milk and honey,” with game in the woods and fish in the streams. Wild turkeys, quail, and other large birds were wantonly killed and are almost extinct today.

Mayhaws, sparkleberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, chinquapins, hickory, and black walnuts, grapes of all kinds, especially muscadines, the masts of the longleaf pine were all plentiful when I was a child. Burning and clearing the woods wrought havoc.

The early settlers had apples, mostly Haas, which we called “horse,” and peaches galore. Add to the list pomegranates, pears, plums, quinces, and scuppersnongs. Spraying was unknown and the trees were not fertilized. Everybody had a potato bank filled with yams, which oozed streams of sweetness when baked. Rutabagas were also banked.

Nearly every planter had a rice field in a low, marshy spot. Cotton became king and rice disappeared. Every home had a smokehouse where the hams and bacon were cured.

The acrid smell of the smoke comes faintly to my nostrils when I recall the smokehouse at my old home on West Main. In one corner was a large barrel of brown sugar and when my sweet tooth became insistent a large, hard lump served as candy.

Sugar cane patches have about disappeared and cane grindings are almost obsolete. When we wanted a tasty drink, we made sweetened water: two tablespoons of syrup in a glass of cold well water. Sweetening (syrup) was used in coffee — we didn’t know tea.
Every Saturday the kitchen was scrubbed with hot water and lye soap and white sand was generously spread over the clean floor.

When the pots and pans – iron – and the kitchen cutlery needed cleaning, they were taken out on the back steps and scrubbed with soap and sand.

The wood stove kept the kitchen warm when it was going, but when it got cold the room got cold. In summer the heat was terrific. The wood box behind the stove was forever empty, or so it seemed to the small boys of the family.

Out of these kitchens into the dining room would be brought – on occasion – food fit for the gods: chicken fried with dumplings, pilau – boiled or fried ham, roasted quail, wild turkey, all kinds of vegetables, risen biscuits, thin hoecakes, corn pones. We didn’t know anything about salads. Then for dessert, sweet potato or custard pie and cakes of all kinds and, on very special occasions, syllabub, with thin slices of pound cake.

No eating in the kitchen in those days! Aren’t we smart today?

There was always plenty for the family and for any guest who happened in, and they were always happening in.

The cold vegetables were used for supper, with a bowl of clabber on the side. In winter, if the kitchen fire hadn’t gone out, hominy grits were a great treat. Good country butter – two pounds for 25 cents.

Who remembers turnip greens with corn dumplings? Canning was not known, except for preserves and jelly, but the women tried peaches, apples, and peas.

There was an ornamental shrub grown in the flower gardens, called love apple. It was poisonous and belonged to the deadly nightshade family. This I remember. When the love apples were used for food, they were called “tom-a–toes.” Someone went somewhere and learned to say “to–ma toes.” I have always wondered if the cats were the “try out” for the love apples? For years tomatoes were our only canned vegetable. Can openers were non–existent, so hot coals were put on top of the can to melt the solder.

Have we progressed a long way or retrogressed a step?

As for me, give me today!

June 6, 1957
19. Sadistic Practices and Punishments

Is there something sadistic in many of us? Do the “Druids of old,” longer ago moldered in their virgin forests, and remembered only in legend, still exercise their charms and incantations over us in our dimly lit memories?

It is said that “civilization is only skin deep.”

A psychological quirk exists in most human beings that leads them to prefer the gruesome – the bizarre. Today this desire is supplied by radio, TV, movies, detective stories, and the horrible happenings recorded in our dailies. Our ancestors had none of these modern, exciting organs, so they got their excitement where they could find it.

In the Old Country, their ancestors witnessed burnings, both of witches and of Christian martyrs. Floggings were common. They were accustomed to the sight of bodies swinging from gibbets along the country roads and left hanging until the birds of prey did their job. Humans don’t get rid of inherited feelings overnight and in this lonely land our ancestors sought excitement and found it in hangings and suchlike.

I have to search the records to find out how many poor souls were hanged here from 1796 to the time publicity was done away with.

I remember well a hanging that happened about 1889. People came from everywhere, bringing their children, spent the day, and had a picnic. Incidentally, we were locked in our home. What tales our own public square could tell! There was a whipping post, also a pillory, located there [near the court house].

Delaware is the only state that still uses the whipping post.

In December 1811, a young white man was arrested for horse stealing and punished in this manner: Taken out of jail at 10 o’clock, December 8, put in the pillory till 11 o’clock, then tied to the whipping post and given 39 lashes on his bare back. This routine was followed for three successive days till he had received 117 lashes. The jail here was crude, so he was taken to Savannah and kept in that jail for twenty days. Then brought back here and discharged. For his own safety, a protective escort took him to the county line and said, “Git!”

Tales are told of legal hangings here for three horse stealings. Talk about the wild and wooly West!
“Punishment” was a word well known to our ancestors. Parents beat their children; teachers could use the buggy whip any time they got mad. These teachers hardly knew the three R’s, the only requirements for teaching. They knew no child psychology and taught merely for the little money involved—maybe $20 a month.

Preachers raved about the justice of God rather than about His great loving kindness. They opened the very door of Hell and let poor souls feel the searing heat.

Many a soul was warped in childhood because the elders felt that children must be conquered—must have their spirits broken. Parents loved their children, but they were not friends, one with the other. They followed Solomon’s advice: “Spare the rod and spoil the child.” I wonder if Solomon knew his numerous children?

These same parents had read, “Children, obey your parents in all things” [Col. 3:20], but they didn’t read all the verse, which says “in the Lord.”

Any verbal defiance the child might try to offer was termed impudence and was not tolerated. The consequence of all this was logical: children feared their parents and did not confide in them. Of course there were exceptions, but the general rule was “Obey me, willy nilly.”

It is awfully hard to build your house and live in it at the same time and that is what children have to do.

Mothers and fathers of today will make a better world of the tomorrow—a brave, new world, founded on cooperation, understanding and love.

For better or for worse, for good or for evil, the future rests with our children, God bless them!

June 13, 1957
20. DEAR OLD HORSE
AND BUGGY DAYS!

The eohippus of the pre-Ice Age—that little horse the size of a goat—would not know himself in the magnificent creature of today. If he could rise up out of the prehistoric caves in which his bones rest, he would say: “Ain’t nature a funny thing?”

“Many men of many kinds,
Many men of many minds.”

This rhyme could apply to both horses and the human race, because in many ways they are akin—in intelligence and dispositions. The ancient Greeks believed this to be true, as shown in that fabulous creature, the centaur, part man, part horse, with the gift of language.

More than a third of my life has been spent in the horse age, although my knowledge of them is quite elementary. The home which I knew and from which I married, stood where Shuman’s store now is [15 W. Main], and our barn lot on the spot where B.B. Morris does business [31 W. Main]. All in between was our garden.

Horses have many dispositions and are just as unpredictable as people. Why is it that when you go to the stable to put his bridle on, he presents his hindquarters and slaps you in the face with his tail? Try to bridle him in the lot and play a game of tag.

You fuss about the cost of gas? A horse’s food costs as much as a man’s. Hate to wash your car? A horse has to be curried and you can’t turn the hose on him. The buggy must also be kept clean.

You can stop your car when you wish—if your brakes hold—but the horse stops when it suits him. All depends on how he is feeling. When he runs away, he always makes a break for the low-hanging trees—his one aim, to get rid of you and the buggy.

In the horse and buggy days, there were often terrible accidents and when one was badly injured, he just died. No ambulances, no hospitals, no telephones, not much of anything manmade—just nature.

In funeral processions, one horse would panic, and, like people with the mob spirit, the others went crazy too. The rearing horse always made you think he
would topple back on the buggy; the backing horse, that just kept going backwards, anywhere, but always back; the kicking horse that really meant business.

The worst of all horses was the balking, or bucking horse, as contrary and mean as some people can be. He wanted to stay at home and you wanted to go somewhere. Maybe he had a migraine! But he certainly got up on the wrong side of the hay. For a few miles he'd jog along, sullen-like, then stop, dead still. Just turn him around and he'd run for home, but not a step forward. The rhyme about a woman applies to a balking horse:

"When she will, she will,
And you may depend on it;
When she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on it."

You may beat that horse; call him all the evil names; cajole him in honeyed tones. He'll turn his head, look you balefully in the eye, as if to say, "Just try to make me go!"

My tenses are all mixed up. I live in two worlds, spanned by three quarters of a century — the long-ago yesterday and the wonderful today. A hundred and twenty-five years and more ago, a close relative of mine was to be married. Tales have been handed down to the younger generations of his great physical prowess. His prodigious strength and the tale I unfold are the only outstanding memories of my relative.

For the occasion of his marriage, he bought a new horse and a new buggy. On the day of the wedding, he started on the long trip of ten miles to the bride's house. Of course he did not know that his beautiful new horse was a stay-at-home fellow. After a mile or two, the creature stopped. The young man tried all the wiles he knew to move that creature: pleading 'tis my wedding day, threatening, even the buggy whip. Finally, at white heat, he took his ax, killed the horse and smashed the buggy. Why the ax so handy? One often encountered trees across the road.

Did my relative walk on to his waiting bride? Walk nine miles in deep sand, on an August day? At the other end were likely stalwart brothers waiting with a buggy whip, ready for the man who jilted their sister. Being a wise guy, he took shank's mare and went across the river, out of Bulloch, and lost himself in another county. About the forsaken bride: being a pioneer girl, she likely soon married and raised many lusty, husky sons.

June 27, 1957

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The bravest battle that ever
Shall I tell you where and
On the maps of the world
'Twas fought by the mother.

I bow in deep reverence, a
For they "bravely, silently,
Pampered souls of today co
Take the business of ch:

No hospitals! No doctors. In those days, neighbor out" neighbors; built the pin florists! So homegrown flo

The odor of tub dead babies — infant mortal.

What did those women
I'll take an aspirin, was ne
Asafoetida was used as a mi
their little vices. Snuff, slyly 1
def rooms; a toddy, as a nigh
these things — and worse.

Before the railroad was b
and the glow from the pine ever clean and fill lamps? No

Many had servants, but clothed and fed. And those age is truly traceable to the

*Joaquin Miller, "The Mothers of Me
21. UNCOMMON BRAVERY OF COMMON WOMEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.∗

I bow in deep reverence, almost in awe, to the pioneer women of our county,
for they "bravely, silently bore their part" under such hardships which our
pampered souls of today could never endure.

Take the business of child bearing. They had never heard of birth control,
and if they had heard, they would have been horrified. "I reckon 'tis a plumb
shame" anesthesia was unknown, so they bore their children in nature's way. If
complications existed, mother and babe died; if they were injured, it was for life.

Look at how many they had! One of my ancestresses had twenty-six—no twins.

No hospitals! No doctors! There was only the midwife and helpful neigh-
bors. In those days, neighbors nursed neighbors. No undertakers! So they "laid
out" neighbors; built the pine coffins, dug the graves, and buried the dead. No
florists! So homegrown flowers were the floral offerings, especially the cape
Jessamine. The odor of tube roses always brings to my memory the faces of
dead babies—infant mortality was high.

What did those women do without aspirin and sleeping pills? "I think
I'll take an aspirin" was never heard, neither were there any advertisements.
Asafoetida was used as a mild nervine. Those women were not angels, and had
their little vices. Snuff, slyly used; corncob pipes puffed at in the privacy of their
bedrooms; a toddy, as a nightcap. Why not? The great Queen Elizabeth did all
these things—and worse.

Before the railroad was built to bring it, there was no kerosene oil; candles
and the glow from the pine knot fires were the only means of light. Did you
ever clean and fill lamps? Nasty job.

Many had servants, but these were a great responsibility—they had to be
clothed and fed. And those "yard chilluns"! Much of our trouble in this day and
age is truly traceable to those poor, little, innocent babies—the yard children.

∗ Joaquin Miller, "The Mothers of Men"
“The mills of the gods grind slowly,”* but they always carry the ultimatum: “The sins of the fathers”!!**

But those dear women of the past lived and loved and suffered, and were brave. Many just could not make it, as the country cemeteries show by their epitaphs: Beloved wife and mother died, age 50 years. Women were old at 50. I would like to pin an orchid on all these women, but they never heard of orchids, neither do they want them. They live now where the eternal flowers bloom.

Everybody is familiar with the story of Colonel Nicholas Anciaux, an engineer in Lafayette’s army and how he was given a grant of 1200 acres of land by the new U.S. of A. Home and land were five miles east, where the farms of Paul Groover and Rob Brannen now are located. His wife, Lydia Richardson, left the well-settled state of Rhode Island and pioneered to this new county with her husband. Her only child, Elizabeth, married John Berrien, U.S. Attorney General under Andrew Jackson. Their only child, Margaret, was the second wife of Eli Kennedy, whose home was on the site of the Hodges’ farm – the senior Willie Hodges. The stage left the mail at Eli Kennedy’s and he put it in his pocket and brought it to Statesboro.

Mrs. Anciaux, a member of New Hope Church, is spoken of in The History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida, by George Gilman Smith. She died at her daughter’s in Savannah, but is buried by the side of her husband here in Bulloch. Her daughter lies in Colonial Cemetery. Incidentally, New Hope Church, founded 1804, was originally near Ogeechee School, on what is now the Horace Hagin farm.

A beautiful plantation was “The Palms” on the River Road, where the Burkhalter Road crosses. This land included the Indian Gardens and bordered on the river. Does anybody know why the Burkhalter was once called the Rebel Road? I don’t. William Williams and his wife, Kate, owned this plantation. No kin of mine. Also, no children.

When he died, he was buried in the front yard awaiting her death. No wonder she always had her shroud ready, with that constant reminder before her eyes. But she survived him by twenty years and gave the shroud to any dead neighbor. However, another was made immediately. At last they were buried together at Macedonia Church. This woman, known by the name of Aunt Kate, was a niece of President Benjamin Harrison.

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*George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum* (1640).
**Holy Bible, Lamentations 5:7.

July 3, 1957
Poor little lonely burg! From 1804 till 1881 there was no change, no growth, just stagnation. It was the capital of a big county — one reaching from the Oconee to the Altamaha — and it should have had a superiority complex. Maybe that was the trouble: it felt no need for change — it felt big!

Everybody had to come here to get marriage licenses, sell property, transact all legal business; so the little village was just satisfied with its twenty-five people.

Most of the time, it was a quiet place, nestled among the great oaks. A horse or two was tied to the hitching post by the old water trough on the square, while the masters were doing business inside the courthouse. I remember this old trough. About the only sounds heard were the grunts of the pigs, the cackling of hens, the lowing of cows and the crowing of silly roosters as they ambled freely over the — shall I say "streets"? Better say "roads."

A hanging, a lynching, a whipping were always drawing cards, and the mobs came to town, especially Big Court Week! Every horse trader in the state made his appearance with his drove of horses. South Main was the racetrack and the gambling was worse than Reno's could ever be.

There were fights galore. One game played by the ebullient boys while drunk was to ride some poor devil on a rail till the wee hours of morning, throw him down and leave him. I have heard of men dying from this terrible treatment.

The only difference between this town and the Wild West: no dance halls, no fancy women. It was strictly a man's hullabaloo.

The story is told that on pleasant days, the jury sat under the trees on the square and decided the fate of evildoers, between expectorations of the filthy weed.

Booze gave out at the tavern one day during court and that was a calamity. A rider was due from Savannah with the precious fluid. In the midst of the court session, a man from the tavern put his head in a window and yelled: "Rum's come." Everybody, including the judge, vamoosed.

When I was a child, a lady never went on the streets during court week because of the mob of jostling, drunken men on the move. We children walked the back way to school as late as 1892.
This map is based on "Looking Back" by D.B. Turner, Editor. Courtesy of...
This map is based on "Looking Back Thirty-Seven Years" published in the Bulloch Times on April 24, 1930, by D.B. Turner, Editor. Courtesy of the Georgia Southern University Museum.
Deep in my heart, I have a feeling of pity for the little burg that had such a
hard time growing up—a feeling that a mother has for a wayward, backward, or
crippled child. Poor Jacksonboro, in Screven County, never outgrew its delin-
quency and was as bad as this town. Lorenzo Dow put a curse on that place
and it really died.

In the meantime, the country people were really thriving till the war came
in 1861. Cotton was bringing a good price and England was giving us the go-
ahead sign. Money was plentiful and put to good use along material lines. The
log houses were covered over with saw mill lumber or new homes were built.

Twice a year the heads of the households made trips to Savannah to do the
family buying. These were great occasions. The nights were spent with relatives
along the way and there was a family reunion. Unannounced, a carriage
filled with relatives, a big wagon with drivers and the horses, would appear.
Remember those well-provisioned smokehouses!

I am talking about the well-to-do folks. Many poor souls never went
anywhere. A man was complaining about his wife, Sal, who had been taken to
the insane asylum: "She hain't been outen that kitchen in nigh unto forty year
and I don't see why she had to go crazy!"

July 11, 1957

Encircled on three sides, flows into Big Lotts from Poll Beecher (Mill Creek),
on a watershed. When I was a child I could follow them east or west. Ditches are cut.

These streams and the people.

Let me give you a menage of these facts:

On the Buggy and Lotts house; on the site of Ellwood's rooming house; on the Slaw,
boarding house. These were: The Buggy house; on the site of Ellwood's

Two or three hundred years ago William Griner place. David [121 S. Main], was the Beulah
Wise house, remodeled. On the block was the Gus Waters place.

Inhabitants in 1885, 50 people.

My father and mother married at Olney in February opposite the Turner homestead;

I won't call a roll for 1885.

A newspaper, The Statesboro, was the paper of my early life were spent.

The Charney Fletcher of little wooden stores —
23. The Town Awakens
(1879-1890)

Encircled on three sides by water—branches of Little Lotts Creek, which
flows into Big Lotts and into the Canoochee, and several miles north by
Poll Beecher (Mill Creek), which goes into the Ogeechee, this town is situated
on a watershed. When I was a child, one had to walk over foot logs to go south,
east or west. Ditches are convenient things.

These streams and the great oaks made Statesboro a picturesque village.

Let me give you a mental picture of the setting. My memory of the town
dates back to 1886; but very few changes had been made since my father
settled here in 1879, after graduating from Mercer Law School. Also I have
been talking to some oldtimers who are a little older than I am. They confirm
these facts:

On the Buggy and Wagon corner stood the Jake Nevils rooming
house; on the site of Ellis Drug store [3 N. Main], the Charney Fletcher
rooming house; on the Sea Island Bank corner, the Bob Lester store and
boarding house. These were two-story buildings.

Two or three hundred feet back of Cone Realty [23 N. Main] was the
William Griner place. Down South Main Street, or the Roy Beaver place
[121 S. Main], was the Ben Turner home. I believe this was the original John
Wise house, remodeled. On West Main Street, at City Dairy [52 W. Main],
was the Gus Waters place.

Inhabitants in 1885, 50! In 1880, 25!

My father and mother boarded at the Fletcher house when they were
married at Olney in February 1881, while their cottage was being built
opposite the Turner home. My mother and her friends played croquet on the
courthouse square.

I won’t call a roll for 1885, lest I omit a name from the fifty dear people.

A newspaper, The Statesboro Eagle, was owned by my father and operated by
his brother, W.B. Brannen, till 1886, when the owner took it over. Many hours
of my early life were spent setting type for fun.

The Charney Fletcher house was burned in 1886 and my father built a row
of little wooden stores—Old West type—on North Main, running from the
Cone property [58 N. Main] to the Bulloch County Bank corner. We had a new home where Shuman's store now stands [15 W. Main], and the printing office was next.

In 1888, all these eleven stores burned, including the newspaper place, and our home was damaged. Within months, small new brick stores were built. In those days, a man had no time for whining, even if there was no insurance and the law library burned. One just kept fighting.

The weirdest sound in the world is the frantic cry of a woman, ringing out over the night air: "Fire, fire!" Does the wildcat siren get on your nerves today? The memories of that night, including the knocking of my poor little knees, still haunt me. Memories pile up on memories.

Between 1885 and 1890, people really came to town – in five years the population jumped from 50 to 525. Civilization had set in. A doctor, a dentist, other lawyers were here.

This influx was mainly from the surrounding countryside. The farmers could no longer make a go of the farms. Sons were leaving for the towns; cotton was only a few cents a pound; help was scarce, so the farms were let to tenants. New homes could be built here for $1,500 and labor was cheap.

No churches! Services were held intermittently in the courthouse or the Masonic lodge – still in the same location. I remember the Methodist preacher who came twice a month, at night, to preach in the Masonic Hall. He came from Eureka. Eureka had a church and a school and was quite a place! Sunday School was held in the courthouse on afternoons.

No schools! A few months out of the school year, some man or woman would run a school, either in the Masonic Hall or some private room. The hickory stick was used in unison with the Blue Back Speller. How I hated that book!

Missed a lot! You can't miss what you never had and we were happy and carefree.

About the chiselers! They were also here! A man sold a local woman a string of fish for 25 cents. Paid 25 cents for his dinner. Ate all the fish, six hoecakes and six cups of coffee. She gave him 25 cents just to get out!

July 18, 1957
The early years of the 1890's brought to our country the worst depression it has ever known. Every railroad in the country went into the hands of a receiver.

But our little city had been inoculated with vitamins of civic responsibility and pride, and ambition was born. When that happens, results always follow. Our people dreamed dreams, and saw visions; but the prophecies of one man went beyond the range of possibility when he said: "This here town of our'n will soon be a seaport."

The population in 1890 was 525, but by 1900 there were 1150 people.

A Methodist church was built on South Main Street in the old Wise buryin' ground. A very few bodies were removed to the new cemetery now called Eastside. The dead who are lying under brick and cement just don't care.

Very soon afterwards a Baptist church was built on North Main in the old Nevils graveyard. A few bodies were moved to Eastside.

Today God's acre has grown apace with the town; but on that cold day in January 1890, when I saw Mr. Hedleston, Shields Kenan's grandfather, buried, the place was bleak and lonely. Today our cemetery is beautiful, and the dead are no longer lonely, as the birds sing requiems over their graves.

We acquired a policeman and a night watchman, and order reigned. The climax was reached when the academy was built on North Main Street, on the site of what was later the Sonny Donaldson house. The building was most unpretentious, with a large classroom downstairs and two up; but to us it was wonderful and beautiful as it stood among the tall pines.

Mr. Walsh, a Canadian, was the first principal. Nothing was known about him except his ability to teach the 3 R's. I remember he had an artificial leg, and walked with a limp. He taught only one year, and was followed by Messrs. W.H. Cone, John Davis, and Ewell Brannen.

A new courthouse was built, with a clock in the steeple. That clock was the crowning glory, and when I can no longer hear the hours being struck, I'll have to admit I'm old. Not yet! If you can't remember the board sidewalks, you missed something.
What a relief to step out of sand onto the wood! A block each way the sidewalks went. They gave our town an Atlantic City air. I have often wondered who found my silver dollar that rolled down a crack between the boards.

This was no longer a tough town. The four churches – Baptist, Primitive, Methodist and Presbyterian – were showers of blessings. They put the Devil out of business when they drove out saloons. The preachers shouted hellfire sermons and scared folks into decency.

Emotionalism was rampant, and with the Methodists shouting was a common occurrence. We children watched the women who were shouters, and at the first muttered “Glory” from the amen corner, we knew what was coming. The tingle of that excitement still lingers.

The preachers, in due time, put a quietus on emotionalism. Religion was growing up.

People were turned out of church for three terrible sins: Dancing, card playing, and theatre going. All actors and actresses were the Devil’s own children.

In 1900 only 13 percent of our nation were church members; today, 60 percent. But our own Southland falls short with only 40 percent.

One day a most wonderful thing happened. An iron monster came roaring into town, and really brought civilization – connection with the outside world. It was really just a dinky little engine, pulling two coaches, and the distance it traveled was only 10 miles long, but the thing made a lot of noise, and we were thrilled.

Many folks had never seen a train, and our town was crowded on that wonderful day. As the great monster came roaring in, as the chug, chug, chugs grew fainter and fainter, all set for a stop. One girl said out loud, “Oh, the poor thing’s all tired out.”

For years, we all met the train when it came at six o’clock. Like the stagecoach of old, it brought the world to our door.

Question: What was the silent sentinel, twisted and gnarled with age, which stood at the intersection of the Main Street?

July 25, 1957
25. Light

I would hate to live in the far northern lands where darkness, or semidarkness, prevails for six months at a time; and then the sun forgets to go to bed for long periods of time.

Our temperate climes just suit me.

"And God said, 'Let there be light'" is a profound statement. No life could be on the earth until there was light. "The earth was without form, and void."

If you have lived long enough you know what it means to wait for the dawn. Perhaps you have been sick; or a loved one has been near death; or a grievous sorrow burdened your soul. At such times you feel that the dawn "creeps apace," and you long for it to come. When light comes at last, hope comes with it. "Never trust your night thoughts."

Electricity is a great boon to mankind. He need no longer fear the darkness, for the awesomeness of the unseen has gone with the coming of the light.

What a long jump from lighted faggots that our ancestors used, not so remotely, to tallow dips, to candles, to kerosene lamps, and, yes, in cities, to electricity.

Light has really come in to our part of the world. A large part is still unlighted.

I can picture our little village when there were no lights except lamps in homes. When dark came, everybody went home. When it was necessary for folks to go abroad, they took a lantern.

When the two churches were built around 1890, need was felt for street lights. The problem was solved by putting kerosene lamps on posts. There were four of these street lights, as I first remember them — I shall speak in modern parlance — at these corners: Minkovitz's, Sea Island Bank, Bulloch County Bank, and by the well. Remember, life centered here, with the old walnut tree, the well, and the courthouse, as the hub.

From the lamp on the corner of Minkovitz's to the dim lights of the Methodist Church was terrific darkness. A darkness that hugged you, that made you feel akin to Moses when the lights went out in Egypt.

It was the duty of our night watchman to light the lamps about sundown. He also had to clean them next day.
Now, presto—Just press a button!
What’s happened to all the beautiful night moths? I used to see hundreds killed by the flames from the lamps. All the night insects for miles around met their doom.

Why am I talking about lights? I am reading a fascinating book on astronomy—And There Was Light, by Rudolph Thiel. Merely an association of ideas: I used to read at night till the oil was gone from the lamp, and the wick was sputtering. This always happened during the thrilling part of the story.

I always felt cheated by that old smoky lamp. Next day I had to clean the chimney, and my mother would say: “You read too much last night.”

So that dirty chimney was an old tattletale!

Now I press a button, and presto!

A closing word: The wonderful moonlight nights of my childhood. No street lamps were needed. The air was so pure and clear, and there was nothing to hinder the brilliancy of the moonbeams. People boasted they could read by its light.

June 19, 1958

The wonderful montgoddess Juno, who was Sere-mon-ath, the daughter of Po-netus, was the daughter of Po-netus, the daughter of Po-netus.

But I want to talk about my childhood.

Our Southland, oakland back of Cone Realty, was Sere-mon-ath, the daughter of Po-netus.

Our town once had many street lamps, but they were done away with them.

The old courthouse was Sere-mon-ath, the daughter of Po-netus, the daughter of Po-netus.

I remember vast oak trees under which we could sit comfortably all day. Close by was the old well and the lichen-covered water trough.

I remember vast oak trees under which we could sit comfortably all day. Close by was the old well and the lichen-covered water trough.

Speaking about dentists, they were done away with them.

In the old days, when the country people came to the dentist, they spent the time mostly in his office. We had many unexpected guests who took dinner with us because the dentist was working on their teeth that day.

*The Old Walnut Tree stood on the Bill Grif for most of the 20th century Regional Library.
26. GREAT OAKS

The wonderful month of June is here! The name likely comes from the goddess Juno, who was the protectress of women. The old English name was Sere-mon-ath, the dry month.

But I want to talk about trees!

In our Southland, oaks—Water and Live— are our most magnificent trees. Our town once had many oaks, but hurricanes, the axe and pavements have done away with them.

The old courthouse was once surrounded by trees. They formed a continuity of shade under which the horses, tied to their hitching posts, could stand comfortably all day. Close by was the old well and the lichen-covered water trough.

I remember vast oaks that stood on the Bill Griner land back of Cone Realty Co. In 1889, Dr. Cone moved to town. As a child, when sitting in his dental chair, I could see those beautiful trees.

Speaking about dentists! In the old days, when the country people came to the dentist, they spent the day, mostly in his office. We had many unexpected guests who took dinner with us because the dentist was working on their teeth that day.

The Old Walnut Tree stood on the southwest corner of the courthouse square until it began to die in the early part of the 20th century. The tree died and was removed in 1917. Courtesy of the Statesboro Regional Library.
What sturdy folk our foreparents were. No painkiller, no gas, no freezing. They just stood the pain, knowing nothing else.

Back to trees! To see really magnificent oaks today, one must travel the dirt roads or the beaten paths.

A short time ago I was at the home of friends, a few miles out of town. In their yard stands a tree that is many years over a hundred. It is festooned with grey moss that forms a covering around it, acting like protecting arms of love.

The trunk shows its age, as does the leafage, now rather scanty, rather tired after these many years of shedding old leaves and bringing to birth new ones. It reminded me of old folks, tired out from so much living.

How many long nights that old tree has communed with the moonlight, in soughing sounds, for the very joy of life. It has lived “intimately with rain” and the sun has blessed it through the long days.

If the hundreds of generations of birds that have called its sheltering branches home could appear all together, what an army it would be!

And the secrets it knows! Maybe stories of happiness; but maybe sounds of tears. When I spoke to my host about the grandeur of the tree, he told me this story.

An old man, who was born on that farm, used to visit him; and while they sat under the shade of the oak, he would reminisce.

When he was a small boy his parents had beehives under this tree. It was his duty to warn visitors not to fasten their horses under it. One day unexpected company came: a troop of Yankee cavalrmymen. The boy warned them saying, “They’re bad bees.” But the Yanks, thinking the hives concealed valuables, drove under the tree. The bees got busy.

The old man always ended: “It took them Yanks days to round up their horses.”

The South might have won, if we had fought with bees instead of bullets. Who knows though? Bees may be colorblind, and could not have distinguished between the Blue and the Grey.

Just as well: “Let the dead past bury its dead.”

June 5, 1958
27. Lessons Children Learned

“You'll land in the poorhouse if you don't watch out” was a prediction often heard in the not-too-distant past. Today we say, “Uncle Sam will take care of you.” Eighty-five percent of people 65 and up were dependent on charity, or on relatives who didn't want them. Old age pension and Social Security are really wonderful things.

Very few people now living know anything about the poor farm. Have you ever heard queer sounds, sighs of despair, when you visit the country club? Those sounds are the sighs of grief of the poor old souls who once lived on that spot—poor mothers and fathers not wanted by ungrateful children.

It was the dreariest place your imagination can picture: An old two-storied, unpainted house on a desolate sandhill. Man's artistry can do wonders with nature! Old age can be very pitiful, especially if the pockets are empty.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to be young again and able to jump rope 300 or 400 times without stopping? To play town ball and hopscotch? We had no swimming pools or gymnasiums, but we got exercise. Perhaps you can add to this list: Drop the handkerchief, the old blue bear will get you, prison base, steal sticks, chicky-chicky-macraney-crow, Miss Jennie O'Jones, in and out of the windows, mumbly peg, 500, played with a pocketknife. Boys and girls all played together.

Our people were not overly superstitious, although they didn't like black cats or Friday the 13th or going under a ladder. Before the Civil War, portents were in the sky of coming disaster: the stars fell and later the northern sky was on fire. Many had never heard of meteor showers or the Aurora Borealis.

I was a gullible little soul and venturesome, as well. It's a wonder that I have lived to a ripe old age. On one of my hands a half-dozen warts appeared. No, I never touched hop toads! This was the cure prescribed and I carried out the instructions: I went out to the woodpile on West Main, in the dark, scared to death, but do it or die. I sat on a log, gazing over my left shoulder at the new moon; reached behind me, picked up a stick, rubbed each wart three times while intoning, “Wart, wart, go away,” threw the stick over my left shoulder and without looking back, ran into the house. Did that happen only yesterday?
Yes, the warts disappeared!
But tonight my memory is centered on school days.
How did our parents do it? They paid tuition, bought books, pencils, paper, slates. The books were handed down from child to child, like old clothes were. No parties were allowed by the teachers and carried out by the parents, except on Friday nights. We stayed home and studied.

Everyday after dinner, we wrote in our copybooks. Slogans like "Honesty is the best policy" and "A stitch in time saves nine" and many times written at least twenty-five times. At the end of the hour we were not only tired but something was done to our morale that remains to this day.

Friday afternoons were the best times of school life. We put on clean pinafores over our second-best dresses, for these were special occasions.

First came recitations. Every boy and every girl had to recite, even if the same piece were said every week. This was the Delsartan era when gestures were the vogue. I can still imitate some of my co-reciters:

_How can you expect
A boy of my age
To speak in public
On the stage?
And if I should chance
To fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero…_

Then the spelling match! Two armies, facing each other, all set for the fray—the battle of words. How we could spell! We didn't know the meaning of many words, but victory lay in spelling them correctly.

"Dear old happy school days" make memories pile up on memories and one's heart has a nostalgic pain.

Question: Was it tragic, or funny, when the cat stepped on the tanglefoot flypaper?

_August 1, 1957_
The cryptic sayings that the elders of my childhood used always confounded me. I am a visionary, but still a practical person, and like to "call a spade a spade." But when "little pitchers have big ears," how else could the grownups talk before the children?

These old saws conjure up in a child's mind all kinds of queer pictures. Why would a person "cut off his nose to spite his face"? What had the poor nose done to be so illy treated? Also, why should one "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"? Who can swallow a camel? Who "let the cat out of the bag"? Was it the "dog that brings a bone and carries one"?

Our ancestors didn't realize that in many instances they were quoting Shakespeare; when they spoke of "something rotten in Denmark," they were right in line with the "Bard of Avon" when he was at his lowest level.

In our little village of a few hundred people, a new arrival made a flutter of excitement. If she was pretty and inclined to be overly friendly, the dear old residents would say, "Well, you know, a new broom sweeps clean." After "raking" the poor thing "over the coals," the parting injunction was a hush-hush, "just between you, me and the gatepost." Now my poor little brains were addled trying to figure out what the gatepost had to do with pretty little Mrs. Smith.

My grownup mind has never quite figured out why "you can't have your cake and eat it too." It may have some connection with the secret meaning of "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

If I felt quite proud of a new dress, and preened, and rather admired myself in front of the mirror, I was told that "handsome is as handsome does." Compliments spoiled a child!

Even today my conscience hurts me if I destroy a piece of bread, something that a hungry bird could eat. Once I threw a small piece of bread in the fire and was told that "woeful waste makes woeful want." That makes sense!

It takes a lot of "bringing up" and raising to bring a child to years of discretion. Would our young people of today be any wiser if saws and McGuffey Readers had been their chief literature?

*April 5, 1962*
On Sunday mornings we went to school and in the afternoons we went to the one of our choicest friends. Very little cooking was done. We were allowed a great deal of freedom in the restrictions that were placed on vacant lots, the mayor was allowed to go to church on the Sabbath.

On long Sunday afternoons young boys and girls went wandering about. The trees met overhead, and the sun was beautiful. The trees met overhead, the muscadine grapes dangling, the violets, blue and white, were plentiful.

When we got in the middle of the day a dozen or more. Just for fun, a day came over the tracks, the life out of us. The cemetery was a place to go.

To Roberts’ Mill Pond, now deserted.

If a boy took a girl bug, it was for the sake of her intentions.

All-day meetings at the court house on the grounds, free for all, wandering around through the woods, happy, doing nothing, just wandering, always heard the call for dinner, the delicious food.

When young men called, we just talked and read. On Shakespeare. Ten o’clock came, and the young man was to go, he did not take the hint, a rap was heard, and the intensity increased.

New Railroads in Bulloch

Courtesy of the Statesboro Regional Library
29. DIVER SIONS ON
A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

On Sunday mornings we children all went to the Baptist Church to Sunday School and in the afternoon to the Methodist. For church services we went to the one of our choice.

Very little cooking was done on Sunday, and our parents were almost puritanical in the restrictions they imposed on us. If small boys tried to play ball on vacant lots, the mayor would soon put an end to it. It was not "fitten" for the Sabbath.

On long Sunday afternoons after Sunday School, what did we do? The young boys and girls went wildflower picking. Our countryside was very beautiful. The trees met overhead on the roads, with grey moss hanging down and muscadine grapes dangling, just out of reach— not too high for the boys to get. Violets, blue and white, were everywhere, so we went a-picking them.

When we got in the middle of our teens, we just went walking in groups of a dozen or more. Just for fun. Where? On the railroad for miles. Only one train a day came over the tracks, so we didn't have any fast express trains to scare the life out of us. The cemetery was another favorite spot. I knew every epitaph. To Roberts' Mill Pond, now Lakeview. We just walked and laughed and talked.

If a boy took a girl buggy riding all by their lonesomes, he really had intentions.

All-day meetings at the different county churches, with delicious dinners on the grounds, free for all, were great attractions. We spent most of the time wandering around through the trees. Isn't it funny how young people can be happy, doing nothing, just wandering aimlessly about, talking nothings? We always heard the call for dinner and we were not aimless in our eating of all the delicious food.

When young men called, how did we spend the time? Believe it or not, we just talked and read. One beau and I spent many a happy hour reading Shakespeare. Ten o'clock came before we knew it. That was the bedtime hour and the young man was to go home. When the old clock struck the hour and he did not take the hint, a rap—a-tap would come from the parent's room, with increasing intensity— then the young fellow would skedaddle.
Problems can be solved in many ways and the same solution arrived at. When a young man wanted to make a date, he could not phone – we knew nothing about the telephone. He was too shy to go to her home and ask, so he gave some small boy a nickel to carry a note. That was the way the small fry made their spending money. Of course girls were always so surprised when the notes came, although they were looking and wishing. Invariably the notes ran like this: "Dear ——, May I have the pleasure of carrying you to church tonight?" The girl replied in kind: "Pleased to have you carry me to church tonight."

We had parties and served lemonade and cake. Our games were "Truth and Consequences," "Pussy Wants a Corner," and others similar. My, we were a naïve, unsophisticated bunch, but we had fun.

As small children, we would drive with our parents to see some friends in the county. Cousin Peter Brannen’s place was where the college now stands. If he could only see his old farm today! As we drove up, he would have his chair tilted back, his feet on the banisters, master of all he surveyed. His booming voice would shout, "Light, Lonnie, come in and set a spell." Or we would drive through the fields and woods to the Zetterower place, now the Thad Morris home. Another Sunday, way out, four miles north, to Son Fletcher’s place.

Small children always sat in the foot of the buggy and got switched by the horse’s tail. I have thought that he took his spite out on us, because his Sunday’s rest had been encroached upon.

As I look back on the Sundays of my childhood and girlhood, I never remember being bored. I knew no other kind of life, and so was content.

The full measure of one’s life is contentment with his lot.

In our small world we were “shut up in measureless contentment” [Macbeth].

Question: Who remembers when children were not allowed to criticize the food? “Eat what is set before you, and ask no questions.”

August 22, 1957

You should have seen that flat back wheel and a small front on West Main to see him try to trials to mount the thing and in mother’s comment that for a man had its effect. He gave the contr

When the town boasted a h

“Don’t let one of those terrible th

Today we live on wheels, are have wheels in our heads.

The memories come of little 
organ grinder with his pathetic | and Judy street show that charm

The fireworks at Christmas we opposing gangs, organized for th

My, my, my, but we have grown! Oddities.” Our forebears had some, never do. But the men make th

Never glance into a barber shop the dangerous way, not in a possessive way, out of reach is most desirable” an the trick.

Our parents were adept in re screens, yet I remember few mos before sundown, not only to dis night air which had miasma in it to think it had four legs.

But those terrible flies! Mosquito varmints had their way with the
30. GROWING UP CAUTIOUSLY

You should have seen that first bicycle that came to town! It had one big back wheel and a small front one. My father owned it. Everybody gathered on West Main to see him try to ride it in the middle of the road. After many trials to mount the thing and much advice from bystanders, he gave up. My mother's comment that for a man of his age - 33 - he was "acting kinder silly" had its effect. He gave the contraption away.

When the town boasted a half dozen bicycles, we children were warned: "Don't let one of those terrible things knock you down."

Today we live on wheels, are surrounded by wheels, and some of us even have wheels in our heads.

The memories come of little happenings: the man with a dancing bear, the organ grinder with his pathetic little monkey of the sad, sad eyes, the Punch and Judy street show that charmed us.

The fireworks at Christmas were a curse. Battles raged on the streets between opposing gangs, organized for the occasion.

My, my, my, but we have grown up! I call this article "Odds and Ends and Oddities." Our forebears had some queer ideas about things a lady should never do. But the men make the rules for their womenfolks. For example: Never glance into a barber shop as we passed by. Never look toward the hotel porch, for drummers were untrustworthy, to say the least. Never let a boy hold your arm in what was called "the Devil's grip," instead you held his arm very gingerly - not in a possessive way. I wonder how girls ever got married. "What's out of reach is most desirable" and "sweet fruit hangs highest" must have done the trick.

Our parents were adept in many ways. There were no door or window screens, yet I remember few mosquitoes. The blinds and shutters were closed before sundown, not only to discourage insects but to keep out the poisonous night air which had miasma in it. Will somebody tell me what that was? I used to think it had four legs.

But those terrible flies! Mosquito nets were used to protect babies, but the varmints had their way with the rest of us. A poisonous paper was soaked in a
flat dish and any fly that imbibed, died. Tanglewood paper was hung in doorways and put on tables and the flies that got stuck really sang their swan song.

At the dinner table, fly brushes were used, so we didn't have to eat the creatures. Newspapers were shredded and sewed on a handle, which was waved gently over the table. Sometimes our heads were the targets. Fly brushes were often fastened to the swinging oil lamp above the table and somebody's foot pulled the string. A little colored girl was often the puller and she lent color to the scene.

I remember one of the characters in *Tristram Shandy*, Uncle Toby, who was so kind he wouldn't hurt a fly. Dear Uncle Toby didn't know South Georgia flies! He would have laughed at their deaths.

I wore an asafoetida bag around my neck as a preventive against contagious diseases. I still hate the stuff, because I chewed the bag.

Question: How did men keep those awful beards and mustaches clean?
Wash 'em, of course. But I still see flecks of yellow egg on the monstrosities.

August 8, 1957

Most folks follow the "general" their fellow beings, afraid I knew many odd characters mention, because some 42nd cousin on my hands, I shall refrain.

There was the fat little old woman here, a week there, with no house about once a year. Her on holding a few personal items. She appeared fat because of excess of a clean dress and apron on top.

Dr. Siebels lived down on the fully educated doctor from South His pet peeve was the Yanks, who could cuss them with blue smoke to live in a shack, cook over the of his laziness and shiftlessness. Would say: "I'll just eat enough for poor Liny would."

The old walnut tree was the store When one wanted something he his mule and wagon, he met the baggage, or to put some stuff on the many years, and an honored citizen.

Who remembers Mrs. Shivers was from a fine old Virginia family settled in the pioneer country. Her after was much chagrined to find daughters born, and when the old father died from a night's exp.
31. Odd Characters

Most folks follow the "general run of the mill"—afraid to be different from their fellow beings, afraid to be called unusual, lest they be dubbed odd.

I knew many odd characters when I was young. Most of these I won't mention, because some 42nd cousin might get mad. As I don't want a libel suit on my hands, I shall refrain.

There was the fat little old woman who walked over the country, visiting a week here, a week there, with no settled abiding place. She showed up at our house about once a year. Her only luggage was a red bandana handkerchief holding a few personal items. She wore all her clothes on her back and merely appeared fat because of excess clothing. She dressed from outside to inside. When a dress and apron got dirty she put them on underneath and there was a clean dress and apron on top.

Dr. Siebels lived down on the river beyond the Hodges and was a beautifully educated doctor from South Carolina, but had turned "sour on the world." His pet peeve was the Yanks, who had kept him in prison for a long time. He could cuss them with blue smoke ejecting from his mouth. His poor wife had to live in a shack, cook over the open fireplace, and stay half starved because of his laziness and shiftlessness. When he went to a neighbor's for dinner, he would say: "I'll just eat enough for poor Liny, too. She'd enjoy this meal, my poor Liny would."

The old walnut tree was the stand for Mr. Gus Waters, the town drayman. When one wanted something hauled somewhere, he was always ready. With his mule and wagon, he met the train, ready to help with a trunk, or other baggage, or to put some stuff on the platform. He was really a town fixture for many years, and an honored citizen.

Who remembers Mrs. Shivers and her poor little girl, Johnny? Her husband was from a fine old Virginia family, who, as the black sheep, left home and settled in the pioneer country. He married his wife while drunk and on the day after was much chagrined to find himself burdened with her. There were five daughters born, and when the oldest was about sixteen and the youngest a baby, the father died from a night's experience of being ridden on a rail. Two sisters
came from Virginia and took the three middle girls back with them, with the understanding that the mother never try to see them again. She was left with Mattie, the oldest, and Johnny, the baby. When they came into my memory, Johnny and I were about the same age. Mattie had died.

Mrs. Shivers was an odd character, not crazy, but queer, and poor Johnny was certainly far from normal. They lived in a shack where the Coca-Cola plant now stands. The two never missed a service in the Methodist Church. She planned her day before the two started out on Sunday: Today we go to So-and-so's house for dinner. They will have plenty of fried chicken. Our house was most often in their itinerary. The mother picked her teeth with her fork. One Sunday, I, with the pertness of a twelve-year-old, told her that was not polite. She retorted: "Maude, you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Johnny contracted typhoid fever and died, the town supplying food, supplies, and a nurse.

Our town's people were always most generous and kind.

The most unusual person in our town when I was a child was Mr. Ben Turner, the musician of the county. His home was where the Roy Beaver place, on South Main [121 S. Main], now stands. He had a fruit orchard and a vineyard. He always raised the tune at the Methodist Church before an organ was bought, and he used a tuning fork. Does anybody else remember that odd little piece that looked a lot like a Jew's harp? When Mr. Turner put that tuning fork to his lips, a perfect sound of m-m-m issued forth, and he immediately sang the first note.

Finally he bought a folding organ, which looked like a suitcase before it opened up. When he opened the contraption and put his hands on the keys — it had only about three octaves — the heavenly choir was probably envious. He could do a most difficult thing — sing by his own playing. He taught singing over the county. The do-re-mi's that issued from his throat were like paens of praise.

Mr. Ben Turner was truly a pillar in the Methodist Church and a tower of strength in the town. God rest his soul!

August 15, 1957

\[32. \text{Behavior of F.}\]

Note: Even though she thought this column philosophy of forefathers, Maude simply writing on the theme of "Let's Live Today the history of Bulloch County. After on she confessed, "My heartstrings are tied too insistent to resist, I shall talk about the past impossible to resist for the rest of my memory has gone on a much. Why can't you im

Wise old owl
Who lived in an oak.
The more he saw
The less he spoke.
The less he spoke
The more he heard.
Be like that wise old bird.

This is the last article on the philosophy. We have neither written.

It has been a public service. I am amply paid.

One more article will appear.

Donaldson, progenitor of thousands of great, great grandfather.

The poor old skeletons are scarce pleasant slumbers? We all have an unworthy ancestor. If we would our souls would be cleansed of all human spirit of mortal be proud?

No, I got my memories out of reading. I always enjoyed talking to old people.
32. Behavior and Philosophy of Forefathers

Note: Even though she thought this column would be her last on the subject of the behavior and philosophy of forefathers, Maude simply could not resist being fascinated with the past. While writing on the theme of “Let’s Live Today,” she continued to dip into her well of knowledge about the history of Bulloch County. After one month of columns devoted to so-called “loftier subjects,” she confessed: “My heartstrings are tied with knots of love to the past, and when the tug becomes too insistent to resist, I shall talk about the dear long, long ago.” In fact, she found the urge to revisit the past impossible to resist for the rest of her writing career—thank goodness.

My memory has gone on a strike! The mind said to memory, “You talk too much. Why can’t you imitate that—

Wise old owl
Who lived in an oak.
The more he saw
The less he spoke.
The less he spoke
The more he heard.
Be like that wise old bird.

This is the last article on the behavior of our forefathers and their homespun philosophy. We have neither written history or biography.

It has been a public service. If you have enjoyed the things I have written, I am amply paid.

One more article will appear in the shape of a letter written by Robert Donaldson, progenitor of thousands, a primitive preacher for 60 years and my great, great grandfather.

The poor old skeletons are safely asleep in their closets. Why disturb their pleasant slumbers? We all have these unwanted guests, thrust on us by some unworthy ancestor. If we would just look at the poor things, every so often our souls would be cleansed of all hoity-toityness. Again, I say “Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

No, I got my memories out of no books. They came out of my old gray "noggin." I always enjoyed talking to old people, and many came into my life during my
young days, in my parents' home. I marvel now at the lack of bitterness in their souls, and at their ability to laugh. That is our salvation – to be able to see the funny side of life.

I stored up in my mind many of the stories my friends told. The mind is a great reservoir, and when one “puts on his thinking cap,” ideas pour out.

My friends Ruby Lanier, Claudia McKinnon and Dan Bland have given me many helpful hints. Hattie Powell has been most obliging about looking up records, and A.D. Williams, lawyer of Columbus, has helped with some legal details.

The year 1898 saw that “tempest in a teapot,” when our country took the “big stick” to poor old Spain. Her glory had long since departed, and she had been a powerful, arrogant nation. Our county sent a few boys. When they were marching on the square, all dressed to go to the awful war, they got no further than Jacksonville. Mothers were saying, “That awful blue uniform! Never did I think my son would wear it!”

The first college graduates were Bertha Hodges and Mattie Cone. I was the third. The fall of '98 found me at Wesleyan, lost among several hundred girls, and homesick for the old hometown. When city girls would ask condescendingly, “Where are you from?” and I proudly replied, “Statesboro,” their answer of, “Never heard of the place,” infuriated me. How dumb could people be? Never heard of the hub of the state of Georgia!

I dedicate my memories to my county and to my dearest friends therein.

September 5, 1957

Robert Donaldson, a Scot and Presbyterian, and his mother migrated to America with him before the ocean voyage. The family settled in Georgia. When Robert was a very young boy, he Blitch before this county was formed. For 63 years he was a Primitive Baptist, son-in-law Thomas Brannen, who went to Lowndes County.

This is my design in taking me enterposing days of adversity.

I do expect you have heard of Doctor Ross’s death, December. He was married the 15th of August. He was taken very poor, not able to sit up that day, hardly came home on the Sabbath after, and from Carolina. Our Doctor Ross was all the doctors, not for any under him.

Dear son, are you prepared to be called to go this night before fifteen minutes after four, and that’s called the region of the shadow long; that is, “the wages of sin is death.”

I suppose that you heard that this was on Thursday before the Sabbath, over the hill from my field toward Daniel Hendrix’s old place, they have bought on the railroad where Sallie and Elisha Banks live near it
Robert Donaldson, a Scot and Presbyterian, was born in Ireland in 1769. His father John and his mother migrated to America when Robert was three years old, and he remembered the ocean voyage. The family settled first in North Carolina and came on to Jones County, Georgia. When Robert was a very young man, he came to Bulloch County and settled at Blitch before this county was formed. His brother Hugh went to Southwest Georgia and founded Donaldsonville. He died in 1852 and is buried in the family graveyard at Blitch. For 63 years he was a Primitive Baptist preacher. This is a copy of a letter addressed to his son-in-law Thomas Brannen, who went to Florida when he married, and later moved up to Lowndes County.

**Georgia, Bulloch County**

**February 12th, 1844**

This is my design in taking my pen to inform you of our troubles in these enterposing days of adversity while in our pilgrimage here below.

I do expect you have heard of Franklin's death that took place the 26th of December. He was married the 13th of the month to Susannah Johnson from Augusta. He was taken very poorly a fortnight before he was married and was not able to sit up that day, hardly able to stand while they were married. They came home on the Sabbath after, and got worse and we sent for a doctor hastily from Carolina. Our Doctor Ross was gone to Florida. I would not give Ross for all the doctors, not for any under heaven, though none can baffle death very long.

Dear son, are you prepared to die? If so, very well; if not, very ill should you be called to go this night before the clock strikes one. Franklin stayed till fifteen minutes after four, and then took the journey to a dark gloomy shade that's called the region of the shadow of death that you and I must try before long; that is, "the wages of sin is death."

I suppose that you heard that Matthew was married to Elizabeth Hodges; this was on Thursday before the Fourth Sunday in September. They live a little over the hill from my field toward John Allen's. Patsy and Elsie's living near Daniel Hendrix's old place, they are both baptized and getting along; they have bought on the railroad where Mills did live; they have Negroes (five). Sallie and Elisha Banks live near Robert Cone's and are getting up slow but sure.
Betsy and John Brannen live where James did live on the Burkhalter's Road. James' widow and eight children, six boys and two daughters, live near Garrett Williams on Lotts Creek and is getting along well. Rebecca and Joseph Olliff are on the Court House Road three miles from the court house; they live plentifully.

I heard from Solomon Ralston; he is in Louisiana state in September and is likely doing hale and hearty. Solomon left Mary with me; she is a great child to her age, 13, weighs 110. Rebecca has eight children: boys five, girls three; Betsy has nine: five boys, girls four; Sally has four: three boys, girls one. Patsy has two daughters, born beauties; but all of these have to die.

What do you think of death and judgment? When Jesus shall come to set this world on fire? Will you run to the grog shop? Or now stop and think before you further go. Dear son, your glass is almost out, as well as mine.

I desire all my friends and brothers to see this letter; but in all the rest my brother Green Hill. We join in respects to all. Your mother desires to be remembered to all and never expects to see you any more. We are in tolerable health. Blessed be the Lord who giveth and taketh away. I remain desirous of writing to you and hearing from you often.

Robert Donaldson

The names of my children and their ages, precious they are to me.

Mary was born Feb. 23, 1791 – married Fred Williams; Susannah was born Sept. 15, 1793 – married Owen Williams; Nancy was born December 31, 1794 – married Tom Brannen; Rebecca was born Oct. 12, 1796 – married Joseph Olliff; Jane was born April 4, 1801 – married Solomon Ralston, the Lesters; Elizabeth was born Feb. 27, 1803 – married John Brannen; James was born Nov. 27, 1804 – married Dicy Nevils; William was born Jan. 4, 1807 – unmarried; Sarah was born Dec. 23, 1808 – married Elisha Banks; Martha was born Dec. 15, 1810 – married Elsy Beasley first, then Barber Cone; Franklin was born Jan. 3, 1813 – married Susan Johnson; Matthew was born Aug. 27, 1815 – married Elizabeth Hodges.

September 12, 1957
A dear old friend called me recently: “You forgot to tell about the red flannel underwear we used to wear.” Then I remembered also about the ankle-length, waist-length union suits that everybody wore when clothes were “store boughten.” Why did our forefathers inflict on us those itchy, scratchy garments? Smart folks, those old-time mothers.

Children walked to school, often four or five miles; rubbers were unknown; an umbrella a luxury; coats were scarce and expensive; sweaters were a blessing not yet invented. When the children reached school, cold and wet, they found the teacher—or an older boy paid 25 cents a week—struggling to make a fire out of wet wood. They stood around, coughing and choking from the smoke, and watched the efforts of the fire maker. Then those heavy garments were life-savers. Nobody got pneumonia, although croup was common. Maybe the curative qualities of red flannel, as claimed, were real.

Yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow only a vision;
But today, well lived,
Makes of every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And of every tomorrow a dream of Hope.*

Why do we dwell so constantly on the past? Why do we try to visualize the unknown future? The past is our own, but the future is the unknown. How would it feel to lose all memory—be a victim of amnesia?

How do we know when we are old? You add 1 plus 1 plus 1 for a certain number of years and the sum total is old age. Time has crept up on you so stealthily that you just don’t realize it. “The horologue of time”** does not peal out the passing of the years.

How do we take it when the Book of the Past has so many pages in it that only a few leaves are left for the lessons of the future? It does seem that the old could be excused from lessons. But not true! Many of the toughest lessons come in old age, and these are the hardest to learn.

*Sanskrit proverb.
**Thomas Carlyle.
How do you know when you are old? Don't trust the mirror; the gleam in your eye can fool you, and make you blind to the wrinkles and the grey hair.

It's said that a woman is old when she loves to talk about the men she could have married; and a man is no longer young when he boasts of his prowess as a lady killer in his gay and handsome days.

Speaking for myself, I don't mind getting old if my legs don't get wobbly; I could stand the wobble in my legs if my mind just won't turn wobbly. If the latter should happen, would it sad, or lucky, that I would be the only person not to know it, not know that I was "nutty"?

Socrates said, when asked about a course in memory, "No, just teach me to forget." Why should we forget the past? It's our entire life. We spent all those years, be they few or many, in school, the only school that really educates, that one called experience.

In nursery and kindergarten, we learned the first lesson: that this world may be an orange, but only a tiny piece belonged to us. If we failed to learn that we were not "the only beetle on the peach," the rest of the school days were bitter ones. When we got into the "University of Hard Knocks," the disillusionments came thick and heavy.

We all get report cards from this University of Experience. "Attitude in class" is the most important, for that decides our whole life. Life is not today. It's a breath, a breath, maybe another breath. It's a heartbeat and another heartbeat. When that eternal thing called breath escapes from our nostrils, it has gone to join its brothers of the past.

The breath we draw this second is the only present we know. So we live by seconds, not days. But I sound gloomy! Let's feel that today is our own, and live and enjoy it.

My heartstrings are tied with knots of love to the past, and when the tug becomes too insistent to resist, I shall talk about the dear long, long ago.

_October 3, 1957_
35. LOCAL HOLIDAY CUSTOMS

Independence Day was near and dear to our people a hundred years ago. Some of them even remembered 1776 and British rule. Many were living on land granted to their grandparents and owned deeds with the king’s seal on them.

The Fourth was celebrated by a big picnic in Statesboro. The night before, whole hogs were barbecued in pits – no sauce! The women brought food in enormous quantities. A platform was built for the young people to dance – only the square dance, the waltz being taboo. When lemons could be had, there was a barrel of pink lemonade. Usually some orator reminded us, in fiery words, that we were a free nation – “lest we forget.” The day began early and ended late. The jolly strains of the fiddles still echo down through the long years.

Then the fish fries! The men would go the night before the fry and catch the fish. On the riverbank, some of the women would fry the fish in great pans of deep fat, while others cooked the hoecakes and hushpuppies. That was food fit for a king!

Those candy pullings! Syrup was cooked just right and the pulling began – usually a boy and a girl would pull together till the taffy was a light yellow, then plait it, or twist it, and spread it out on the table. To be perfect, the taffy had to be hard, brittle and yellow.

Then the square dance would begin. Maybe the only music was a mouth organ, a Jew’s harp, or just clapping. Pianos were only heard of.

Quilting parties, spend the day parties, straw rides, when the young people were bound for a cane grinding; the sings that lasted all day and part of the night.

Cards were an instrument of the Devil, and used only by gamblers. It was a matter of “giving a dog a bad name.”

While our ancestors lived, they lived. Are we today surfeited with too much? And do we forget that “from ourselves our joys must flow.”

The time of times was Christmas. This festival began on December 24 and lasted through January 6 – Old Christmas. For many centuries, the 6th of January was celebrated as the real Christmas, but finally December 25th became the
accepted date. You know that on Old Christmas the Wise Men came to pay homage to the Baby, bringing gifts. The Epiphany! At this time the cattle were believed to kneel in reverence to Jesus. Nobody worked during these days except the cooks. There were feasts and parties and much visiting. Eggnog was usually available.

Trees in the home were not known, but after churches were built, there would be a community tree in the church. Fifteen foot holly trees, full of red berries, needing no other decorations, would be used. The presents, unwrapped, would be tied on the tree. Tissue paper, ribbons and ornaments were unknown.

Times and customs have changed over the years, but children’s hearts remain the same.

Excitement was intense and little ones were jubilant and expectant as stockings were hung on the mantelpiece, and they were forced to go to bed while Santa did his work.

A modern child would scoff at the contents of those stockings, but the children of that day were satisfied. An orange — only once a year — was luxury; a handful of raisins, a few nuts, pecans unknown, some sticks of peppermint candy. Peeping from the top of each stocking, one gift: a tin horn, a jack-in-the-box, a drum, a ball, a doll.

In the glow of the pine logs on Christmas morning, those stockings were beautiful, filled with magic and love. I remember a beautiful doll, left by the proud owner too close to the fire, and the head melted! It was wax. The tragedy of that loss is still poignant after the lapse of seventy years.

Many children had nothing. My mother kept a supply of raisins, candy and nuts to give to the children who came for handouts.

So “I remember, I remember” — on and on.

June 20, 1957

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36. The Saint of February

February is a short month, but significant: Jewish Arbor Day, Lincoln’s Birthday, Wednesday, the first day of Lent, Wednesday, and Saint Valentine’s Day.

Last week I spoke of the Festival of February the 14th. It was a day of love, written into an urn, and drew out the name of a boy of the year. Love by lottery, shall we say?

This custom didn’t suit the early Christian heathenism. What did the dear fellow mean? Records that a Christian named Valentine during the Lupercalian festival. We honor him on February 14th, and was made a saint.

There was an old English tradition, Valentine’s Day.

When I was a young schoolgirl, the heart skips a beat or two when I think of the boys sixty-odd years ago were not as grown-up boys who whisper sweet nothings into the ear of the girl that our old-time valentines told. But suddenly love begins to bloom, as they did in olden times.

When girl sees boy for the first time, it is a sacred feeling. It is something we know. Nature calling to nature!

I have heard old people say of some of that our old-time valentines told. But they have never forgotten its youth.

As I was saying, at the age of 12, I was really telling the truth! games like town ball, drop the handkerchief dances, no promenade parties, just children.
36. THE PATRON
SAINT OF LOVERS

February is a short month, but six holidays and holy days occur during its reign: Jewish Arbor Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Brotherhood Week, Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, World Day of Prayer, Washington's Birthday, and Saint Valentine's Day.

Last week I spoke of the Festival of Lupercalia, which was held in Rome on February the 14th. It was a day of love and romance! Each young man reached into an urn, and drew out the name of a girl, and she became his sweetheart for the year. Love by lottery, shall we say?

This custom didn't suit the early Church Fathers, because it smacked of heathenism. What did the dear fellows do? They discovered from the church records that a Christian named Valentinus had been martyred in the 3rd century during the Lupercalian festival. We know nothing about him except he died on February 14th, and was made a saint.

There was an old English tradition that the mating of the birds began on Valentine's Day.

When I was a young schoolgirl, the day was a great occasion. My old heart skips a beat or two when I think of the valentines I used to receive. The girls of sixty–odd years ago were not as grown–up as those of this day. Now the young lads whisper sweet nothings into the ears of pretty lasses, telling the same tales that our old–time valentines told. But young hearts still flutter today, when love begins to bloom, as they did in the long ago! Never make fun of young love!

When girl sees boy for the first time, not as a playmate, but as nature’s counterpart, it is a sacred feeling. It is the purest love that male or female will ever know. Nature calling to nature!

I have heard old people say of such love that the young, so affected, want a piece of candy, and don’t know what love is. But I am one old woman whose heart has never forgotten its youth.

As I was saying, at the age of 12, we were unsophisticated children, playing games like town ball, drop the hankerchief, etc., with the boys. No dates, no dances, no promenade parties, just children.
I wonder if our boys and girls lose some of the bloom of youth by early
dating? Our valentines were mostly home-made, and inartistic, but the message
printed on them hit the mark!

You remember these literary masterpieces?

As sure as the vine
Grows round the stump,
You're my darling
Sugar lump!
What could be more touching?
And again,
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

I'm sure Bill Shakespeare turned over in his grave, gnawed by envy.

When we opened the envelope and read the message, we blushingly glanced
across the room at the suspected sender. He was watching to see how matters
stood. Red face met red face, and the secret was out.

The power of love! I have forgotten the names of some of my valentine
lovers, but the thrill is still with me. A favorite valentine was a 5-cent bag of
little, thin, colored, heart-shaped candies, bearing the messages of love. The
little candies were so strongly flavored with peppermint that my tongue
"kinder" doubles up at the memory. A few days ago I saw, in one of our ten cent
stores, heart-shaped candies. I know these were more sanitary and wholesome
than those of yesteryear - we knew nothing of the Pure Food Law then - but
I was loathe to sample the new lest the old be slighted.

Our beautiful memories are more fancy than fact! Let's keep them that way,
and assuage the hard realities of old age.

Blessings on the patron saint of lovers, and God bless all lovers!

February 13, 1958
Saint Patrick was no legendary figure. He was a real man, the greatest of the Celts, and one of the greatest men of all time.

Tradition says he drove the snakes out of Ireland. He also did many other things for his adopted country, the greatest being to Christianize it. His birthday is March 17th.

He was kidnapped by the “wild Irish” when he was a boy in his early teens, and for ten years, as a slave, he tended sheep for his master. He escaped, and went back to his home in northern France. Always, in his dreams, he would hear the voices of his Irish friends calling: “Come back; we need you!” So by the year 400 A.D., he was back, teaching the Christian way of life. Druidism died forever.

The Irish are the queerest people on earth, and the proudest, and the most stubborn. They are found everywhere. The U.S. has almost as many Irishmen as has the old country.

We may be removed from the Emerald Isle by a period of 200 years; we may prefer our song “America” to Erin’s “The Wearing of the Green”; still we are proud of every drop of blood, Irish blood, in our veins. And there are many drops in mine.

It is said that if the Irish were taken out of the list of Britain’s great men, few geniuses would be left. Poetry is indigenous to the land.

They are the only people who can shed tears out of one eye while the other twinkles with the joy of life. Tonight may be dark, but joy comes with the morning.

The people have had cause to weep.

Somewhere, sometime, on their wanderings through the world to find a permanent home, they abode for a time in Egypt. Their leader married the daughter of a Pharoah, Scota by name. Their marriage was blessed by Moses.

Before the time of Solomon, before 1000 B.C., these Celts were settlers in their land of Scotia, the old name for Ireland. The Irish, the Scots, and the Welsh are double first cousins.

They were famous for their hospitality. The doors of the homes were always open for unknown guests, and the great open fireplace always held a cauldron
of food ready. A guest came when he liked, stayed while he would, and left when he wished. It was considered an insult to offer compensation to the host.

Their womenfolk were not chattel of their husbands, above the dog but beneath the horse in men's esteem. They were equals. An old law says: "To the wife belongs the right to be consulted on every subject." Marriage was a contract between a man and a woman, and the wife retained and controlled her property.

The women were educated along with the men. The Irish have been first in many things.

They had great scholars before the rest of North Europe knew what education really was. Their missionaries and teachers were sent to the other lands.

It was an Irishman, a sailor on Columbus' flagship, who first put his foot on American soil. They claimed to have roamed through North America long before Leif Erickson, the Dane, discovered this land about 1000 A.D.

They were carrying on trade with the Mediterranean countries before the Christian era.

They like to be odd. Today, many of their people speak their original language, Gaelic, and teach it in their schools.

Flax was grown, woven into beautiful linen, long before the Christian era. Ireland is the land of poetry and of song.

"Oft in the stilly night, 
Ere slumber's chain has bound me," in my imagination I am standing in Tara, the old palace of the Irish Kings, and I, enchanted, listen to-

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed . . . .

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of Tara swells,

The chord alone that breaks at night

Its tale of ruin tells*

March 13, 1958

*Stanza from poem, The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls, by Thomas Moore, Irish Poet.
Is your stomach a bit squeamish? Do the crude facts of life repel you? If so, stop right now! The tale I shall unfold to you is not an elegant one; in fact, it's raw. But it's a good story which a friend of mine witnessed when he was a boy of six years, around 1880.

The place: our town when it boasted six houses and twenty-five people.

Today our town is quite a metropolis; really cosmopolitan; charming and refined. But go back 75 years! Envision a sand hill, with a few houses – shabby frame ones, gathered around a shabby courthouse.

This was the meeting place for the men of the county. The women had to stay at home and “keep the boat steady.” You remember the couplet: “Man's work is from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done.”

The taverns were a sure attraction for the men. Add to drinking the gambling and horse-racing, and their accompaniment – fighting – and you have a pretty lively setup.

Now there were many days so quiet and peaceful that the cackle of the hens, the moos of the cows, as they wandered around, and the grunts of the pigs, sounded like a brass band. The songs of the mockingbirds were like the music of flutes thrown in for good measure. Old Mr. Rooster gave the encores.

Germs? Of course! Not vicious ones, just nice clean ones! Men, booze, and fights are boon companions. Also, there is a bully in every crowd. No names called!

This particular bully had a friend whom he liked to pester. A punch in the midriff, a kick on the shins, a face slapped. The victim was small, mild mannered, soft spoken. Better watch the meek person! You can underestimate him to your sorrow.

The bully was guilty of that very error. One day when he was being victimized, the meek one said, “———, if you do that one more time, you'll be sorry.” But a bully never takes advice.

Once again he started to tussle with the meek man. His stomach was split open with a knife, and the contents thereof fell into the sand among all those germs.
The bystanders took down a door, laid the bully thereon; washed the intestines in water from the nearby well; put them back in their natural habitat. Mr. Charles Preetorius sewed him up with twine. He was put in a wagon and sent home.

The disinfectants of that day: liquor, kerosene, turpentine.
The anesthetics: whiskey, in quantities.
What happened to the bully? He lived for years. The only after effects: an enlarged bay window.
Afraid of germs?

June 12, 1958

39. No C.

Do you remember your first gill lay dead, and you were brought to a hospital, you were helpless to do anything but grieve.

Births and deaths were rare in those days. Eastside Cemetery has grown all out of proportion to its original purpose. Everybody had seen the new baby, everybody had seen the new baby. People went to a funeral. Friends were happy.

Eastside Cemetery has grown all out of proportion to its original purpose. It was laid out in 1885. In its early years it was Mr. Hedleston, Shields Kenan, Daniel A. Darby.

My first sorrow came when I was 9 years old. My father's youngest brother, David, was older than I, and my idol. His hair was always sparkling. He came home from the freshman year, and took the measles. By the New Year he was dead.

The feeling has always been with me that he had he lived his full measure of years.
No chance at life!

Medical science today could do very little. Perplexing thoughts come into your mind. I am thinking of the many millions who have had no chance at life. The stillborn. Parents expected to lose some of their children.

Consumption took its heavy toll. The young men slaughtered in the Spanish-American War and the yellow fever diseases, but no antidote is yet found.

What would these young people have the world missed? These questions are a matter of doubting the wisdom...
39. No Chance at Life

Do you remember your first grief? Was it the first time that a loved one lay dead, and you were brought face to face with the realization that you were helpless to do anything but grieve?

Births and deaths were rare in our village when I was a child, so rare that everybody had seen the new baby by the time it was a half-day old; and everybody went to a funeral. Friends wept with friends, and laughed when they were happy.

Eastside Cemetery has grown apace with the town, and is now really a "City of the Dead." It was laid out in 1889. The first person to die and be buried there was Mr. Hedleston, Shields Kenan's grandfather, in February 1890.

My first sorrow came when I was fourteen years old. The poignancy of that grief recurs, time and again, after all these sixty-odd years.

My father's youngest brother, Felton, lived in our home. He was four years older than I, and my idol. His hair was auburn and curly, and his eyes black and sparkling. He came home from the University of Georgia at Christmas of his freshman year, and took the measles. Pneumonia developed, and shortly after the New Year he was dead.

The feeling has always been with me, what kind of man would he have been had he lived his full measure of years? He was a scholar, and brilliant. No chance at life!

Medical science today could have saved him. As you grow older, many perplexing thoughts come into your mind. Why did this death have to be? I am thinking of the many millions of souls that have come into the world, and have had no chance at life. The stillborn babies, and those that died in infancy. Parents expected to lose some of their babies.

Consumption took its heavy toll. Tuberculosis is a modern word.

The young men slaughtered in war! Medical science has arrested many diseases, but no antidote is yet found for auto accidents.

What would these young people have been had they lived? What geniuses has the world missed? These questions are all futile for mortals to ask. It is not a matter of doubting the wisdom of the Great Maker. He does not will the
many evils that come to us; but He allows them to happen, because we are ignorant and blind and reckless.

Would these young people have been an asset or a liability? Only God in His wisdom knows.

Marcus Aurelius said that all plays do not have five acts. Some have only four, or three, two or even one, maybe only one scene. Although so brief, it is still a play. They were born, were loved, laughed, and had life for a spell.

One day of life is a foretaste of many days. So they all had their play of life, and who am I to ask questions?

When Job of old argued with God about the “whys” of his afflictions, the Voice came out of the whirlwind: “Job, you have asked me many questions, let me ask you a few.”

“Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? By what way is the light parted which scattereth the east wind upon the earth? Canst thou bind the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Does the hawk fly by thy wisdom?”

July 10, 1958

Outside the walls of old Jerusalem is a potter’s field. Judas is supposed to have thirty pieces of silver, the blood money, buried Judas in it. Thereafter it was called “the potter’s field.” Criminals, the friends of many of the Crusaders.

Our cities today have their Potter’s fields. The little mound of earth always saddened me.

The spot is in the lower side of the city, where it is told that a Russian tramp, killed by criminals, the friends of the many of the Crusaders.

When I was a child, a tramp printer would come in the evening, then disappear in the spring – to show his wanderlust.

Wanderlust is a queer disease. It teaches us to know that a Russian tramp, killed by criminals, the friends of many of the Crusaders.

Some men so afflicted hear the call of the beaches of distant lands; others roam from North to South. They themself except by saying they have “itching to be gone.”

On some beautiful April day, we have the “urge” to take “the wings of the earth.” The longing to “go joy of it. When death overtakes the
Outside the walls of old Jerusalem there was a field where potters dug their clay. Judas is supposed to have hanged himself in this place. With the thirty pieces of silver, the blood money, the chief priests bought the field and buried Judas in it. Thereafter it was called akeldama – the field of blood. (See Matt. 27:7-8.) Criminals, the friendless, the unknown were buried there: also many of the Crusaders.

Our cities today have their Potter's Fields.

When I was a child, a tramp died in our village, and was buried in the potter's field. The little mound of earth, unmarked, "unhonored and unsung," always saddened me.

The spot is in the lower side of the old cemetery, and is still used. I have been told that a Russian tramp, killed by a friend – yes, right here – lies buried there.

Isn't it sad to be a pariah, even in death? Death does not equalize us!

I remember some queer characters who came to our village in the long ago. A tramp printer would come in the fall, work for my father's paper all winter, then disappear in the spring – to show up again when the leaves were falling.

Wanderlust is a queer disease. The word means "pleasure in roaming."

Some men so afflicted hear the call of the sea, and long for the pebbly beaches of distant lands; others roam over our own land from East to West, from North to South. They themselves can't explain their desire to wander except by saying they have "itching feet."

On some beautiful April day, when all nature is young and gay, don't you have the "urge" to take "the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth?" The longing to "go on pilgrimages," as Chaucer says.

Many wanderers are trying to get away from frustrations and responsibilities, while others have sorrows that drive them relentlessly. Many roam just for the joy of it. When death overtakes them, the potter's field is their burial place.

"Breathes There The Man," a poem by Sir Walter Scott.
"Psalm 139.
"Geoffrey Chaucer, Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.
"The "potter's field" is a burying place for strangers in the Bible (Matthew 27:3-7).
There is a distinction between a tramp and a hobo, the latter being the snobs of the wanderers. The tramp is the vagrant, or vagabond; but the hoboes are organized.

In a town near Washington City, where we were living forty-five years ago, the hoboes held a convention. The king of the hoboes came to our manse. He was a college man, a millionaire, and a gentleman.

Don't feel sorry for them! On bright warm nights when their beds are the ground and their covers the fiery firmament; or on wet nights beside the warm wood fires, they are in their element. They are attuned with nature.

John Masefield knew the feeling:
"I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant, gypsy life,
To the gulls' way, and the whales' way,
Where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yard from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trek's over."

July 24, 1958

The Jewish people celebrate the new year it is the year 5719 – dating
I have never learned just why our thought they knew everything about
The Jews also celebrate the Harv of Atonement this month. With the past atoned for, the month of Ses new year.

We begin our school year in Sep this month creates a feeling in us – ready for school? For so many, many ourselves, then for our children. So very bones.

Of all the professions, I admire from mothers, teachers are making t
Lewis Mumford has written: "The luxurious dormitories will never s pressure of intelligent and courageous
The teachers in the little red sch The while scientists are conquering o to develop inner space – the unknown
A famous scientist said recently: "s spiritual vitality."

In a world six billion years old, m as the world itself – atoms and elect I wish I could live twenty more y barring war; to see what solar and our lands will be enriched to unbelie chemical discoveries and flood contr One-half the people of the world You know that communism flourishe
41. September Comes Again

The Jewish people celebrate their New Year on September 15-16. With them it is the year 5719 – dating from the Creation.

I have never learned just why our year begins January 1st, but the Romans thought they knew everything about everything; and we follow in their footsteps.

The Jews also celebrate the Harvest festival or Thanksgiving and the Day of Atonement this month. With the crop laid by for the year, and the sin of the past atoned for, the month of September is most suitable for the start of a new year.

We begin our school year in September. No matter how old we may get, this month creates a feeling in us – an urge to get busy. Are your children all ready for school? For so many, many years, September meant school – first for ourselves, then for our children. So the “feel” that we must get ready is in our very bones.

Of all the professions, I admire school teaching most profoundly. Aside from mothers, teachers are making the men and women of tomorrow.

Lewis Mumford has written: “The most modern classrooms and the most luxurious dormitories will never serve the cause of education as well as the pressure of intelligent and courageous professors.”

The teachers in the little red school houses produced our Abraham Lincolns. While scientists are conquering outer space, teachers have the opportunity to develop inner space – the unknown child.

A famous scientist said recently: “We are tapping everything except our vast spiritual vitality.”

In a world six billion years old, man has just discovered two wonders as old as the world itself – atoms and electrons – foundation stones of our universe.

I wish I could live twenty more years in order to see wonders still to come – barring war; to see what solar and nuclear energy can do. We are told that our lands will be enriched to unbelievable fertility and our oceans “farmed” by chemical discoveries and flood control.

One-half the people of the world are hungry; but hunger will be eliminated. You know that communism flourishes among the starving peoples of the world.
Our fears will disappear and faith will take the place. The scientists of today have turned to God and to religion. They know that back of all creation is the Great Creator.

This coming generation may be the privileged one that will see our fears tamed, hunger eliminated, wars banished, and a golden period of civilization attained.

We welcome September as a new school year and salute our wonderful teachers.

August 28, 1958

A small girl said to her mother, "What ails you?"

Her mother said, "You forgot to tell your face.

The word "happiness" comes from the Latin word "happ," meaning chance. "Happen" has the same root.

But happiness does not come just from happiness. It comes from within the hidden depths of our very being. We must have a deep awareness of life; a keen appreciation of nature; a sympathetic understanding of humanity.

The old Greek philosopher Epictetus wrote nearly two thousand years ago: "He who is good; and he who is good is happy."

Is it possible for a sick person to be happy? Is it possible for a sick person to be happy if his absence of torture is happiness. But happiness is a deeper state of mind.

One of the basic rules for happiness is: Much depends on what we eat, and how we chewed every mouthful of meat.

Pleasing thoughts contribute greatly to our happiness! If feelings of envy, of jealousy, of hate pour into our stomachs, and we are filled with a sense of depression, the Devil is in our stomach.

Is it possible for a sick person to be happy? Is it possible for a sick person to be happy if his absence of torture is happiness. But happiness is a deeper state of mind.

Just get out into the sunshine, or a cool breeze, or a gentle rain, or a park. You have seen the full moon shining brightly in the sky. These nights are all filled with the Star of Wonder. You have seen the moon shine through the clouds. These nights are all filled with the Star of Wonder.

Happiness, like the moon's silver light, is all around us, waiting to be taken in.
42. Happy? Why Not?

A small girl said to her mother one morning: “Mother, are you happy?” The mother said, “What ails you? Of course I’m happy.” The answer came back: “You forgot to tell your face about it.”

The word “happiness” comes from an old Norse word “hap,” meaning luck, or chance. “Happen” has the same derivation.

But happiness does not come just by chance — or just happen. It comes from within the hidden depths of our very being — from our souls. Why? Because we have a deep awareness of life; a keen sensitivity to the beauties and wonders of nature; a sympathetic understanding of the needs of our fellow man.

The old Greek philosopher Epictetus, who was a hunchback slave, wrote nearly two thousand years ago: “He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is wise is good; and he who is good is happy.” He wrote again: “If a man is unhappy, it must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy.”

Is it possible for a sick person to be happy? I wonder. To one in pain, the absence of torture is happiness. But not the radiant, joyous feeling I have in mind.

One of the basic rules for happiness is to keep your body in good health. Much depends on what we eat, the amount, and the how. Mr. Gladstone chewed every mouthful of meat 25 times. An overworked stomach always lets us know about it.

Pleasing thoughts contribute greatly to our well being. And we can control our thoughts! If feelings of envy, dislike, malice fill our souls, the bitter gall pours into our stomachs, and we are miserable. We are all subject to these fits of depression, for the old Devil is always on the prowl, looking for a selfish, unhappy heart into which he can get.

Just get out into the sunshine, or the rain, and admire God’s handiwork. On the side: You have seen the full moon rising behind the tree tops, like a great ball of fire. These nights are all filled with the silvery rays of the full moon! We are bathed in an ocean of beauty and wonder.

Happiness, like the moon’s silvery mantle, and like the sun’s shining rays, is all around us, waiting to be taken in to calm our souls for the-
"Drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

When we rise above our own selfish interests, and learn the great secret of Christian living, "that all men's good is each man's rule," then we are on the happiness road.

Then comes our faith in God, and a serene self-surrender to His will.

Before the grand old man Moses went for the last climb to "Nebo's lonely mountain height," he preached his goodbye sermon to the Hebrews. Without bitterness, without envy in his soul, he gave his leadership into the hands of younger men. Read again that wonderful sermon – Deut. 6:1. Please reread these verses: "The Eternal God is your dwelling place, and underneath are the Everlasting arms."

"Be strong, and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee: He will not fail thee, nor forget thee."

No happiness without God!

September 11, 1958

*I* Francis Thompson, "The Kingdom of God."

**Tennyson, "The Golden Year."**
I am plumb tuckered out with reading, hearing, and talking about such weighty matters as: War, Ike and his golf, the stupidity of Dulles, vicuna coats, Little Rock, elections, Summit Talks, et cetera — including Death. So let’s change the subject to something different, and pleasant (?) — Snakes! And don’t I hate the varmints! I’m sure that Eve shared my feelings after she was tricked by one of the creatures. She had no business talking to him.

General Oglethorpe said that these “piney barrens” could grow only pine trees, wiregrass, and rattlesnakes. He was right about snakes.

Pennsylvania is noted for having more rattlers — diamondback — than any other state. When a farmer up there wants to clear new ground, he turns a drove of hogs in, and they go to work on the rattlers. They stamp the snakes to death, and then eat them. I’ve heard that around Miami, Florida, some folks eat snake meat. Must be the Indians. I’m told it’s quite a delicacy, like snails and frog legs. Deliver me!

A Chicago herpetologist told me that two hours of hot sunshine will kill any snake. Suppose we drive them all out of the damp, cool places into the broiling sun — around 98 degrees — and rid ourselves of them!

Some folks don’t believe that rattlers and moccasins swallow their young when danger threatens, or the mothers want to take a trip. But there have been eyewitnesses.

I’m not terrified of the varmints if I see them first, or if we recognize each other at the same time; but that rattle just petrifies a body! A copperhead is not gentleman enough to warn you — he strikes! You can’t tell when snakes are asleep, because they have no eyelids.

I have heard horrible tales about the hypnotic power of those wicked eyes. You remember Dr. Holmes’ story of “Elsie Venner”? Her mother was frightened by a rattler before the child’s birth, and dire consequences followed. Smart folks these days call that “baloney” — old wives’ tales, I wonder.

Before we had window screens, and I well remember, spicy tales were told about finding rattlers in bureau drawers, under the bed, even under the bedclothes. Snakes like to be comfortable when they sleep!
The most dramatic snake story I know of happened in this county, in the early days. The sweetheart and brother of a young lady played a practical joke by putting a dead rattler on her bureau in an upstairs room. When she went to her room, the family heard terrified screams. The mate of the dead rattler had climbed the vine growing up the chimney by the open window.

Let's say goodbye to the poor dead girl, and bid snakes adieu!

*September 25, 1958*

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We ain't going to study war nor wail for I feel that only a coward can except the Spanish-American War.

I sincerely believe that our America can except the Spanish-American War. Rather bully like!

But wouldn't it be a grand and glorious sight if we could turn our guns into plowshares?*

Veterans Day is passed, but our memories of it live in us. They are in your home and in mine.

It shall not be again. Ignorance and lack of knowledge are the cause of war, and these two diseases are too much in the world. War does something to the young, whose lives are broken by war, and to the old and the aged who come home broken in body and mind, blinded, and with souls warped and bitter.

War does something to the young.

There is nothing we can do! Just sit at home and hope when the Powers That Be ring the bells of peace.

Veterans Day set me to thinking of the many soldiers I have known and served under.

Usually they do their reminiscing with friends who speak the same language.

*John Edge, like his brothers James and Walter, was a student. During World War II, Maudie's three sons served in the military.*

*Thomas Curtis Clark, "Apparitions."
"We ain't going to study war no more." I am not a conscientious objector, for I feel that only a cowardly country will let itself be trampled upon. I sincerely believe that our America has been justified in all her wars. Maybe we can except the Spanish–American War, which was like taking candy from a baby. Rather bully like!

But wouldn't it be a grand and glorious thing if the "swords could be beaten into plowshares"?

Veterans Day is passed, but our twenty–two million veterans are always with us. They are in your home and in mine. They are the "hosts of those who swear: It shall not be again."* Ignorance and poverty breed discontent and unhappiness, and these two diseases are the germs of war. It is said that no nation, sound economically, ever wants war.

But who does want war? Certainly not the young, whose lives are broken by its horrors. Certainly not the mothers and fathers who spend their lives grieving for the sons who lie in graveyards, at home or overseas; or they weep for the dear ones who come home broken in body and in mind, blinded, and with souls warped by bitterness.

War does something to the young!

There is nothing we can do! Just accept it when the Powers That Be ring the alarm!

Veterans Day set me to thinking about the many soldiers I have known and have heard talk about their experiences. Usually they do their reminiscing when several of them get together. They all speak the same language.

*John Edge, like his brothers James and Walter, volunteered for military training while he was a college student. During World War II, Mauve's three sons served their nation. Courtesy of the Belanus family.

"Thomas Curtis Clark, "Apparitions."

93
Very seldom do they talk about the horrors of war. They relive these memories in nightmares which make the nights hideous. Each veteran has some memory which is special to him.

One boy I know remembers the dead horses he counted on his march through France after the Invasion. Thousands of these dumb creatures, legs in the air, and “they didn’t want to go to war,” he says. Then the enemy lying dead in each other’s arms! Strong young men, from all over the world; enemies, so called, united in death. They didn’t want to go to war!

This same boy wonders if he killed any mothers and babies in the “mopping up” period after the Invasion. Those babies didn’t want war!

A bombardier recalls with horror the day his squadron, six miles up in the air, bombed American soldiers, marching far below them. They “looked like ants crawling,” he says. Time tables did not correspond; hence the catastrophe.

One boy recalls a Christmas Eve when his men landed in Italy, coming from North Africa. He heard Christmas carols, in English, ringing out through the darkness. Following the sound, he came upon a rude cover, made of tree boughs, and sitting around a small Christmas tree, singing their carols, were a number of British soldiers. A bit of the English home life far away in Italy ...

November 20, 1958

William F. Lewis,
U.S. Army Air Force

Mr. Lewis met Maude at the serviceman’s club that she managed during the war. He said that she was the most influential woman in his life during the war, and that she helped shape his values. He maintained a friendship with her and often visited her home on South Zetterower Avenue. Courtesy of William F. Lewis.

45. Turned

Every now and then, I have to get more frequently, but lectures — end me pass my thoughts on to you.

Don’t ever trust a cat! As long as you purr in your arms. But you know when claws come out, and woe betide you!

We know people who have the same speak to them as cats. Usually women can be just as cat-like.

A mother made this statement to her sweet and lovely: “She always hangs on the house.”

Also I read about a husband who passed away. He was loved by everybody, especially happy and jovial. Someone congratulated his able husband. Her reply was made in his fiddle up on the wall when he came.

So, let’s turn ourselves inside out within our hearts. Christ gave that name.

At home, we say in self-defense, the ill humor, the bad manners, ranting and raving.

On the side: Many excuses are given by father, I naturally heard many things from his wife because she did. Just think of having to look at yesterday uncleanliness probably included her cleanliness is next to godliness,” so a wise man.

We get from other people, in the got impudence from my children until...

*John Wesley popularized this ancient Hebrew proverb.
45. TURNED INSIDE OUT

Every now and then, I have to give myself a lecture. This should happen more frequently, but lectures – even self-inflicted – injure one’s pride. Let me pass my thoughts on to you.

Don’t ever trust a cat! As long as you smooth his hair in the right way, he’ll purr in your arms. But you know what happens when you ruffle that fur: the claws come out, and woe betide you!

We know people who have the same irascible nature – two-faced, and we speak to them as cats. Usually women get this opprobrious name, but men can be just as cat-like.

A mother made this statement to me when I spoke of her daughter as being sweet and lovely: “She always hangs her wings on the outside before she enters the house.”

Also I read about a husband who played a fiddle on the streets of London all day. He was loved by everybody, especially the children, because he was always happy and jovial. Someone congratulated the wife on having such a fine, agreeable husband. Her reply was made in a sad, husband-pecked way: “He hangs his fiddle up on the wall when he comes home.”

So, let’s turn ourselves inside out, and see if we are “whited sepulchers” within our hearts. Christ gave that name to the Pharisees.

At home, we say in self-defense, we can be ourselves – relax. Being ourselves at home has caused many a divorce. The wife, or husband, could not stand the ill humor, the bad manners, ranting and raving of the mate.

On the side: Many excuses are given for divorces. Having a lawyer for a father, I naturally heard many things discussed, pro and con. A man got a divorce from his wife because she did not wash between the tines of the forks. Just think of having to look at yesterday’s fried egg while you ate today’s. This uncleanliness probably included her home, her person, her children. “Cleanliness is next to godliness,” so a wise man said.*

We get from other people, in the way of politeness, what we give. I never got impudence from my children unless I spoke to them in a rude manner first.

*John Wesley popularized this ancient Hebrew proverb.
The same applies to servants. You have heard of the man who moved to a new town. He stopped an old Quaker on the streets, shortly after his arrival, and said: “What kind of folks live around here?” The answer was: “What kind of folks did thee have where thee came from?” The stranger replied: “They were the meanest, most ornery, hatefulest people that ever lived.” “Thee will find the same kind of folks around here,” said the shrewd old Quaker.

If we spoke to our friends as we speak to our loved ones, we would be friendless. Friends do not have to stand our “cussedness”; but our loved ones must put up with it. No choice!

Wouldn’t it be a grand old world if all of us acted in our own homes as though we were in the palace of a king?

Do you keep your fiddle on the wall? Your wings outside the door? Tighten that g-string, and have music in the home. Polish those wings, and wear them at home. It will pay!

December 4, 1958

Often we feel that the past is dead, and the dead past bury its dead.”* Would we want all our memories to be as well as unhappy, although we are mortal beings, the past can never die. We cannot forget.

Would we want all our memories to be as well as unhappy, although we are mortal beings, the past can never die. We cannot forget.

Form of selfishness.

Isn’t it strange what a little thing is a flower, a song, a face that bears a likeness?

A voice out of the past aroused my voice for the long period of fifty-five years. I recognized it except for the fact that With the mention of that name a young minister in his first charge.

I was unsophisticated, naive and self-realize my great weaknesses and too

This friend had a favor to ask me her town are building a beautiful new pictures of all the ministers who have hundred years of its existence.

Did I have a picture of my husband? I did. Would I send it to her to be enlarged from the wall the framed picture of a I saw a young man of twenty-four years old; a young minister in the palms of his hands.

The thought came to me: Why can’t we have “souls as vast as God’s dreams are?”

*Longfellow, “A Psalm of Life.”
46. The Past Comes Back

Often we feel that the past is dead, and we quote the familiar lines: "Let the dead past bury its dead." But as long as we are sentimental human beings, the past can never die. We can always say, "I remember, I remember." Would we want all our memories to be utterly forgotten? There are happy ones as well as unhappy, although we are prone to dwell on the unpleasant things that have happened to us. We mortals like to indulge in self-pity, which is a form of selfishness.

Isn't it strange what a little thing it takes to conjure up a memory? An odor, a flower, a song, a face that bears a likeness to someone we have known.

A voice out of the past aroused me the other night. I had not heard that voice for the long period of fifty-four years, and probably would not have recognized it except for the fact that she told me her name.

With the mention of that name and the place where she lived, I once again became twenty-one years old; a young bride, the proud wife of a handsome young minister in his first charge.

I was unsophisticated, naïve and self-poised; too young and ignorant to realize my great weaknesses and too happy to worry about the future.

This friend had a favor to ask me. She explained that the Presbyterians in her town are building a beautiful new church. She herself has the job of getting pictures of all the ministers who have served the church during the nearly two hundred years of its existence.

Did I have a picture of my husband taken about the turn of the century? I did. Would I send it to her to be enlarged? I would. So next day I took down from the wall the framed picture of my husband. I gazed at it for a long time. I saw a young man of twenty-four years, with grey eyes, black curly hair, and smooth, unwrinkled cheeks.

He held his future in the palms of his hands, but didn't know it.

The thought came to me: Why can't all our young people realize that they have "souls as vast as God's dreams are"? That the future is in their hands?

*Longfellow, “A Psalm of Life.”
As I looked at my young husband, I, too, became young. Gone were my wrinkles and my grey hair. Once again my skin was smooth and my hair chestnut-colored.

Memories came upon me - each crowding out the other, so fast did they come. I saw again the lovely old church, situated in a tree-crowded cemetery where lie the old, old dead of yesteryear and many recently gone.

Once again I was the young bride of the new minister; and I was walking up the church aisle on my first Sunday in my new home.

When the association of ideas once begins, you can't break the stream of thought. So I lived through the next fifty-six years and was an old woman once more.

Memories are only life - past life - which come in good and bad doses. Who of us can say that the unpleasant experiences have not been more efficacious for us than the happy ones?

Like bad medicine?

Who remembers the old castor oil dosage, with a few drops of turpentine added?

Let us keep our memories, both sweet and bitter. They are part of life.

February 5, 1959

Sometimes I think I know my co
realize my ignorance.

How many people ever heard of in May 1790, preceding the foundir
It was first located on the old Mil Olliff's Bay; but was later moved to road and off the Old Road.

It was first organized as a Union during most of its existence. Today time could boast about having alm
Mr. Balty Woodrum is clerk and they are most interesting and in
The first record tells why the ch

My great-great-grandfather, Rol
he came to this county, then Screv
he was a Primitive Baptist preacher,
he and his son, Matthew, organized
dozen churches in the county, Old N
creek being the first.

My great-great-grandfather Will Brannen, and his wife, Elizabeth G were members.

On the original roll records are for
the names of many men whose des
A few Olliff, Donaldson, Brannen, etc. So

*Organized just a few months ago the Nevil Church has been an active congregation since 179
Statesboro Regional Library.*
47. Think You Know Your County?

Sometimes I think I know my county; then something new comes up and I realize my ignorance.

How many people ever heard of Nevils Creek Church? Yet it was founded in May 1790, preceding the founding of Union in September of that year.

It was first located on the old Milledgeville Road (the River) near Blitch, on Olliff’s Bay; but was later moved to its present site – four or five miles up the road and off the Old Road.

It was first organized as a Union church, but has been a Primitive Baptist during most of its existence. Today it has only seventeen members, but at one time could boast about having almost half a hundred names on its roll.

Mr. Balthy Woodrum is clerk and he has all the records from 1790 intact, and they are most interesting and informative.

The first record tells why the church was founded: To honor God and to teach the gospel of the Christ; to bind the people of the community together in a bond of Christian love, and to give aid to one another at all times.

My great-great-grandfather, Robert Donaldson, was a Presbyterian when he came to this county, then Screven, where Blitch is now. But for sixty years he was a Primitive Baptist preacher, and he and his son, Matthew, organized a dozen churches in the county, Old Nevils Creek being the first.

My great-great-grandfather William Brannen, and his wife, Elizabeth Gross, were members.

On the original roll records are found the names of many men whose descendants live in this county today. A few: Nevils, Hendrix, Beasley, Williams, Olliff, Donaldson, Brannen, etc. Some of the names are unfamiliar, because

*Organized just a few months after the Nevils Creek Primitive Baptist Church, the Union Methodist Church has been an active congregation since 1790. The church is located on Old River Road. Courtesy of Statesboro Regional Library.*
those families moved on to the newly opened-up land—West Georgia, Alabama, and on west. Mr. Woodrum says that people come from Texas and other western states to read the records.

This old church was a link between Ireland and Scotland, North Carolina and the West. Shall we have a stepping-off place where they spent a generation and moved on?

One of the first preachers was John Stanford, who was the great-grandfather of John H. and Pleasant Brannen. Solomon Brannen married his daughter.

Those were the days when the preachers had great authority in the lives of the members. One record says: "Bro. —— and Bro. ——" had better settle their fuss, or the church would take action. A dear sister was turned out because she "poked fun at the brethren."

As I looked at the building I saw electric wires; there should have been candles.

I remember a story I used to hear about Robert Donaldson. He talked in rhyme much of the time—his Celtic blood coming to the fore. Those were the days when hymnbooks were almost unheard of, and the preacher lined the words, two lines at a time—the congregation singing in two lines.

One night Robert tried to read the words, but he couldn't see, the light of the candle dim and his spectacles sorry. So he lined these words:

"My eyes are old, the candle's dim,
  I can hardly see to give out the hymn."

The congregation sang the words. Patiently Robert lined:

"I did not mean for you to begin,
  I was not yet giving out the hymn."

The congregation sang.

This horseplay went on for twelve or more lines and the congregation was in hysterics of laughter. Finally Robert threw the book across the church and told the members to "go to the Devil."

The meeting broke up.

Maybe those were wonderful days, but let me have today!

February 5, 1959

Recently I received a clipping from a Pennsylvania newspaper about old Donegal Church, which is located about fifteen miles from Lancaster. The old stone church, still standing, was built in 1714. It was here that the Scots and Irish had to register before they scattered over the new America. Many stayed for a generation or so, getting the “feel” of the new country. Our progenitors were among these immigrants.

The article described how the people walked barefoot, or rode horseback—bareback—along the Indian trails, through dense forests, to church. I got to thinking about shoes.

I can remember seeing young men walking along the sandy country road, shoes slung over their backs. Before they got to church they would sit down by the creek and wash their feet—people washed when I was young—not bathed! With shoes on clean feet they went tipping up the bare aisles, the shoes making music—squeaky—to squeak. As I remember it, men’s shoes always squeaked.

Shoes were precious possessions in those not so distant days. Men’s shoes were made of cowhide and usually were home products. “Store boughten,” they were about $1.50 a pair—a fortune in those days.

I remember hearing my mother say how terrible to give $1.25 for my shoes. They had been 75 cents. The well-to-do person owned two pairs of shoes—one pair for every day and a Sunday pair. Colored shoes were unknown—always black.

Today, “all God’s chillun’s got shoes,” and you can buy all colors.

The poorest child in our county will not go to school without being shod. I remember the time when many boys went barefooted all winter and the skin on their feet looked like alligator hide.

The sand that used to feel so pleasant on our bare feet is alive with germs today and it is no fun walking on hot pavements. Civilization has claimed us—for which we are truly thankful!

Wouldn’t our foreparents laugh at the queer little spikes, called heels, on the shoes of today, and the painted toenails would give our grandmothers the giggles for a week.
Who remembers the tub of water on the back porch, where the feet had to be washed before the children could come into the house?

Our ancestors put up with things that we of today would never tolerate. For example: A man was hanged in the Nevils graveyard, where the First Baptist Church now stands. But that was a common occurrence when horse stealing was the crime. The grotesqueness, however, was this: the perpetrators of the crime sat under the tree on which the poor wretch was hanging and played cards all night long – by the light of faggots – and the jug of rum within reach.

Even the devils in hell must have blushed at the sight!

We have come a long way toward civilization – not only concerning our penal extremities, but in matters of decency and of the heart.

The pioneer days are over!

April 9, 1959

During the long week that the thermometer registered 95 degrees, I kept saying to myself: I never saw ice. It was hauled from Dover, three-hour drive the blocks, covered with a blanket, spoiling.

We knew nothing about ice tea; and of course, we never had screens, electric fans, or cool drinks. So the ice was wrapped in newspaper and was spoiling.

I was so busy feeling sorry for my ancestors, or wishing I was myself. Poor ancestors!

You can't miss something you have without our luxuries? We are such softies!
49. **How to Beat the Heat**

During the long week that the thermometer hovered around a hundred degrees, I kept saying to myself: How did our foreparents stand the heat? No ice, no electric fans, no screens, cooked with wood, and used kerosene lamps.

I well remember when we had none of these things. I was nine before I ever saw ice. It was hauled from Dover by horse and wagon, and during the three-hour drive the blocks, covered with sawdust, were greatly reduced in size.

We knew nothing about ice tea; and the well water was cold enough to drink. So the ice was wrapped in newspapers and used to keep the food from spoiling.

I was so busy feeling sorry for my ancestors that I almost forgot how blistering hot I was myself. Poor ancestors!

You can't miss something you have never known; but what would we do without our luxuries? We are such softies ...

*July 16, 1959*

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*Rural Mailman, Jack Daughtry drove 30 miles daily delivering mail in the Portal area in 1903.
Courtesy of the Presley/Banks Collection*
January 6th means little to us in America. In other parts of the world it is celebrated as the real beginning of Christmas. It has a number of names: Old Christmas, Christ to the Gentiles, after December 25. Many call it a celebration of the birth of Christ to the Gentiles.

Nobody knows the exact date of the birth of Christ. Most of the world celebrates December 25, but many Christians still believe in the mid-winter. So, several hundred years ago, Christians set December 25 as the time. Today you can only celebrate the holiday except in the liturgical churches, but after the New Year, the barnyard animals kneeling in worship to the Baby Jesus, December 24 and lasted until January 6th, 6 B.C.

Those were the lazy days, before the pace of the modern world made important thing in life. True, there were days devoted to work, but there were sociable and friendly and gay.

As you know, old Christmas marked the end of the holiday season. As the people followed a star. Wise men followed a star, which marked the birth of Jesus. Jesus was born poor and humble, in a manger, surrounded by farm animals. Many call December 24 and lasted until January 6th

The story of the Wise Men is an important story. It is a story of a quest, given their gifts, they went home another road in this New Year of 1958.

I do not care for New Year resolutions. I think it is a good idea to “take stock” of ourselves. It is a good time of the year to find out how their finances are doing, their health, check up on our souls?

If I were writing a set of resolutions, I would list:

“Let me walk unwavering, and confident,” is a good way to start a new year. It is easier said than done, and so many of us are afraid, especially

This postcard from the early 1900s shows a popular neighborhood in growing Statesboro. Zetterower Avenue was not completely paved until the Works Progress Administration provided funds to the city during the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Courtesy of the Presley/Banks Collection
January 6th means little to us in America today; but in many parts of the world it is celebrated as the real birthday of the Christ. It is called by a number of names: Old Christmas or Twelfth Night comes twelve days after December 25. Many call it the Epiphany – the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

Nobody knows the exact date of Christ's birth, but it was sometime in mid-winter. So, several hundred years ago the Church of the Western World set December 25 as the time. Today you never hear about the old Christmas, except in the liturgical churches, but when I was a child there was talk of the barnyard animals kneeling in worship to the Baby Jesus. Christmas began December 24 and lasted until January 6.

Those were the lazy days, before the mad rush after the dollar became the important thing in life. True, there were not many dollars to be chased! So we were sociable and friendly and gay.

As you know, old Christmas marks the end of the quest of the Magi, who followed a star. Wise men followed a star, and found life.

We of today are so busy trying to make moons and stars, that we have forgotten how to follow a star. The old story of the Tower of Babel is being repeated by us. We, in our arrogance, would be like God.

The Wise Men found life. Where are we going?

The story of the Wise Men is an inspiring one. When they had ended the quest, given their gifts, they went home by "another road." Can't we walk by another road in this New Year of 1958?

I do not care for New Year resolutions, made but to be broken; but it is a good idea to "take stock" of ourselves. Businessmen take inventories at the end of the year to find out how their finances stand; why shouldn't we, as individuals, check up on our souls?

If I were writing a set of resolutions for myself, these are a few items I would list:

"Let me walk unwavering, and conquer fear." Fear is an awful thing. Today so many of us are afraid, especially the old. Why the old? We know that the
end is not too far off, but will the money last? So I resolve not "to bow an abject head" to fear.

To keep my health. I do not want lengthy days, but I do want healthy ones. Doctors can mend broken bones, but downcast spirits are our responsibility.

To be kinder this year, kinder than necessary. More kindly in my judgment of people! Kind is a beautiful word, being from the same root as kin. When you are kind to a person you treat him like kinfolks. I’m being old fashioned now; the welfare looks after our kin!

To love more. The magic power of love. Let’s read the 13th chapter of First Corinthians once a week.

To be content with my lot, whatever happens.

To laugh more. Talk about tonics, a laugh heads them all, and doesn’t cost a penny.

Isn’t my list all-comprising? Not to fear; to be healthy and content, kind and loving, and to laugh.

And let’s not forget to pray!

A smart man, Dr. William Henry Channing, wrote a harmony for his life, which he called, “My Symphony”:

to live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard; think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars, to birds and babes with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely; await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual; unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is my symphony.

January 2, 1958

I never expect to have a million do "If wishes were horses, beggars would one by my side."*

But there’s no law against daydreaming of disposed of that million. Maybe you will me, calling me cuckoo, visionary, or pla

Here are a few things I would NOT?

The Brannen-Edge Home at 117 South Zetterower Avenue*

top: After Maude married and moved away in 1902, Avenue. When Maude moved into the home in 1934, the winter of 1920. Courtesy of the Statesboro Regional bottom: The photograph of 2002 reflects the efforts of the home. In 2011 it is the site of a local business. It entertained friends and visitors. Courtesy of Sally M.

*A Scottish nursery rhyme that dates to the 1600s.
I never expect to have a million dollars, and I'm not even wishing for it.

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride: If turnips were watches, I'd have one by my side.*

But there's no law against daydreaming! So I have already—in my mind—disposed of that million. Maybe you would like to hear my plans, and laugh at me, calling me cuckoo, visionary, or plain dumb.

Here are a few things I would NOT do:

Build a new house. My old one suits me. It will last as long as I do, although we have both seen better days. I am ten years older.

Buy a car. I have two good feet, and my knees do not creak. Walking, like the proverbial apple, keeps the doctor away.

Travel over the world. I once had that desire, but now I like to sit in a rocking chair in my backyard, and talk to the birds. I understand their language better than I would a Hindustani, Chinese, or Russian. I like to read about our foreign friends, but meeting them face to face I may lose enchantment.

*Scottish nursery rhyme that dates to the 1600s.
Besides, I travel much in Bulloch County and learn much!

“They that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
to stay at home is best.”*

If I had a million dollars, tax-free, I would:
Give each one of my six children a hundred thousand. They might turn fool, but that’s up to them.

Put one hundred thousand in some safe investment, paying me three percent. A penniless old age is terribly sad and lonely.

That disposers of seven hundred thousand. I would give my church an endowment of a hundred thousand. From the interest I would want a social worker employed to go out into the “by ways and hedges” a Bible in one hand and a cookbook in the other. Let her teach the Ten Commandments and the prophet Micah’s great truth: “To love mercy, and to do justly, and to walk humbly with my God.”

So many of the poor do not know how to cook simple, wholesome food. This is one cause of juvenile delinquency, greasy, starchy, vitamin-less food. The vitamins go down the drain, or the pigs get them in slops.

I would give the Teachers College a hundred thousand, the interest to be given to the boys and girls who deserve it. Given, I said.

Now I have a hundred thousand left.

This I would give to a City Community Chest, the interest to be used thusly:
For clothes, to boys and girls who would go to high school if they had decent wearing apparel.
To mothers to buy shoes, dungarees, and shirts for their children of school age.
Also to buy a few clothes for the baby that comes naked into the world, and has nothing to cover that nakedness.
A loan fund to fathers who get in a “jam,” and need help to tide them over. No place to go now but to Loan Banks, 12 percent interest. One provision: No drunks allowed!

Now my money is disposed of, but one thought disturbs me: Most people can’t take fame or riches; I might turn fool if...
52. Frustrations

Have you ever dreamed that you were trying to run? Your feet made all the motions, but you stayed in the same place, struggling desperately to go forward. Usually something awful was chasing you.

The Latin "frustrates" means in vain.

Our strivings against the chains of circumstances are all in vain. You can't break the chains, so do as St. Paul said: "It is useless to kick against the pricks." You'll be broken, trying to free yourself.

One out of every ten people in Georgia has a nervous breakdown, because that one would not accept frustrations.

May I speak out of my own experiences of many years? The secret of bearing the apparently unbearable is to accept the situation; to get interested in something outside yourself; to realize that things change, nothing earthly lasts forever; forget, as well as you can, that your "hands are tied."

Even the chains of frustration break. God takes a hand! The question is: Will I break first? Don't! You've got a big job, but you can do it.

The most satisfactory volunteer work I ever did was at a TB sanitarium. Once a week, for two years, I gave mental therapy, with a class of fifty or more men and women. The treatment was so simple. A patient would learn a poem, recite it to others in the class, and we would discuss it.

Association of ideas is a delightful pastime in the conversational world.

A young sailor learned Tennyson's "Ulysses." The voice in which he said the last line was charming: "Strong in will: to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

His ship was the first to go to the aid of the sinking Ocean Liner Vestris. So he described his experience at length.

A college boy of twenty became so interested that he gained weight and was soon out. He called me months later, and said, "I am still going strong."

One little woman has so many frustrations that her case seemed hopeless. Her husband died of TB leaving her with six children; her blind mother-in-law lived with her; the family was on charity; she had TB. She has given up, overcome by her frustrations.
She learned all of Gray’s Elegy, and recited it in class. There was much cheering at her achievement. Try to learn it! Yes, she got well and went home. Recently I wrote to a loved one: With will power, prayer, and the grace of God, I can bear all things.

You remember Paul said: “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”

P.S. No use for us to get upset about 4-cent stamps. Pony Express charged one dollar to carry a letter.

August 21, 1958

According to people who went inside her home, remnants of Maude’s large library reflect her interest in literature, history, and philosophy. She often quoted passages from her favorite authors. Maude gave some of her books to friends, including the family of Robert Benson who read and preserved a portion of her library.

*Ray Bradbury, American author.*
There is a story called “The Pedestrian.”* A man while walking is stopped by a robot policeman who demands to know why he is walking. “To breathe some fresh air,” the walker replies. The robot says, “But you’ve got an air-conditioner.” The man then replies, “I want to see things.” “But you’ve got a television set,” and the robot takes the walker to the nuthouse.

Speaking about fresh air, here’s a story. A woman, dissatisfied with one doctor, went to another who told her: “You need deep inhalation of pure ozone. Come here for treatments twice a week—$10.00 a visit.” The woman joyfully said, “I knew that other doctor didn’t know what he was talking about. He said all I needed was fresh air.”

Motor vehicles are wonderful inventions, but they have ruined the pedal extremities of adults of today. Feet will disappear as useless appendages in the coming generations. Tonsils, appendices, and wax in the ears were once necessary for existence, but modern living conditions have made them supernumeraries—just nuisances to be gotten rid of.

Walking is more than mere motion—it is “exercise, recreation, meditation, and reflection.”

As exercise, it is real medicine. Doctors prescribe it as a cure for leg ulcers, rheumatism, etc. But one must have sensible walking shoes. Bicycling will do the same things for you. The Dutch, whose life span is longer than that of any other country, ride bicycles. There is one car for every forty citizens.

As a recreation, walking is a constant change of scene. You do not have to follow the beaten path. You can stop and talk to people, not merely wave as you whiz by. You can talk to the flowers, admire the insects, and wonder at the marvels of this “great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world.”

A Latin proverb, “Solvitur ambulando,” means “it is solved by walking.”

If our feet are comfortable, we can think clearly.

When I have things on my mind, I always walk instead of mulling over them at home. I can talk out loud to myself and to my God, and soon my troubles have dissolved into thin air.

*Ray Bradbury, American author.
Could it be that the reason we think so little is because we walk so little? The old Greeks had a school of philosophers called “Peripatetics”—meaning walking about and meditating.

The Japanese poet-philosopher, Kagawa, wrote this poem, which translated into English is “Once upon a time there was a man called Christ, who walked about doing good. It is very disconcerting to me that I am so easily satisfied with just walking about.”

Nota Bene: No insomnia for the walker!

August 28, 1958

54. THINGS CAN’T

When I was a girl the name Abe was in our hearts we called him “Old Abe.”

My grandfather Williams, who had cursed Lincoln. He hated war, he and had contempt for what he called “hot-headed politicians.”

But we children went on hating Old Abe when we saw his picture in the history books.

Time heals all wounds. After nearly 100 years the South has learned to see fights, and not merely verbal ones.

Providence rules his world.

It was impossible for the poor, uneducated Abe Lincoln to become the 16th President of these United States.

It couldn’t be done — but God and time.

A placard hangs on the wall of a laboratory in aerodynamics, the bumble bee is unable to fly. The shape of his body in proportion, he is impossible. But the bumble bee, being ahead and flies anyway."

The God of life is the God of all men.

The maker raises up men to take problems must be solved. Moses was chosen to save the young United States.

God doesn’t bother about the microbe to say “good blood, or bad blood” — true.

With a no-count father and an ignorant gene—ridden; but God stepped in, and Abe helped the Lord by hard work and power.
54. Things That Can't Happen

When I was a girl the name Abe Lincoln was anathema. With hatred in our hearts we called him “Old Abe.”

My grandfather Williams, who had what was called “horse sense,” never cursed Lincoln. He hated war, he and his sixteen-year-old son were in it. He did have contempt for what he called “hot headed politicians” who fomented war. I can hear him say, “If Lincoln had lived there would have been no Reconstruction.”

But we children went on hating Old Abe, and always punched his eyes out when we saw his picture in the history books.

Time heals all wounds. After nearly a hundred years we can say, “He was a great man!”

Now, just suppose the South were a separate country today. Then we would see fights, and not merely verbal ones.

Providence rules his world.

It was impossible for the poor, uncouth boy Abe, the splitter of rails, to become the 16th President of these United States.

It couldn’t be done – but God and Abraham Lincoln didn’t know that fact!

A placard hangs on the wall of a large factory: “According to the theory of aerodynamics, the bumble bee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight, and shape of his body in proportion to the total wing spread makes flying impossible. But the bumble bee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway.”

The God of life is the God of all nature.

The maker raises up men to take over His affairs when momentous problems must be solved. Moses was chosen to save his people from Egypt: Washington to save the young United States – only 13 of us at the time.

God doesn’t bother about the microscopic creatures called genes. We used to say “good blood, or bad blood” – traits inherited from our forebears.

With a no-count father and an ignorant mother, Lincoln should have been gene-ridden; but God stepped in, and took over, upsetting the genes.

Abe helped the Lord by hard work, hard study, and an iron-bound will power.
He was a man of few words, but these utterances were gems: "A government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

His Gettysburg address was given in five minutes. The principal speaker talked for an hour, and was widely applauded. Lincoln was given a few claps out of politeness. But today he and his speech “belong to the Ages.”

“A bronzed, lank man. His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain, worn shawl!”*
As this soul “walks at midnight”
I hope that he sometimes meets and talks with his mother who died when he was a wee boy. Perhaps, she tells him of her prayers and her dreams when she rocked his cradle.

God and will power and a mother’s prayers can overcome genes, and make the impossible happen.

February 12, 1959

"Vachel Lindsay, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."
55. **What Do We Worship?**

We are called a nation of money worshipers. I hope this is not true of all Americans, because we are already a doomed country if this statement holds water.

The name came from the Roman goddess, Juno Moneta, and the original word meant to warn. But people will not heed warnings and bow down to money as a god. The people of the U.S. are especially guilty of this idolatry, since we represent about 10% of the world's population, and own 70% of the earth's wealth.

Most of the crimes of our country are committed because people want money, and don't care how they get it. Not only do criminals feel that money is the greatest thing in life, but many highly respected citizens reason the same way, and get by with it.

N.B. The newspapers are full of stories of men—multi-millionaires—many are caught, but most of them die quietly in their beds.

Why do people want more money than they need? A person can eat only a certain amount of food; wear only one suit at a time. Add to his physical needs the education of his children and other necessary expenses and what more does he want?

Personally, I think children are better off without so much “dough.” Usually they “forget the ladder by which they did ascend,” and turn into snobs.

“Money is an instrument that can buy you everything but happiness, and pay your fare every place but Heaven.”*

I knew a man once who, when young, made the statement that he would give ten years of his life to be able to make $50,000. When he died, still not an old man, he would have given all his money—much over the desired amount—just to live ten more years.

I have in mind another man, one who has always worshipped this false god, and has never settled down into a happy life—say: “If success does not mean money, what does it mean?”

Money is absolutely necessary as a medium of exchange of commodities.

*This statement won the prize offered by a London newspaper for the best definition of “money.”*
These old nations used cattle as barter, and we have the word pecuniary - relating to money - from the Latin word, pecus, meaning cattle. Peculation was cattle stealing; today the word means embezzlement.

Coins and greenbacks are easier to handle, and you can, at least, put them in a tin can, or the bank.

Filthy lucre is a name well applied to money. How many dirty hands fondled it before it reached us? Who wants to write a detective story: "Follow the trail of the greenback"?

This is a rich man's requiem:
To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
was a gleaming golden coin -
His to purloin.
The freshly minted stars were dimes of delight -
Flung out upon the counter of the night
In yonder room he lies
With pennies on his eyes.

March 12, 1958

* Lew Sarett, "Requiem to a Modern Croesus."

56. Which?

On this 7th day of January, 1960, I, or prophecy. "When in doubt, do"

I could preach on not worrying about the Year can and will bring to us. Only God's mercy, does not let us open the door to the future.

I could talk about Mr. Eisenhower. Peace, could be catty and say - between the wars, we think the 1960 elections are upon us. The Party, of course. He has made great promises.

His one great promise to India's homeless world! What a promise - worse than a dream.

There are 2.8 billions of people in the world! By the year 2000, only 40 years away, only 420 million fortunate individuals who have not been wiped out.

I could talk about money, and what I recall the wordy jingle:

"It's not what you'd do with your money...
Should riches e'er be your lot,
It is what you are doing at present
With the dollar and a quarter you've got"

I have decided to talk about a subject more interesting - my admiration for the woman's March to the Sea. One of the most recent stories I recently heard the story for the first time.

You all know the old Rigdon home stands back from the road on a hill and

In my young days, Roberts Mill, my mothers house, for picnics. In the middle of the pond, down row over to it and eat our lunch.

*Statistics for the year 2000 revealed a world population...
O
n this 7th day of January, 1960, I can't decide whether to reminisce, preach, or prophecy. "When in doubt, don't." But I shall.

I could preach on not worrying about the good and the evil that the New Year can and will bring to us. Only God has the key to the future and He, in mercy, does not let us open the door to the unknown.

I could talk about Mr. Eisenhower and his whirlwind travels for world peace, could be catty and say - between you and me and the gatepost - that I really think the 1960 elections are uppermost in his mind - for the Republican Party, of course. He has made great promises, and I wish they could be realized.

His one great promise to India's hungry millions: no more hunger in the world! What a promise - worse than moving the mountains by prayer!

There are 2.8 billions of people in the world and 2 billions on starvation diet. By the year 2000, only 40 years away, there will be 7 billion!* We belong to the fortunate 8/10th of a billion who have plenty to eat. But I know hungry people in Bulloch County.

I could talk about money, and what I'd do if "my pockets went jingle" - but I recall the wordy jingle:

"It's not what you'd do with your million
Should riches e'er be your lot,
It is what you are doing at present
With the dollar and a quarter you've got."

I have decided to talk about a subject that is safe, non-controversial, and interesting - my admiration for the women of Georgia who witnessed Sherman's March to the Sea. One of these women was Elizabeth Rigdon, and I recently heard the story for the first time.

You all know the old Rigdon home north of town, near Lakeview. The house stands back from the road on a hill and is one of the oldest homes in the county.

In my young days, Roberts Mill, now called Lakeview, was a favorite spot for picnics. In the middle of the pond was a good-sized island and we could row over to it and eat our lunch.

*Statistics for the year 2000 revealed a world population in excess of 6 billion.
When word reached the Rigdon home that the “Yankees are coming,” the boys got busy and took the horse and mules through the pond to this island and tethered them.

Elizabeth Rigdon, in her maturity, used to charm her children describing what took place when the invaders arrived. They demanded horses and mules and when the family refused to tell where they were hidden, the soldiers said they would burn down the house. Wood and trash were piled under the house ready to be set on fire, but the soldiers wanted to have a little fun first and to further frighten the family. Also they wanted food.

So they went on a shooting spree. They shot the cows, pigs, chickens, everything alive, except the people. In this orgy of shooting one of the officers got shot. The marauders left in a hurry, forgetting to burn the house.

When you drive out that way, admire the pretty home back on the hill; recall this tale; think of a little girl named Elizabeth Rigdon, who loved to tell the story. Also go in and talk to Fred Fletcher.

January 7, 1960

At times I write about unpopular now! You are warned! But I do
And children are dear to me – all cl
Yes, hungry here in Bulloch – land “fl
I firmly believe in sending money
I am also convinced that “charity begi
Of course, when a fellow is down a
must be mighty sorry not to be able
That’s a real joke! I know many peop
to eat.

Why do they have so many childr
In Bulloch County, on road 80, g
crying – seven of them, all under tw
supplying food. If you are intereste
Womack, or John D. Lanier.

The father, a WWII veteran, is not h
his right arm.

The mother is barefoot. She need
called a dirty housekeeper, but she ha
broken-down settee, a rickety chair. I w
with these unsightly objects.

Eaten up by loneliness, she needs t
poverty and loneliness can eat one’s h
week in her bare feet! Then we’d unde

John D. Lanier has been most g
am sure he does not object to my qu
this family is well given, for they are i

Mrs. Dan Blitch, Jr. and Miss M
Statesboro. Please work through them
A t times I write about unpopular subjects, and this is one of them; so stop now! You are warned! But I do write about things close to my heart.

And children are dear to me — all children — especially the poor hungry ones. Yes, hungry here in Bulloch — land “flowing in milk and honey.”

I firmly believe in sending money to the “uttermost parts of the earth”; but I am also convinced that “charity begins at home.”

Of course, when a fellow is down and out in our county we always say: “He must be mighty sorry not to be able to make a living in this land of plenty.” That’s a real joke! I know many people in this county who do not get enough to eat.

Why do they have so many children? Ask me another! ...

In Bulloch County, on road 80, going north, there are starving children crying — seven of them, all under twelve years. The churches at Portal are supplying food. If you are interested, give to Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Ernest Womack, or John D. Lanier.

The father, a WWII veteran, is not able to work at present, having injured his right arm.

The mother is barefoot. She needs good, comfortable shoes, no. 7. She is called a dirty housekeeper, but she has nothing to keep a rough, bare floor, a broken-down settee, a rickety chair. I could find no pleasure in “keeping house” with these unsightly objects.

Eaten up by loneliness, she needs to see people. Why not go to see her? Dire poverty and loneliness can eat one’s heart out. Suppose we had to walk for one week in her bare feet! Then we’d understand ...

John D. Lanier has been most generous to this family living on his place. I am sure he does not object to my quoting him: “Anything people can do for this family is well given, for they are in dire need.”

Mrs. Dan Blitch, Jr. and Miss Maude White will take contributions in Statesboro. Please work through them and the women in Portal, or Mr. Lanier.

January 28, 1960
This undated handwritten page by Maude Edge might have been written as she reflected upon her marriage of 32 years to Walter Warren Edge. The lines appear to be Maude’s recollection of the third stanza of a poem by “Ireland’s Robert Burns,” Thomas Moore (1779–1852). She swaps “visions” for “relics” in line 2 and “love” for “joy” in line 8. The full title of the poem is “Farewell—But Whenever You Welcome the Hour.” The handwritten page was inside Maude’s copy of Thomas Carlyle’s Essay on Robert Burns.

Courtesy of Robert Benson, Jr.

58. Christianity in Augusta

Many years ago I heard a sermon in which the preacher made this statement: “The Bible is made up of many do’s without their meaning. ‘He that heareth without works is dead.’”

Somewhere in the “kivers” of that hour, it occurred to me that the Bible is made up of many do’s without their meaning. “He that heareth without works is dead.”

When we do things, we are putting into practice the principles of Christianity. As I understand it, it is all about doing.

Two or three weeks ago, I told you about the fine people of the Portal Christian Church. Two or three weeks ago, I told you about the fine people of the Portal Christian Church. I remember the hungry children and their bewildered faces. The reports that have come to me from the Portal are doing the Lord’s work.

The people in the Portal are busy. It would be interesting to know what the fine people of the Portal are doing the Lord’s work. The reports that have come to me from the Portal are doing the Lord’s work.

Some call for help was sent out, and the fine people of the Portal are doing the Lord’s work.

According to the proverb concerning the ant, a fairy tale. A wand of magic has ceased to exist. The fine people of the Portal are doing the Lord’s work.

Furniture was given for the home, and it was most generous. A colored woman was given a kitchen, a washing machine and other household items.

Furniture was given for the home, and it was most generous. A colored woman was given a kitchen, a washing machine and other household items.

58. Christianity in Action

Many years ago I heard a sermon on this text: “And God winked at it.” The preacher made this statement: “I don’t know where it is found, but it’s somewhere in the kivers of this here book,” and he touched the Bible.

Somewhere in the “kivers” of that same book are these words: “Then do it.” The Bible is made up of many do’s and don’ts, and we are left in no doubt about their meaning. “He that heareth these sayings and doeth them” – “Faith without works is dead.”

When we do things, we are putting Christianity into action. This is exactly what the fine people of the Portal community are doing, practicing their Christianity. As I understand it, it is a town affair.

Two or three weeks ago, I told you about a destitute family living in squalor on the John D. Lanier plantation. I really lost sleep worrying about the seven hungry children and their bewildered, frustrated parents. Now the people of Portal are doing the Lord’s work.

The reports that have come to me are rather staggering and sound like a fairy tale. A wand of magic has certainly been waved; but where there is concerted, organized action, much can be accomplished. I have often watched an ant struggling to move a crumb of bread, but he couldn’t do it all by himself. Some call for help was sent out, and the load was lifted.

According to the proverb concerning the ant: “Consider her ways and be wise.”

Rev. David Hudson, the Methodist preacher, went to see the family and got busy. It would be interesting to know all the ins and outs; all the conversations that took place; all the plans that were made. The result was, the family was moved into the town where they could be more easily cared for. Rev. Hudson took the mother to Augusta to the shirt factory to get work for her. She is no longer barefoot and has plenty of clothes.

Furniture was given for the home. Curtis Youngblood of Statesboro was most generous. A colored woman takes care of the three pre-school age children while the mother is away. There is a bathroom in the house, a sink in the kitchen, a washing machine and other luxuries that decent living demands.

Out of the Past

Bad luck seems to beset the father. He was injured in another accident and is in bed. My old school fellow, Cliff Miller, is looking after him. (It's been a long time, Cliff, since we were in our middle teens. Good luck to you!)

I can't begin to tell all of you the good things the people of Portal have done for this unfortunate family. But the family is in church and Sunday School, and hope is in their hearts.

Let's give cheers for the town that has shown Christianity in action!

January 28, 1960

I read this prayer recently and found it on to other oldsters:

"Father, Thou knowest I am growing, and possessed with the idea that I must me from the craving that I must stra; from the recital of useless detail. Seat Me the gloria. Make me thoughtful, but not moody, wisdom and experience, it seems a pi; that I want to keep my friends until I am glad that we oldsters still can take that gift away from us. We me thoughts; and these thoughts are worth I am going to use my ability to the "Thoughts of an Oldster" dealing with

A person said to me that some of not worth reading. Why read them? Catty remarks. However, we never learn bitter pill that does us much good.

So I say to my friends, please sift the I write, and know that I love you.

Before medical science got so sm if she lived to be 60 years old, she wa when she left this world. But today, we past the three score and ten, not many mortal coil."* The general comment rest in peace."

Old people have become a problem Gone forever are the rocking chairs seats at the family table. Daily pap

*Shakespeare, Hamlet.
59. WE CAN STILL THINK

I read this prayer recently and found it both amusing and instructive, so I pass it on to other oldsters:

Father, Thou knowest I am growing older. Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject. Release me from the craving that I must straighten out everyone’s affairs. Keep my mind from the recital of useless detail. Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful, but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want to keep my friends until the end. —Amen.

I am glad that we oldsters still have the privilege of thinking, and nobody can take that gift away from us. We may not talk, but we can think — long, long thoughts; and these thoughts are worth more than a penny.

I am going to use my ability to think by writing a number of articles on “Thoughts of an Oldster” dealing with any subject from “cabbages to kings.”

A person said to me that some of my articles are quite good, but many are not worth reading. Why read them? One of my old age resolutions is to ignore catty remarks. However, we never learn from flattery, but adverse criticism is a bitter pill that does us much good.

So I say to my friends, please sift out the chaff and enjoy the good in what I write, and know that I love you.

Before medical science got so smart, the average mother died around 50; if she lived to be 60 years old, she was an old woman. Many tears were shed when she left this world. But today, when women by the thousands are living past the three score and ten, not many tears are shed when she “shuffles off this mortal coil.” The general comment is that “she’s lived a long time, may she rest in peace.”

Old people have become a problem in these busy times. No place for them! Gone forever are the rocking chairs in the chimney corners, and the favorite seats at the family table. Daily papers have many stories of old folks, and

*Shakespeare, Hamlet.*
what to do about them. In time, the government will build homes where the penniless old will be sent as wards. Glorified poor houses!

I am thankful for my own little house "under my own vine and fig tree"* and nobody can say me nay. Would that all old folks were as lucky as I.

Of course, many of our thoughts dwell on memories – memories of days long past when we too were queens of homes and ruled with the wand of love.

But we must not think too much of the past, for that is a sure sign of old age. Let's forget the days when our cheeks were round and smooth, our steps elastic and our hours filled with work and we were needed – and loved.

As for me, I don't mind being old, but now really – is there anything I can do about it?

June 1, 1961

I went to Wesleyan College to my sixtieth reunion but there was nobody with whom I could "reune." Of the eighteen girls who graduated in 1901, I was the only one present. Whether they are all dead or incapacitated, I know not.

Yes, I had a good time. Everything was quite elegant — buildings, speeches, music, and I liked the many people I met, but I felt somewhat like the "Last Rose of Summer" or the "Last Leaf" still hanging on the tree. I know what John Burroughs meant in his poem:

One may go back to the place of his birth,
But he cannot go back to his youth.
My thoughts were long, long ones!

I remembered my own graduation day. Dressed in our white dresses, we solemnly marched up the steps to the stage, took our seats and listened to an address. Then we were handed our diplomas: Latin words on real sheepskin. I have treasured mine these many long years.

We had some kind of ceremony on the campus the afternoon before graduation. I was the class poet. Recently I came across this wonderful poem among some old papers. As I read it, I laughed at my foolish, idealistic young self. The gist of the poem was that we young girls of the class of 1901 were travelers on the Sea of Life, and with hard work would reach Shangri-La.

I still haven't found that land of my dreams!

It's a grand and glorious thing to be young for once in a long life.

Catherine Brewer Benson was first woman in the world to receive a college diploma [in July 1840]. At my graduation she was the guest of the college. I was given the task of "chaperoning" her for the day. She was in her eighties and a beautiful, charming woman.

Now this house party of 1961 lasted four days — a banquet, a luncheon, and many other interesting affairs were held. One day was all I could take gracefully in my old age.

As I watched the graduates of 1961 march to their seats, high heels, short hair, I wondered how they would have liked our way of life in 1900. Chapel every evening, and no getting out of it; study hall for freshmen and sophs;
march in line, two by two, to church on Sundays; a crime to look at a boy; no electric lights until 1900, but gas jets suspended from the ceiling; lights out at 10 o'clock when bell sounded; silent hour from 2 to 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. What a joke – Silent!

However, knowing no better, we didn't mind.

Several hundred people were present in the beautiful Porter Auditorium on Saturday morning, the occasion being Alumni Day. However, I was listening to the thoughts of the past, which can be very real to an old person.

I saw my old classmates gliding about noiselessly in the crowd. I have lived with ghosts so long: living alone, you grow used to them and their friendly way – and they spotted me.

Said I to myself: “They don’t look like ghosts!” Instead of floating, white drapery, they had on shirtwaists with “choker” collars, long hair, a few with pompadour hairdos, full skirts, sweeping the floor.

As they drifted past me, they would say, in ghost language, “Come with us,” and I would answer, “I may be a little late, but I’ll surely be along.”

I was glad to get out in the sun and brush the cobwebs out of my mind, and to rid myself of the thought – it may be later than you think.

June 15, 1961

Bird watching is a fascinating hobby. Couples who have a hobby see what they choose to see.

Every afternoon about four o’clock in my little backyard. There are a few little fellows will perch on the steps, "Get busy. We're hungry."

I go outside and scatter chick feed to accommodate the many that come to the old pear tree, "Come, everybody, get busy."

The jay is a greedy fellow, gobbling up the little birds, flying down among the flowers to chatter of his tongue, and laughing at what he is the policeman, the watcher, who sees.

Then the blackbirds come – four noticed bread crumbs in the bird bath, take a stale piece of bread firmly in beak, and fly to the top of a tree. He knew he didn’t want to sit up with colicky babies.

The mockingbird is the fussiest, other birds clear the way for his majesty.

I watch for my cardinal. He drops other birds, eats his fill, and flies away. One set of babies has been raised, new family. Their lovemaking is so raucous the gentlemen fall for it.
61. My Backyard is a Little World

Bird watching is a fascinating hobby. A woman wrote that when she and her husband were married, the minister said, "You and your husband get a hobby. Couples who have a hobby seldom separate." They chose bird watching.

Every afternoon about four o'clock, the small birds, dozens of them, gather in my little backyard. There are a few sparrows, but most of them are not. I wish I could know their names. If I fail to scatter their food, they begin to fly back and forth by the screen porch, where I sit placidly rocking. Then a few daring little fellows will perch on the steps, looking up at me, and say in bird language, "Get busy. We're hungry."

I go outside and scatter chick feed over the ground. A feeder could never accommodate the many that come to my table. Then the jaybirds call out from the old pear tree, "Come, everybody, dinner's ready."

The jay is a greedy fellow, gobbling up his food like mad. He likes to plague the little birds, flying down among them with a great flutter of his wings and a chatter of his tongue, and laughing to himself when they scatter in fright; but he is the policeman, the watcher, who gives his loud cry if a cat is near.

Then the blackbirds come—four of them—dignified and quiet. One day I noticed bread crumbs in the bird bath. I noticed carefully, and saw a blackbird take a stale piece of bread firmly in his beak, go to the bath, dip it in the water, and fly to the top of a tree. He knew the babies could not eat hard bread, and he didn't want to sit up with colicky ones.

The mockingbird is the fussiest of all. He will come flying in and all the other birds clear the way for his majesty. He is quite conceited about his singing.

I watch for my cardinal. He drops down from the tree, never noticing the other birds, eats his fill, and flies away.

A song, like the high note of a flute, comes from the shrubbery, and I know my thrashers are coming. I see leaves being stirred up and I know they are slipping in to the dinner table. They are not sociable, and after eating, slip quietly away. One set of babies has been raised, and the birds are getting ready for a new family. Their lovemaking is really funny, and the ladybirds are flirts. But the gentlemen fall for it.
Mother's come with their babies, as big as they are, and teach them how to pick up seed. I never saw such spoiled children, crying and following their mothers around, begging them to put food in their mouths. They really need a spanking.

I saw a tragedy recently. An innocent little fellow was attacked by six other little birds. They had him down in the dirt, and were pulling all his feathers out. I drove the killers off, and I tried to catch the little fellow, but he fluttered away. The next day he managed to get to dinner, but was too weak to eat, so he just sat among the other birds as an outcast. The next day he got caught in a rainstorm, and his poor little bruised body was buried by a kind boy. I would like to know the whys of the story. Was he an "outlander," as the Pennsylvania Dutch say? Was he flirting with their wives? Was he guilty of stealing the biggest crumb? Maybe he had B.O.

Let me recommend a nerve panacea.

Sit in a rocker on a screened-in porch, rock gently, never moving your arms, watch God's little creatures, the birds, and say to yourself: "Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, and I know He will care for me."

June 22, 1961

Nature speaks in various languages.

The sun rises and sets as the Great Moon and the stars have the same time comes.

Only man and his works change!

I am all for many changes. Stagnation to live in a cave and wear fig leaf dress few things in our civilization I would.

A lady - and I use the word in its tr but when you see her you know her fi.

But the lady is a vanishing Americ-

I admire the young generation of children of yesteryear, unsophisticate modern ideas. People have to be grow that so much of beautiful youthhood.

One American who is vanishing is friend whom we loved, and who loved for me, and how refreshing a charact.

When asked how old he is, he al difference do it make how old I is?"

When he shows up for work abou says: "Ain't it a fine day to work? I w working." However, every so often, I pipe and have a Coke®, and he always.

I ask how he is feeling. "Fine, fin Work. I love to work."

He can't hear the birds sing, beca Looking at a red rose, he exclaimed,

His special work in my garden is on his knees on good Mother Earth.
62. The Vanishing Americans

Nature speaks in various languages, but she never changes her formulas. The sun rises and sets as the Great Creator ordered in the Beginning; the moon and the stars have the same effulgence that He gave them; old ocean sings her plaintive monotonous song; the flowers bloom when the appointed time comes.

Only man and his works change!
I am all for many changes. Stagnation strangles civilization. I would hate to live in a cave and wear fig leaf dresses and animal skin coats. But there are a few things in our civilization I would like to keep forever.

A lady - and I use the word in its true, strict meaning. She can't be described, but when you see her you know her for what she is - a lady.

But the lady is a vanishing American!

I admire the young generation of boys and girls, but gone forever are the children of yesteryear, unsophisticated, and perhaps, ignorant, according to modern ideas. People have to be grown up for so many, many years; what a pity that so much of beautiful youthhood is lost.

One American who is vanishing most rapidly is the old negro, the family friend whom we loved, and who loved us. But I have an Uncle Remus working for me, and how refreshing a character he is.

When asked how old he is, he always says: "As long as I kin work, what difference do it make how old I is?" He is in his 80's.

When he shows up for work about 6:30 these summer mornings, he always says: "Ain't it a fine day to work? I love to work. I don't never git tired of working." However, every so often, I suggest that he sit down and smoke his pipe and have a Coke, and he always stops.

I ask how he is feeling. "Fine, fine, I ain't never been sick a day in my life. Work. I love to work."

He can't hear the birds sing, because he is quite deaf, but he knows beauty. Looking at a red rose, he exclaimed, "I declare it's too beautiful to be a rose."

His special work in my garden is to exterminate nutgrass. He gets down on his knees on good Mother Earth and goes after that pest with a vengeance.
Everyday he is here. I listen to his method of fighting the grass, and I know its every root and fiber. He ends his lecture with the words, “We’ll get rid of this old nutgrass.”

I have been given many recipes for the extermination of the pest, such as moving away and leaving it. But I have just moved in!

This story was told me: A man went out in his garden and saw a queer object. Looking closely, he saw it was the tail of a pig wiggling around. The owner of the tail was trying to get the nut of the grass, and only his tail was above ground, all this, parenthetically.

Today we live on a whirligig, and so fast do we move in our restlessness that many of life’s sweet amenities are vanishing …

August 13, 1961

My daughter, Mary Allen, my first child, was born on March 3, 1958. She was born at the hospital in Greenfield, Mass.

In her memory, I quote from two letters that I received from her friends who live in Northampton, Mass. These excerpts are from Mrs. Richard Rice’s letter:

“Those of us who knew her well cherish her memory; of her friendliness, her winning and practical wisdom of her character, tales of her experiences, generally hilarious, and her true friendship. I never knew her to be anything but herself. Hers was a gallant spirit, an appealing nature.

The second letter is from Mrs. Mary McCallum, who was a friend of Smith College, where she worked:

“I want to express to you and your family my sincere sympathy in your loss. I hope enough of her priceless work for our history of women to make you realize the incomparable experience, rare intelligence and creative new life and a bright future. In her three years at Smith College, she brought to our project an incomparable contribution, on the Smith College campus, to the instruction of young women of knowledge of their heritage and extension of the idea of the world.

“This sorry world is better, far more interesting and we shall cherish it through the years.”

“I do want to add a word of my own about Mary Allen. In my not-so-short life, I have never seen anyone can compare with her in brilliance of mind and in New York I have known no one I would consider to be very sad one to me, as friend, as well as...
63. **In Memoriam**

My daughter, Mary Allen, my first baby, was found dead on her sofa, March 3, 1958. She was born September 13, 1903, in Morganton, N.C.

In her memory, I quote from two letters written to me by friends of hers who live in Northampton, Mass., where she lived and worked. The first excerpts are from Mrs. Richard Rice’s letter:

“Those of us who knew her well cherish the memory of her gentle consideration for others, of her friendliness to children, and especially of the gay winning and practical wisdom of her conversation. We’ll all miss her wonderful tales of her experiences, generally hilarious in retrospect, her keen mind, and her true friendship. I never knew her to misunderstand; she had no bitterness. Hers was a gallant spirit, an appealing nature, and a deft touch in all that she did.”

The second letter is from Mrs. Margaret S. Grierson, archivist of Smith College, where she worked:

“I want to express to you and your family the sincere and very deep sympathy of Smith College in your loss. I hope that Mary Allen may have written you enough of her priceless work for our enterprise in the intellectual and social history of women to make you realize how rich and lively it has been. She brought to our work an incomparably valuable combination of training and experience, rare intelligence and creative imagination, which has given it new life and a bright future. In her three years with us, she has enlivened and enriched our project beyond expression. I am sure the bright planning she has done will bear fruit which will be recognized as among the most important contributions, on the Smith College campus and in the world beyond its gates, to the instruction of young women of today and tomorrow in a fuller and truer knowledge of their heritage and extending opportunities.

“This sorry world is better, far more intelligent and gayer for her contribution and we shall cherish it through the days ahead.

“I do want to add a word of my personal joy in my friendship with Mary Allen. In my not-so-short life, I have known only two or three persons who can compare with her in brilliance of mind, or sympathy of spirit. Her loss is a very sad one to me, as friend, as well as colleague. I shall ever be deeply grateful for the cherished years of her friendship.”
for the good fortune which brought Mary Allen to transform our project and to establish it firmly for the future, and to give me the great happiness of a friendship which is not measured in time.

"Please accept our heartfelt sympathy in your loss, which we share deeply and closely. By Mrs. Margaret Grierson."

As her mother, I want to say that during the first seventeen years of her life, when she was mine, before she went to Vassar and then to Mount Holyoke, she was my joy and my constant helper in a household of seven children.

May I quote a poem, and she has written many, which she wrote while at Vassar:

Dawns are always wonder dawns
Of unseen, perfect hours;
Buds are perfect promises
Of unseen perfect flowers.
Youth is life unlimited,
Not yet defined and small;
Not yet poured out in queer shaped jugs,
Which will not hold it all.

March 13, 1958

Note: In her career as a student, instructor, and archivist, Mary Allen Edge was affiliated with three of the "Seven Sisters" colleges for women: Vassar, Mount Holyoke, and Smith. At Vassar she was an undergraduate student. After graduating from Mount Holyoke, she taught English composition there, before enrolling at Yale where she studied and continued her research projects. She organized the manuscript collection at Mount Holyoke College and published several bibliographies. With the noted literary scholar, Stanley T. Williams, she compiled A Bibliography of the Writings of Washington Irving (1936). For nearly twenty years she worked in New York City for rare book dealers and conducted research for journalists. In 1955 she joined the library faculty of Smith College where she was bibliographer of the Sophia Smith Collection of the Smith College Archives. She was keenly interested in the role of women in history and in contemporary America.
The greatest blessing is good health! I have always known this, but for the last two weeks it has been brought home to me most convincingly. I get the queerest things! During the last twelve years, I have had a worm in my hand, shingles, and the latest is Inner Ear Disease.

None of these afflictions kill you, but you don't much care whether you live or die!

This inner ear trouble caused me to spend a week in the hospital; decreased my checking account by a hundred dollars in addition to insurance, and I was really sick.

Also, I will not do any more bragging about my good health. I have said that I would go to the hospital only because of a broken bone, but I have had to "eat my words," and that is humiliating to one's ego.

When you wake up in the morning, nauseated and with "blind staggers," and feel that your next breath may be your last, you forget your boastings, and want help.

Doctors are a great boon to the human race!

Never before have I realized how much I love life! As I lay helpless for an hour, unable to reach the phone, I really talked to my God. I told Him that despite my nearly eighty years in this wonderful world of His, I would like to have a few more years.

I told Him of the many little things I wanted to see and do: a few more sunrises and sunsets, the feel of the early morning sun, the sound of rain on my roof, the songs of my birds as they come for food, my yard that gives me so much pleasure. Most of all I wanted to see and talk to my children once again.

Also, to laugh and talk with my friends, and to tell them of my love for them.

After an hour, when my heart was beating and my stroke had not struck, I managed to go from the porch where I was sleeping to my bedroom where the phone is. I used will power and "jet propulsion."

Losing your equilibrium is a terrible feeling! Finally, I made the phone; called a friend, and she called the doctor. Then to the hospital. I had to get sick to really appreciate my friends.
What would life be without friends? I wish I could see each one face to face and thank her for her favors to me. Since this is impossible, I am sending each one a "thank you" on the wings of love.

The goodness in this world far outweighs its wickedness!
'Tis the human touch in this world that counts, 
The touch of your hand and mine, 
Which means far more to the fainting heart 
Than shelter and bread and wine. 
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er 
And bread lasts only a day, 
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice 
Sing on in the soul always.*

September 14, 1961

*Spencer Michael Free, "The Human Touch."

I haven't quite made up my mind about bear to be shut up in a small, dark room, or barricade the window, to keep broken glass; have a saw, axe, hatchet, out, if the house falls; have candles and fruits and vegetables; and don't forget...
65. What About Bomb Shelters?

I haven't quite made up my mind about "fallout" shelters. Personally, I couldn't bear to be shut up in a small, dark room for two weeks and longer, if there were more than one bomb, a series of them. The odors alone would madden; with children, it would be unbearable.

Then to come out into a dead world! A world where lie dead humans, dead creatures, not a flower, nor bird, nor insect. The people not dead would be so full of shock that they'd be wild men.

Not a pretty picture, but we are living in dreadful times when just such a thing could and may happen.

In our lowlands if we dig down six feet, we have water. If we could afford to spend $3000, we could have a livable place. Put six or eight people into one room and you have pandemonium.

Another thought to consider. If I were the only person on my street to have a shelter, and the fifteen-minute warning sounded, any passersby would rush for my shelter. What could I do? I might be locked outside.

When people are fear-ridden, the law of the jungle prevails. "Each man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost." Mob violence would rule!

I can imagine that many poor, drowning people begged Noah to take them in the Ark. But safe in his stronghold, with no windowpanes from which he could see, he did nothing. I hope he did not hear their cries.

I remember a picture of the Flood by Doré that was in our family Bible. The poor, struggling, drowning men, women, and children made a deep impression on my young mind, especially the babies in the arms of their mothers.

So, in my own little shelter, I would hear the cries of those outside!

There are a few precautions we can take. If you have a small, windowless room, or barricade the window, to keep out the air; and to protect you from broken glass; have a saw, axe, hatchet, etc.; you might have to break your way out, if the house falls; have candles and matches and food, especially canned fruits and vegetables; and don't forget the can opener, emergency medicines.

*The Deluge (Flood) by French artist Gustave Doré appeared in popular editions of an illustrated Bible published widely in the 1850s.*
Above all supplies, the most important is water! It is a good idea to have extra water on hand all the time. Artesian wells sometimes go dry. It is recommended to have 7 gallons of water per person.

It's a good idea to have extra water on hand all the time. Artesian wells sometimes go dry.

We simply must wake up to the fact that we are in dire straits, all of us. The only advice I can give is “Trust in God”—and be brave no matter what comes.

* September 21, 1961

Seated at my window, I can see the leaves at my window, I can see the then a gust of wind brings them down, down, and red and beautiful, but now old and weathered, a few more eons, becomes diamond possessions!

My friends are one with nature. My friends are dropping off one by one, my friends are dropping off one by one, their eighties.

It is said that nothing God has created, their ashes will remain through eons and eons of time, become a few more eons, becomes diamond possessions!

My friends are one with nature. My friends are one with nature. Soul, and live on forever. We do not know where God is we will find Heaven.

Nothing is more beautiful than a flower, it gives us keen pleasure for a short time, for one. It is from these old petals that we have life.

“We are born and pass on so quickly.”

The future is hidden from us all. It is hidden from us all. The past and present knowledge, with the

* Marvin Stevens, “Man.”
Seated at my window, I can see the leaves falling down. One leaf lazily drops, then a gust of wind brings them down in showers. They have been yellow and red and beautiful, but now old and sere, their work done, they return to Mother Earth.

This thought comes to my mind as I watch the falling leaves: So many of my friends are dropping off one by one. Most of these friends are in or near their eighties.

It is said that nothing God has made can ever be entirely destroyed. If the leaves are burned, their ashes will still enrich the earth. The fallen leaves, through eons and eons of time, become coal in the earth, and the coal, after a few more eons, becomes diamonds. Mother Nature is provident with her possessions!

My friends are one with nature. Their souls mingle with the Great God Soul, and live on forever. We do not know if Heaven can be localized; but where God is we will find Heaven.

Nothing is more beautiful than a rosebud; but it becomes a full blown rose, gives us keen pleasure for a short time, then the petals begin to fall off one by one. It is from these old petals that we get attar of roses.

"We are born and pass on so quickly."

The future is hidden from us all. Wasn't the Father good to let us have only past and present knowledge, with the future a sealed book? ...  

*November 30, 1961*

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"Marvin Stevens, "Man."
America W. DeLoach of Portal celebrates Christmas in 1938 at her home in Portal. She and her husband, Z. T. DeLoach, collected glass-blown ornaments, icicles, and garlands for decorating a freshly cut cedar tree. Mrs. DeLoach's friends and family affectionately knew her as "Miss Opie."

Courtesy of the Presley/Banks Collection

I spent the holidays doing two things: cleaning my mental storehouse. But both are still full of unwanted trash.

In between coughs and tweaks of cold, I felt the old world and the blessings that are..."We are standing in the great dawn."

On a height they only dreamed of.

Yes, it's a wonderful world, and guess what? It's passed from the horse and buggy days to the spaceship marvels.

I would kinder love to see what the new year will do. Yes, that 1962 is going to be a wonderful year.

Now back to my mental housecleaning. I turned it inside out, turned it so you could see what I was trying to hide, is a bundle of animosities, things you have petted them so long! Perhaps it was wrong, maybe only slighted you once.

Then there is the hateful thing that humiliates the snubbed.

Memory is a wonderful gift, but perhaps we should be selective. Not every pleasant, happy thing. The longer one keeps it, the longer the dust heap of the unwanted.

Some of these memories were poor, maybe even bad years. But why nurture them any longer? The sad part is that on some dark, and remembering happier days, a hate that discarded old memory!

So my mental housekeeping goes.

*Odell Shepard, "In the Dawn."
I spent the holidays doing two things, nursing a head cold and cleaning my mental storehouse. But both are major tasks: my cold persists and my mind is still full of unwanted trash.

In between coughs and tweaks of conscience, I thanked God for this wonderful old world and the blessings that are ours, wonders that our parents never knew.

"We are standing in the great dawn of a world they did not know,
On a height they only dreamed of, soiling darkly far below."

Yes, it's a wonderful world, and greater wonders are in the offing. I have passed from the horse and buggy days through the rapid changes that have led us to the spaceship marvels.

I would kinder love to see what the next ten years will bring. I feel it in my bones that 1962 is going to be a wonderful year, perhaps the best we have ever known.

Now back to my mental housecleaning! Have you ever turned your mind inside out, turned it so you could see into the darkest recesses? In this corner, trying to hide, is a bundle of animosities; you are ashamed of them, really, but you have petted them so long! Dislike of some people who did you a fancied wrong, maybe only slighted you one time.

Then there is the hateful thing called snobbery, which injures the soul and humiliates the snubbed.

Memory is a wonderful gift, but wonderful only when we remember the pleasant, happy things. The longer one lives, the greater the store of memories.

So I cleaned my mental storehouse, and threw every unpleasant memory on the dust heap of the unwanted.

Some of these memories were poignant, and cut deep into my soul for many years. But why nurture them any longer, only to the detriment of my own soul? The sad part is that on some dark, rainy day, when I am nursing a head cold, and remembering happier days, a hateful head will rear itself, and there will be that discarded old memory!

So my mental housekeeping goes on and on! ...

January 11, 1962

*Odell Shepard, "In the Dawn."
Maude knew this as the Jaeckel Hotel. Opened in 1905 on East Main Street, the landmark was restored and refurbished in the 1990s as the current Statesboro City Hall.

Photograph of 12/25/2002 by Delma E. Presley

When I opened my eyes this morning, the optimist, when he wakes up, says, "Just to be alive! To know that you are living, to live in the midst of my high thinking, I am living on the heights too long. Outside, the blue jays were telling me that they were also hum-drumming out among the trees, but the blue jays had charm. Why do I let these silly jays "get under my skin" in the same way, but I shouldn't be so sensitive. Then I remembered that this is the morning when a voice says over the door, "I want to see you."

"Oh!] I began humming "O! What a beautiful morning" as I lazily crawled out of bed.

While drinking my tea, I began to think about instant coffee. To have my hot tea merely by turning a knob, by making a wood fire, draw water from a pump, suck dough to make the bread, that cow—I just opened a can of cream. Once upon a time coffee making was a job that must be done very carefully. To have your coffee roasted—don't let 'em burn! I have to make it myself, and the coffee boiled—what's the use of that once decked every kitchen? What is Instant Coffee?

During the Reconstruction days, the Reconstructionists had a trunk full of money, and not a cent to...
68. LET’S LIVE TODAY!

When I opened my eyes this morning, I knew it would be a perfect day. The optimist, when he wakes up, says: “Good Morning, Lord.” But the pessimist mutters, “Good Lord! – Morning!” I, being an optimist, said good morning to the Lord of the Morning and thanked the Giver of Life for giving me life.

Just to be alive! To know that you are a part of the Great Creator of the Universe. Because He lived, I, too, live.

In the midst of my high thinking, I realized I was hungry. We mortals can’t live on the heights too long. Outside the porch on which I sleep, the birds were telling me that they were also hungry. The redbirds were darting in and out among the trees, but the blue jays were loudly cawing at me for my laziness. Why do I let these silly jays “get under my skin”? Some folks affect me in the same way, but I shouldn’t be so fussy. This is a perfect day, and nothing can annoy me.

Then I remembered that this is the last of the month. Why do I always feel like a thief when a voice says over the phone: “Your account at the bank is overdrawn”?

I began humming “O! What a beautiful morning, O! What a beautiful day,” as I lazily crawled out of bed.

While drinking my tea, I began to think how lucky I am to be living in this age. To have my hot tea merely by turning a spigot and a knob! I didn’t have to make a wood fire, draw water from a well, or from a suction pump that often wouldn’t function. People used to be always saving things: water to make the pump suck; dough to make the bread rise; splinters to get the fire going. And that cow – I just opened a can of cream. Wonder of wonders!

Once upon a time coffee making was such a job. Green coffee beans had to be roasted – don’t let ‘em burn! I have that odor with me yet. Then the beans must be ground, and the coffee boiled. What has happened to the coffee mills that once decked every kitchen? What would the women of yesterday think of Instant Coffee?

During the Reconstruction days, coffee beans cost $40 a pound. With a trunk full of money, and not a cent to spend!
I have my Grandmother Williams' recipe for making coffee in 1865: Parch corn and okra seeds, or any other seeds you have; grind; pour boiling water over the stuff, and steep for a few minutes. Sweeten with syrup. I shall keep that recipe ... might come in handy someday. One just can't tell.

I had to check up on the sun, just see if he was on the job. Sure enough, there he was coming up, "a ribbon at a time," rose and emerald and gold. A beautiful day!

Helen Keller wrote to a young girl, who because of an accident was a hopeless cripple: "Life can still be beautiful. To me it has always been both wonderful and beautiful."

Shut up in a void of utter silence and abject night, her mind and soul could soar to worlds unseen by seeing eyes, and hear sounds unheard by hearing ears, and Helen Keller found life beautiful.

Life is not a "tale told by an idiot"; it is a great adventure and a beautiful reality. "Let me die laughing" [S. Hall Young], because I have had my full share of God's gift.

Walt Whitman expressed it: "Thanks in old age, thanks ere I go, For health, the midday Sun, the impalpable air, for life, mere life -- For precious, ever lingering memories."

October 10, 1957

*Little drops of water make th pennies make dollars, and see make a muckle.*

It's the little things that annoy u mind the mosquito's bite so much i slap at the varmint, I invariably hit my nose. Why does a gnat always aim for the eye? Eve, of the long ago, probably hated the creatures as much as we do!

It is said that one of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition was to bind a person and let one drop of water splash on his forehead, intermittently; hour after hour and day after day of this simple thing and the poor soul went nuts.

It's the little things that are missed. Salt and matches are the smallest items on our shopping list, but how could we do without them? Our foreparents knew what the lack of these necessities meant.

I found an article recently in Grandmother Williams. A newspaper, 95 years old, one year before she was in Atlanta." Sometime soon I shall tell 16-year-old stepson were in the A

*Scottish folk saying, meaning: lots of little leaves.*

**See chapter 9,"She Saw the Battle of Atlanta."
It's the Little Things

Little drops of water make the ocean; little grains of sand, the world; pennies make dollars, and seconds add up to centuries. "Many mickles make a muckle."

It's the little things that annoy us, like the mosquito and the gnat. I wouldn't mind the mosquito's bite so much if he didn't gloat about it, by singing. When I slap at the varmint, I invariably hit my nose. Why does a gnat always aim for the eye? Eve, of the long ago, probably hated the creatures as much as we do!

It is said that one of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition was to bind a person and let one drop of water splash on his forehead, intermittently; hour after hour and day after day of this simple thing and the poor soul went nuts.

It's the little things that are missed. Salt and matches are the smallest items on our shopping list, but how could we do without them? Our foreparents knew what the lack of these necessities meant.

I found an article recently in one of my old scrapbooks about my Step-Grandmother Williams. A newspaper reporter interviewed her when she was 95 years old, one year before she died. The caption is: "She saw the Battle of Atlanta." Sometime soon I shall tell about that experience. Her husband and 16-year-old stepson were in the Army in Atlanta.

*Scottish folk saying, meaning: lots of little leaves a lot.
**See chapter 9, "She Saw the Battle of Atlanta."
I quote her words: “We took our syrup boilers to the coast to boil down seawater for salt. We made our medicines from roots and herbs. Fire must be kept alive on the hearth, or started with flint and tinder. Tinder was cotton burned to a crisp, kept wrapped from dampness, into which a spark was struck from the flint.” This during the war and its aftermath!

It’s the little things that cause disaster. A tiny hole in a dam can cause a terrible flood. You remember the poem of our school days: “For want of a nail the battle was lost.” All because the king’s horse lost a shoe; all because the blacksmith was short a nail.

It’s the little things we forget. Maybe our parents couldn’t send us to college, or buy us fine clothes or an automobile. But we forget how hard the father had to work to keep us housed, fed, and shod. We forget all that our mothers went through to bring us into the world; the days of tough going after the long, sleepless nights; the tears and prayers while we were going over “Fool’s Hill.”

It’s the little things we forget to do: the letter to a friend in trouble; that bouquet we did not take to the hospital; that smile we forgot to put on our faces when we dressed in the morning.

It’s the little things that bring the most happiness. A wife feels like a queen when her husband tells her that “she’s it.” Why can’t a wife tell her husband, every so often, “My, but you’re the swellest guy I know!”

Too many men are dying, or breaking, before they reach the age of 50. There’s a reason.

It’s the little things that bring happiness: the spoken word, the kind thought put into action, the flower, the letter, the visit. Do you know how many lonely people there are around us?

A favorite composition subject of the long ago was “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver” [Prov. 25:11].

It’s the little things that pull the heart strings – the feel of a baby’s tiny hand in yours.

October 17, 1957
I want to draw a word picture that you who have passed the half-century mark will recognize. A fireplace aglow with pine logs; Mother's room, which was the family living room; children playing noisily around; Mother sitting near the window, sewing; the thump, thump of Granny's rocker as she rode back and forth knitting. A new tempo came in the music of the rocker, slower and slower; instinctively the children looked at Granny, and talked in whispers. She was nodding, her head moving with the slow motion of the rocker. After a few minutes, she would rouse up, resume her knitting, and say sheepishly, "I must' er dozed off." She had had her catnap.

The grannies of today do not nod, and they look very modern, but deep down underneath, they are true blue.

What we need today is the old-fashioned rocking chair and the catnaps. Something restful is in the motion of a rocker. When a traveler asked an old mountain woman what she did all day long, her reply was: "Sometimes I rock and think, and again I just rock." The mind gets tired, and takes it rest. Psychologists tell us that when "the mind goes blank" for a second, it is resting.

Now, what I am suggesting would, if followed, take the pressure off the doctors, and the psychiatrists would have only the poor "nuts" to deal with. Think about the money you would save.

Today one person out of eighteen is treated for some mental disturbance. It is said that out of every twelve babies born in 1957, one will develop a "quirk" in his grey matter.

Many more man-made moons, by the Russians, and most of us will be "loonier."

When you are "all thumbs" and get the "dropsy," go out of doors, look up, and let your mind's eye gaze deep into the blue "vastness that is God." You will see worlds beyond worlds, and will know that He rules all His worlds. Then you can say with Emerson: "Why so hot, little man?"

Again, if you get all "het up," go out and visit with the flowers, watch the ants, and listen to the hum of the bees; talk to the birds. Read a poem, or better yet, memorize one - just a line at a rest. You will soon quiet down under the anesthetic words:
Glad that I live am I,
That the sky is blue;
Glad of country lanes,
And the fall of dew.*

Recite your favorite Bible verse. Who can stay tense under the soothing words: “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want”? Sing your favorite song. “Music hath charms to soothe” the jagged nerves.

Many years ago an old mother told me her doctor gave her this advice when her four children were small: “Rest the first ten minutes out of every hour – lie down and close your eyes – if you want to see your children grown.”

Atlas is holding the world on his shoulders – so the Romans said – but we try to help him. This old sphere of ours has been spinning around in space for a powerful long time, and without our help. Suppose we let gravity continue the job; we might not do as well.

A lesson we all must learn is: We can't change people or weather. Just grin and bear both.

How did our foreparents stand wars, depressions, sorrows, and tribulations? Just by “preserving a calm severity of the spirit over circumstances.” Only they expressed themselves less poetically: “Hit don't do no good to fly off the handle about something you can't help.”

Travelers in Africa say that the natives, on a long journey, stop and rest every few hours. They explain that they are waiting for their souls to catch up with their bodies. Suppose we rock, and nod, and laugh, sing and pray, while our souls catch up with our poor nerve-racked bodies?

Addendum: My grandmother said: “During the war, I ran the farm. We had to produce everything we used, spin wool and cotton, weave, make clothes for people and harness for the horses. The boys had driven the fattening hogs to the woods, and had hidden a 500-pound bale of cotton in the swamp, which sold for a dollar a pound after the war. People nowadays don't know what hardship is. The first barrel of flour we bought after the war cost $150.”

October 24, 1957

“Lizette Woodworth Reese, "A Little Song of Life."

*Hymn by Rigdon M. McIntosh and Mary B. Sla.
71. Gathering Home

Gathering home, gathering home,
Never to sorrow more, never to roam;
Gathering home, gathering home,
God's children are gathering home.*

In my early days, this was a favorite funeral song. One singer sang with a
tremolo that made you sob; a catch still comes in my throat at the memory.

Our dear old people are "gathering home" rapidly. Of course, this is nature.
Petals fall one by one from the full-blown rose.

The young and the middle-aged are dying off and this seems so unnecessary.
But death is no respecter of age.

An old cousin of mine died last week, aged 92½ years. This was a natural
thing and nothing unusual in a man of his age, but a most interesting and
uncommon and to me a ghostly, haunting thing did happen: I received a note
from him the morning after his death written the afternoon before he died. He
wrote that "It won't be long now. And I am so glad to die." He wanted to tell
me how much my friendship had meant to him, and of his love for me.

The handwriting was firm and legible, and the wording clearly expressed. Isn't
it a wonderful thing to have steady nerves and a powerful brain up to the last?

This letter seems almost like a message from the dead, and I call it my
ghostly letter. I have put it among other papers which I value. I shall tell the
story to my children, and they too will appreciate the letter.

This cousin was once a wealthy man, but his fortune disappeared many years
ago. He learned the lesson that many other old people have had to learn: that
money means so little!

It is a waste of breath to talk to the young. They will have to learn through
sad experiences that the material things of this world are vanities; even as King
Solomon said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

All except the spiritual!

May 17, 1962

*Hymn by Rigdon M. McIntosh and Mary B. Slade.
Out of the Past

Gathering Home

Mary B. C. Slade, 1876

Rigdon McCoy McIntosh

1. Up to the boun-ty
   Giv-er of life,
   Ga-ther-ing home!

2. Up to the ci-ty where
   fall-eth no night,
   Ga-ther-ing home!

3. Up to the beau-dy
   man-sions a-bove,
   Ga-ther-ing home!

Up to the dwell-ing where
   com-eth no strife
   The dear ones are ga-ther-ing home.

Up where the Sav-ior’s own
   face is the light,
   The dear ones are ga-ther-ing home.

Ga-ther-ing home! Ga-ther-ing home!
   Nev-er to roam.
Ga-ther-ing home!
   Nev-er to roam.
Ga-thering home!
   Nev-er to roam.

God's child-ren are ga-ther-ing home!

Ga-ther-ing home! Ga-thering home! Ga-ther- ing home!

Ga-ther-ing home! Ga-thering home! Ga-thering home!

Ga-ther-ing home! Ga-thering home! Ga- ther-ing home!

Ga-ther-ing home! Ga-thering home! Ga-thering home!

Ga-thering home! Ga-thering home! Ga-thering home!

Gathering Home

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INDEX

**Bold** page number indicates the subject appears in a photograph.

Abraham (Patriarch), 11
Adams, Abigail, 14
Adams, John, 17
African Americans, xiv, xxi, 7, 9, 11, 13, 33, 129-130
Africans, 146
Agriculture, 21, 33, 39
Akins, Solomon, xi
Alabama, 100
Allen, John, 71
Altamaha River, 47
American Association of University Women, xv, xix
American Revolution, 7
Anciaux, Lydia Richardson, 46
Anciaux, Nicholas, 46
And There Was Light, (Thiel), 56
Anderson, James M., 1
Apprentices, 23
Arlington National Cemetery, xiv
Arthur, T.S., quoted, 14
Ash Wednesday, Lent, 77
Associated Charities, xvi
Atlanta, 19-20
Atlantic Ocean, 6, 9
Augusta, 7, 19
Aurelius, Marcus, 84
Australia, 3
Automobiles, 37
Averitt, Jack N., vi, xvi-xvii
Aztecs, Mexico, 1
Baltimore, (Md.), 9
Banks, Eliusa, 71-72
Banks, Sallie, 71
Banks, Sarah Donaldson, 72
Banks, Smith Callaway, x, xvi, xvii, 17, 21, 24, 37, 103, 104, 138, 140, 143
Baptist Church, xvi
Battle of Atlanta (1864), xii, xix, 19-20
Beers, 7
Beasley, Elsy, 72
Beasley family, 99
Beaver, Roy, 51
Beaver, Roy, place site, 68
Belanus family, frontispiece, xviii, x, xvii, xxi, 93
Benson, Catherine Brewer, 125
Benson, Martha Cone, vi
Benson, Noel, vi
Benson, Robert M., Jr., Dr., ii, vi, 98, 110, 120
Benson, Robert M., Sr., vi, 110
Berrien, Elizabeth Anciaux, 46
Berrics, John, xviii, 46
Bethlehem Primitive Baptist Church, xvi
Bible, cited, 75-76, 105
Bible, quoted, xxiv, 42, 46, 55, 58, 71, 84, 85, 90, 97, 108, 109, 110, 121, 124, 128, 144, 146, 147
A Bibliography of the Writings of Washington Irving, 132
Bicycles, 65, 120
Big Lotts Creek, 51
Bird, Israel, 7
Birds, 39, 58, 127-128, 141
Bland, Dan, xix, xxi, 9, 25-26, 70
Bland, Vernon, Mrs. xiv
Blitch, xxvi, 10, 11, 25-26, 71-72, 99
Blitch, Charles Parrish, vi, 8
Blitch, Dan, Mrs., 119
Blitchton, xii
"Blue Front," xvi
Bohrer, Martha Brannen (1946), 143
Booth, Hinton, i
Bowen, Mrs., 119
Braille, xvi
Brannen, Alice Vernon Williams, x, xii, xiii, xv-xvi, xvi, xii, xxi, xxii
Brannen, Betty, 72
Brannen, Cecil, x, xviii
Brannen Chapel United Methodist Church, xv, 100
Brannen Cottage (West Main St.), xv
Brannen, Dorothy, vi, xv
Brannen, Elizabeth Donaldson, 72
Brannen, Elizabeth Gross, 99
Brannen, Ewell, 83
Brannen, F. U. E., x, xi-xv, xvi-xvii, 26, 51-52, 62, 65, 107
Brannen, James Monroe, xi
Brannen, John, xv, 72
Brannen, John F., 37
Brannen, John H., 100
**Index**

Donaldson, Patsy, 71  
Donaldson, Robert, Elder, xvi, 69, 99  
Donaldson, Robert, Elder, biography, 71  
Donaldson, Robert, Elder, buryin' ground, 26  
Donaldson, Robert, Elder, letter, 71–72  
Donaldson, Sonny, 53  
Donaldson, Susan Johnson, 72  
Donaldson, W.P., home, 11  
Donaldson, William, 72  
Donaldsonville, 71  
Donegal Church (PA), 6, 101  
Dore, Gustave, 135  
Dorman, Alfred, xxi  
Dover, 32, 62, 103  
Dow, Lorenzo, 50  
Dulles, John Foster, 91  
*East Main Street* photo (1894), 30  
*East Main Street skirmish (Civil War)*, 25  
*Eastside Cemetery*, ix, 53, 83  
Eden, GA, 19  
Edge, Alice, 130  
Edge, Anne, 130  
Edge, James, vii, x, 93  
Edge, John, viii, x, 93  
Edge, Mary Allen, ii, 130  
Edge, Mary Allen, death, 131–132  
Edge, Maude Brannen, Books, 110  
Edge, Maude Brannen photo, at age 3, *frontispiece*  
Edge, Maude Brannen *Edge* photo, at Red Cross meeting in Atlanta, xxiii  
Edge, Maude Brannen photo with sons  
James & John, viii  
Edge, Walter, 93  
Edge, Walter W., Dr., ii, ix–x, 97–98, 120  
Edge, Wilhelen, v, xvii, 130  
Eisenhower, Dwight, 91, 117  
Eldora, GA, xii  
Ellis Drug Store, 51  
Emerson, Ralph W., quoted, 146  
England, 3, 11  
English language, Old survivals, 13  
Epictetus, quoted, 89  
Epiphany, 105  
Erickson, Brad, xiii  
Erickson, Judith Ann Edge, v  
Erickson, Leif, 80  
*Essay on Robert Burns* (Carlyle), 98  
Eureka, 52  
FACTS: Published by the Bulloch County League of Women Voters, xv  
Fairies, 31  
Fallout shelters, 135–136  
Faulkner, William, xx  
*The Feminine Mystique* (Friedan), xx  
First Baptist Church, 25, 63, 102  
First Baptist Church, origin, 53, 55  
First District Agricultural and Mechanical School, xii  
First Methodist Church, xvi–xvii, 25, 53, 68  
First Methodist Church, origin, 53–53  
First Methodist Church, origin, 55  
First Presbyterian Church (Lancaster, PA), ix, 97  
Five Points, xviii, l  
Flags (Georgia), 3  
Fletcher, C.E., 8  
Fletcher, Charney, Mrs., xii  
Fletcher, Charney, roaming house, xii, 51  
Fletcher, Fred, 118  
Fletcher, Gene, i  
Fletcher neighborhood, 7  
Fletcher, Son, place, 65  
Fletcher's Boarding House, xii, 51  
Flogging, 41  
Floods, 37–38  
Florida, 23, 71  
Forks, 14  
Foss, Jenny, vi  
Franklin, Leeman, i  
Frederica, 3  
Free, Spencer Michael, quoted, 134  
Friedan, Betty, xx  
Fruits, 39, 68  
Gaeltic, 80  
Games, 59, 64  
Garden Hill, xix, 1–2  
Garvin, Dottie Donaldson, v, xiv  
Geese, 33  
Genealogy, 38  
George II, 3  
Georgia, Colonial, 1–2, 3, 6  
Georgia map (1776), 4–5  
Georgia General Assembly, 1  
Georgia laws on women, 29  
Georgia Southern University, vii, 38  
Georgia Southern University site, 64  
Georgia Southern University, vii  
Georgia Teachers College, ii, xix, 108  
Georgia, North settlement, 6  
German immigrants to Georgia, 3  
Gladstone, William E., 89  
Good, Daniel B., vii, 5, 14, 62  
Gray, Thomas, cited, 109  
Greeks, 43  
Grierson, Margaret S., 131  
Griner, Bill, 57  
Griner, William, 51  
Groover, Paul, 46  
Gulf of Mexico, 6  
Gullah, 9  
Hagin, Horace, 46
**Index**

McGuffey Readers, 61
McIntosh, Rigdon M., quoted, 147-148
McKinnon, Claudia, xix, 70
McNeai, Sybil, vi
McRae Courthouse, 15
Men's clothing, 35-36
Mercer University Law School, xi, 51
Methodist Church, xvii, 121
Mexico, 1-2
Miami, 91
Middleground Church, 1
Mikell, John, 7
Miley, W.H., 8
Mill Creek, 51
Milledge, John, 7
Milledgeville (Capital), 36
Milledgeville Road (Old River Road), 9
Miller, Cliff, 122
Miller, Joaquin, quoted, 45
Mills, Stephen, 7
Milton, John, quoted, 31
Minkovitz's, 55
Mississippi, xx
Mississippi River boundary of Georgia, 3
Model T, 37
Money worship, 115-116
Moore, S.L., xiv
Moore, Thomas, quoted, 80, 120
Moravian immigrants to Georgia, 3
Morganton, NC, 131
Morris, B.B., 43
Morris, Thad, home, 65
Moses, 79, 96, 113
Mount Holyoke College, 132
Mount Vernon, xiv
Mountain People, 13
Manford, Lewis, quoted, 87
Napoleon, quoted, 17
Nemesis, 24
Neville, Josiah, vi
Neville, Marguerite Nunally, vi
Nevils buryin' ground, 25, 102
Nevels Creek Primitive Baptist Church, xvii, 25, 99
Nevels family, 99
Nevels graveyard, 53
Nevels, Jake, rooming house, 51
New Hope Methodist Church, 46
New Jersey, ix
New Year's resolutions, New York City, 132
Newsome, Ichabod, 21
Nietzsche, Friedrich, quoted, 29
North Africa, 94
North Carolina, ix, 6, 71, 100
North Main Street, 25, 51, 53
Northampton, MS, 131
Northern Europeans, 17
Northern Ireland, xvii
Oaks (Statesboro), 57-58
Obenski, Sally Maude Edge, v, xiii, 107
Ocmulgee National Monument, 1
Ocmulgee River, 15
Oconee River, 47
Odell, Laurie Belanus, v, 130
Odin, 17
Ogeechee River, 1-2, 9, 20, 25, 46, 51
Ogeechee River settlers, 7
Ogeechee School, 46
Ogeechee, Meaning, 9
Oglethorpe, James Edward, xviii, 1-3, 91
Ohio settlers, 6
Ohio Union graves, 25
Old age, 73-74, 137
Old Christmas, 75-76, 105
Old Milledgeville Road (Old River Road), 99
Old River Road, xvii, 2, 9, 11, 17, 24, 25, 46, 99
Old saws (Sayings), 61
Old Shiloh Cemetery (Tattnall County), 38
Olliff family, 99
Olliff, Joseph, 72
Olliff, Rebecca Donaldson, 72
Olliff's Bay, 99
Oney, 19, 51
Orphans, 23-24
Our Homes: Their Cares and Duties ..., 14
Pan American Exposition (Buffalo, N.Y.), xiv
Parish, Mildred, vi
Pembroke Road, 1
Pennsylvania, ix, xvi, 6, 18, 91, 101
Pennsylvania Dutch, 13, 128
Pine barrens, Oglethorpe on, 6
Pioneer women, 45-46
A Place to Call Home (Presley), i
Plantations, 46
Poll Beecher (Mill Creek), 51
Poor farm (Statesboro), 59
Portai, 121-122
Portul churches, 119
Pot likker, 21
Potter's Field, 85
Powell, Hattie, xix, 70
Prairie schooners, 11
Preterius, Charles, 8, 82
Presbyterian Church, ii, ix, xvii, 71, 97, 99
Presley, Beverly, vi, xxiv
Presley/Banks collection, xvi, xviii, 17, 21, 24, 37, 103, 104, 138, 140, 143
Primitive Baptist history, xvii
Primitive Baptists, 71-72
Progressive Primitive Baptists, xvii
Pumas, 7
Punishments, 41-42
Quakers, 56
Queen Elizabeth I, 45
Raggedy Ann, 23
Ralston, Jane Donaldson, 72
Ralston, Mary, 72
Ralston, Solomon, 72
Rebel Road (Burkhalter Road), 46
Reconstruction, 21-22

155
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, Francis, quoted, 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thor, 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Festival Parade, 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tootle, Amalia Ann Brannen, 37-38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tootle, Cicero, 37-38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tories (American Revolution), 3, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees, 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tristram Shandy, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The True Story of the Bulloch County Courthouse (Bitch), 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner, Ben, 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner, Ben, home, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner, David, ii, 49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelfth Night, 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 Years of Witness, ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Methodist Church, 25, 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Chicago, xix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Georgia, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Georgia, xi, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper Lott's Creek Primitive Baptist Church, xvii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper Lott's Creek Primitive Baptist Church cemetery, 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>US Army Air Force, xxi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>US House of Representatives, xii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USO Club (Statesboro), vi, xvi, xxi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine's Day, 77-78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vanderbilt University, xi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vassar College, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veterans Day, 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia, 6, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia settlers, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wales, xv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking, 108, 111-112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walnut tree (Statesboro), 55, 57, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walsh, Mr. (Principal), 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walthon, George, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War, 93-94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wannock School, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C., xiv, 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, George, 14, 113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington's Birthday, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water Trough (Statesboro), 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waters, Gus, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waters, Gus, place, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waters, Virginia Anne Franklin, vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson, Georgia, ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson, Tom, xv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weddings, 37-38, 44, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weddings, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, Elton, Sir, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh clothing, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh customs, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh immigrants to Georgia, 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh settlers, 15, 25, 31-32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh, 13, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welty, Eudora, xx</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesley, Charles, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesley, John, quoted, 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan College, vi, x, xvi, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan College (1900), 126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan College 60th Reunion, 125-126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan College sorority member (1900), 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Main Street, xi, 39, 43, 51, 59, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Virginia, ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whipping post, 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiskey, 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White, Maude, 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitman, Walt, quoted, 142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whooping cranes, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?&quot;, quoted, 26-28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildcats, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, A.D., xix, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Annie Elkins, 15-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Annie, 15-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Columbus, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, E. Lewis, US Army Air Force, xx</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams family, 15-16, 31-32, 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Fred, 72, 113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Frederick, 15-16, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Garrett, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Ida Belle, x, xxiii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, James, xv, 15-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, John, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Kate, 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Mary Donaldson, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Nath, Rev., xvi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Owen, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Sarah Harvey, 19-20, 142-144, 146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Stage coach station operator, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Stanley T., 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Steve, 15-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Susannah Donaldson, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Wiley, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, William, 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winston-Salem, NC, 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise, John, buryin' ground, 25, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise, John, house, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyches, 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Womack, Ernest, Mrs., 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women, Pioneer, 45-46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women, Prejudice against, 15, 29-30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's clothing, 35-36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodrum, Balty, 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World War II, vi, xvi, xix, xxii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yale University, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York (PA SC), 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young-Blitch Cemetery, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young, James, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young, Nancy, vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young, S. Hall, quoted, 142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youngblood, Curtis, 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zach S. Henderson Library (GSU), vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zetterower Ave., x, xvii, xx, (Early 1900s) 104, 107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zettrower, Joseph, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zettrower place, 65</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>