1990

Uncle Dave Said

Hulda K. Kelly

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UNCLE DAVE SAID

Hulda K. Kelly
1990

Post Office Box 42
Statesboro, Georgia 30458

South Main at Grady Street
Statesboro, Georgia 30458
INTRODUCTION

Herewith is a collection of stories and articles written by "Uncle Dave" Turner. It takes up where I See by the Paper left off, time-wise. However, I See by the Paper consists of news stories whereas Uncle Dave Said is entirely his writings, many of them gems of wisdom. "Uncle Dave" was an institution in Bulloch County, spoken of by many as the area's Will Rogers and also likened to Mark Twain. He was a natural philosopher, with a dry wit all his own. He was called by the Savannah Evening Press Georgia's most unforgettable newspaperman for his scintillating wit, vigor, determination to serve his readers, wisdom and especially his dedication to the high journalistic principles of truth. Enshrined by the Georgia Press Association in its Hall of Fame, he had the reputation "Dean of Georgia Journalists".

David Benjamin Turner was born February 15, 1872, in Clearwater, Florida. His grandfather was a native of the Excelsior community of Bulloch County (now in Candler County). He set his first type in 1885, at the age of 13. From Clearwater he went to a St. Petersburg newspaper. He, His father, five brothers and two sisters came to Statesboro in 1893, when the town boasted a population of 750. His father, Arthur Campbell Turner, had acquired the Bulloch Times. They sold the paper in 1897 and Mr. Turner opened a grocery store on South Main street. It was the only time in his life he was away from printing. The grocery business lasted only a very short time. Soon he and his father established the Bulloch Herald - in 1899. It merged with the Statesboro News in 1901.

Mr. Turner had a brief association with the New York Sun, then went to Savannah as a job printer. But he returned to Statesboro and was publisher and editor of the Bulloch Times for 61 years. His formal education was short. He said goodbye to the schoolroom after the fourth grade.

He married Georgia Simmons in 1894, the year after he arrived in Statesboro. They had five children, Arthur, Kitty, Annie Laurie and Marguerite. The fifth child died in 1916. Mr. Turner died September 9, 1955, the year after he sold his paper and retired. He is buried in Eastside cemetery.

It is with respect for his wisdom and appreciation of his wit that the ensuing selections are presented.

Appreciation goes to Mrs. Julie Allen for furnishing facts and figures about her grandfather and for the photograph, a copy of which is used in this volume.
David Benjamin Turner
1872 - 1955
January 18, 1945

Dew Smith and his dog were out hunting birds when the dog's point looked to Mr. Smith to have a slant to its attitude, indicating something out of the ordinary. Warily Mr. Smith crept up to discover a rattler in coil making faces at the dog. He shot and severed the snake's head. Immediately another began crawling away and was dispatched. Then a third rose up, making beligerent signs and was put away. Still there were noises and a fourth snake was found in coil within a few inches - four full grown rattlers in one clayroot, ranging in length from 4 feet to 5 feet and each well equipped with rattles.

January 25, 1945

The most colorful collection of wildlife ever put on display in Bulloch county was brought in by John H. Olliff last Saturday. Mr. Olliff was out chasing foxes. One of his dogs showed signs of distress. Upon investigation he found five rattlesnakes in a den at the foot of a tree. He shortly dispatched them, then discovered something he hadn't expected - two grown skunks had slipped past the snakes and were headed back into the den. He disposed of them. The chase had been rewarded by the most unusual collection of game any fox hunter had ever bagged.

March 1, 1945

A tiny baby, no larger than a human hand and perfectly formed was discovered by a woodsman less than three miles from the city limits. Sheriff Stothard Deal and County Warden Ellis went out after receiving a call from the woodsman who described the place. Much difficulty was encountered before the tiny body was found. It had been loosely wrapped in soft paper and dropped into small growth. It was not determined whether it was white or black.

March 29, 1945

In anticipation of possible early developments, plans for a public celebration when the end finally comes to the combat overseas include: If the announcement is made during the day (to be made by the sounding of the fire siren) stores and businesses will immediately close and all will assemble at the Primitive Baptist church. If between 10 PM and 6 AM, the assembly will be held at 8 AM following.

April 13, 1945

J. I. Fordham built his own coffin and kept it in readiness for 19 years. His explanation was that friends of his, following the death of the head of the family, were put to some trouble making arrangements for a burial outfit and found it necessary to call upon friends to stand security for the funeral expenses. He resolved to avoid the possibility of such conditions to his own family so he and a friend, Bob Humphries, constructed a coffin which since has been held in readiness.
May 10, 1945

Germany surrendered unconditionally to the Western allies and Russia at 2:41 PM Eastern time today. (This was at 8:41 PM Eastern wartime Sunday.) The surrender took place at a little red schoolhouse which is the headquarters of General Eisenhower.

The surrender which brought the war in Europe to a formal end after five years, eight months and six days of bloodshed and destruction was signed for Germany by Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl. It was signed for the Supreme Allied Command by Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, chief of staff for Gen. Eisenhower.

Letter from Mrs. Oscar Fagan, in Ohio, enclosing $6 to pay for her subscription to the TIMES for four more years.

June 7, 1945

Mayor Dorman had been absent from court. When he returned and the docket was called Monday he learned that a friend had been up more or less regularly during his absence. He quietly demanded to know the cause. The defendant said, "Well, your honor, I didn't do it intentionally. I learned of your serious condition in the Augusta hospital and it worried me. I always liked you. I was so distressed I took a drink to sort of brace me up in my troubles. One drink didn't do much good in a case like this so I took another. I'm sorry I did it but I'm mighty glad to see you able to be back on the job again. Forgive me, please!"

Well, Mayor Dorman had mercy on him - he gave him a fine of $17.50. Previously he had been charging him $22.50. So he gave him a shade off for a good friendly excuse.

We believe that there is nothing in the scheme of nature which has not a more or less important place in the program of life. A day or so ago we watched a doodlebug at work and we began to understand the whyness of his existence. He had created an oval-shaped hole in the dry sand in the rear of our garage. We observed that ants came by, fell into the hole and were unable to crawl out. The more vigorously they clambered, the sooner they were buried under the dry earth. We paused to give thanks to the doodlebug for his service in warring against the ants which had been stealing our sugar and climbing into our pants.

And then our mind swept back to the time when bedbugs were more or less prevalent in the unused guest room where we occasionally spent a night. Thanks to the energy and skill and patience of the women of that day, it has been half a century since we met a bedbug face to face. As we pondered this, we ruminated upon the whyness of a bedbug. Well, we recognized that it was his habit to sleep all day and stir around at night. We often saw friends coming down town early in the morning whose appearance indicated they had not slept well. We imagined we saw the reason for their early stirrings. Had they been moved out by the activities of the little insects? Maybe they had. And yesterday we went to the place of business of a man with whom we had an engagement. His office help said he was probably still asleep. It was 10 o'clock in the morning! The idea of a business man lying in bed at that hour! As we walked away in silence, we ruminated upon those long-ago days when bedbugs made men crawl out. We reasoned that men are sleeping away the good daylight time because the industrious women of years ago did not appreciate the practical importance of the
lowly servant of industry. What we need is a revival of the bedbug to make sleepy-headed men get on their jobs at a reasonable hour!

June 14, 1945

A series of depredations at various sections of the city early Sunday morning around three o'clock sent our policemen and the sheriff's force on a quest which continued throughout practically the entire day and ended without any definite clue as to the identity of the offender.

At the Gene Futch home, corner of Savannah and Zetterower avenues, the little Futch daughter tugged excitedly at her sleeping father as she told him there was a strange soldier in the house. Aroused from his slumbers, the father assured the child that she had only been dreaming but she told him that the man had been at her bed and had removed part of her sleeping garments. And that was the condition the father found when he jumped to his feet.

A light in the hall had shone into the child's bedroom. The screen door had been slashed open and there was no question that the little girl had been disturbed, though unharmed. (Five or six hours later Mr. Futch discovered that a sum of approximately $50 in currency had been taken from his purse which had been returned to his pants pocket.)

Police were immediately notified of the incident at the Futch home and investigation was begun. Within a few minutes another call came announcing the strange presence of a man in uniform attempting to enter a home on North Walnut street by cutting the screen. His noises had awakened the occupants and one of the ladies of the house had demanded to know who was there. Casually the intruder asked if there were any men in the house, after which he slipped away.

Directing their attention there, the officers found tracks which led to Church street, then went to College street, and turning south on that street. Later it developed that the Awley Brannen home on West Main and College streets had been entered and his pocketbook robbed of between $40 and $60. The empty purse was left on the front porch.

The little girl at the Futch home had described the emblem on the man's uniform, and with that as a possible clue, the officers spent all day Sunday checking on strangers in uniform. The little girl's description was substantially verified by Mrs. Dedrick Waters, living at Broad and Vine streets, who said she was walking in that section at about the same hour Sunday morning.

June 21, 1945

Another chapter was written Saturday night to the mysterious carryings-on which have disturbed the quiet in residential sections of Statesboro within the week.

The last instance was at the Joseph Woodcock home on South Walnut street about three o'clock Sunday morning. The door buzzer sounded twice in regular order. Members of the family went to the door but found no one there. At about the same moment the young granddaughter of Mr. Woodcock, occupying a room in the back of the house, observed a mysterious person approaching her room window. Alarmed, she called members of the family and the police force was notified. An investigation disclosed the presence of barefoot tracks in the back yard near the window but the police could not find further clues as to the coming and going of the intruder. Needless to say there was little peace at the Woodcock home throughout the remainder
of the night, though no solution has yet been arrived at.

In connection with this it is recalled that during the preceding week there were three interruptions during a single night. Do these incidents have any relation to each other? Their similarity gives rise to the suspicion that it may be the same prowler who is still at large;

June 28, 1945

It's a mighty good thing for a man to forget his sorrows for a season - if he has sorrows, which most men have. But it's the "morning after" when a fellow begins to get back in harness that his troubles seem to multiply. We were at the drugstore Monday with the early-rising crowd gathered there to chat and review the weekend and one of the regulars had just walked out after telling his story. He was cheerful, though in the dark as to his exact status.

The fellow drives a truck in which others accompany him from a rural community. He recalled that he had delivered his regular crew to the job Saturday morning and had himself gone to work.

And then there was a blank. When Sunday morning came, he was lost and his truck was lost and he didn't know whether he had received his weekly check and a whole lot of other things were vague in his memory. Friends who told us about the situation sort of laughed; they seemed to think it was funny. (The check turned up OK and the truck was found unharmed.)

Give nature a fair chance and she'll sooner or later right every wrong. If one person has too much of anything, you'll discover somewhere another one who is short on that commodity and the law of averages is sustained.

Now, for instance there is the matter of cow teats. According to the scheme of nature each cow is entitled to four of these little essentials. We wonder how nature hit on that number for cows. Mother hogs, you know, carry two rows of teats, and yet nobody ever has been greatly enthused over the capacity of a hog for giving milk. This system has run so long that nobody expects a cow to have more than four and nobody can excuse a cow who has fewer.

Thus it was that some four or five years ago at the Jim Everett home in Hagan, a young female calf came along with only two teats, and her presence was looked upon as a monstrosity. She reached maturity in due time and began a family as all good cows should. What should happen to her offspring? Last week when her first calf came, the interested members of the family wondered about it. What did they find? The youngster came with six teats.

So, that's what we told you about the law of equilization and averaging of nature. The mother and daughter together have eight teats and that's enough for two ordinary cows.

July 8, 1945

We doubted the story when it was first told that the sidewalk was set ablaze by the heat of the sun Saturday afternoon. When we were taken to the spot and saw the burning, smoldering trash there send up a clear cloud of smoke we were convinced.

A farmer from the county came in the sheriff's office and told of the unusual spectacle. He said he had never seen such a thing before but it was now in progress out on the street surrounding the courthouse. We still imagined that there was a catch; we suspected that someone had dropped a match in the trash or someone's discarded cigarette may have set the fire.
The farmer took us to the spot and there were three of them - little piles of refuse that had dried on the pavement from which the smoke was rising, and in the center of each a clear blaze. The trash did not seem excessively hot but a hand-pressure on the pavement disclosed the intensity of the heat. It was unbearable to the naked hand.

If you have heard about frying eggs on the pavement and have doubted the possibility, we are telling you the suggestion is not unreasonable. We saw with our own eyes and felt with our own hands the smoldering light refuse which had been ignited by the heat of the mid-afternoon blazing sun in the heart of Statesboro Saturday afternoon.

July 19, 1945

This column last week spoke with perfect assurance to be present at Frank Miller's annual birthday affair at Pembroke the following Sunday, qualified by these simple words: "Unless something happens". Well, something happened when two daughters who live hundreds of miles away, long absent from home, slipped in for the weekend. We stayed at home.

And yet we are glad we did. Late in the afternoon Mayor Dorman came riding back from the big Pembroke affair, stopped at our house and unloaded the biggest box of birthday fixin's we have ever seen.

But while we are dealing in the matter, we must add another chapter to the particulars of Frank's birthdays. Last week we commented that perhaps he was born on Sunday, all his birthdays in late years having fallen on that sacred day; that this incidence of birth had possibly contributed to the extreme "pie-ty" which has marked Frank's conduct through life. Josh Zetterower and Frank Fletcher are horizontally kinsmen of Frank and know his family relationship, even before his own advent into the affairs of life. Their aunt married Frank's grandfather, Gus Miller, and she was therefore Frank's step-grandmother. And this is the story Josh and Frank told us last week:

The historic Charleston earthquake came in August 1886 - which was seven years before Frank was born. The tremors of the earthquake were plainly felt - and with great emotion - throughout this section. At one o'clock on a certain morning the earth began to shake; houses rocked on their foundations; dishes rattled in houses; chickens squawked on their roosts; dogs barked in the yard; cows bellowed; horses neighed - and people prayed. Old Bob Quitman, a well known negro preacher, arose to the situation and began praying so loud that his voice could be heard for a mile.

Most white men were too scared to even think of praying. Now Frank's step-grandmother heard old Bob praying and it appealed to her. She turned to Frank's grandfather and urged him to join old Bob in an appeal for quiet.

The old gentleman was willing but slow to get into action, so he replied to his frightened wife, "Old woman, just wait a while; I ain't never prayed and don't know how rightly, but if this rattling of dishes and swaying of houses don't stop pretty soon, I'm going to get into and put up the stem-windingest prayer you ever heard!"

That was seven years before Frank was born; the influence of the situation never died down. They tell me that Frank's pie-ty (goodness, if you please) was pre-natal and arose from the earthquake long before he was born.

July 26, 1945

R. H. Warnock, a retired businessman, is still busy. This spring a voluntary watermelon vine came up in his back yard. He had a premonition that it might be a good sort of melon. He fertilized it well and partially
protected it from the heat of the June sun. He also kept it pruned, leaving only one melon on the vine. This melon grew in leaps and bounds. He soon saw the variety of the fruit to be a Cannon; it grew on through June and July.

Last week Mr. Warnock called a few friends around to witness the weighing and to participate in the eating of the luscious "citron". It tipped the scales at 80 pounds. It served more than a dozen people with enough "red" left in the rind for several pigs. He gave the rind to a neighbor who put up 35 pints of watermelon pickle.

August 2, 1945

Up in Virginia the snake-biters are at it again - or were until the governor of the state put a quietus on the business.

This is about the season for these annual fanatical outbreaks under the guise of religion. It is the season when softies begin writing poetry and mocking birds begin to sing. We wonder if there is anything in nature which induces these spasmodic spells of insanity.

There are lots of silly things which break out under the heading of religion and are beyond the understanding of the sedate, unemotional mind, but we believe this snake-biting fad is the least sensible. We have never been able to imagine the least virtue in the program of getting snake-bit; it may be that the snakes don't mind, to be sure; and apparently there are silly persons who get satisfaction which comes from sensationalism - but it just doesn't seem necessary for any person to be so simple when there are so many less dangerous ways in which to act foolish.

We suggest that there should be a licensing bureau which would issue permits to those most eligible to be bitten. If given a place on such a board we'd personally be liberal in granting permits to those who appeared to be the most entitled. We let liquor dealers sell snake-bite for a fee. Why not give the rattlesnakes a chance to similarly support our schools and benevolences?

August 9, 1945

Returning from Savannah on a bus which arrived in Statesboro sometime past midnight, after he spent almost an entire day trying to get out of Savannah, one of our friends spent the few remaining hours of the night as a guest of the city.

This friend explained that though he had once or twice been accused of "falling asleep" he had never really craved strong drink. The taste, he said, had absolutely no appeal to him. But in Savannah, as he was about to board a bus in the early morning to return home, he met a soldier boy in uniform who was returning to his home. During the several minutes before the bus leaving time, they waited across the street. (That was where the trouble began.) The soldier had been overseas a long while and he was mighty dry. He wanted to renew his acquaintance with that delightful beverage of the long ago known as ginger ale cocktail. This drink, he explained, is mostly ginger ale with quite considerable ice, a small quantity of some flavoring, which "might have alcohol in it". The cost was very low, but the pleasure was very high. It was now about bus-leaving time and they must have "just one more". When they reached the station, the bus had gone. It would be three hours till the next bus. It was monstrous waiting around the station and only a few steps "across the street where that lovely concoction" had been served. "Just one more before we go". And the next bus was gone when they got to the station two hours later. Another
bus would leave at six o'clock in the evening, to be sure, and time passed swiftly at the place across the street.

To continue the chapter, that bus also left before the friend realized the hour had come. And there was still another bus to leave for Statesboro around 10:30 which would put the friend home near midnight. There was time to meet "just one more" of those delightful drinks. At last the bus station in Statesboro; a walk down the street to his home; a broad, restful doorstep with a "Welcome" sign; and he sat down to revel in the memories of the day just closed. Whizz! and he was in a police car headed toward the city's public housing place. Of all the mistakes of the day the greatest was sitting down on his front step. Quietly inquiring the cost, he paid the bill and remained in the background when mayor's court convened Monday morning. He says that ginger ale cocktail was really the first drink of that nature he had ever enjoyed. It was mighty fine! "But better not to take the first one", he reasons.

August 16, 1945

First came the long, strange sound of a steam whistle. What did it mean? Then came the ringing of bells, the shouting of men, women and children, the blowing of horns and parading through the streets! It was the moment we had looked for - the moment many had fought for; the moment some had died for! For almost an hour Tuesday evening near dark the demonstration continued. Then a line toward the Methodist church and the formal jubilation of happy hearts. The church was filled to standing room only. Around the walls people crowded in. Seats were placed until there was no longer room. It was a great occasion. People wept for joy. Japan had surrendered.

August 30, 1945

A story in the papers from Washington this past week recalls an incident which rocked high social circles from center to circumference in Statesboro some 30 years ago.

The recent story was about the decorated soldier with many medals who entered a hotel dining room in Washington with his parents seeking service. The father, a plain countryman, walked in without a coat. The staid and solemn waiters softly admonished that his lack of style left him outside the circle of acceptable guests. The old man was not much wrought up about it but his wife - and that's the way of proud mothers - was quite considerably heated up. The party walked across the street and dined in a cafeteria. Because of the recent prominence of the young son, wearing the medals bestowed for valiant service overseas, talk sprang up and the hotel management phoned to make amends. The matter was amicably adjusted when the party returned next evening for service.

And that's the story that brought to mind the time when two Statesboro leading citizens walked into Mine Host Jaeckel's dining room without coats. Jaeckel told them where to get off - and out. They were heated up about like that Washington soldier's mother and they resisted. Licks passed and eyes were bruised. When the matter came into court, fines were assessed for disorderly conduct. The dignity of Jaeckel's hotel had been sustained. The parties to the episode have all passed away long ago and maybe we ought not to have recalled the incident here - but it impresses us that history often repeats itself. Somebody warns "Keep your shirt on" Jaeckel said "Keep your coat on".
September 6, 1945

There have recently been held brief impromptu meetings of the "Flu-Flu Birds" society. Let it be explained that the flu-flu bird is said to fly backward because of a greater interest in places he has been than in the places which are ahead. And since old men often live in retrospect we are applying that name to the little group of old-timers wherever they assemble and begin to talk of olden times.

Last Friday was August 31. Old-timers recalled that was the day of the celebrated Charleston earthquake, 59 years ago. A short impromptu session of the club began to "remember when" and the earthquake matter naturally came up. Frank Fletcher remembered that he was a right young yearling-sized boy when he heard the dishes rattle and felt the house shake - and saw his father get excited. It took something, he said, to get his daddy off balance but the old man solemnly assured his family that he was going to investigate and if it developed that their house was the only place involved in the shake-up, then they'd move as sure as shooting. Next day the old gentleman went out investigating and learned that the Woods home had gone through the shake-up also and that the family there wanted to move; that on the other side the Dan Rigdon home was under guard - men with guns sat waiting for some imaginary stranger to come down from the loft where it was supposed that he had shaken the house and the earth about. And Frank remembers that Ivey Bland straddled his horse and put spurs into his side to run from the shaking; that the horse was not swift enough and Ivey jumped off and "took to foot" to make better time.

Then they drifted to the reign of the whang-doodle which followed shortly thereafter. If you've never seen a whang-doodle let it be described as simply a barrel head with rawhide cover through which rosin strips are drawn slowly, and which is said to make one's hair stand straight up. Well, when one of these whang-doodles first sprang into activity, men left home carrying their babies in their arms across the field the nearest and swiftest way to a neighbor's house. Horses floundered in their stables; men believed their animals were being bodily torn apart in the stalls and one man urged his family to greater speed as he cried out against the critter which was eating his plow nag alive. And all this came down to firm earth when indictments were returned in the courts against certain jokesters who had frightened one woman into serious illness.

Session number 2 was held Monday morning on the front steps of the court house when Sid Parrish reported on the time when farmers of Bulloch county sold syrup in Statesboro at 15¢ per gallon; sold hens at 25¢ apiece; sold fryers (in pairs only) at two for 25¢; sold cured country bacon at 8¢ per pound.

As we listened we were made to appreciate the faculty of memory which carries you back over those joyous days and lamented that we have traveled to the day of atomic bomb, country hens at $2.50 each, fryers one dollar each (small ones) and no country bacon at any price.

September 13, 1945

An incident which aroused the entire community was that on College Blvd. and Grady Street around 9:30 Tuesday night, in which the entire populace had a part. It was apparently a case of a "peeper" though no definite solution has yet been announced.

The James Bland home and the Arthur Turner home are on adjoining lots with dense growth of hedge between. Mrs. Bland (at home alone) was disturbed around retiring time by a noise in the yard which seemed to in-
dicate the presence of some person snooping. She phoned the Turner house, stated her suspicions and asked that Mr. Turner make an inspection of the back yard. With two shooting pieces in the house, Miss Julie Turner took the shotgun and Mr. Turner took a revolver. They divided, Mr. Turner going to the back and the daughter to the front.

It was quite dark in the back yard but instantly there was a scurrying as if somebody had become entangled in a fence or brush. Out of the darkness dashed the body of a man past Mr. Turner who fired his revolver at close range, and which act added speed rather than retarded the man in transit.

Almost instantly the neighborhood was aroused, policemen came with dogs and a diligent search was made. Tracks were followed and lost.

A number of similar incidents in that section of the city in recent months inclines the officers to believe the offender is familiar with the houses around there. Several ladies have reported hearing mysterious noises near their bedroom windows. The police expect to sooner or later apprehend the man who is offending.

September 13, 1945

There is something uncanny about the way advertisements in the Bulloch TIMES bear fruit. Recently we told the story about how the Beaver dog had been advertised for and came back mysteriously following the advertisement. Now there's one that even beats that. A dog slept cuddled up on the path at the TIMES back door, arose with the sun, sauntered around and disappeared from the premises. About four hours later the man who owned the dog came in to advertise a reward for her return.

It was a weasened little female hound, black with white spots, which lay across our path on that early morning as we walked into the back door. Manifestly lost, she looked up pleadingly and with averted eyes, asked for friendship. Because we are not strong on hounds, we barely recognized her presence, though our heart was slightly touched by her pathetic manner. When later we noticed her absence we felt relieved because of all things we dislike to be adopted by stray cats and hound dogs.

Then Stothard Deal, the sheriff, came in distress advertising for a stray dog. We noted it was a stray dog but overlooked the description. We took his quarter (which we suspected was more than the dog was worth) and ran the advertisement. Then when we read our "want" column we were amazed to find we were advertising a reward for the same little animal which had slept at our back door only the night before.

September 13, 1945

Mrs. Dock Groover, nearing the 80-year mark, established a record for dexterity and bravery Monday afternoon when she grabbed a life-sized rattlesnake by the tail and ended his career with a blow on the head. Mrs. Groover was gathering eggs in the barn when she espied the snake crawling under the wall. When she found a stick the snake had gone so far it seemed about to escape when the lady seixed its tail, snatched it out in the open and battered it to death. The snake was around four feet long.

September 27, 1945

By what reasoning, if any, the city clock was moved we cannot say; but there was a sort of evidence of reasoning in its face last Monday morning. While the hands pointed to 7:30 o'clock, the bell sounded seven times; and
that, you understand, was dropping back a half hour. Next Monday morning
is set for the clock to drop back a full hour so it appears that it had
chosen to transfer to slow time by easy stages. Somebody got hold of the
striking apparatus, however, and set it in agreement with the face of the
clock.

A snow white raccoon was killed by Durward Kennedy who lives in the
Sinkhole district. It was a female coon and she was killed in her den
where she was mothering one youngster of natural color. A perfect albino,
the eyes were white. White possums are no rarity but nobody recalls ever
having seen a white coon before.

October 4, 1945

Was that President Truman who sat sedately at the head of the table
Sunday in the hotel dining room? Don't be too quick to answer, for stranger
things have happened, you know. Besides, why shouldn't even a president
come to Statesboro for one of those dinners which has long made Statesboro
known as a desirable place to eat? What's wrong with a pear salad as a
starting, a plate of rice and giblet gravy with a double-sized piece of
fried chicken and a slice of ham with whatever you want for a beverage and
a slice of egg custard for dessert?

We whispered an inquiry to the lady who waited on our table, "Is that
President Truman?" She sort of evaded us; we think she didn't know for sure.
There he was, solid underjaw, a twinkle in his eye, a sort of friendly face.

Without hurry, he and the lady finished their meal and arose to leave.
Exactly at our elbow they stopped, and the friendly-appearing man extended
his hand. "Don't you recognize me?", he asked casually. We told horn what
we suspected about his identity and he told us we were dead wrong. Then he
called a name which had long been buried in our memory. Yes, we remembered
that man as having been in business in Statesboro almost half a century ago.

Not five persons will recall him among the long-ago citizens of States-
boro. Percy Averitt will easily recall him. Barney will probably remember
but Barney was a right young kid when he worked as a sawmill hand with the
late D. P. Averitt. Maybe two or three other older citizens will remember
Lee Highsmith. Did you see him Sunday? He's a perfect image of President
Truman.

October 4, 1945

The flannel moth caterpillar now on the flowering peach tree east of
the courthouse is one of the few poisonous species found in Georgia. This
caterpillar is covered with a downy-like substance that resembles feathers,
which gives it a unique appearance and causes those finding it to stroke
it softly. This covering is covered with venemous setae which causes a
nettle type of rash. The effect is only temporary.

October 25, 1945

Where did the name Statesboro come from? This question was booted
about for thirty minutes at a recent Chamber of Commerce meeting without
ever an answer being given. It seems the town just started here without a
historian about.

One point that was made clear, Statesboro is the only town in the
United States by that name, or rather that has a post office.
Records show that it was a town of some kind back in 1905 but was incorporated as a village in 1862 or 1863. A council meeting was held in the Lester pines in 1969 (sic) when, due to Yankee troops being in this area it was not possible to hold the meeting in town. Judge George Seibald donated the land where the courthouse is, and the deed was witnessed by Judge George Walton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Both of these judges seemed to live in Augusta at that time. No connection between Judge Seibald and Statesboro can be found that would warrant his giving the property.

During the discussion it was brought out that Brooklet used to be named Nellwood, being so named after Congressman Black's daughter.

November 8, 1945

There was once a couplet about the dangers of a certain gun which had that quality called "kick". Most hunters have met that characteristic from time to time and learned that a gun must be held firmly against the shoulder to avoid the recoil. Well, the gun about which we started to write was said to be such that "whether shot at duck or plover was sure to kick the owner over". Some of you have seen Preacher Carl Anderson going around with his left hand in a bandage, and maybe you wondered what had happened. If you ask him he'll tell you it was all because of the misconduct of a cow. One of his animals found that grazing inside the field was better than out, and she learned, too, that fence could be negotiated with little effort. She jumped so often that she was a menace to the growing crops. The preacher decided she needed a little training with small shot and took his stand. When he found her in the field, he took aim and fired. He held the gun tight enough but it exploded right under his left hand. He went to the hospital for surgical attention. That's why he has been going around with his hand in a bandage, his thumb missing.

The cow wound up in the stockyard in the next weekly sale. She had learned too much.

November 15, 1945

At this moment there is in Statesboro the most memorable fire in many years - the old Outland stables are going up in flames. The building has been used as an automobile repair shop. The fire started inside the building and was so far advanced when the fire department arrived that little could be done toward fighting the blaze. Black smoke poured from the upper windows and finally the flames broke through. The building was erected more than 40 years ago by B. T. Outland.

November 15, 1945

An unfortunate incident which was far above the average in financial importance was that which fell to the lot of young Elmer Yarboro last Saturday night when he lost his purse and its contents, approximately $400 in currency. A frugal and industrious young farmer, Yarboro had been harvesting crops for his neighbors throughout the fall and had been paid in cash. Because he was coming to the picture show Saturday evening, he feared to leave so large a sum at home so he put it in the safest place he knew - his rear pants pocket. In that same pocket he also carried another purse with some papers of value. When he returned home he discovered that the container with the currency was missing and he came straightway back to the picture house to investigate. Employees had swept the floor but had seen no trace of the lost purse. There is a bare possibility, of course, that some honest person may
find the purse and return it. He offers a reward of $100 for its return.

November 23, 1945

William J. McDuff, 75, went to Kingsland, Ga., last week where he formerly lived, on a hunting trip. While in the woods he shot a squirrel and as he started to pick up his gun, a large rattlesnake bit him on the hand. He quickly took his knife, slashed his hand and sucked the blood out. He hurried to the highway where he was in hopes that a passing car would pick him up. He lay on the paved road all Friday night, suffering intensely. Early Saturday morning a passing car carried him to a hospital in Kingsland. He lived to tell the story of his tragic accident, then passed away. He operated a watch, clock and jewelry repair shop in Brooklet.

November 29, 1945

The 800 strutting turkeys around J. A. Bunce’s barn would lead one to believe there are turkeys everywhere. Mr. Bunce with the help of Mrs. Bunce alone since all the boys are drafted has maintained a laying flock of turkeys to insure ample eggs for hatching. The eggs are hatched in incubators on the farm, the birds are brooded out and finished for market on the fields around the house. Mr. Bunce plants an abundance of small grains for grazing and for harvesting. The turkeys require considerable more care, especially during rainy weather, than the other classes of livestock. But selling 800 turkeys for some $10 per bird is the most pleasant part of growing them out. Mr. Bunce says they all do not sell for $10 though, and a lot of the price they do bring goes to pay for feed he cannot raise for them.

December 6, 1945

Bringing nearly $150 per front foot the vacant lot adjoining the Masonic Lodge sold at public (auction) before the courthouse door Tuesday for $1000. The bidder was Sam Rosenberg who operates a store on the same street a little nearer to the center of the city.

January 3, 1946

Statesboro is particularly honored and all of south Georgia shares with her in the thrill which grows out of distinction which has been accorded within the week to a Statesboro young lady, Miss Betty Bird Foy, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Foy and the late Mr. Foy. This honor attaches to the designation of Miss Foy as one of the 16 southern girls selected to compete in a south-wide beauty contest at Memphis next Monday for the selection of the 1946 Maid of Cotton. Notice of her unsolicited appointment to this group was conveyed in a telegram received by her last Wednesday.

February 7, 1946

A verdict of "not guilty" and a cash contribution of $81.31 was the award to a lovely young wife who was on trial before a Bulloch county jury last Thursday. The wife, Mrs. Jane Moseley, was charged with assisting her husband, James Moseley, escape from the Bulloch county chain gang on January 7 and she made no denial of her contribution to that cause. Her tears, her beauty and her words so completely won over the jury that, in reporting her acquittal in open court, permission was asked and granted to "pass the hat" for a fund to relieve her tearful embarrassment. The jurors themselves chipped in amounts ranging from $5 downward and the sum total placed in her
hands to return to her former home at Van Buren, Arkansas.

With tears streaming down her beautiful face, she had told the jury of her blind love for the man whom she had assisted to escape; had told of her distress and loneliness in a strange land - of the determination to return immediately to her childhood home in Arkansas. Everybody was happy that she was being restored to the peace and quiet of her former days.

But in the official circles of the court there was a businesslike atmosphere of watchfulness of her future conduct. The final developments: On Friday evening there came from Jesup one Clayton Moseley, a brother of the James who had escaped. He came ostensibly to assist the young wife in getting back to her far-away home. Saturday morning the young wife and her brother-in-law were busy saying goodbye to the courthouse group.

Shortly after noon the pair took a bus toward Savannah with the announced intention of a speedy return to Arkansas. As the bus left, Capt. Ellis, of the county chain gang, wise in the ways of escaped convicts, jumped aboard his truck and headed for Jesup. In the meantime, Sheriff Deal got on the phone and called city detective Fitzgerald in Savannah and asked him to watch the incoming bus and to spot the two persons. At the bus station the two didn't ask about Arkansas, but wanted to know about first connection to Jesup, as the officers here had suspected. At Ludowici, Capt. Ellis phoned back and was told of the developments and Sunday morning he went direct to the Moseley abiding place near Jesup. Almost the first sight that met his eyes was the joint presence of the young wife and her escaped husband in close connection. She screamed and ran; he ran without screaming. Later the escaped man was caught hiding under an upturned tree root in the Altamaha river swamp. He had buried himself in the water, and would have been overlooked except that one of the searching party heard a gurgling sound and espied the upturned face of the man as he surfaced to breathe.

The woman was left undisturbed, after she had tried to give the prison captain a sum of money for the use of her convicted husband - which money was declined. Moseley was brought back to the Bulloch county chain gang and resumed activities Monday.

As to the wife - well, she had been turned loose and her lack of discretion had brought about the arrest of the man she so loved - and his return to finish a five-year sentence for burglary.

February 28, 1946

Well, at last the work of completion of the road between Statesboro and Sylvania - begun four years ago - has been resumed.

This is a section of what is recognized as the Burton's Ferry Route, which has been agitation and construction combined for the past 20 years. That's a long while to take in the construction of a highway, to be sure, but it takes time and talk and money and material to build highways. This Burton's Ferry Route started off with talk and resolutions; then a bridge was built across the Savannah river at Burton's Ferry; paving was laid from Allendale to the river and then from the river to Sylvania. Something like six years ago the grading of the roadbed from Sylvania to Dover was announced and part of it actually completed before conditions brought about a stoppage. The bridge across the Ogeechee river at Dover was completed and stood for a while without approaches from either side; however it was brought into usage some three years ago. The contract for paving was let but was suspended along with the stoppage of work by scarcity of materials. Later the contract was cancelled in order to permit the paving of the road between Statesboro and the airport on the Dover road. Today it is assumed that the paving from the airport to the river will be resumed and completed.
February 14, 1946

T. J. Waters who lives near Upper Black Creek church was telling about the appearance of a strange animal whose identity he could not exactly place. Mr. Waters found in the woods near his house the partly devoured carcass of an animal which he said was colored like a deer, with ribs like those of a human being and large upstanding backbone. His neighbors have been called to look at the carcass and none of them recall ever having seen anything like it.

March 28, 1946

There walked into our office a few days ago a jaunty little red-faced former citizen. We had known the newcomer when he was a small lad; had known his parents before he was born; knew them after he went away. In reply to our inquiry the man told of his wanderings. "I've been all over the world. I went away 27 years ago and have never been back until four days ago."

And then he told us that his first great interest upon returning was to ascertain the resting place of the bodies of his father and mother and that he had found no friend who could help him until, finally at the city office, the engineer drew out a map and pointed out the exact spot of their graves. There will shortly be placed a suitable marker to establish permanently this sacred spot.

As the wanderer sat and talked timidly about his comings and goings, and his plans and hopes for the future, there was something impelling about his manner. Wearing still the uniform of his branch of service, across the breast there was a display of ribbons. He never once mentioned their significance but it was easy to know they had not been given to him without long and constant attention to duty. During the 27 years of his absence he had been attending life's most impressive school - the school of experience. His face was freshly shaven and as pink as the skin of a child. He told us how he had been taught to shave every morning as a part of the daily routine. "They didn't accept excuses," he said. His shave was fresh and his body erect.

Up to this point we have omitted mention of this youngster's name. Well, those who remember way back recall that something like a hundred years ago a little Irishman came to Bulloch county and was known to his neighbors as "Uncle Billy" Gould. His three sons were James, John and Willie. All were prolific and many Goulds of later generations have contributed in their spheres to the building up of Bulloch county. At the last end of the John Gould family was a tow-headed youngster named Eugene. Well, this Eugene is the youngster about whom these lines were written. He's back after all these long years! He says he's ready to take up the civilian life and that his future is amply provided for. He is now past the 45 mark, but when he talks about the family he's looking forward to, he casts his eyes down the street and observes a young girl in bright red dress and says, "That is a girl it would be easy for me to be interested in. I always did like red."

Nowhere in the whole wide world at the present moment can there be seen more glorious beauties of nature abloom than along a ten-mile stretch down the River Road east from Dover. One cannot take the ride without being imbued with a feeling of reverence for those noble souls of the long past who had the pride to set growing the rich purple wisteria and the snow white Cherokee roses which have struggled along through a generous existence after the tender hands responsible for their planting have passed to
Start in, if you love nature, at the intersection of the Dover road this side of the Dover bridge. You won't travel very far before you begin to reap reward. By the roadside snuggled here and there in the edge of the water courses are these modest flowers dispensing their beauty without stint. At special places where once lived some lover of the beautiful, great bowers of wisteria are bending down the small bushes about the silent old homesteads. A particularly beautiful spot is that in the yard of the old "Sonny" Mosely home, some five miles down the road. Alongside this on the edge of a babbling brook is the ancient nest of the old Miley place, once a popular center of life and activity, bearing a half-century ago the fitting title of "Sunnyside".

We won't mention all the wonder spots - if you ride that way you'll see them. But whatever you do, be sure to keep going till you have passed New Hope church, then the crossroads, one of which leads to Oliver, a mile further down the River Road, and turn abruptly to the right toward the Baily old mill. To the right after you pass the Dan Thompson home you will observe a wide expanse of dogwoods in bloom. As if some hand had cut away all hindering growth, the two or three acre patch is covered with snow white flowers. You'll thrill at the magnificence of the panorama - a Nature's garden of purest white.

Elder J. Walter Hendrix, of Savannah, was the guest speaker at the Rotary luncheon Monday. He called back the years of his boyhood and mentioned names and incidents to illustrate the truth of his proposition that "there is more in man than in the land". He recalled his first visit to Statesboro in the days when the village was so insignificant that he took in at a 30-second glance all there was to see. Riding in a covered cart with his father at the age of six years, he peeped through the opening and observed the two or three squalid buildings which were standing around what is at present the center of town. He called the name of a man remembered by many of those who heard him speak who had set in to work for a farmer of his community at $9 per month and board. At the end of the year this man received the balance due to him in uncollected wages and it amounted to $101. He had drawn for personal incidentals during the year only $7, most of which he had probably spent for chewing tobacco. At the end of the first year, the employer contracted for another year of service for $11 per month and at the end of the second year the laborer received the farmer's daughter and was given a deed to wide acres of land in recognition of his acceptability. When that man died a half century later, his estate was worth more than $100,000.

The speaker referred to the time about a half century ago when his father sold the timber from a thousand acres of land "perhaps for $1000". Today that timber would be worth $100,000.

Elder Hendrix was born and reared in that section of Bulloch county fourteen miles west of Statesboro which is now in Candler county. He was some 40 years ago the first head of the First District A. & M school, which has since gravitated into Georgia Teachers College of today.

April 11, 1946

Statesboro's mayor, "Bull" Dorman is smiling just like nature is officially proclaimed to have been doing around this community for the past many years. Why is he smiling? Telegraphic notification from Washington within the week authorized him to proceed with the installation of his broadcasting
station. What is to be its name? "WWNS". And that is not without sufficient significance. Boiled down to words, the letters stand for "Welcome Where Nature Smiles". The Chamber of Commerce sought a catchy slogan by which our city was to be recognized in the advertising. A prize was offered for the phrase deemed most acceptable. Fifty or more suggestions were offered. Walter MacDougald's won. There could have been others, we think. For instance how about something that more directly identifies the man who is installing this system?

Many persons near and far know our mayor as "Bull" Dorman. Now, that title doesn't convey any reference to earth moving or bellowing, though he is recognized as quite capable in those lines. There used to be a picture on billboards advertising "Bull Durham" tobacco. To be sure, the picture of the bull was impressive. Also the name "Durham" was not dissimilar to the name "Dorman". Some friend in appreciation of Alfred Dorman, playing upon this similarity, dubbed him "the man who put "Bull in Bulloch", So the title stuck.

Anyway, we'll be talking to the world within ninety days. The site of the aerial is on N. Zetterower at the intersection of Olliff street. The broadcasting station will probably be on the second floor of the Sea Island bank building.

April 18, 1946

The Albany (N. Y. ) TIMES says that 60 years ago advice as to preventing colds was to take a bath in hot whiskey and rock salt twice a year. And it was "discovered" that if you take the skin of the leaf lard from the left side of a pig and put it on your chest and keep it there, you'll be over a cold in no time.

If that doesn't work and you are still able to get around you might try crawling through a double rooted briar, moving from west to east.

April 25, 1946

Out in the Hagan district, living on that road which winds its placid way parallel to the Ogeechee river and was enshrouded during recent days in the beauteous garments of nature, Ira Perkins and his sister Miss Madie Perkins make their home. Ira smokes a pipe and tends to small chores about the home while his sister busies herself with straightening up the house after he has passed through. (We are taking the liberty of assuming these things because that is the way with most women in the home.)

But what we started to write about is the development of the fact that Ira has a hobby of hoarding. (Now, the word "hoard" is defined by Webster as "to lay up secretly; to amass"). Last week Ira was at our office and smiling as he told us that he had just that day deposited in the bank in Statesboro a check which he had carried in his vest pocket since the middle of March 1938 (exactly eight years, one month and two days, he said.) He said it was not intentional, to be sure; but he just slipped the check into his vest pocket when he received it and having no wife to rifle his pocket it stayed there all that time forgotten. When that little cool spat came recently and Ira put on his vest, there was the check - and he got the money for it at the bank.

The incident reminded us that some ten years ago Ira told us of drawing water from the well in his yard and bringing to the surface a catfish which his brother had placed there to destroy wigglers some 25 years before. The fish had been forgotten all these years but has retained its full vigor and was apparently as well and as strong - and as large exactly-
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as the day it went in the well. This means that the fish, six inches
long when placed in the well, was still six inches long, which is doing
pretty well in a well, if you don't mind the phrase.

But during all these years, Ira's sister, Miss Madie, had made her
contribution to the home, keeping and raising chickens while Ira raised
fish. One day sort of recently Miss Madie heard her hens yelling for help
in the yard. A hawk had attacked the brood of chicks and the hen had
flown into the fray, grappled with the hawk and had taken a firm hold and
called aloud in language which denoted emergency. Miss Madie had the
broom in hand that morning and she ran with it uplifted. No, she didn't
miss the hawk, as you'd suspect, but she swatted it a fatal blow in a
vital spot. Do you know of any other woman anywhere who would have done
better?

All this goes to prove that the Perkins family has plenty of excite-
ment, what with raising chicks, holding checks and raising catfish.

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Statesboro took a step forward this week with the installation of a
mounted police force on constant duty parading the streets. The new cop is
Herman Hollingsworth, recently returned from overseas, who went on duty
Tuesday. He will cruise throughout the city constantly and his chief job
will be to enforce traffic regulations.

May 9, 1946

Exercising perfect deliberation, Robert Williams chose from Henry's cloth-
ing store last Sunday night a collection of wearing apparel of which al-
most any well-dressed man might well be proud.

The reason of his deliberation: nobody was present to speed him along.
He had carefully chosen the time and surroundings and everything went well
enough until about the time he was completing his task - and then trouble
broke loose.

Robert had entered Henry's store Sunday night about ten o'clock.
There was only a dim light inside the store but he had apparently spotted
in advance the articles which appealed to him. At least he was not hurried
nor disturbed. Around two o'clock he slipped out through the opening in a
rear window and was moving away when the night policeman called to him to
give account. Robert proceeded down the street to near the Masonic hall,
scattering wearing apparel more or less indiscriminately until he was over-
taken. The policeman gathered up the scattered merchandise and notified
the owner of the store. Mr. Moses checked over the articles recovered and
announced there was a pair of shoes missing. Robert told them where the
shoes could be found - in a hand trunk behind the Bowen furniture store.
A final check disclosed that nothing was missing and that the trunk
had been completely filled with modern articles of wearing apparel. Two
suits of clothing, two pairs of shoes, two or three lovely shirts, two
nobby caps.

Robert had changed clothes inside the store and left his old apparel
where he had made the change. Entrance had been made by removal of a glass
from a rear window, which stood unshattered by the wall. Officers say Rob-
ert had previously spent two or three stretches on the chain gang. He is
awaiting reassignment. He admitted recently having entered Rucker's eat-
ing place on West Vine street about the same time the E. A. Smith Grain Co.
Brady's Department store were similiarly burglarized.
May 30, 1946

The fee was saved by a Negro farmer one day recently when he drove up in front of the veterinarian's office and called upon him to take the dogs in hand. There were two of them, dragging by their necks at the back of the wagon - and both dead. The dogs had slunk back, apparently, and been choked to death without knowledge of the owner until he arrived at the veterinarian's office. The man saved $2 by the process because the dogs were apparently immune.

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Members of the police force had been watching a couple of fellows who were almost beyond the travelling stage, who walked into the court yard and sat down while a street preacher was in action. The preacher was rather long-winded as well as loud. While he talked, the two partly-soused stragglers sat in silence. When he had finished they had sort of regained their equilibrium - and were able to go under their own steam. They had been promising prospects for the calaboose but because the preacher detained them, they escaped.

Thus it comes about that one can never know what influence may shape his course. These two fellows owe more to religion than they will ever know - not their own religion, to be sure, but the religion of others.

July 4, 1946

Do you know him - the pesky thumb-jabber? Can you understand why he is and how he got that way? Some day we're going to sit down at this Oliver and peck out some words which will convey our estimate of this pest and we're going to print the words in this paper - and then the U. S. Post Office department is going to throw us out of the mails for using words unfit for general circulation.

Seriously, we do wonder how the thumb-jabber got this way. By what evil instinct does he stand at elbow-length and jab you in the ribs when he makes a bright remark? Does he think it adds to the force of his statement or is he merely seeking to bore in at a vulnerable spot from a surprise angle. Does he think it a kindness to jab a man in the ribs and throw him off balance at a most crucial moment?

Answer this if you can and then tell what you really believe a victim is justified in doing in return. We'll do it even if it leads to assassination. Bad as the thumb-jabber is there is another pest - the man who shoves his foul-smelling pipe under your nose as he talks. What shall we do with him?

Now there were two old-timers in Statesboro a half century ago who had the same kind of religion and who at Christmas time drank the same liquor - old man Dave Proctor was slightly crippled in one foot and it was difficult enough for him to keep a balance when it wasn't Christmas time and when Mack Scarboro didn't shove him. Old Mack was the worst we ever saw about jabbing people. He would say a thing and then lunge at his victim bodily. It took a strong leg to stand when Mack shoved you.

At the Dover and Statesboro depot about the day following Christmas, old man Dave had his quart in his coat pocket; old Mack had most of his quart inside his shirt. Mack told a joke and ran against Dave. Proctor was thrown off balance and fell over a pair of platform scales - and when he got up his quart was dripping from his clothes - and was he mad!

That's all over now, to be sure. They've gone somewhere else and
have forgiven each other. But we imagine if old man Dave Proctor ever permits mind to float back to worldly affairs, he still resents that moment when Mack Scarboro shoved him down and crushed his quart of Christmas liquor.

That leaves us where we started — why the pesky thumb-jabber?

August 8, 1946

Ezra Brannen and son, Edgar, displayed at the Times office Saturday afternoon, attached to the bumper of their car, a rattler which measured six feet, two inches long and twelve inches in circumference at the center. Driving toward Dover, the snake was crossing the road when they came upon it. Instantly it went into coil and the Brannens began using the heavy end of a fishing pole with fatal effect. About the rattles, well, there were fifteen which is a good many.

August 22, 1946

On Thanksgiving Day at 7:00 P.M. on the courthouse square, a 1946 Ford will be given away by the Bulloch County Library. The drive is for the benefit of the library building which the town hopes to build in the near future. Tickets will represent one brick in the building and will cost one dollar.

The Bulloch County Library was organized in 1936 by public subscription. Later it became a WPA project and extended its services. In 1944 it became headquarters of a regional library and today offers bookmobile service to Bulloch and Bryan counties. It has increased its operating budget from a few hundred dollars in 1936 to the present budget of $10,000.

The reference last week to the slaying of a hawk by Miss Madie Perkins with a broom has opened the way to another similar incident which reveals that hawks fare badly wherever a woman is on guard. The most recent story is that told us wherein a hawk, under almost identical circumstances as those previously related, fell under the blows of a walking cane in the hands of Miss Viola Belcher. The hawk in an attack upon the chickens in the yard, flew onto the steps of a vine-covered porch. Miss Belcher seized her brother's walking cane and delivered a blow which broke the hawk's neck.

September 12, 1946

Don't underestimate those old automobiles. They may still be able to outrun a deer. Hoke Brunson, president of the Chamber of Commerce, was moving his family from the coast in a 1941 model car last week when a young buck gave challenge for a race. Mr. Brunson won. At least he killed the deer with his old antiquated 1941 car that he thought was worn out.

A doe and young buck, weighing some 75 pounds, attempted to cross the road in front of Mr. Brunson on Route 80 this side of the Ogeechee River. Mr. Brunson's car was very heavily loaded, too much for any dodging about. It was filled with the sort of things used for keeping house on the coast. Mr. Brunson saw the doe and was making certain that he did not hit her but had not seen the buck until he struck it. Both hind legs were broken by the car. Mr. Brunson finished the deer off with a wrench.

The tough part of the whole story was that Mr. Brunson was so heavily leaded that he could not keep the deer. A car pulled up in back of him and he gave it to them. Later he found out it was Lanier Mikell, who works at the post office here.
September 26, 1946

On a recent evening conversation in our home drifted around to memories of two ladies who had lived in Bulloch county a half century ago. We knew them casually and perhaps a half dozen of our readers will remember them. Miss Nan McClosky was a rather fascinating "old maid" music teacher at Excelsior when that village was the educational center of Bulloch county. As Excelsior began to fade Miss McClosky's activities broadened out and she taught classes in Statesboro. Her younger sister Florence had married a man named Williams and had moved to Florida. This was approximately a half century ago. Later Miss Nan went to make her home with the Williams family and when her sister died she married her sister's husband and became a mother to the Williams children. These were the memories which were under review one evening last week.

The next evening at almost the same hour a stranger called at our front door, told us he was seeking a copy of our issue of that date; that he was from Tampa, Florida, and planning to come to Bulloch county. We asked him to tell us more about himself and he told us he had married a Miss Williams who was born at Excelsior and whose mother was the former Miss Florence McClosky - and whose step-mother was the former Miss Nan McClosky. The man's wife was at that moment sitting in a car in front of this office. She had the evening before been riding en route from Tampa to the place of her birth at Excelsior, in which place she hoped eventually to live in happiness.

Now we are asking what the gnomes or goblins or elves had to do with bringing memories of these women into our mind the very evening before? Don't say they had nothing to do with the matter, for that will only mean that you - like we - do not understand gnomes, goblins and elves.

October 17, 1946

We sort of wonder who he is and where he died, but we are sure there sleeps peacefully somewhere a man around the 70-year mark who is glad he is dead. There may be many such, but the one we have particularly in mind is possibly the happiest of the lot. We visualize him turning in his grave as he repeats constantly, "Praises be! I am out of it."

We saw the woman who had been the man's wife, and as we learned about her from her very own mouth, we reasoned the conditions which we have described.

As we walked after our mail, there waddled before us one of the most conspicuous individuals we have ever walked behind. Fat and stuffy, she dabbed at her face with a powder puff; turned and looked backward to see if she was followed; turned in at an open door. Her eyes and skin were all red, and her age was stamped upon her face and her physique. As we passed her by we wondered how any man had endured her to the present moment - and then we dismissed her from mind. Thirty minutes later we stepped into a drug store at which two sprightly young men were employed, and at the same moment the old lady waddled in. She asked the whereabouts of the proprietor who was out. So informed, she explained that she had only stopped in for a rest and then she began to state her objections to Statesboro. She had discovered that the business houses were operated by persons of the wrong nationality; nobody had any courtesy. Nobody treated her civilly. She asked a pointed question of the girl behind the soda fountain - a newcomer - who regretfully explained that she was a comparative stranger and could not give the answer sought. The old lady was riled - "Yes, you are just like all the rest I have met in this town - no manners and no inclination to
be helpful to strangers!" And then she looked directly at this editor and asked what had come over people like these: "Nobody will tell me a thing. They all declare they don't know. Don't anybody know anything?"

And because she asked us point-blank we answered her that Statesboro was still living in the past; that most of us belonged to that old party which existed about the year she was born, the Know-Nothings (history reveals that this party sprang up about 1840 and continued its political struggle for approximately 20 years) and that we are more or less proud of our political ancestry.

Think you this satisfied the old sister? Well, it didn't in the least. She boiled over like Seidletz powders in a glass of lemon juice. She called us names that even a man's wife ought not to call him. She waddled out and down the street with that look of scorn which is described as like unto the fury of hell.

And as she waddled off we ruminated, who could love a fat, puffy, old bow-legged woman like that? And we reasoned that the man who had died and left her was glad that he died.

October 24, 1946

That little street along the western edge of the courthouse carries a corner marker reading "Seibald".

This indicates the name by which it is officially recognized, but there is thus given no light on the reason for this naming.

If one were to go back into recorded history, it is made clear that it is by this means misinformation is often given circulation. The correct answer to the question is that a man named George Sibbald (he signed that way in clear, bold hand) donated the land on which the town of Statesboro was originally located. There were originally 200 acres in the original grant, and the map along with the recorded deed indicates that the center of this 200-acre tract was exactly the spot which is the intersection of the four streets running north, east, south and west. The wording in the plat merely used the directions without the word "Main", which has later become to be a part of the legal title - North Main, East Main, South Main and West Main.

George Sibbald is understood to have been a man of wealth whose home was in Augusta. How large were his holdings in Bulloch county is not known beyond the fact that he had a large acreage and that he volunteered to give by deed to "Joseph Rogers, Drury Jones, Stephen Denmark, John Cook and John Everett, commissioners of Bulloch county, a certain tract of 200 acres to be admeasured and laid out of any lands of said county belonging to the said George Sibbald, to have and to hold."

This document was witnessed by John Hammil, George Walton and Lewis Lanier; dated May 30, 1804.

The land plat referred to above was shown to have been made by Adam Jones on Feb. 25-26-27, 1852 and witnessed by Mitchael Waters, Bassel Jones and Jacob Donaldson and was filed for record Nov. 23, 1854.

The plat showed four small sections, apparently divided into business lots, comprising 28 tracts, twelve being 182 by 132 feet, and 16 tracts being 66 by 66 feet, these four business sections being placed one in each corner of the four streets. In addition there was a survey of larger tracts, measuring approximately 10 acres each, the smallest being 6½ acres and the total alleged to comprise 176½ acres.

The four streets divided the survey and on "East street" at a point apparently about in front of the present Bulloch Times office there was a
slight indication of a branched curve-off marked "Public Road", which manifestly is known today as Savannah Avenue.

And you will notice that George Sibbald had a tender feeling for the little city when he gave the land on which Statesboro was planned to be started 142 years ago. Thus Seibald Street got its name. There is no tangible evidence of its origin. And Statesboro, Georgia, is yet said to be the only Statesboro post office in the entire United States.

October 31, 1946

In last week's issue of this paper there appeared an inquiry from a person, C. A. Brown, whose home is in San Bernadino, Calif., seeking to know the source from which came the name "Bragg", a community which he described as "seven miles east of Statesboro".

The common reply to the question which has come to us has been in these words: "Who is that man Brown?"

We believe that the man who asked the question, and perhaps others will be interested to know that all there ever was material about the community still exists. (That is, everything except the living, breathing human beings who were the soul of the community.) Across the front door of an abandoned school house seven miles east of Statesboro (within a half mile of the place at which lived the late W. A. Waters, mentioned as one-time postmaster of Bragg) there hangs a sign "Bragg School". The sign has been there a long while, and everybody who attended Bragg School is long out of school age. Ogeechee school, two miles further north on the same road represents the consolidation of Bragg, Snap, Pauline, Beaver Pond, Eureka - and other unnamed semi-private schools which existed a half century ago.

What has happened to that community is the same as has occurred all over Bulloch county. Consolidations have reduced the number of community schools from 75 or more to 10 or 12.

The same has happened with the community post offices which served in their day. A centralization of services has wiped out the need for the rural post office which was typified by the little post office of Bragg. Today there are five post offices in Bulloch county - Statesboro, Brooklet, Stilson, Register and Portal. Fifty years ago there were 40-odd scattered here and there. Forty-odd countrymen handled the little batch of mail going to their places of business - country stores, commissaries and turpentine stills. Two or three times a week some horseback rider took the mail pouch across his saddle and rode to town, delivered the mail for dispatch, and carried back the few letters which were addressed to people of his community. These star routes were let by contract to low bidders; the postmaster at each place was paid upon a basis of stamp cancellations at his office.

Walter Lee, now living in Pulaski, is the last surviving member of this star route force, working out of Statesboro a half-century ago.

Let's begin at Statesboro for a bird's-eye view of the post office situation in Bulloch county. Travelling eastward on the approximate line of the Savannah highway we come first to Pretoria, five miles out; thence to Nellwood (it was here before Brooklet); Arcola (S. C. Groover was postmaster there); Irie (which had long years ago been the home of R. Simmons); Woodburn (now known as Hubert); Ivanhoe, among the very livest; Eldora, near the Bulloch county line. Turn back northward and find Arlen at the J. A. Warnock country store near Lane's Baptist church; Ludovic, at Knight brothers; Rufus at E. A. Rawl's place; Black, near Corinth church; Bragg (first at the store of W. A. Waters then moved to the home of G. R. Beas-
Coming back to Statesboro and starting north was Gem and beyond that Fly, at the home of Buck Marsh; Sam, at the home of John Campbell; Anita, at the home of Meldrim Simmons; Bloys, at the R. W. DeLoach home; Star, at the "Big Leg" Jim Brannen home; Meyers at the Steve Hendrix home; Lon, at the J. D. Lanier commissary; Von at the home of the Cartees; Parrish, near Pulaski and Metter. (These last five now in Candler county.)

Turning south we come to Excelsior. It had been the leading community of Bulloch county with a church, a school and the first weekly newspaper in Bulloch county, established by W. M. Geiger and later operated by J. A. Scarborough. Between Excelsior and Statesboro there had been a post office at Lotts Creek church known as Bengal. Nearer to Statesboro was Jimps where J. F. Akins conducted a large mercantile business. Down in the Sinkhole was Ada belle, Green, Geranium and Dink. Swinging back south we come to Emit where lived E. M. Anderson. A little further down was Enal (Lane spelled backward) where J. R. Simmons had a large country store, thence to Harville. If you've counted there are 37 post offices mentioned. We neglected Groveland, just across the line in Bryan county, then known as Belknap.

November 7, 1986

To date the cat and fox season has been plenty tough on cats. John H. Olliff and his ten hounds have made life miserable for lots of them, especially the eighteen that they have killed. These eighteen cats probably killed plenty of young pigs along with the other devilment they always cause.

Killing eighteen cats during the past few months, since Mr. Olliff and the other fellows he usually hunts with decided to quit just running them and to start helping to reduce the number, may not be a record but it is doubtful if any other group ever before has killed that many in Bulloch county over such a short period of time. Will Donaldson and Lloyd Gay hunt with Mr. Olliff lots especially when they are running fox. Just every dog will not run a wildcat. Most dogs seem to have too much sense to tangle with one. During the time Mr. Olliff and his group were killing the eighteen cats they also killed around 75 foxes.

The lot on which the Bulloch county library is to be erected was given the library board this week by Mrs. R. Lee Moore as a memorial to her husband R. Lee Moore. Over a period of fifty years Mr. Moore was a leading community builder. He was a lawyer and came to Statesboro as a young man from Screven county. He was a great lover of books and had a vision of a public library for Statesboro and Bulloch county and helped to make that vision a reality.

November 21, 1946

I. G. Williams, travelling salesman for one of the well-known drug companies brings us a chapter from his everyday life which has few equals in the class of "believe-it-or-not".

On his regular round of duty, he turned a corner in the road to sudden-
ly find himself close upon a young buck which had stopped stiff in its tracks. Jumping a ditch by the road, the deer dashed head-first into a wire fence which tripped him and apparently sent him into a daze. Arising, the animal made two or three more lunges at the fence apparently unable to recognize what was in his way. While he was thus working himself down, Mr. Williams seized the animal and bound it with rope and carried it to his smokehouse. The meat shortage was thus temporarily relieved - thanks to an excited young buck.

December 5, 1946

Taking his initial step toward stardom, Bill Akins, well-known local mechanic, began his upward journey during the week when he had the local Melody Shop produce a phonograph record of one of his compositions. Not only the words but the tune as well are Mr. Akins' work and in the recordings which took place in the small parlor of the Melody Shop, Mrs. Emma Kelly played the piano accompaniment as he sang the melody and the words. In this respect Mrs. Kelly is recognized as a specialist of very high standing. Mr. Akins is author of still other numbers which are expected to follow.

January 23, 1947

The board of education has authorized the advancement of Statesboro High School to the rank of twelve grades, beginning next fall.

The date of the beginning of the public school in Statesboro seems to have been about 1887 with Remer Cone as principal. The students came from miles around the then unincorporated village of four or five families to attend the school.

In 1891 a school was opened on North Main street by a Mr. Walsh. Later W. H. Cone became principal, then R. J. H. DeLoach and still later J. Ewell Brannen.

In 1890, the first brick building for education was erected, the beginning of the present grammar school building, called the Statesboro Institute. J. H. O'Quinn was employed as superintendent with a faculty of six, besides the music and expression teachers. After two years under Mr. O'Quinn, F. D. Seckinger became superintendent. The first diplomas were given in 1905 to a class of nine girls.

During 1905-06, G. B. Franklin was superintendent and assisting him was F. A. Brinson.

In the fall of 1906 a two-mill tax was levied for school purposes. During 1906 the first two rooms of the annex were built because of the crowded conditions. The first and second grades were in these rooms.

F. A. Brinson was superintendent in 1907-1908; W. A. Mulloy from 1909-1911. Two more rooms were ready for use in 1909. J. C. Wright was superintendent in 1911-12, followed by G. E. Usher in 1912-1913. The upper story of the annex was added in 1913 and the heating system installed. Harold D. Meyer, B. B. Earl and R. M. Montz were superintendents from 1914-1936.

In 1916, two classrooms were built on the second floor. In 1917 when Montz became superintendent there were only four full-time high school teachers but the school grew steadily and in 1922 the new high school was erected. A home economics department was added in 1922.

C. E. Wollet and S. H. Sherman were superintendents from 1936-1941. In 1938-39, a beautiful gymnasium was built, costing $28,000. In 1939-40 a vocational agriculture course was added. And in this year a lunchroom was also added. In 1938-39, a lighted football field was made.
its tracks. The animal recognize what former means seized the meat eating buck.

J. H. Morrison was superintendent from 1941-43. The faculty had increased to 14 elementary school and 12 high school teachers. A band was organized with Marion Carpenter as head, and plans were made for an industrial arts shop.

B. L. Smith was superintendent through 1943-45. The school library was done over and increased to a standard elementary school library. The high school library occupies the entire eastern end of the high school building. A total of 87 are in the high school bands. A full-time physical education program has been added. The industrial arts department has nearly 100 enrolled. The home ec department has recently installed five new electric stoves and two refrigerators. Six sewing machines have been ordered. The journalism class edits the high school paper, "Hi-Owl". The school annual, Criterion, this year won "All American" in the National Scholastic Press Association, the highest honor given to such a publication.

There are about 800 of Statesboro's children being educated in this fine institute of learning.

February 6, 1947

One of the first stories we heard after arriving in Bulloch county more than half a century ago may have been fiction but it has a semblance of truth.

There lived in the Sinkhole District a little shriveled-bodied farmer who was noted for his lack of that physical quality scientifically referred to as "pulchritude". (Your dictionary will explain that the big word boiled down simply means "that quality of appearance which pleases the eye", and that was what was most wrong with this old gentleman.) In town one day a critical associate chided him for his lack of this needful quality, and he replied patiently that it was not his fault that he lacked beauty. The dissenting friend, hard to satisfy, shot back "True, but you could stay at home."

February 20, 1947

One means of determining whether children in the Georgia Baptist Children's Home are from North or South Georgia, according to those who live with them, is to watch them at the dining tables to see whether their preference is for blue ribbon syrup. Another way of locating these children geographically is to listen to their remarks about snow. Those from South Georgia are constantly watching the clouds in winter, hoping it will snow; while those from North Georgia generally consider they have had all the snow they need. There are numbers from South Georgia who have never seen snow on the ground, or at least until they went to the home at Hapeville.

March 13, 1947

Grady K. Johnston, 54, died suddenly Sunday evening at the Methodist church while actively engaged in directing the song program for the service. The hymn which he had announced and which the congregation was about to begin singing was "He Lives". Friends noticed that he sat down as if in distress, then slumped forward in his chair. Persons sitting near him seized him and carried him from the rostrum to a side room at the church. A call was made for a physician and Dr. Waldo Floyd, who was at the moment entering the church, went to his side. He was then breathing his last. The service was being broadcast and the call for a physician was heard by three other physicians who arrived within a few moments. The announcement being heard over
the radio, people of the entire community were moved to sorrow by the incident.

The old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth", about which most of us have been hearing from infancy, was varied in the case when Sheriff Stothard Deal, in a distant city last week, swapped a tooth for the prisoner whom he had gone to recover. The sheriff's friends are congratulating him upon his determination to hold his man at an expense so great as a front tooth. The exchange was not deliberate but was merely an unplanned incident thrown in by Willie King, 26-year-old Bulloch county negro who had been detained by the Toledo police as a fugitive from Bulloch county.

The negro was arrested in the Ohio city and Sheriff Deal, accompanied by his wife, who herself is a deputy, and his young office deputy, left here Thursday of last week for the wanted man. They reached Toledo Friday afternoon. All went well until the officers there brought the manacled prisoner into the jail lobby for delivery to the sheriff. Suddenly the negro grew belligerent and began a rampage which involved not only Sheriff Deal but the local officers as well. All of them were more or less seriously injured in the encounter before the prisoner was quieted down.

Brought back to Statesboro, the negro is now being held to answer a charge of assault with intent to murder, upon which charge he was originally arrested.

March 27, 1947

If you ever have read in our "For rent" column any of those offering "choice apartments for adults only", you have arrived at an understanding that the disturbing element in most minds is "Young'uns", which in present-day parlance means kids.

We have had recent occasion to study the situation arising from cats, rats, dogs, chickens and kids. This study began several weeks ago when strange lumbering noises were heard in the ceiling and wall of the place where we do most of our eating. It sounded as if a young elephant was at large, and the subsequent squallings gave evidence that a mammoth rat had accepted our hospitality. A trap set at the right place with the right bait produced the unwelcome guest - and he was a monster. Then came the noise of a cat in approximately the same place; not so loud but more persistent - noises of a grown animal. That was bad enough till shortly there began the voices of youngsters - which might have been expected since that was the nature of cats. This added not one whit to the joy of our waking or sleeping hours; young cats crying aloud and the mother cat purring back in consoling voice. Frequent falling in the ceiling which disturbed our rest.

Then it was that we hired an able-bodied man to ascend the ceiling and drive out the intruders. He needed a flashlight - $1.50. He saw the kittens but they eluded him and he needed help. So another man in the ceiling and an hour spent at union cat-hunting scale - $2. As it was about over, a storm of youngsters at the rear door. Four bright, healthy lads had come in bearing a crippled chicken - "Does this belong to your house?" The lady who knew said it did.

The boys told us they had rescued the chicken from a prowling dog which they had seen enter our yard - "a black dog with white spots, wearing a collar". The chicken was mortally wounded with gashes about vital parts. Whose
boys, we didn't inquire their names but we admire their manhood and helpfulness in making the rescue.

And when the matter had ended we paused for contemplation - Why do landlords raise forbidding hands against children as nuisances in the home when there are rats, dogs and chickens so much more annoying? Rarely does a landlord advertise "No dogs permitted". "No cats wanted". "No chickens wanted". "Rats forbidden". But the inhibition stands against young manhood and young womanhood as the most objectionable intrusion a home can have. We here and now vote for "Young'uns" as the most helpful of the lot.

April 3, 1947

A story which appeared in the Atlanta Constitution quotes Dr. Seibels, of Statesboro, as saying that in the summer of 1839 the bed of the Savannah River dried up and a man by the name of Sholes plowed it up and planted turnips in it.

Dr. Seibels was a rare citizen of Bulloch County during a period more than half a century ago. Some few of the old-timers will recall him as an unreconstructed Rebel who gloried in his rebellion. Any mention of the War between the States was sure to turn loose his flow of venom, and his language was always specific - if never gentle. He was glad he was a rebel and had no patience with anybody who was not exercised over the matter. He has probably been dead a half century.

This paper knew Dr. Seibels at long range and everybody who ever heard of him knew about his eccentricities. As to his veracity - well, we never heard anybody say anything about the time the Savannah River went dry, and somebody may have misquoted Dr. Seibels on that point. We rather suspect it may have been a mudhole near the river - and not the channel - which went dry enough to be planted to a turnip patch. Savannah River is several hundred miles long, and a turnip patch in its channel would be a rather long patch.

Whether the groundhog had to do with it or not, the final days of the six-weeks jinks which the groundhog put into the arrival of spring has been doing some funny tricks in the fowl house. Two patrons within a week displayed at this office a couple of freak eggs. Mrs. D. B. Bland of the Pretoria community brought in a pair of extremes - one almost perfect with a slight protuberance at the tip as if about to sprout second growth, the other an elongated snake-like egg without shell or yolk. And a day or two later Grady Turner, living on Route 3, brought in a combination - two in one. An oversized egg without shell, inside of which was a fully matured egg properly encased in a shell, all of which was something new in the egg line.

April 17, 1947

At our favorite eating place there were six of us waiting to receive our breakfast. Three of us - Jimmie Redding, Willie Foss and this writer - sat outside the rail and waited more or less anxiously. On the shelf behind the railing were others of our group - three young tadpoles in a jar of water, lazily and patiently indifferent.

With not a sign of motion, these other three pressed their noses against the glass and stared intently toward us who sat on the stools. As we studied them, they returned our gaze. We wondered whence they came, why they were here and where they were headed. So far as the expression in their
eyes spoke, they were wondering about us. Jimmie and Willie were glad they
too had not been tadpoles - and the tadpoles apparently were happy that their
own lot had been cast along those pleasant lines. The dark-haired waitress
brought us three on the stools our morning dish and we turned to the task of
refreshment. Then the girl faced about and broke crumbs into the bowl for
the three other members of the party - the three tadpoles - and they slowly
set themselves to the same pleasant task.

All the while we looked at the other three, they seemed to gaze toward
us. If they presented mystery to us, then what did those three tadpoles
make of our presence? They and us had been fed. Three of us laid down cash
for what we had eaten; the other three had accepted their breakfast with
casual unconcern. We three who wore pants reasoned that our food was earned
by our own labors; the three tadpoles manifestly gave no concern as to
whether they would next be fed.

Then we three in pants had finished and as we walked away we suspected
we heard the solemn leader of the tadpole group whispering. "The fish! Yet
a little while they will have to feed and clothe themselves, then a benevo-
 lent government will reach into their pants and take the bulk of their earn-
ings and scatter it out to make easy the lives of others wearing pants who
neither toil nor spin".

And as Jimmie, Willie and the editor walked away, the three tadpoles
had on their faces a look of pity. But we, too, were sad for we knew those
braggarts, free from responsibility, could not even get outside the fish
bowl if they wished to. We three wearing pants had an advantage - we could
go down the street and begin to work for our next breakfast - if we expected
to eat breakfast the next morning.

April 24, 1947

The date line on our paper read "April 21", which seemed to arouse a
sort of buried memory and as we walked down the street that memory broke
into a realization that on another April 21 (it was 1893), this writer walk-
ed up the same East Main street and saw for the first time those places and
people which were to be thenceforth an eternal part of his life.

Where are the friends we saw that day, and who were they?

This writer had just arrived in town over the Dover and Statesboro.
Henry Mathews was the conductor; Emery Smith was the engineer; Lonnie
Wilson was the fireman and Ben Marshall was the freight handler. Inside the
depot sat Bud Preetorius, the railroad agent.

"Uncle Gus" Waters sat slouched over in his wagon waiting for a possi-
ble nickel for the transfer of a parcel from some incoming passenger. Be-
sides "Uncle Gus" outside, W. B. Addison stood erect in his wagon, also wait-
ing for a piece of baggage. When he gave our grip to "Uncle Gus", Mr. Ad-
ison whipped old Charlie and galloped up town. "Uncle Gus" merely jogged
along and stopped at the water trough near the walnut tree at the corner of
the courthouse yard.

On the street corner we saw Police Chief Jim Kendrick swinging his club.

As we walked up the street, at the spot on which the Bank of Statesboro
stands, was the Hall Hotel. An old man, W. M. Harris, sat restfully on the
front porch while his wife and their three sprightly daughters kept action
inside the hotel.

In the courtyard were two new brick structures which stood near the
present eastern fencing, in which were the offices of the clerk and sheriff.
Harrison Olliff was the newly installed clerk of the court and Waldburg
Waters was the sheriff.

And in the courthouse proper sat Judge Curtis Martin in the ordinary’s office. He was that day a stranger but was destined to be a loyal friend beyond compare. When he said “yes” he meant “YES!” and when he shook his head, he meant “NO.” Peace to his honored ashes.

At the corner where now stands the monument, there sat on the railing a sort of oldish-looking man with red face, who introduced himself as J. B. Lee, mayor of the city.

Where the Bulloch County bank stands was a sort of modern brick building in which Charlie Lanier and J. A. Fulcher operated a general mercantile business. W. B. Johnson was the office man for the firm.

As we walked up town, across the street about where the City Drug store operates, there was a small grocery store with a young man busily employed. This young man we came to appreciate as our valued friend, E. L. Smith. Almost adjoining that building was another in which J. F. Fields did business and who employed a youngster now known as the more or less mature Fred T. Lanier.

Turning down South Main street, in the home then new, lived the Holland family, the doctor appearing old but in reality a young man with long, dignified whiskers.

At the spot on which the Georgia Power Company office stands was a hotel operated by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Franklin and on the porch sat a young woman, then carefree and happy, now Mrs. J. F. Speirs.

At the spot on which the Sea Island bank stands was a frame building in which the late R. F. Donaldson, recently come here from a community then known as Parrish, in Candler county, operated a general mercantile business. Employed as salesman was the late J. H. Donaldson.

Turning up North Main street was that old building later remodeled and until recently occupied, known as the Brooks Hotel, then operated by the same W. N. Hall who had leased to the Harris family his property on East Main street mentioned above. On the front porch of the building were three cheerful sons (Russ, Leon and Sam) and the Hall’s younger daughter, Sara, now Mrs. B. P. Maull.

And these were among the few persons whom we saw that first day with Logan McLean, Ben Turner, Dr. White and perhaps a half-dozen others added. Today of this group who were then grown men we walk up the street for our mail and as we pass we look into the cheery eyes of only two of those old-time friends – Josh Zetterower and Judge Moore.

Today is a long distance removed from that other morning – and those other friends whom we have mentioned have gone to far places.

May 8, 1947

The large oak which for almost three quarters of a century stood sentinel at the western front of the Bulloch County courthouse has been carted away to the woodpile for next winter’s final use.

The tragic fall of this venerable landmark came suddenly during a miniature tornado around six o’clock last Thursday afternoon. Persons who were still employed about the courthouse were made aware of the approaching storm when heavy gusts of wind were accompanied by sudden heavy rainfall, and the hailstones upon the roof. Then suddenly a roaring crash and they believed the tower of the front and crumbled, said Miss Hartie Powell.

The wind had come from the west and was attended by mysterious roaring and swirling black funnel-shaped clouds. Lights had been flashed out in the courthouse and the moments were full of threat. Within a few minutes the
storm had passed and the tree lay sprawled across the yard with limbs reaching the building.

For two days the massive oak lay as a fallen giant and those who passed spoke under hushed breath about the mighty force which had brought about its downfall. The large expanse of surface roots stood high in the air, and the pile of uplifted clay left a hole in the earth where the roots had been torn loose.

As to the age of the tree - well, nobody could definitely state the exact date of its transplanting on the courthouse yard. Nor its age at the time of transplanting. Josh Zetterower recalls seeing "Uncle Gus" Waters and his son Bob Waters set several small oak saplings there some 60-odd years ago. They were then substantial sprouts, perhaps ten years old. All have fallen except the one other large oak which stands at the southern entrance of the yard. This great oak, almost as large as that which so recently fell, leans to the north, and there are those who recall how it was given that bent. Young people of that day played croquet on the courthouse lawn. On a playful afternoon the late H. S. ("Cap") Blitch drove his horse down to the courthouse, the horse became frightened at something and dashed, and the buggy beat down the small oak - the one that still leans northward from that exciting incident.

June 12, 1947

It is not the business of this journal to answer every silly question thought up by youngsters who have come upon the scene since the birth of the city of Statesboro. However there has recently arisen a question which is perfectly reasonable and we are happy to answer concerning that pipe which stands about four inches exposed under the bent-over oak on the southern edge of the courthouse yard.

That piece of pipe was standing there when this newspaper began its life along about the summer of 1892. It has never grown higher or lower; it has never rendered any service to anybody and has occasionally been a nuisance under foot. Now, why is it there? Well, Statesboro began to have growing ambitions about 60 years ago, somebody thought of an artesian well and a man came from Augusta to drill the well. He set to work and all went well for the first two or three hundred feet. (It seemed to be easy to go about that far with an artesian well always.) Then suddenly the drill on the end of the shaft broke off and there was no way to get the drill out, so the project was abandoned and for another ten years or so Statesboro got along without artesian water.

Now, the man who asked us about what means that pipe under the oak told us that he has struck against it with his toe and the question had arisen in his mind - What means that pipe?

There has long been a growing impression among men - and women, too - that the human race is the only branch of nature's vast animal family which has made progress along lines of wisdom.

Speaking as a humble member of that branch of society, we are beginning to get sort of dubious about human intellectual superiority, however much we should like to give our own group credit for their full superiority. It has been a long time since we saw our first rainfall, so far as we can recall. We do remember however that as we sat at breakfast that morning, there suddenly broke out a sort of rasping semi-bass voice (like that of the fellow
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On a recent morning we met a friend whom we had not seen in a long while
and we were stirred with some little emotion as we clasped his hand. Before
had been released we were almost in tears and were sorry we had met him.
He was one of those vigorous, active fellows with a bulldog grasp who has
lost all sense of timidity. He grabbed our hand and crushed until the bones
screaked. Even if we had possessed the physical strength, our own regard
for humanity would have forbidden us to squeeze back - which we couldn't do
after he started the squeeze.

And every moment since then, as our frail hand has almost crept back to
normalcy, there has been revolving in our mind a thought of some method by
which such thoughtless criminality can be overcome. We have wondered if it
might not be feasible to invent a sort of flexible steel hand yoke - one
which refused to close further after a reasonable tension has been applied.
Suppose, too, that this steel glove be set with a series of pointed spikes
which protrude under too heavy hand pressure and puncture the callous hand
of the over-zealous shaker.

Or how about a sort of rubber tube device under the sleeve, which auto-
matically discharges a spray of quick-smarting fluid in the face of the of-
fender. Would that be permissible under the law?

How about a local commission with responsibility to license the hand-
shaking business, making a nominal charge similar to the well-known driver's
license which has so long been operative. Under the existing law, license
is given to the criminally inclined to frighten and slay innocent travellers
upon the highway for a nominal cost. Any person who wishes to crush the
hand of a friend ought likewise be willing to pay for that privilege.
A little sticker could be worn on the lapel, "I'm a Hand-Crusher" and that would put an unsuspecting victim on guard. He could run away and shout, "I don't want to be maimed". On the other hand the man who wore the suggested container with the fluid spray, to dash in the eyes of that man who over-squeezed, could be required to wear a badge, "I'm a Conscientious Sprayer".

These are mere suggestions; Think over the situation and let our lawmakers take care of the suggestions. We need something drastic, but for the sake of pity, let's not permit ourselves to go back to the practise of rubbing noses which is the salutation among some of the alleged uncivilized peoples of the earth. We'd rather rub noses than to have our hand broken when we meet a friend.

The cost of going crazy is beginning to make its impress upon the taxpayers of Bulloch county in an understandable way. Causes which lead up to insanity are not here being subjected to complete analysis, nor is there even a remote possibility of producing statistics covering all the costs from first to last — therefore the reader is left free to speculate according to his own intelligent pleasure.

In the office of the county commissioner we were recently shown a list of insanity cases tried last month. Guess, if you will, how many. Well, the clear, open record showed seven insanity trials — and verdicts. Six were white persons and one a negro. Six were adults and one an infant. Of the seven, two were alcoholics. If you ask how much an insanity case costs the taxpayer, take this in mind. The preliminary costs in these seven cases were shown to aggregate exactly $170 in each, which cash comes out of the funds placed in the county treasury for general government. This preliminary cost is fee fixed by law for holding trials in such cases — Five dollars for each of three jurors required by law, two of whom must be physicians, the other legal representative and the ordinary — total $25. In one special case the fee was only $20, which brought the total for the seven cases to $170.

Take up here an estimate cost of conveyance from Statesboro to Milledgeville, which is variable but which would easily average another $30 per individual. Then estimate the preliminary costs which would easily add another $10. Stop there if you want to, but the costs have only begun. For the coming days and years of detention in the state hospital — make your own estimate — there will be more taxpayers' money eaten up. You will understand what we mean in the opening paragraph about the high cost of going crazy.

June 26, 1947

Another federal route — Highway 301 — will be extended through Georgia into Tampa, Florida. The highway now runs from Baltimore, Maryland, to Summerton, South Carolina, and the extension will be made by designating present Georgia roads as a federal highway.

The new route will enter Georgia at Burton's Ferry at Sylvania and extend through Statesboro, Claxton, Ludowici, Jesup and Folkston. South of Folkston there are 20 unpaved miles.

July 10, 1947

We must admit that we are getting interested in these mysterious flying saucers which are filling the heavens and the newspapers in recent days. We are even nervous about the mystery — but don't let anybody suggest that we are scared.
We don't get scared anymore about things we don't understand. We've already been the limit and come back on the matter of fright.

Early one morning in 1885 - that was more than 60 years ago - we sat on the doorstep of Dr. Fay's home while we waited for him to dress, and there we got the worst scare we've ever had. Before and since every fright has been trivial.

Sudden illness had come into the home and this yearling-age boy had been told to jump astride of "Old Butter" and ride for the doctor, who lived a couple of miles away. It was somewhat past midnight and the air was calm; a half moon gave soft light. As we sat on the doorstep waiting for Dr. Fay to dress, suddenly there appeared within a few steps of where we sat a moving object, sort of swinging to and fro; swelling and cowering - about to leap at us.

Large as a dog, it was more hideous - a strange thing which had suddenly crept there and cowered for a kill. Our blood ran cold and hair stood on end. There flashed through our mind memories of all the omissions and errors of our life. What had we done that deserved for us this destruction?

The door opened behind us and Dr. Fay bustled out just in time. We called him to our rescue, "Doc, save us!" we urged.

"Oh, that old thing", said the cheerful doctor. "Why, that's nothing but a bunch of grass waving in the moonlight."

And the grass had been there when we entered the yard; had grown there with no evil purpose, and was incapable of harm to man or beast.

Since that night no fright has compared with the torment we endured for those few moments on Dr. Fay's front steps with a bunch of grass waving us a welcome.

Now, those flying saucers! They are interesting but they may merely be flashes of moonlight or stardust. Maybe Jupiter and Diana (that lady, you know, has been in charge of the movements of the moon from the first night's carryings-on) are having a housewarming. Maybe she's throwing dishes at his head as he rushes out for safety. Who can tell what goes on among those higher-ups?

Yes, those flying saucers have got us interested - but not frightened like we were that night by the bunch of waving grass.

July 24, 1947

Only our very oldest readers will be able to appreciate what we are saying. Somewhat over half a century ago every pair of new shoes carried a musical element, the which was the measure by which its value was appreciated. If shoes didn't squeak when new, there was some doubt about their worth. Now that squeak was placed in them is not an open secret - it just naturally came, and no pair of new shoes was perfect unless they produced a noise like a later-day calliope.

The purpose? Now, we never made any shoes but we have sort of reasoned that their noise was made to proclaim, "Here I come!"

The most outstanding pair we remember were those worn by Lee Allen, a yearling of some ten or twelve years. At quarterly meeting time his father always bought Lee a new pair (on credit at our own father's store) and Lee went to meeting dressed to kill. On a particular day in mind, Lee had come into possession of this traditional pair of new shoes. His home was three miles from the meeting place - too far to walk in a brand new pair, so Lee took his shoes and socks under his arm and walked to the meeting place at Indian Pass.

Three hundred yards from the church was a more or less important stream...
which entered the waters of the Gulf of Mexico right at the point. On this particular Sunday morning Lee sat at the water's edge, bathed his feet and put on his shoes and socks for the grand entrance at the church. He was just completing the little process and arose, proudly facing toward the church as we rode past. (Our home was five miles from Indian Rocks and we had ridden in the cart with the family.) As we looked at Lee he sort of struggled to his feet in those new shoes, and a spirit of jealousy came within our heart. He was sure to steal the show, this we knew.

Lee was coming; he didn't walk directly into the church, but waited outside for the congregation to get organized and semi-quiet so that his shoe music the more assuredly could be heard. But Lee over-waited. The preacher, an old-timer who preached religion with arousements, had already put on the fireworks. Grandma Kilgore (and she was really our ever-devout grandmother) was an emotional Christian; she was not afraid to declare her faith and enthusiasm. She had jumped to her feet and was walking about the church and crying aloud in her excitement. She had broken the restraint, as it were, and other women were joining her demonstration. Staid men drew handkerchiefs and wiped away copious tears. The congregation was tensely still, and little children who had never known the enthusiasm which pure religion stirs in a Christian soul, trembled with awe.

It was at this moment Lee Allen chose to walk into the church - but his glamor was lost. Not a head turned toward his calliope-like music. Because we had seen him at the watercourse bathing his feet and knew he was coming, we turned toward him in pity because he missed his opportunity. He had waited too late to enter the church.

Last Sunday afternoon, wearing a pair of new shoes, this reporter walked toward the post office to mail a letter. As he walked in silence suddenly there developed a sort of timid squeaking in one of his shoes - the first he had heard in half a century. It brought back the memories above recited, and stirred his soul. He hoped the other shoe would join in the chorus, so he walked down past the tobacco warehouse, turned into West Main and toward home. That one shoe was crying alone. Still he hoped the other would begin to sing before he reached home so he could phone his friends to come and rejoice in the melody. Within a block of home the noise stopped. Today this reporter has only a memory of that long ago, brought to life by the squeaking of that one shoe for a few minutes Sunday afternoon. Our question is what has become of the capacity to make shoes that speak aloud? We'd almost give our right arm to hear a pair of shoes singing a duet. But we'd faint in our seat if we heard a Christian woman - a woman who had religion which made her unabashed - shout in the meeting house!

A not-planned contest was the crowning event of the evening at Oscar Wynn's rural home last Thursday evening when he entertained friends at his "cooter" supper which has come to be an annual occasion of high importance. More than a hundred of his kinsmen and neighbors - and some from great distances, too - had enjoyed the hospitality of the occasion and were beginning to disperse when there suddenly appeared on the scene a 1000-pound Hereford bull from a neighbor's herd. Standing near the gate at the same moment was Oscar's bull of similar breed, weight and trend of character. The result was impromptu and was vigorous. With a sudden burst of strength the visitor carried the home animal backward for a brief spell, striking the curb of a well in the front yard, and suddenly both had landed at the bottom. The
home animal had the advantage of a sitting-down position while the aggressor landed on top, head downward. It was a right tense moment for the two combatants and presented a problem to the onlookers. Neither bull uttered a sound but they both apparently were deep in thought - and deep in the well.

And there was only one solution - a wrecker. Ropes were attached to the rear end of the visiting bull whose head was downward and he was hoisted to the surface. Then the same process was applied to the Wynn bull, which was drawn up head first. With downcast eyes, the two animals trotted away without further exchange of recognition. Mr. Wynn solemnly declares that the incident was not planned so far as he knows. It is not promised as a feature for further "cooter" suppers. Adopting the Indian manner of giving significant names, Mr. Wynn will hereafter call his Hereford "Sitting Bull". And the other will probably be known as "Stand on His Head".

August 7, 1947

One of Statesboro's newest industries is providing a market for farm products that normally have gone to waste.

A. M. Braswell, Jr., has located a canning plant on North Zetterower avenue where he is processing and packing at the present watermelon rind preserves. These have always been fed to the hogs or left in the fields. These Braswell watermelon rind preserves seem to have an unlimited market. At least Mr. Braswell is selling all he can produce. Some of the major hotels in summer resorts like Sea Island are now serving this delicious and novelty dish.

Mr. Braswell will go to processing pear preserves when they are ripe. He started with pears last year and was able to sell every jar he produced. This again provides a market for a product grown here that usually found only a limited market.

Figs would go well, Mr. Braswell thinks, if he could get enough to warrant processing. A major crop he plans to process is artichokes. He placed some 350 bushels with 4-H Club boys in several communities last spring and they are growing them as club projects.

The soup mixture he prepared last season found a ready market.

November 13, 1947

Throughout the state there has been a sort of general revival of interest in the need of definite written information about the past.

Some of the counties of Georgia entered into the spirit of the program several years ago and appointed individual agencies with the responsibility - and authority - to dig into the past and place in written words the story of other days. Bulloch county started something along that line and spent quite a considerable sum of money upon a project which seemed to expand but never ripened into definite developments.

Most persons never get interested in history until the day has been far spent and the opportunities for assembling information are lost sight of.

A young man in our office within recent months told us his own name and the name of his father. When we asked him about his grandfather, he told us bluntly he had never heard of him. And certainly he had never cared.

Fifty-five years ago this writer lived in St. Petersburg, Florida, for a brief period. From there he came to Statesboro and has noted the passing of nearly every person who lived here at the time of his coming. Many of the things which may later be inquired about are wrapped entirely in the memory of the dozen or so persons now living in Bulloch who were at the time acquainted with the mature affairs of the county.
Six weeks ago this writer received a letter from a St. Petersburg citizen whom he had never met, asking for specific information about certain individuals who were supposed to have been in circulation there prior to the date mentioned. The inquirer was given the names of two individuals whom we had left in St. Petersburg and who were believed to be still living. The letter of reply was mailed to him on Sunday. Thursday afternoon following we received a letter from that man in which he stated that both of those whose names we had given him (Don McMullen and Will Hibbs) had died on the day he received our letter. Was that a coincidence? At least it had illustrated that John C. Blocker had waited at least one day too long to begin his search for history so far as those two men may have been able to give him information.

Whose business is it to assemble history of the present day which may prove of interest if not of value in the days of far ahead?

Our friend, Mr. Neville (and he may or may not be the same Mr. Neville you have in mind because there have come through many generations to be quite a few individuals bearing that name) has given us the latest (scientific fact about the moon). He says it has been told him as a scientific truth by persons of his acquaintance that in digging a simple hole in the ground, attention should be paid to the progress of the moon. Says he, if you dig a hole while the moon is on the increase, you will find that earth taken will expand to the point that it cannot be placed back in that same hole if you need to. Then what? He says you'll have to dig another hole to hide the surplus. (He didn't, however, tell us what to do with the dirt which is dug from this additional hole, so there's another problem.) But, says he, if you dig a hole while the moon is on the decrease, the earth taken out will shrink and if you attempt to fill that hole you'll have to dig earth from some other place. (And there is still another problem for solution.)

Now, Mr. Neville didn't tell us how to prevent a hole from shrinking - if that's what happens - or how to prevent the earth from swelling. The answer simply is, don't dig any hole without giving thought to the moon.

November 20, 1947

Before we get too far away from the moon-hole proposition discussed last week, it will be pleasing to Mr. Neville, we believe, to learn that he has substantial backing on that proposition. Two ladies were most positive in their declaration that the theory is correct. The elder one said her father dug a post hole for a rather large post while the moon was on the decline and that he delayed the work until the moon had begun to increase - and that there was not sufficient dirt to fill the hole even with the large post inside. He was compelled to dig dirt from another spot to fill the hole and make the post secure.

December 18, 1947

Almost with the skill of David the Shepherd Boy of old and with an implement somewhat akin, Austin Key, 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Key of the Brooklet community, slew an intruder in the yard Sunday afternoon. Hearing a commotion among the fowls, young Key looked around to discover a full-grown chicken hawk sitting on a post devouring a yellow-hammer. With the boldness of a veteran, Austin slipped into his room and came back with a slingshot. Deliberately taking aim, he let go and the hawk toppled over, dead.
Now it is not intimated that Austin makes a habit of killing hawks that way but even once establishes a sort of evidence of his skill. The implement had heretofore been merely regarded as a toy but has grown into increased importance as a result of its effectiveness.

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This reporter has about been given his fill of dreams since most of them are found to be mere figments of a sleeping fancy without foundation of fact. And especially since he lost an apparently perfectly good egg because of a dream. This week Mrs. J. G. Sowell, of Stilson, brought to the office a mammoth egg which she said a Rhode Island hen had laid in her yard. The egg measured 12 inches around lengthwise and eight and a half inches in circumference - which is a right good size. It was manifestly a double yolk. Mrs. Sowell, however, had dreamed that the hen had laid a triple-yolk egg and she suspected this might be the one - so she carried it back home and the editor lost a double-yolk breakfast because of a dream.

December 25, 1947

We've heard how the moon controls the birth of babies, the enlargement of cats' eyes, the planting seasons for crops, the enlargement and contraction of earth dug from holes, the swelling and shrinkage of soap, the birds pulling up the growing crops - the seasons generally.

Why all the strange goings-on when the moon is here and yonder? Haven't we been almost drowned out by the moon's operation during the past 30-odd days? If not the moon, then what has done all this weather?

A friend returning from New York last week said he saw the moon there which seemed exactly like the one that operates here but their water troubles were practically nil. Another friend from Texas who said he saw the moon just before leaving and that to all intents and purposes it was exactly like our moon here and that it hadn't done the same thing to the weather there that it has here.

And now comes Jeff Roach all the way from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to explain that down on the cattle range the wisest men watch the moon carefully when they mark and brand their cows. They declare that branded while the moon is growing, the place burned by the branding iron greatly enlarged; if while the moon is dark, the brand remains unchanged. So what? If you want a big scar on your cow, stick the iron to her while the moon is growing!

This brings us back to our first conclusion - the moon is wonderfully made if it does one thing here and another thing there at the same operation.

As to marking and branding, Uncle Alex Waters was long ago the champion hog-marker for this territory and his policy was that it's always in order to mark a hog on Saturday, but dangerous any other day in the week. Now that's another mystery about the relationship between the moon and Saturday and hogs!

Uncle Ben Kilgore told us once that jay birds go to hell every Friday and that nobody had ever seen one on that day of the week. How does anybody know where a jay bird goes?

January 1, 1948

In postal usage there is a term which describes that place to which mail is eventually sent which for any reason cannot be delivered to the party addressed. That all-inclusive term is "dead letter office". And that means that the letter is being put out of circulation because of the impossibility to deliver. Now, in matters of general commerce - well, there may be an
approximately fitting term with which we are not personally familiar; however, we have discovered a case which seems to be unique in that the post office referred to in the shipping instructions had been out of existence for nearly half a century - therefore itself is a dead post office.

At a public place a few days ago we observed the busy little man who directs the deliveries from the local express office going here and there with a mysterious slip of paper in his hand and a worried look on his face. The question he asked, "Does anybody know where Star, Georgia, is?" And nobody knew for the very good reason that Star, Georgia, has been out of existence for well nigh half a century - and nobody knows what becomes of a post office when it ceases to exist.

So this reporter told the worried man about what he knew of what had once been Star, Georgia - but not now. The worried man displayed his notes which were to the effect that he held in storage at his place a gallon of oysters received for Christmas delivery by express to "R. L. Swetenberg, care C. T. Bowie, Star, Georgia, via Statesboro".

These were names that had once been familiar. Star was a post office 50 years ago at the home of "Big Jim" Brannen, in the Laston district. When rural routes were established 40 years ago, Star ceased to exist - rural patrons in that community since then have received their mail on Route 5, Statesboro.

Then we summed up the knowledge we had of Star and recalled that "big Jim" Brannen's daughter a half century ago married Harley Buie, who lived in that community, and raised a family there. Within the past couple of years Harley Buie passed away. It seemed quite probable that the "C. T. Buie" listed on the express ticket could have been a son of that Harley Buie (names spelled differently, to be sure) and that he was in this degree himself related to Star post office. It seemed also probable that somebody a half century ago had known a man named "B. L. Swetenberg" who lived with Buie and that the gallon of oysters had been shipped to this man as a Christmas gift. Does there exist a C. T. Buie and does anyone know R. L. Swetenberg? Well, there is a gallon of oysters awaiting delivery to somebody representing these names.

We are interested for the reason that there is outstanding a tentative promise from the express agent to hold the oysters until July if not called for before that time, then change the spelling of the month to "Jurly" (to get the "r" which oysters require, and divide up the gallon with a share coming to this reporter. Let's hope.

January 29, 1948

There is always something unusual when the moon or the months go awry and it will be recalled that 13 full moons in the year just ended have brought an upstir. Seasons have been beyond the realm of tolerance, and crops have been upset to a degree never remembered before. (We forget about the goings and comings of weather as soon as it settles down to normal.)

Experts have told us that the 13 moons did it and there is no point in disputing. To be sure, the same moon shone in other places where the weather was different, but what does that prove? Absolutely nothing, for our moon here is independent in its operation, and can bring excessive rains or droughts (or large or small possums, for that matter) if so inclined.

But now the condition in prospect - whatever that may be - is due to another source. February is the shortest month of the year - mostly with only four of each day of the week - but attention has been called that next February will have five Sundays! Believe it or not - five Sundays in a
February 19, 1948

"Live and learn; die and forget it all," was the trite childish quotation in the first school of our youth.

Forgetting is an involuntary act; you don't do that by any overt effort on your part, like you learn. To be sure, there are some things you learn without effort - and valuable things they are which often make substantial contributions to life - but the big effort of organized society is to teach. Educators (they whose earnings come from the employment of their knowledge in the classroom) have been heard to argue that learning is the next thing to godliness. (Our laundryman tells me that "cleanliness" is the word we need.) Some even place it first in the category of life's program.

Today (it is Monday morning, February 16, 1948, at eight o'clock in the Times office) is a sort of milepost in the life of the old man who writes these words. It was a Monday morning, February 16, 1885 (subtract those dates and find that the years measure sixty-three, which used to be considered a long lifetime) this youngster stood before his first type case and began to learn the profession which Rev. C. S. Reynolds said is recognized as "the art preservative". He thus designated the printing profession. He told us we wouldn't learn it all in a single day, but did hold out hope that some day we'd know everything about printing that was worthwhile.

The printing business had always been a man-sized job, and the machinery in the office was built for a grown man. The type frames were head-high to the boys beginning to master the profession. In a side room were empty orange crates, which, when stood upon, gave exactly the right perspective. It takes a boy a long time to grow to the height of an orange crate - but the years rolled by and the cases were thus brought to the proper elevation.

And, as the cases came down, the mysteries of the profession seemed to level away. But have they? Few things learned in those first days and years are adaptable to the present. What about the type used?

In that West Hillsborough Times office down on the edge of the Gulf of month which regularly has only four full weeks. And the reason: this is leap year, and February has that extra day with five Sundays in the lot.

Now, some men were discussing the extra Sunday and the question was open. What does it promise? Are we merely to get more service from our preachers at the same cost, or will it mean that we shall be taxed for the fifth Sunday. That's the problem. So we have calculated the cost to the church-goer who drops in a nickel every Sunday: Supposing there were five thousand persons who will attend church on this extra Sabbath, and suppose each of them drops in that usual nickel - what have you? Work your own calculation, this extra Sunday is going to cost the people of Bulloch county an extra $250. And for what? Well, if only half the people sleep for only half an hour in church on that extra Sunday, that will 1,250 hours of contentment, and that at a cost of only $250. According to mathematics that means 20 cents per hour for sleeping in church. We know people who pay nine dollars for a night's lodging in a hotel and only sleep three hours. That's three dollars per hour for sleeping there.

The logic - well, go to church on the fifth Sunday and get your rest at 20 cents per hour, half of that cost being paid by your alert neighbor who doesn't go to sleep. Isn't that considerable? Or, if you stay at home and read your Times - fall asleep for half an hour - well, at two dollars per year this will cost you only four cents to stay at home and sleep!

Better subscribe for the Times today!
Mexico there were four standard type cases, each with a holding capacity of 50 pounds. From this 50 pounds could be set an average of approximately three columns like this column you are reading. When all the type had been set, the frame made up and the paper printed - then the type must be thrown back into the cases for the next week's use.

Three columns measured approximately sixty inches. A good printer could set a case empty in a single day - but the boys who started on that morning 63 years ago did well to set four inches on the first day. Today on a machine, a good, swift operator may be relied upon to set a column in 30 minutes!

Setting type was not all that was needed to be learned. Today spelling has been discarded as an unnecessary study, but in that day a lad must know how to spell words in order to know how to divide words. He must know the syllables else he could not divide. Think you it is easy to learn that act? Then you err - many people, printers of skill - do not know the proper division of words.

The Rev. Reynolds told us that part of the profession consisted of learning the names of type sizes. The body type used in our office he told us was long primer; smaller type used for legal advertisements he told us was brevier. And thus the type was identified by name. Today few printers know the size of type except by fixed numbers. What we knew as brevier is today known as 8 point; the long primer of that day is designated 10 point.

In type measurement, 72 points are one inch. Thus the new system has brought the matter down to a definite understanding and type must be exactly accurate to interchange with the system of measurements in vogue.

What of Gothic face? Well, there was the smallest face, brilliant, which was approximately equivalent to three points of today (it has gone completely out of vogue); there was diamond, pearl, agate, nonparil and minion. Agate is still recognized as a measurement and is one-fourteenth of an inch (which is right small, if you ask me). Printers do not know the name of minion but it corresponds with the size of body type used in most of the dailies of today, known as 7 point.

And this brings up the philosophy quoted at the beginning of this writing, "Live and learn; die and forget it all". About the time a man learns all he needs to know, modes and methods change and he's out of date.

Which makes me wonder what we'll learn in the next 63 years which we can carry hence with assurance!

February 19, 1948

Dog milk is good for a hog, Edd Blackburn has discovered. Someone brought two small, near lifeless pigs to the stock market. They could find no buyer for them. Finally Edd offered a dollar for them and bought the "runts". One died immediately.

For some reason the other pig took to a dog that was nursing a litter of puppies and proceeded to "horn in" on the pup's milk supply. The pig did well and began to grow. The pups died. The pig is now a very healthy animal that weighs 80 pounds.

The pig left its adopted mother dog and took up with Dick, a beagle hound of Frank C. Parker's. Everywhere the hound goes, the pig is right behind it. The pig has not barked nor has it treed any squirrels but Edd is not too sure but that he has seen it running rabbits with Dick.

March 11, 1948

In January, 1913, W. H. Cone assumed the office of ordinary in Bulloch
March 18, 1948

Someone who is supposed to be a poet is credited with the declaration that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet". For all the years of our memory we have passed the statement by without
even a thought of analysis. We find ourselves in later days sort of inclined to analyze (and even dispute) casual statements like this, but since we have never heard a rose called by any other name, we'll let it pass.

But there is an incident which has brought up in our mind the question would a "ramp" called by any other name be more offensive? And we have answered the question, most assuredly yes!

Now, do you know what a "ramp" is? Well, our dictionary gives it many definitions, most of which we never had expected. We had thought of it merely as an incline leading upward to a higher elevation, which is one definition. We saw the word used in a Sunday newspaper, however, in a sense that made us look in Webster, and we were surprised to find it defined, among other things, as a kind of jig or farce; then "a plant having a very strong smell and an acrid, pungent taste", and lastly, "a plant of the garlic family".

And it was that last definition which gave us a new interpretation of the word "pungent" as applied to odor. Now if you are not familiar with garlic, then you needn't wish to be - but anything that smells like garlic is more than pungent, according to our personal interpretation of smells.

A New Jersey newspaper published in the "ramp"-growing section had planned to present a special edition sort of boosting the industry, and the statement was made that the editor had decided to procure a sufficient quantity of news ink of the "ramp" odor to give significance, if not appreciation, to its individuality. That is why we hunted the word to ascertain if our ink smelled that way. And we are happy to say that it does not - definitely no!

If you know garlic, then you'll rejoice with us and our readers that our ink does not smell in the mails as "ramp" Gosh, no!

Down on the Gulf coast of Florida nearly three-quarters of a century ago small sailing vessels traversed up and down the shores selling and buying. They trafficked in sweet potatoes and oranges, which they carried to other markets for disposal. Chiefly these traders were Italian. They bought oranges from our neighbors; they bought sweet potatoes from our own father and other neighbors who might have them to spare.

Old Messina came to our place, bargained for a shipment of potatoes and then arranged for this boy to ride horseback to neighbors' houses and give notice of his readiness to buy. Returning after a half-day's ride, Messina gave us the first silver dollar we had ever seen. (Mrs. Turner spent it the first week after our marriage for Madam Rupert's Face Balm, which didn't improve her looks because she didn't need any help on that line. Neither does she now.) When we went to deliver potatoes in Messina's ship, he had just finished dinner, and he had the scent of carbolic acid, asafoetida (that word is spelled exactly right, now!) and over-ripe hen eggs combined. We wondered if he had actually died inside and was keeping the matter secret from his family back in Italy. Our father had smelled Messina before, and he told us that the only thing wrong was that he had been eating garlic. If that wasn't enough, we would hate to see anything worse. Even though he had given us the first silver dollar we ever possessed (and we've had mighty few since), we were sorry we had met Messina. The memory of him and garlic will go with us the few remaining days of our life.

And that New Jersey editor who would scent his ink with garlic – he ought to be ashamed to look his readers in the face. We wouldn't do that to a dog.

March 8, 1948

One of those mysterious happenings the like of which that man Ripley
makes a specialty, occurred at the Lucius Anderson home on West Jones avenue at around three o'clock Monday morning.

Mr. Anderson's practically new Ford car, left standing in the yard beside the house, mysteriously developed a fire, blew the horn for an alarm and then began a hurried backing from the yard and landed in a ditch on the opposite side of the street from the Anderson place.

By this backing up process the house was spared the danger of catching fire but the car was left a complete wreck.

The first notice of the strange transaction was the persistent sounding of the horn which suddenly broke the still night air. Members of the Anderson family rushed to the door to discover fire belching up inside the front of the car and the glass bursting from the doors and windows. Helpless to control the blaze, an alarm was sent for the fire department. Suddenly, before the firemen arrived, the car began backing from its position and gained speed as it dashed backward out of the yard, across the street into the ditch and landed there to await practically complete destruction.

Now, if you ask what happened, one answer is as good as another. Mr. Anderson says his car was left standing in reverse gear in the yard. He reasons that a short-circuit existed somewhere and that the intense heat from the burning wires produced contact with the car starter, and thereby set the motor in action. Mr. Anderson says that the facts as related above, unusual as they may seem, are the whole truth. But, he says, there has been some gross exaggeration in regard to the matter. For instance, he says, it is not true that the car in backing across the street knocked down a water hydrant and released a stream of water which extinguished the fire. The truth, he says, is strange enough without fanciful stories like this last report.

June 24, 1948

Another of those freak specimens which hens sometimes lay came to the office this week from the farm of Wallace Brown, living on Route 2, the first of the kind he had ever seen. The specimen was a double, a small complete egg inside a larger one, both with shells.

July 15, 1948

Small incidents far beyond our responsibilities have controlling influences upon our lives and personality - and even upon the names by which we are called.

At the south entrance of the court house yard there stands a large oak leaning to the northeast, which has been there nearly three quarters of a century. It was set on the courthouse yard with others as a mere twig when Statesboro was young. It was a graceful youngster which pointed straight heavenward; maybe eight feet tall, maybe fifteen.

The court yard was covered with grass and was a playground for youngsters of that day. It was before swimming pools and nudity had come to be the vogue. Modest young men and maidens gathered on the court house yard to play croquet. (How many of our readers have ever heard of that antique game? How many of them would care to waste their leisure merely knocking balls through wickets here and there?)

The late H. S. "Cap" Blitch was a young man who rode to the courthouse yard in his buggy. There were other young men who walked, among them one whose sweetheart had met him there to play croquet. It was a quiet, happy evening and the youngsters laughed as they knocked the balls here and there.
Suddenly "Cap" Blitch's horse became stirred by the sting of a wasp and dashed to run. The buggy struck the little oak which we have already referred to and it was bent almost to the ground. The oak has never fully straightened up since that day. The young man who played with his sweetheart, a nervous youngster, suddenly excited, fell in a convulsion on the ground. His sweetheart was amazed - and her attitude of admiration for him received a shock. They were understood to have plans for marriage, but the girl married another young man; the nervous youngster never married.

Today there are people of prominence and capacity among us whose family names are the result of that little runaway incident. Their mother's marriage was to another man and the conduct of the runaway pony may be accepted as the responsibility for that change of destiny. Little incidents often have large results.

By this sudden interference in the marriage plans of the young couple, this impetuous wasp assumed a voluntary relationship to the parentage of those who were to be born to that young woman who had changed her plans because of the wasp's interference. How far, think you, this influence was to extend to the lives and characters of the offspring of that union? Would a wasp's temperament be expected to find even small placement in the characteristics of those youngsters? If in passing along life's road you should find yourself suddenly met by a tart response - sort of set back by a short, waspy word - could it be traceable to that incident so long ago when "Cap" Blitch's horse ran away and broke up a ripening romance?

Is there a "destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may"?

Suppose that pony not been given fright and made to run away, will you!

August 26, 1948

Who in Statesboro remembers the old-fashioned Waterbury watch? You don't, eh? Well, a Statesboro jeweler this week showed us a letter from a man (E. H. O'Brien, Conway, S. C.) asking for a Waterbury watch as good, if possible, as the one he bought in Statesboro in 1897. The jeweler who received this letter was not born at that time.

September 9, 1948

What, when and why are mosquitoes? Now, these are questions which have perplexed us from childhood, and to some of which questions we have never been given absolute and satisfactory answer.

To the question when, the answer is now! But even that answer is unsatisfactory to us.

Sometime past the hour of midnight, we were suddenly awake. Soft rain was falling upon the roof but that would not have awakened us. Then there was a faint buzzing sound as of far-away escaping forces - and then silence. Then the buzzing again, a little closer and more distinct; and the noise was recognized - it's mosquito time again. There was only one, but he (or she) was active. Silence and again a buzzing.

And our mind drifted back to childhood days when these sounds disturbed us less. There were more of them but they didn't keep us awake. As we ruminated back to childhood, we found ourselves back at the old log schoolhouse with friends of the long ago. We recalled their names: Allens, Diffenwierths, Drews, Gibsons, Harts, Holleys, Jeffordses, Johnsons, Merrills, Nicholsons, Oldses, Plumbs, Robertsons, Rogerses, Roussesus, Russells, Taylors, Turners and Whites.

And we found ourselves in the spelling class - where there was a rule
for turning down the one above you who missed a word; and we remembered the Roberts girl, on whom we were sort of sweet, who was not a good speller and who missed words we spelled and let her keep her place.

And then we remembered that the Robertses had come there from Caximbus, an island far down on the Florida coast where it was said mosquitoes were so bad it was necessary to burn smudges day and night around their screened home, and even the horses were given mosquito nets as protection by day and night.

And the girl who missed her word - and for whom we spelled - she was frail and fair as a lily (her name was Lily), seemed by fate to have been sent into our life. Waking and sleeping she was in our mind. She was to be the mother of our family, perhaps. Her father was named Dave Roberts; she had a brother named Dave and one named Henry, and a sister named Mamie. These were names of our brothers and sisters and they produced a problem. In our family were already seven brothers and sisters; in hers were nine.

When in the days to come Lily and we began our family, should we be compelled to have enough children to name one for each of our parents and each of our brothers and sisters. Should we have Sh-Dave and two Daves in addition? Should we have a Mamie for each of our sisters?

And that's no child's problem, you'll admit. So we planned to discuss the matter candidly with the other half of our family - and then tell her what to do after she had made up her mind.

It was approaching Thanksgiving day, and a basket dinner was planned for the church. Would that be a good time to have the problem thrashed out? With a half-dozen sticks of peppermint in the inside coat pocket, we espied Lily as she sort of separated from the group and walked toward the church. We braced up and started toward her, but those knees began to wobble and courage faded. Words were frozen as we met and as we handed her the package of candy, the only word we could utter was "here".

We passed her by and never to this day have settled the problem of names. Another man fell for her charms and she named his children. Another girl overtook us and named ours.

And then the mosquito which hovered over our head this morning whispered to us of the past problem which never really existed.

On a nearby pillow there was a restless movement, a soft murmuring voice like that which fascinated me more than a half century ago. We listened to catch the name she was repeating, but she was cautious even if half asleep. We suspected who it was she was calling, but what she had done was no worse than that of which we were guilty.

And we wondered what these mosquitoes were? Could it have been that they were voices from the past - spirits of departed ones who had come with those words reminding of the days of youth? Could it be that the girl of our boyhood memory had met the youth who in her girlhood had been the sweetheart of the one on another pillow, and that the two spirits had come by agreement to renew the broken ties of long ago?

And we ask you, what, when and why are mosquitoes?

September 11, 1948

Now don't get scared and run away. What is about to be said will not apply to you unless, perchance, you are the ones who dropped those hungry, friendless kittens in the back yard of the Times office last Friday afternoon. If you are the one who did it, don't blame us for the way we feel about it.

In the early days of our childhood, at the little log schoolhouse in
which Sunday services were held alternately by Baptists and Methodists and the preachers always took their texts from the Holy Bible, it was the usual thing to discuss righteous conduct. Old Brother Reynolds (he was the one who smoked a strong pipe and preached long sermons and also the man who taught this newspaperman the printer's trade) went deep into the subject of righteousness.

His favorite text was that which commanded "Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, do ye even so unto them".

He always took the course which seemed to teach right conduct with your neighbor if you wanted him to act right with you. We never heard him suggest that if you want flattery, then give flattery - but that's a common practice of later days. "You tickle me, I'll tickle you". The logic of what he preached was to let other men's affairs alone if you want them to let you alone; to be helpful to others if you want their friendship. He didn't say it in these exact words, but what he actually taught was to this effect. "If you don't want a bunch of hungry kittens bothering around your home and under your feet, don't dump a bunch of kittens into the back yard of the Bulloch Times office".

Old Brother Reynolds was preaching direct - but at long range - to the person who slipped into our back yard last Friday afternoon, dropped a couple of six-weeks-old kittens at the back door, shoved them back as they tended to follow, and then dodged out the back gate and onto the railroad track and scurried away.

Is this fiction for mere space filling? Indeed it is not. Who was it that dropped the kittens and how do we know? Simple enough: The all-seeing eye who keeps watch over affairs in the house heard a slight disturbance in the back yard; peeped through the curtain; saw a person in a black dress (it could have been a man thus disguised but the long black hair was more like a woman's) as that person slipped away. Then the kittens began a cry for sympathy. They were hungry and friendless. As kittens will do, they began rumaging for food, and straightway rushed into the back door of the printing office; direct to the front door and snuggled at the feet of a patron while he was transacting important business. Twice in the few minutes he was there Fred Lanier accidently trampled upon the innocent youngsters as they sniffed at his feet for a bite of food.

We had not wanted these cats; did not invite their coming; were forced to pay a negro boy to carry them away and drop them into some other person's back yard. (We do not know whose and hope we shall never know.)

We had not wanted that person in a black dress to leave them in our yard; therefore, tempted to do so we could not under our guiding principle send them back to her (or his) yard - that principle of "whatsoever ye would that others do to you, do ye even so to them".

But we are putting that person in black dress here upon notice that the next cats he (or she) disposes of must go in another direction, else back in his (or her) yard so quick his (or her) head will swim - and we'll put a picture of him (or her) in this very spot in the forthcoming issue of the paper.

Is it good citizenship to drop unwanted kittens in your neighbor's back yard? You answer this in your heart, please.

November 11, 1948

Believe it or not - this is a true fish story. Gordon Wilson and Tommie Simmons of the Brooklet community displayed a catfish here yesterday that weighed 37 pounds. The whale of a fish measured 42 inches from nose
to tail. These men were fishing in the Canoochee river when the haul was made with a limb line.

Mr. Wilson caught two other fish that matched the first one, almost, in size and weight. Besides the three catfish, the gentlemen had an enormous string of other fish totaling 135 pounds in all.

December 16, 1948

Old Beauty was one of a herd of milk cows which our father had imported from Covington, Kentucky, to a point in the tickland of South Florida. He had turned her into the woods and told her to hustle for a livelihood and bring in all the milk she could salvage from the palmetto bushes thereabout. Beauty's hair began to look shaggy, and then her ears drooped. Ticks had found a sought-for haven and a table of manna spread for their personal benefit. It had been planned for them from the beginning of time and was theirs by right of - well, at least the beginning of time. And Old Beauty was resigned - there was nothing she could do about a matter which had thus been fixed, so she succumbed.

But the man of the estate put a spoonful of sulphur into the bucket of bran, and two days later ticks began falling away from the back, the sides, the ears and the udders of the cow. Two fat chubby ticks fell into the bucket while milk was being taken, and there was a conference between them. One of them surrendered - this tragedy was a matter beyond his control, fixed for his destruction - and he went to the bottom of the pail. The other tick, less rational, claimed the right of individual effort and began kicking vigorously without apparent thought as to the hope of rescue. Gradually a little ball of butter was created, and within a few minutes the tick which had acted upon his God-given responsibility to save himself, sat upon a small ball of butter which he had created by his vigorous application of personal responsibility.

The tick who believed he was doomed went down; the tick who had hope and energy for action - well, he rode to safety. Why, we ask you, are ticks that way? Is there ever a condition which is hopeless — except when those concerned submit without doing their best? What, we ask you, is more fatal than a surrendering of hope — and of personal responsibility?

December 30, 1948

Because of the common indifference on the part of men to keep abreast of modern styles, there is an able-bodied negro man still on the chain gang who might have been free at this moment if he had kept posted. He didn't know that the trend is toward physical stability and that hips (particularly in feminine circles) are broader today than in other generations.

If he had been familiar with the fact, he would have made the hole in the wall a size larger and would not have been wedged when he tried to escape on a recent night.

And what does all this say?

Well, Warden Ellis was given confidential warning by a trustee inmate of the gang to keep his eyes peeled. "There's a group of four or five who plan to escape before the end of the present year". So Warden Ellis, being forewarned, told the guard to keep his eyes peeled. And the guard did that very thing.

But the mistake Warden Ellis made was not reading the mind of a sort of expert workman on the gang who made complaint about the condition in his cell. There had sprung a leak in the lower walls, said the man, through
which water was seeping and damaging the clothing in the corner of the cell. Would the warden give him some cement and sand so that he could do some repair? And the warden would. Suddenly after a few days there was reported the fact that one negro had escaped and another was wedged hip-tight in a hole through which he had sought to escape. It was the hole to which the mechanically-inclined convict had pretended he was doing some repairs. Yes, two negroes had slipped through but the fellow who came next had worked his shoulders through and his stomach, but when he got to the biggest section - those too-large hips - he got hung up. And he hung and sweated and fumed. How long he had been there is not in the record, but the fact remains that for two hours longer the mechanical ingenuity of the rescue squad was required to tear open the walls large enough to release him. The warden says the negro had lacked about one inch of making the hole big enough to pass him through. Thus it appears that he was not aware that styles in hip-and-thigh technique had changed.

Yes, hips are bigger now, they say, than formerly. Alas, we have read that feet are bigger, and that approved styles call for taller women also.

So what? If you are in a cage and plan to escape through the walls, take accurate measurement of important dimensions before you stick your head through the hole.

Boiled down to specific language, Calvin Burroughs was the negro who got wedged in the hole and failed to escape. Frank Tolbert escaped, but was later captured at Ludowici after he had ridden there in a Ford car which he stole in Statesboro from Frank Mikell. John Franklin Anderson escaped and is still being sought. Thus it is made to appear that even men with proper dimensions are not entirely exempt from possible defeat in their most secret plans.

February 3, 1949

Now don't scoff at what you are about to read. You may question the science of it, but you just can't sneeze off the fact that there is something somewhere that controls the weather. Then why not the hair of the head, we ask?

One of our favorite dailies of today carried two front-page headings.

"Ice Storm, Record Power Failure Stagger City"; "Barbers Cut Prices of Maine Haircuts".

And those lines brought light to recent happenings - things which have been happenings all our days, but which have just dawned into possible truth - haircuts and cold waves are inseparable!

Last week there was a special occasion in another city, and this bald-headed editor was asked to join the group. The party in the home who controls such matters, announced, "Well, you must have your neck shaved, your moustache trimmed, and put on that black golden wedding suit". Did we do it?

At the sheriff's office the discerning lady behind the desk said "I see you are going somewhere". No, it wasn't the black suit, she said, but the trimmed moustache which told the secret.

It was a balmy morning - not a breath of air as we left for the journey. Halfway there wind began to whistle about our shaven neck, and before we reached home our nose was going into liquidation. Sunday came and it was needful to keep a fancy woolen cloth around our neck - to keep us from freezing while Bishop Moore was trying to thaw us out. Then when the effort was over and we awoke, the woolen rag had fallen to the floor and we walked out of the church bare-necked and sneezing again.
What of the financial economy? The local barber had charged us 60 cents to shave our neck; the moustache job was self-service. Thus we had given out 60 cents to rid ourselves of what nature had given to keep us warm - that mass of hair which grows so luxuriously down the neck when we evade the barber. But already out this 60 cents, there must be a showy neckwrap. Cost, $2 at least (a gift from last Christmas, to be sure, which until now there had been no use for nor occasion to display). Add to this a box of aspirin, and you will see that "pride goeth before a fall". If we had not been compelled to shave our neck and trim our moustache - well, it's too late now to figure, and we'll forget it before next winter perhaps.

But this brings us to the realization that everything a man needs for his welfare and concealment - hair on the head and neck and face - has been given him for his own good, and he throws it away for lack of judgment merely to circulate with the Smiths and the Browns.

And who can say that the cut of ten cents for haircuts by the barbers of Portland, Maine, (the price there now is only 75 cents) did not start the wave of hair-trimming and the nation-wide blizzard which has rushed down over this happy Southland? We are blaming those barbers for a share of our last Sunday sneezing!

February 17, 1949

O-o-o-h! Wasn't it cold this morning! It surely is cold when a man's whiskers freeze on his face, isn't it? Well, that's what happened to this writer.

In all the days since, and all the days yet to come, perhaps, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, February 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, will stand out in memory as record smashers for cold weather. Not only were there slivers of ice in the whiskers, but there was a block of ice extending from Statesboro westward to Sawinsboro - and how much further we are not personally aware.

It all began with a slight mist Saturday morning. The newspaper man was in need of some printing machinery which Alfred Herrington in Swainsboro was offering for sale. There were no bus lines in operation that day - so Aut Brannen rented us (at a dollar per day) his old bay mare and buggy from his stable which stood sort of in the rear of the Rountree Hotel.

To Swainsboro was by dirt road recognized as a good day's journey. The trip was to be made on Saturday; the night under quilts at Herrington's home; the return trip Sunday.

Before Swainsboro was reached, the mist had developed into a drizzle, and in the afternoon it was sleet and hail. Sunday morning it was even worse - and the return journey was delayed to early afternoon. If you remember - that Sunday afternoon was mighty short - and mighty cold. First stop was at a little home by the road in which two people snuggled over a fireplace. They told us they were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Turner - and insisted that it was foolish for us to venture any further toward Statesboro. (And it was foolish, we found out.)

Next stop was at early dusk at a house which still stands and the man told us he was Dan Johnson - and that we must spend the night. Did it get warmer during the night? Well, when he called us for breakfast at sunrise and poured steaming water fresh from the well for a face bath, we found proof that the blizzard hadn't abated. Real men at that time wore beards, and this man's covered his face to an average of an inch. When the face was lifted from the basin and a wiping towel was applied, slivers of ice matted the whiskers.

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We have recently taken occasion to reason that nature has given men hair for their heads, necks and faces to keep out cold - but whiskers are a failure if bathed in freezing water, we solemnly declare.

The journey was resumed after the whiskers thawed out - but only for a brief distance. A couple of miles along the way, Sam's creek had spread its restraining arms, the ice was so thick the old mare refused to navigate. Then another night was necessary for things to thaw out - and that night (Monday) was spent at the Widow Isma Cowart's home. The most bright-eyed youngsters there that we had ever seen in a single home at one time, almost the youngest of whom was our friend Leroy Cowart, then in skirts. Older brothers were Sid, Oscar and Alva and a sister, Madie. The very youngest was Claude, now a leader of important affairs in the Portal community. The older brothers, alert and cheerful youngsters, tooted in wood from an abandoned log house in the yard - and by keeping feet to the fire and face out of wash basin we saved our whiskers from another freeze.

Tuesday the wind had abated and the sun was shining; snow covered the ground, and those boys invited us to go with them to chase rabbits. We have wondered ever since how tracks could grow like that in the snow. By early afternoon it seemed safe to try for home, and these same boys escorted us to Sam's creek and crushed away the ice which covered the stream and turned us again toward Statesboro. Know where Watering Hole branch is, near Bethlehem. Well, the branch was 200 feet across and ice two inches thick from side to side. The old mare refused to try and we dragged the buggy across on the ice and led her by a by-path as we walked a foot-log - and thence home.

The sun was setting when we reached home, and the young wife, leading a small child and carrying the other in her arms to a neighbor's house, was just walking out into the street for the night.

When was that? Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, February 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, 1899! Was that exactly fifty years ago?

February 17, 1949

The other man's dog is always at fault. Of course I believe in doing the right thing. This neighbor of mine had a small puppy that at times would come to the house and play with my puppy, but most of the time they would play at my neighbor's house. This went on for some time with them playing together. If they did have any trouble - well, my puppy was the larger and there was nothing for me to worry about if they did have their troubles.

As time went on, everything seemed to be well except the puppies, as they grew larger, began chasing my chickens, but I couldn't put up with that chickens being the price they are. I don't want a puppy around me that will chase chickens, so I got my gun and killed my neighbor's puppy. That put a stop to him chasing my chickens - the prices being what they are these days.

This puppy of mine is really a fine little fellow. He goes up to the neighbor's house and scratches under his chicken fence and chases his hens around and around. Oh, he is a fine little fellow. He drage bones, rags, paper and other things that a puppy enjoys playing with out on the lawn, killing a section of grass where he lays.

Of course I would tie him up if I thought he bothered anyone.

I believe in doing the right thing - I do!

April 21, 1949

Because he lingered around where danger threatened, a mammoth catfish was recently called upon to garnish dinner plates in a number of Statesboro homes.
Many catfish, in recent years, to be sure, have paid the penalty for their indiscretions and greed - but this 39-pounder suffered the extreme penalty for merely hanging around.

And the word "hanging" is used advisedly, for the mammoth fish was hung by the neck when a young neighbor got fastened on the line. It may have been either a matter of curiosity or unwise interference. Maybe it was an attempt at rescue - who can know?

But the story brought in is by Fisherman Turner (initials not supplied to this reporter), who sold the mammoth catfish at Eli's market, is to the effect that he had set out lines in the waters of the Ogeechee somewhere around Leefield or Stilson vicinity, and that when he returned to take in the yield, he found one 16-pound catfish hanging alive on the hook, while the line had been wrapped around the larger fish so tight that the mammoth fish was lifeless. It had strangled to death in the struggle for freedom.

And this is a concrete example of the fate frequent of individuals who hang around where danger threatens. Nobody has yet figured whether the larger fish had gone to the rescue of his younger friend and thus came to his death, or whether the smaller fish, having swallowed the hook, in a fit of desperation had dragged his neighbor into the entanglement. Any sort of reasoning might be recognized as sort of "fishy", eh?

May 26, 1949

As a sort of private exhibition for a few invited friends, a 90-year oldster from Claxton, Dan Hodges, visited at the store of his nephew, Eli Hodges, on West Main street Monday, did one of those quick-steps which reminded of old times. Not only was the step an oddity because of the age of the stepper, but more so because it was made to perfect time on a sheet of newspaper spread on the floor and without tearing the paper.

The old gentleman said he learned that step in his younger days, and it was easily recognized as in harmony with that popular two-step of more than half a century ago--

Chicken in the bread tray
Picking out dough.
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, chile, no!

June 16, 1949

A monstrosity in the corn family was presented at the Times office Monday by fellow townsman, R. E. Belcher, who does farming as a sort of hobby, you might say. The specimen consisted of a cluster of 18 nubbins surrounding one master head in the center. The entire group had originally been housed by a single shuck but had outgrown the facilities of the shuck to give protection. An oddity, to be sure, the specimen was not brought as a recommended pattern.

June 30, 1949

One of the stories that impressed us in our younger days and which has more recently been revived in our memory by incidents in our own life, was that about Elijah and the raven.

As the story was impressed upon our mind, Elijah was one of those impatient fellows who wanted things done his way - and quickly. Because of
an apparent lack of cooperation, he abandoned one job and went into hiding in some desolate spot while he lamented the hopelessness of the situation.

Some few of our readers will recall the story and will recognize that the outstanding incident was the service rendered the despondent old man by that flock of ravens who were said to have brought food regularly to him while he mourned. It wasn't the custom in sacred circles at that time to look behind the cover for a solution of the miraculous incidents but as an inquisitive lad we sort of tolerated the suspicion that the old recluse was actually snitching the food that the ravens carried to that hiding place for their needs and perhaps as food for their young. Being a sort of birdling ourself, our sympathies inclined toward the young ravens who were being left hungry, if you grasp our point.

Well, last week for a couple of days this aged editor, with members of his official household, went away on a sort of foraging expedition - to the Georgia Press Convention. It was not exactly a season for lamentation but in a measure the important incidents of the days were similar to that raven-feeding incident which pepped up that old prophet of the long ago. At noon and night tables were spread by generous friends. (They were really birds!) with an invitation "Come and get it".

For two days we were made to forget any measure of gloom and doubt as we were being "shown" that there are yet multitudes of generous, helpful friends.

And then when we reached home for the much-needed rest from the vacation, there was piled upon our desk an assortment of choicest food - better, we avow, than Elijah ever dreamed of - a pile of 16-inch corn brought in by Jerry Hart; a couple of mammoth luscious cantaloupes left by D. W. Bragan, a long-time Brooklet subscriber; a big bagful of bright red tomatoes by the hand of our lady subscriber, Mrs. E. L. Shaw, of the Brooklet community; then later a most bounteous basket of beauties brought in by Mrs. W. L. Jones and lastly yesterday afternoon a half peck bag of Porto Rico yams, evenly divided between old and new crop produce, from the prince of a friend, A. F. Harris, who has been bringing in the first potato regularly for the past 30 years or more. Now all these gifts had been brought to us with friendly intent, whereas we have always suspected that those scraps of food which Elijah appropriated that time some thousands of years ago were not really intended for him.

And all this makes us happy that we live in the present era.

July 7, 1949

An uninvited guest at the Don Bland home, near Brooklet, on the Fourth was a rattlesnake seven feet long with fourteen rattles. And that, you will recognize, is no casual rattler. Announcement of the visitor was made by the family dog who sought to interfere as he observed the rattler crawling up the front steps. The snake resented the interference and gave battle, biting the dog in the face. All this noise called members of the family who interfered in behalf of the dog, which is now receiving treatment at the hands of a veterinarian with apparent excellent promise of survival.

July 21, 1949

For a while in our early young boyhood, the only cattle kind we had in our family circle were a pair of working oxen which the father had taken from "Red Head" Sam Jones in payment of a store account.
Because we had them and because they were trained to work, they were put to use whenever possible in earning their daily existence. There was likewise need for farming on a more or less enlarged scale, and late one afternoon the manager of our home and of the oxen ordered the pair attached to the cart to which they were trained to work, and sent them to the home of a neighbor for a cart load of potato vines to be planted the next day in a rather large farming program. During the night the oxen broke open the lot gate and made an assault upon the load of vines - and when morning came there was not a vine in sight.

We never depended upon Buck and Brandy for food for our table, since by nature they had not been fitted for that direct purpose. Thus it was necessary to go to a neighbor’s for the quart of milk which was to be used in the morning coffee. "Cousin Billy" Taylor was that neighbor with a herd of cattle. He kept them chiefly to fertilize his orange grove, but some 15 or 20 of the herd were mothers and yielded a little milk upon urgent demand. That's where we went every morning at sunrise for the quart of milk.

Milking 15 cows is no one-man job, you'll understand; so "Cousin Billy" had raised a family (two sons and two daughters) for that very purpose. Every morning Callie, Johnny, Agnes and Nellie May were at the cowpen with milking paraphernalia - each a pint cup to milk in and finally a 3-quart bucket to carry the milk to the house.

When we got our quart there was left about two quarts for the Taylor family. And we recall that this was the controlling principle of the family, "leave one tit for the calf". There were some of those mother cows who were protective beyond belief - they made a practice to "hold up" in their milk until the first canful had been taken, and then they let the milk down. The Taylor children learned which of the cows to watch for this trickery - and which to go back to for the second quota of milk and calf saliva.

August 25, 1949

What is luck, anyhow? Is it merely the thing that happens without apparent cause and without intention on the part of the individual to whom it happens?

Well, then, what is bad luck? Is it that condition which arises uninvited and unheralded and seems to promise more harm than good? You've said it. When does bad luck change to good - or does it ever change?

A newspaperman counts it sort of bad luck when a paper placed in the mails for an appreciative subscriber, comes back for any cause undelivered. He counts it especially bad luck when a paper for a rural subscriber comes back with the notation "label missing". This means that the little sticker which bears the subscriber's name and date of expiration, placed on the margin by a machine, lacked the necessary element of glue to hold the label.

Then what happens? A paper like that came back into our hands Saturday afternoon - one day after the papers had gone out to our rural subscribers. This single paper had written upon the margin the notation "label missing; route 4". And we started back to the office with the paper in hand sort of long-faced because we realized that some subscriber on that route would be disappointed - might even be offended. As we turned the corner we met a Cannon friend with a smile, who chided us, "What for did you stop my paper - I didn't get it yesterday or today. I'm going down to see about it". And in our hand we held the same paper with the notation referred to above - it was the paper which had been mailed to him and from which the label had come...
off. He paid us cheerfully and as we proceeded to the office we ruminated on the questions asked at the outset of this writing. We sort of decided that what seemed ill luck was really good luck. He paid us and smiled because missing that issue for two days had reminded him to pay up.

Where does bad luck change to good luck? Right at the midway point or at the very outset?

September 1, 1949

But for secession, these lines would not have been written; even this writer would not have been born - or would he not have been some other individual - who, we cannot say.

And why these mysterious reasonings? The causes of things which "happen" are always mysterious until their reason is made plain - and there is always a tangible reason.

In early childhood when we began inquiring about whence we came, and the answer was "just because". That's really as much as a child is entitled to know - and is as much as anybody can know - "Just because".

At the home of grandfather James S. Kilgore along about seventy years ago, we spent almost a month while the parents were visiting relations in Georgia and South Carolina. The last of the five children in that grandfa ther's family was a youngster of about twenty-two years (we thought he was an old man), named James Franklin Pierce Kilgore. We learned that the "Franklin Pierce" section of his name was given as a mark of appreciation of the man Franklin Pierce who was president of the United States around the year of his birth. Thus it came clear that the grandparents had been an admirer of that president.

And we let this information stop right there. During these same days we learned that Grandfather Kilgore had left his home in South Carolina shortly before the outbreak of the War between the States because of his dissatisfaction with the slavery situation - then about ripening into rebellion. We learned that this grandfather had brought with him the five children, comprising three sons and two daughters, and we knew that one of those daughters had later become our mother. And for all these incidents and information we're casually thankful.

Recently we had occasion to give some study to the question of "Slavery" for a public use. History mentioned many incidents which preceded secession, and included the fact that Franklin Pierce as president had promoted a plan to accept Cuba into the nation as a slave state, which proposition was pending when South Carolina seceded, and whereupon our Grandfather Kilgore had bundled his family and possessions into wagons and headed for Cuba as his future home.

At about the halfway mark the journey was ended, and the Kilgore family stopped to face the enemy in the nationwide struggle for those principles of freedom which they believed were right. In this family group was a young girl - Kittie Kilgore. She was thus halted in the family march toward Cuba at seventeen years of age she met and married Arthur Turner who had returned from Missionary Ridge - in his battle for the maintenance of those ideals and property rights which had been sacred.

And this is where this writer came in: If they had not met he shudders to contemplate! Might he never have been born, or might he have seen the light on the island of Cuba - with possibly a Spaniard as his father? Born a Spaniard, these words would necessarily have been written in Spanish. If this writer owes a debt to secession for his existence - and you
September 8, 1949

After one full week of drought in the Bulloch county matrimonial sphere following the incoming of the new medical requirements, activity has been resumed. Oddly enough, the couple to first qualify were newcomers to Bulloch county, and were themselves unable to speak the words necessary to qualify for the permit to marry - Michael Stanski and Helena Pacia, Poles recently arrived here and given employment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Preetorius. Stanski gave his age as 33 and his bride-to-be hers as 23. Both were born in Poland. They had been detained as prisoners of war in Germany for four years before coming to America.

Helena's family came to America under the displaced persons provision; however she being already past 21 years of age, arrived as an immigrant some months earlier than her parents and other members of the family. Stanski had only recently arrived to join his waiting fiancée in Statesboro.

At the ordinary's office Friday neither of the principals were able to make themselves understood, and Mrs. Preetorius, who had accompanied them, conducted the exchange of formalities, assisted by a small sister of the young lady who had been more adept at learning the language. Needless to say, that was a happy procedure - the procurement of the marriage license at the ordinary's office.

Likewise it may be reasoned that Judge Williams was sort of pleased at the proceedings - the first sale of marriage permit under the new health law.

September 22, 1949

On our first day in school - and that was right many days ago - our lady teacher began to inform us on matters of geography. We recall that she told us to stand with our right hand toward the rising sun and face ahead - that would be north. Then she told us all the other matters about the compass which gradually we have absorbed - and accepted.

For the first 20-odd years of our days there was never an occasion to question that absoluteness of this theory - except one night the boy of ten fell asleep while riding "Old Fanny" home from Tampa, and when he opened his eyes, the Duncan place had moved from the right hand side of the road to the left. We have never understood how it happened, but the next time he passed that way the thing had been righted.

But there has been a discrepancy in our directions since that day in April along in 1985 when we entered on the Dover and Statesboro railroad - walked north, as we thought - and began to get acquainted with that new community which was destined to be our home till the end of our time. The sun was not shining nor did it shine at all during that day, but we felt sure that when it arose, it would come up in the east.

And that is where we erred. When we opened our eyes the next morning, the sun was rising in the north. We had been mistaken when we thought we walked north from the Dover and Statesboro depot - we had apparently walked west instead. But that was an honest impression which has not to this day been effaced from our geography. We have been compelled to go through life from that day to the present with a double geography in our mind.

Who shall we charge with responsibility for this mix-up in directions?
It will not remedy the matter, to be sure, but there is always a cause.

It had been planned that we should arrive in Statesboro on a mid-week train scheduled to leave Savannah at 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening and arrive in Statesboro at 9 o'clock. At our stopping place in Savannah, the hotel manager gave us the train schedule and assured us that we could ride to the depot on "the belt", which would land us at the station in ample time. He didn't tell us that there were two "belts" and that it was the E. and W. which we should take. So we rode the A. and B. for an hour — and missed our train. Thus it came that we rode into town a day late — and had not been told that we changed directions at Dover and rode south. It was a natural mistake — without intention of wrong anywhere — but our experience has borne out the fallacy that "good faith" relieves from the responsibility of wrong-doing. For more than half a century every day when we open our eyes and see the day beginning, we sort of chide the sun for getting out of control that time more than half a century ago.

There is a right thrilling story about the time when a man named Joshua directed the sun to stand still — and it did so. If Joshua comes our way, we'll ask him how he managed that trick on the sun.

October 13, 1949

Parked on the street exactly in front of the hotel, there stood for some time Monday an automobile which was deciphered from front to rear, top and sides, with chalk marks which could but attract attention though they were mostly illegible.

About the third time we passed, across the front was deciphered the words "Just Married". And we realized that these were wasted words — only a newly married couple would be travelling in a car so conspicuously decorated. There has come to be a custom which is born of youth and exuberant good will to call attention to those who are at this high peak of happiness. Seems sort of silly, to be sure.

As we stood admiring, a mature, serious-looking youngster came from the hotel with some little trinkets which he placed inside the car, thus giving opportunity to ask when he married and why. He told us he was from Aiken, S. C., and enroute for his wife to show him to members of her family as only young wives delight to do. He told us his destination was Wildwood, Fla. And then we advised him, "Don't ever forget the name of the girl whom you have just married." He smiled and declared he would not.

And then we told him this story: Seventy-odd years ago a relative of our mother visited at our home. His name was Griff Kilgore and his place of residence was Wildwood. (The same point to which this young couple were travelling.) For sixty years this man had lived as a memory in our life. Ten years ago in passing our South Florida home, it was convenient to pass through Wildwood and, with intention to inquire about the surviving family of that long-ago cousin, Griff Kilgore. At Wildwood we were told that a "right old man" of that name lived two blocks down the street. We suspected it was a young son, or an old grandson.

In the front room of the home sat a not-overly old man with tobacco stains on his shirt front, smoking a pipe. Inquiring about Griff Kilgore he answered "I am that man". But we were skeptical about the age, and mentioned that visit sixty years ago. "You are mistaken", he said; "I have never had any people at that place and have never been there." And then we sought to identify him by asking about his mother and his half-brothers and sisters, whom he denied existed. "Who did you marry?" we asked him and
cause.

The mid-week riding and hunting and boating, the Southern cool ride might have been the classicSouthern - and the Southern, and had been. It was a Southern experience of responsibility when our boy went out of our way, named Joshua our way, and had forgotten the wife of his youth.

It was the Griff Kilgore we had sought to find, but he had lost himself. He told us he was ninety-six years old - and had forgotten the name of the young woman whose trinkets he was at that moment placing under the seat of his car.

November 17, 1949

Let this writing be words without a final explanation, if you will. Bluntly, we are wondering what relationship there is between a venison steak and the mental facilities scientifically classed as "intuition" and "telepathy". Don't tell us there is no relationship - nor even that there are not those forces recognized as telepathy and intuition.

At the up-town eating place Sunday morning while we sat at breakfast over a cup of coffee, scrambled egg and toast, the mind ran away into the past dealing with the choice diets which we knew in the long ago. There sprung up a memory of that day some seventy years ago when Harrison Nash rode up to the little country store with two hind-quarters of venison fastened to the rear of his saddle; and then followed rumination about how that venison tasted; how we admired Harrison Nash; that he had come from the wooded section fifteen miles away in a community which bore the local name of Lealman. Then memory rambled around to the Lealman community, recalled the people who had comprised the settlement at that time, and finally wondered vaguely what had become of them.

All this was while we ate the scrambled eggs and toast and grits, and craved a hunk of venison. It was living far in the past.

Across the room sat a group of people who had entered as we ruminated - one young man and two ladies. We arose facing them, they all smiled, and the elder of the group spoke. Had we met this trio whom we seemed about to pass without recognition?

"We've been in Pennsylvania", said the spokeslady, "and are enroute back to our home in St. Petersburg. Have you ever been there?" And then followed the explanation that St. Petersburg was the last Florida community from which we wiped dust off our feet when we came to Statesboro nearly fifty-seven years ago.

"Well", said the lady, "we've been living there for fifteen years, and I am teaching school in a suburb of St. Petersburg known as Lealman. Have you ever heard of that place?"

And Lealman was the place we had been thinking about as we sat there gulping coffee and ruminating about venison and Harrison Nash, and all the things which spring up in a prolific memory.

Webster defines telepathy as "the sympathetic affection of one mind by the thoughts, feelings or emotions of another at a distance; without communication through the ordinary channels of sensation". Intuition he defines as "quick or ready insight or apprehension".

Now, what do you say it was monkeying with our memory and brought us in contact with the strangers there who came from the realm of those long-ago memories. Telepathy, or intuition - or merely coincidence?

In the meantime, we are waiting for a venison steak.
December 8, 1949

What with the rapid advance in the cost of general living - coffee 10 cents per cup, dinners double prices, baby births sort of discouraging population increase - it is but reasonable that the cost of half-night lodging should surely slump. Mayor Cone, so far as we are aware, established a record in the cost of sleeping when he set the price at $10 in his court Monday morning. Wilson West was the guinea pig who paid the high price. Not because of the featherbed facilities, for there were none. Wilson, drowsy on the street, crawled under an ice house on West Main street around 2:30 Saturday night and was aroused from his slumbers by city policemen shortly after sunrise Sunday morning. Sleeping under the ice house was satisfying, but the fine imposed tends to disparage the use of such facilities. Moral: don't crawl under an ice house when you feel drowsy.

December 15, 1949

For some years since the advent of that never-to-be-forgotten Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom many upbraid and to whom many more still give praise, there has been a playing upon the words brought into life when he pronounced for the "New Deal". Without taking issue on the merits of those who upbraid the "new deal", the "raw deal", the "square deal", or the "bum deal" or whatever you have, the word has been brought to our mind in a recent important matter of business, already familiar to most of our readers.

The Farm Bureau presented us with a list of 754 names of its members who had included subscriptions for this paper. Some of them were new subscribers, some renewals. The frequent recurrence of the name "Deal" attracted our attention. There were many of these names on the list, but only two were new subscribers. This limitation impressed us and we sought the reason. Inspection of our existing subscription list gave the answer - the Deals were already subscribers!

How many would you guess? Check in detail, including city and rural routes, the list bears the names of forty-seven Deals - some in Statesboro, many on the rural routes, and only a few outside of Bulloch county. That is what we like about people - they subscribe for our paper and stay in Bulloch county!

And as we ruminated, we wondered what might be the force to whom we should give credit for this friendly attention? Certainly all this hasn't happened without an impelling cause. Sometime in the distant past - certain two, three or four generations back - some Irishman came to this section and began producing Deals. Maybe he didn't spell it that way. Somebody tells us that it used to be Deihl - and may have been in Germany. Americanized, it became a sort of "New Deal" or "Square Deal", and this is the type of people for whom we are herewith giving thanks. To their old progenitor, whoever he may have been, in the "Land of Beyond", if we meet him when we get there we'll give him a glad handclasp and say "Thanks, old fellow".

But it has not been left to the present moment for us to recognize our appreciation of the Deals as subscribers and friends. Referring back to our mailing list of May, 1945, we discovered that more Deals than any other name were receiving our paper overseas. There were eight of these loyal, able-bosied youngsters - Capt. A. M. Deal, S/L Carl Deal, Pfc. Jas. L. Deal, Cpl. Bennie Deal, Pvt. Henry Deal, Pvt. Josh Deal, Pvt. Miles Deal and Capt. John Deal - eight of them if you have counted. Overseas only one other fam-
December 22, 1949

Did you ride down the road toward Savannah during recent days and observe that spectacle of beautiful grapefruit along the roadside between Arcola and Stilson? Did you ruminate upon the waste of the Florida delicacy at the season when choice fruits are most in demand? Did you speculate upon the reason for this tragedy — whether a truck had overturned enroute to market; whether some snooping official had overtaken the driver and condemned the outfit to destruction because of some inspection regulations?

You let these thoughts and worries run through your mind? And then you resolved that, when you returned home, you would get out and salvage a quantity of this beautiful fruit and run whatever risk was involved in regard to technical laws of the land or the right of ownership?

Are you still wondering what it was that brought all this tragedy to culmination? Well, this reporter did all these things and finally made bold to stop at the sheriff's office and inquire of County Patrolmen Edgar Hart and Mose Sowell — who know all and tell all! And what did they tell us? Well, what we had seen was not grapefruit, but Bulloch county grown citrons, a pest on farms if permitted to ripen and go into production. They told us that some farmer had filled up his trucks with these unwanted vine products and hauled them out into the ditch by the side of the road — and left them there to rot lest they multiply in their field next year and overrun his valuable crops. Edgar tells us that when these citrons get full hard, and are thrown to a foolish hog, the hog will bite at and roll away till his patience is exhausted — then come back after a couple of days, weak and wobbly from fatigue. They say only the most vigorous hog can open one of these citrons — and that they are not worth much as food after they have been broken.

And these two large piles by the road are not grapefruit, if you care to know.

Almost the most sacred memory of childhood's days is the Christmas tree. Memory flies backward to the little log school house in which the entire community assembled under the auspices of the Sunday school — people of every church, and of no church affiliation.

Santa Claus came with a fancy face and beard, and from the little spruce tree he gathered the gifts, and called aloud the names of those for whom they had been placed.

The spruce came from the nearby swamp, and was itself an emblem of purity and plenty — and of joy. Men of the community had joined in erecting the tree and women of the community directed the placing of gifts — and the lights and ornaments. It was simple but gorgeous — one tree for the whole people, and Christmas joy was an unselfish spirit.

Have you seen a Christmas tree in recent years of your life, you who are young and middle-aged? Where did you see a tree? Was it snuggled down in a corner of the front room out of sight of the world; was it standing
in a front window at the store on Main street? How did it get there? Did somebody slip out in the woods - onto somebody's premises - and chop down the tree, or cut off the larger limbs, and draw the whole decoration in by a back way, to escape attention? Was the tree snitched without the owner's consent, even if by his later knowledge, as happens even at this time?

Well, where have we traveled in recent years? Whence came the trees which have been on display in front of the stores? Last week, in front of a leading store there was piled a load of trees which, by casual observation, seemed to have come from distant places. A little tag on each tree bore the words "This tree was grown in Canada". And we speculated as to the number. A clerk in the store one week later told us that there had been 170 of these magnificent trees shipped in from distant lands, and that practically the last one had found a buyer. These trees, some of them, were around eight feet in height. He told us that besides these large trees, his establishment had found sale for full six dozen miniature Christmas trees.

Throughout the woods around us are the most beautiful holly bushes, ripe in red berries, and graceful in foliage. Who could want better - and why? Wouldn't it offer an opportunity for profit if some thrifty individual organized to supply hollies and cedars and spruce from Bulloch county - and save the cost of transportation from the far-off forests of Canada?

February 16, 1950

Except when it runs in a circle, a trail has two ends - the beginning and the ending. The importance of a trail is not its width nor its length - but whence does it begin and whither does it lead.

The date was February 16th - a long while ago. In the home were seven youngsters ranging in age from sixteen down to five - four sisters and three brothers. It was a right important moment, because, by the plans on that very morning the two oldest brothers had been assigned to begin to learn the printing trade. It was a day past the thirteenth birthday of the oldest brother, and forty days past the eleventh birthday of the younger. Mere youngsters, they were the envied of their schoolmates, because it had been known that they were starting into a new sphere.

Boys at thirteen and eleven are rarely ever graduated - they just detour from the schoolroom.

"Hurry, boys; it's time for us to skedaddle", urged the father, who was to lead the way to the beginning of activity. And they faced westward for a mile, where, upon the shores of the great Gulf of Mexico, stood the house in which had been stored a few cases of type and an antique hand press (now entirely gone from circulation).

And this was the beginning point of the lines which are here written. On the walls of that building hung pictures of distinguished journalists of the day, men of the leading daily papers who were to be looked upon as criterions of journalistic capability - to be a pattern for the days to come.

Chief printer in the office - the teacher - was Joel McMullen, who had learned the trade in another city and was to set the beginners on the road. Editorial writer was Rev. Cooley Sumner Reynolds, who smoked a vicious pipe which could be heard wheezing a block when in action, and smelled a half mile. He spoke in the pulpit at the log church on Sundays - and repeated the stories about Jonah and the whale, Daniel in the lions' den, and Lazarus who smelled so evil that they thought he was dead. (He told them literally, and not as figures of speech.)

That McMullen fellow - well, he borrowed our Christmas knife to open
a bottle from Tampa — and broke out the blade, for which we still hold a grudge.

The type cases were filled and the two youngsters embarking into life were assigned permanent stands which would be their own responsibility. Man-sized stands were too high for the youngsters, and empty orange crates were brought in as foot-stools.

The father of the two embryo printers — who had led them to this point without a question as to the rightness of the step being taken — laid off his coat, took a pencil and wrote the introductory. The first words he gave this printer to put in type were:

"New types
And new quarters;
Now you may look out!"

And these were the first lines this printer ever set in type. Since then he has gone far places typographically, but never has he set words more meaningful.

And the date was February 16th — 1885! Count it if you will and recognize that it was a long time ago — sixty-five years this very day!

February 23, 1950

Sort of we have grown fanatic on the habits and social life of the honey bee. Readers will recall, we are sure, that frequent mention of this interest has found place in this very column.

And the beginning reason has been made known — our mother told us early in life, after we had quit wearing skirts, that one day before that time, this lad had sprawled his knees before a hive of bees and had raked into his lap the entire colony which had assembled on the outside. She told us that we told the story and that we remained in a dark room for a couple of days while the swelling was receding.

And that was probably the beginning of our interest in bees. From time to time in later years interest has been aroused, and we have come to sort of regard outself as an expert in the doings — not to say motives — of the lowly bee. And in all that time we have heard statements and philosophies, some of which bore a semblance of reason, while others seem to be mere speculation. Fifty years ago Steve Blackburn told us of the incidence of his brother Eb, bowed low with rheumatism, who was attacked by a colony of bees when he sought to hamper their disposition to swarm. He said the whole colony got inside Eb's clothes and made him hike to the house at full speed; that for a lack of time to enter, Eb dodged under the house and waited for the sun to set. He said when darkness came, Eb crawled out and went to bed. The next morning, he said, Eb's rheumatism had left him — and never came back.

Steve told us that "Tump" Ham had rheumatism and came to the yard while he was hiving a swarm of bees, and that he sought to entice "Tump" in range of the colony, but "Tump" developed a speed which carried him out of range — and that "Tump's" rheumatism thereafter was noticeably better, though not a single bee had found his skin.

And that brings us down to the favorite magazine which comes to our home Sunday. There was an illustrated picture of a man who openly bared his body and invited the entire outfit to do its worst, and he felt not the slightest pain from the doings of those bees. The story then followed that the man had recovered from a severe case of rheumatism as a result of bee stings and had thereby become immune to bees and cured of rheumatism.
Scientifically it was stated that a group of doctors, to prove the matter, had subjected 20 rheumatic sufferers to the onslaught of bees from one to 50 stings to each person at intervals until each had been stung 500 times. Three showed improvement, and seven got worse. Thus ten were left uninfluenced by the bee stings.

And this much is submitted with the mere suggestion, if you want bees to sting you - let 'em sting!

March 16, 1950

If you read the words in the date line on today's issue, you will note at the end of the line the words "Vol. 59-No. 1". To those who are not interested the words will have no significance; even some who appreciate the paper will not understand the full significance and it is for them we are giving this explanation: The truth there conveyed is that the issue before you is number one of a new volume - the beginning another year of life - another step in the realm of eternity.

The Bulloch Times was first organized by a group of Statesboro's citizens in the year 1892 - which was fifty-eight years ago. After a brief existence as a sort of co-operative institution, it passed into private hands. In April 1893, the present owner came into control - which will be fifty-seven years next month.

There was a lapse of this ownership which need not be here enlarged upon, expending from August 1897, till March 1905. (During part of that time the paper rested in a state of inanimation.) Upon resumption of this present ownership, to make a definite starting point, the first issue was made "Vol. 13 - No. 1", and the date was March 23, 1905. From that date to this moment, few issues have been omitted - and comparatively few have been late in reaching the mails.

How did it come about that the paper was given a new start? On the streets a few minutes ago we met one of the spirits which was responsible for the resumption of this present life. J. Ewell Brannen, now a sort of aging friend who lives at Stilson, sat on the court house bench as we ruminated together about things that were responsible for this new beginning. Some of our readers (very few of them, to be sure) will recall the circumstances; others may be interested.

On that day in March, 1905, when the new existence began - the rebirth, you might say - there were eighteen friends basking the institution with their good will and cash. A fund of $2000 had been subscribed, and shares were issued at $50 per share. Three men who shared with their cash are still living. Thus it is fitting that we here give recognition to those who live, and to those who have gone hence. Call the roll of those who joined with this writer still living - J. E. Brannen, L. M. Mikell, J. J. Zetterower. Call that other, longer roll of friends who have gone - R. Lee Moore, J. L. Coleman, J. A. McDougald, W. C. Parker, B. T. Outland, J. W. Olliff, D. F. McCoy, W. H. Simmons, J. N. Akins, R. F. Lester, J. J. E. Anderson, J. G. Newman and W. L. Kennedy - and there you have a summation of the responsibility for the issue now before you.

More friends appreciate the Times today - as manifest by their presence on our subscription lists - than have ever thus given evidence of friendship. These modest lines are to remind those friends that in a definite sense they are obligated to those friends of ours listed above - those living and those gone before.

And thus it is made manifest that the influences of men - good and bad - live on into eternity.
March 23, 1950

Though greatly exaggerated by widespread reports, the catastrophe which visited Statesboro at an early hour Saturday morning was no trivial event.

Two important business structures on South Main street were leveled to earth; three other business establishments adjoining were left with fragments of walls standing, the roofs gone; and at the end of the block a three story building (that occupied by Waters Furniture Company) was for a time under special observation as a danger point but was finally pronounced unimpaired.

It was almost at the hour of 7 o'clock Saturday morning that the sudden explosion of a heater in the rear of Bowen Furniture Company's place of business set in action the destructive force which was speedily heard from around almost the entire world.

Carried to the hospital as speedily as they could be rescued were Emit Anderson, clerk in Olliff and Smith's feed and grain store. Kenneth Womack, clerk in Bowen Furniture Company's store (the young man who struck the match which caused the explosion) and an eighteen-year-old negro named Walter Williams, employed at the feed store. Of these young Womack was most seriously hurt, and narrowly escaped with his life after workmen cut and drilled for almost an hour to release him from the timbers which had fallen upon him as the stove exploded.

Mr. Anderson, who had opened the door at the feed store and entered the office, was knocked off his feet and fell under the desk. It was this furniture which pinned him down and at the same time sheltered him from the falling timbers. He was released by heroic efforts of brave men who dared the flames to drill through the iron bars of the windows at the office. The colored boy had arrived at the door and was about to enter when the explosion knocked him outside, addled him and set him on a run across the street.

In reality the explosion was heard in rural sections as far distant as Nevils, Brooklet, Stilson and Ogeechee communities.

......Across the street from the College Pharmacy north to Minkovitz and Sons' store at the intersection of South Main and West Main, every building lost glass fronts, the Rosenburg store being left without a glass in place. Next to that, a newly finished dry goods store, just out of the hands of workmen, lost every glass; the telephone company also suffered; Donaldson-Smith Clothing Company's front was wrecked as were the fronts of Bulloch Drug Company, Olliff and Smith's grocery store and Minkovitz department store.

......This reporter has one incident for which to be personally thankful. He slept two minutes later Saturday morning than usual; went for his breakfast two minutes late - and was two minutes away from the explosion when it occurred. There was a dull rumbling and a jarring of the earth, a cloud of something strange in the air, and papers began to shower down as if birds were lighting from the air - and those papers were documents which had been blown from the office of the destroyed furniture store. Those two minutes of sleep - well, we are still thankful that our conscience permits us to sleep late.

April 6, 1950

A weekly newspaper published at Plymouth, Mass., recently published the brief obituary of its editor written by herself only a few days before
"I am glad to die, but I have enjoyed myself here".

The lady had been a sufferer of cancer, and, to be sure, the ending came as a relief. In her summing up she had given witness to the fact that matters of life and death rate about fifty-fifty when the end has come.

If this editor took time at this late date to place in words a complete summing-up, he would declare that the pleasant surprises of life have at least offset the sore disappointments. No man can honestly lay claim to indifference as to the approval of those with whom he associates. Not cringing cowardice, but an appreciation of approving understanding, is a guiding influence - and it is a matter by which the value of living is intimately measured.

Sore disappointments and glad surprises are the elements which hold life near an even keel - an editor eventually finds pleasure in the unexpected pats on the back about equal to the sorrow he suffers from the unexpected kick in the pants.

To the present moment, as memory serves this scribe, the joys of having come this way have measurably out-weighed the sorrows of life.

April 13, 1950

There is no telling what places may be reasonably suspected as fitting concealment for the fluid that makes happy in these modern times. The family hearth has recently been found as the No. 1 hiding place, with baby pillows as a close second in the list of concealments. So you never can tell what may be hidden where.

Chief Edgar Hart and County Policeman Mose Sowell are the forces which may be relied upon to find the secret hiding places, and their report for the past week includes the varieties mentioned - and then some.

At a point near Black Creek, in the Briarpatch District, Saturday they sat in waiting till a couple of operators came into view, after having been under suspicion for almost a week. The still, in operation, was observed until the two operators - a white man and a negro - appeared and were taken. Bonds have been arranged and court action will follow.

Later in Statesboro reports led these officers to the homes of a couple of negro suspects in both of which they observed soft, clean sand in the hearths - and dug up from beneath substantial quarts of the juice which produces happiness. In one of the homes also sat a negro mother singing a soft lullaby to the infant. The evident interest in the child constrained her to hold her seat and continue her rocking. Chief Hart insisted that she lay the baby down and move something about the room. She insisted that the baby could not be disturbed from her lap - it was too ill to be interfered with. Pressed, she leaned over and placed the baby on the bed, and a pint of shine fell from its wrapping.

The series of incidents will be explained later in court.

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Up to the present moment there has been no generally-accepted explanation concerning those much-heralded devices reported as world-wide in existence and increasing in mystery.

One of the favorite pictures of our own young manhood shows this
writer posing with a rather generous mass of hair standing erect in what had then recently come into style as a pompadour. It gave a sort of appearance of fright, but in reality it was merely a fad. Long ago we have quit that sort of foolish display, and nothing can scare us enough to make our hair stand up today.

But those flying saucers - well, there is at least a mystery about them and the vast variety which intrigues us. We believe if we saw one, however, we'd be able to stand still and reason the matter to a conclusion. We are led to this thought by the story that came from Amarillo, Texas, reporting a strange device observed there by a youngster of imaginative age. He tells about a device alleged to be approximately as large as an automobile tire, which whirled through the air and alighted just over the hill, which he quickly reached and touched with his hand, and which thereupon sped around, arose and was gone with a flash.

The colors the Texas youngster gives were similar to those of a flying body which was more or less common in the days of this writer's early youth. The dimensions, however, are vastly greater - perhaps because imagination has increased in magnitude.

Some of our readers, we suspect - those who are old enough - will recall the period to which these writings refer. The colorings were strikingly like those described by the Texas boy in the widely publicized story of the present week - some red, green, blue and grey splotches intermingled. The Texas boy's visitor was much larger, however, than that which came into our youth - a red, green and blue navigator scarcely larger than a boy's thumb, zooming and winding through the air, settling with a light thud, and scrambling here and there with a remarkable activity.

As the lad continued to observe, the stranger stirred around, got behind a sort of round ball-like obstacle and started rolling away - tumbling here and there as he rolled. He was the forerunner of the present-day flying saucer, or merely the ancestor of that species of prevalent make-believe statesmanship which looks one way as he rolls the other. Have you seen men like that in public life? The bug has disappeared along with the coming automobiles, but the species of politician is still prevalent - along with the flying saucer!

April 20, 1950

If this paper was commissioned to formulate a sensible tourist sign, it would do so in these words, "Don't block our streets".

Most of our progressive readers, we realize, would condemn the wording as contrary to modern ideals and practices. Some of those who read would suspect that the Times had a personal grievance against somebody from far away.

The truth is, the Times recognizes that nearby neighbors - men and women who come here daily from rural communities to buy salt and neckties and shoes and shirts and hats and occasionally to subscribe for the poor little struggling newspaper - are in fact the chief dependence of our city for its past, present and future.

And why do we say these unpatriotic words? It is a deliberate conclusion from personal observation - and that is the only means by which we have ever learned anything - that the cash benefits from passing tourists are extremely small as compared to the public agitation of the tourist traffic.

The Times office is located some three short blocks from the center
of town, and therefore out of line of possible benefits from those who pass through. It is from a dollars and cents standpoint that loudest approval of tourist trade is heard.

In all the years since any of the nation-long routes have poured travelers through our city, we probably have seen millions of tourists pass through. In all these years only one irate tourist has come to our office. He had collided with a pig on the road eight miles out; had stopped overnight to get his car in shape, and was peeved because the insurance company withheld $50 of the repair cost in accordance with the conditions of the insurance policy.

The man wanted Bulloch county to compensate him for that $50, and he wanted the Times to argue in his behalf. He left at this office 5 cents for a copy of the paper to be sent to him in Kalamazoo. The Times wrote a story about the incident and reasoning that the hog on the highway was in full exercise of his recognized rights - that the hog was an actual asset to the affairs of Bulloch county, and that one good hog on the road was actually worth more than a speed-mad tourist.

The stranger, receiving our paper, was displeased with our attitude, and he wrote demanding a refund of his 5 cents. It cost us 3 cents to send it to him by mail - and we have yet to recognize any sort of contribution which that tourist had made to our financial, social or religious betterment.

And now, seriously, we are coming to this point: it is Statesboro's greatest obligation to provide street space - parking space, if you please - for the neighbors who every day in the year are prospective patrons of our business concerns. If anybody must be shunted off, let swift passage be provided for those who only want to pass. They will like those speedings-up. Hardly a day passes that this paper does not take in at least one 5-cent piece from some country neighbor - and even, quite frequently, some kind words which make us feel that life has not altogether been without its reward. (Pardon us while we stop to write renewal receipts for Misses Melrose and Hassie Davis, who dropped a coin in the parking meter and stopped long enough to set their dates ahead, and to say some very kind words, too!)

April 27, 1950

Why do babies cry? Just take your time in consideration of the question, and then keep your theories to yourself. There is no single, all-inclusive answer to the question . . .

. . . We opened the pages of our choice book of literature, "Lincoln's Library of Essential Information" - a book of more that 2,000 pages - not one line in the index of that book pointed to the word "cry".

We turned to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of 2,000 pages . . . Practically a full page was given over to definitions of the word "cry", which ranged in meaning from the heights of the greatest joy to the deepest despair, but we didn't find an answer to the question asked.

For somewhat over three-quarters of a century we have at intervals heard crying. (And have done some in our own younger days. Sometimes even today we forget our age and weep!)

But only last week the incident occurred which leaves us in darkness. This old editor was notified sort of modestly that a great-grandson had arrived at the hospital, and that his parents had given him our name as a mark of esteem. What was there to do less than call the florist to send out a vase of flowers addressed to the youngster, with compliments.
and words of appreciation? And the flowers went. In due time, interested to know that the transaction had been completed, a phone call was answered by the youngster's grandmother, who, asked about the lad's reaction to the gift, answered, "He only cried".

That is why we have studied our books to know the reason of his lamentation. And we have solemnly arrived at the decision that actually there was no connection between the gift of flowers and that youngster's wail of disapproval. We were told later that he had not even opened his eyes nor smelled the flowers.

Then why this cry of dissatisfaction? We recognize that the youngster was at that very moment lifting his God-given voice to proclaim his mastery of the home into which he had involuntarily entered ... He was beginning to learn things which will have a positive influence upon him in years to come, and upon those who may follow in generations after him.

He had begun to learn that helplessness is in reality a source of strength. His cry brought attention. The soft fondling of his cheek brought him an assurance of sympathy and concern. He gave not thought to the end for which he was heading; how far he could safely go in his demands for attention. If he had reasoned the matter, he would have felt a sort of pride in the knowledge that he was laying the foundation for a future of fondling throughout the long days of his childhood, which is but the preparatory days of useful, commanding manhood.

The cry of the infant is sweet music to the ears of those responsible for his coming. Nobody wants a baby to cry all the while; neither does anybody want a baby which doesn't ever cry.

And we come back to the question asked, "Why Does a Baby Cry?" And the answer is, it is thereby unconsciously beginning to take over the home. How far will it go before it is satisfied with this taking over? That's the problem.

In the years of the long ago, the sainted, Godly mother of ours told us that her babies sometimes cried without apparent reason; that she put syrup on their hands and touched feathers to their fingers - and they got so busy picking feathers, they forgot to cry, and fell asleep. A sleeping baby is sometimes a great satisfaction, eh?

May 4, 1950

One of our local friends sort of happily made display during the weekend of a letter which he had received with an enclosure of 8 cents in postage, The letter was an apology for a wrong which had been done to him eighteen years ago, but of which this friend had no knowledge until the receipt of the long-delayed adjustment.

The letter explained that the writer had at that long-ago time taken secretly a bottle of cold drink and three sweet crackers without proper settlement. The matter had not escaped his memory, but had been permitted to sleep until recently something happened which awoke his conscience to the fact that he had committed an unforgiven wrong. It was the determination to right this wrong which impelled him to remit the 8 cents in postage stamps. He reasoned that the drink was worth 5 cents and the three cookies 1 cent each.

The man who received the remittance was joyous because of the restoration. He was happy because the man had become awakened to the crime of dishonesty - and he was ready to forgive and call the matter square.
As we walked down the street, the realization sort of dawned on us that the man who sent the remittance had not in reality gone the whole way. He actually owed more than the original amount — he was morally obligated to make full payment for the long-delayed restitution. What would have been the right thing to do? Somewhere there was a statement about making restitution four-fold, but today that has been set aside by men. The legal rate recognized by law in Georgia is placed at 8 per cent; so what? We had our favorite banker take his calculator to his adding machine and this is what he found — at 8 per cent compounded interest in eighteen years the indebtedness had grown from 8 cents to 31.96 cents — so our banker said. Then what? That fellow who took the drink and crackers still owes 23.96 cents — so our banker said.

What do you say about it — what would you do? Let's drop the matter before we stir up too much trouble.

June 15, 1950

That was an earnest couple — father and son — who came to the Times office Saturday afternoon with a problem for scientific adjustment — if possible.

The two were Bartow and Lee Lord of the Hagin district. They had sort of subsided from their original excitement, but were still in suspense as to what it was that scared the younger Lord half out of his wits and ran him from home a couple of nights before. Lee was in desperate earnest when he asked if any other reports had reached the Times office or was his home the only place of visitation?

Around 11 o'clock, Wednesday night, he said, there appeared about tree-top high a mysterious star-like spray about thirty yards across, with dark shadow in the center, moving swiftly from southeast to northwest, about 200 yards from his residence. What was it? Where did it come from? And where was it going?

Lee had never seen anything like this in his life, and, fearing that it might mean the end of time and not wanting to be left thus alone — who could blame him, we ask? — he and his wife hot-footed it up to his father's a couple of hundred yards distant.

This scientific amateur has hunted all the books for a solution which he has not found. Thus failing, he went back into his memory-treasury and dragged out something akin which he here relates:

It was around 70 years ago — not quite but nearly — that this writer, his brother and two sisters were riding home in the cart from the McKay field somewhat after dark, having been delayed with a cotton picking contest. The father had offered a reward for the day's work — one cent a pound for every pound of cotton picked. The four of us started early that morning and worked late and fast. (Incidentally, this youngster earned 45 cents, his sister Carrie earned 44½ cents, sister Mamie 40, and the kid brother Henry 32 cents — and we were riding home in ecstatic state of mind.) The evening was blustery with clouds shifting here and there; the road led along parallel to the Gulf of Mexico, which was about two miles distant, on which ocean traffic was no rarity. Suddenly there began to appear a sort of mysterious reflection overhead, with a black center, a flock of wild geese came across in V-shape formation barely above the treetops; a roll of thunder.

The preachers at our log school house, as was the manner in that age, had talked about the sudden coming of judgment day (which might be
at night, to be sure) when time would be no more, and when there would be a call -

"Oh, come angel band,
  Come and around me stand,
  And bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home."

Well, was that it? Henry shouted "Glory!" and clapped his excited hands - and then a shrill whistle sounded from the distant Gulf of Mexico which brought solution. The huge ship passing along the Gulf had diverted its brilliant lights inshore, which had given the rare spectacle of the scurrying clouds just as a flock of wild geese placidly flew southward in quest of a winter's resting place. No angel band with outspread wings! Just a scurrying of the clouds and a ray of light from the nearby Gulf of Mexico!

Now this might not have been what Lee Lord saw last week, to be sure! But we'll bet what he saw wasn't any more exciting than that event nearly seventy years ago - that night when we were riding home from the cotton field after having picked 45 pounds of sea island cotton in a single day!

**June 22, 1950**

In days gone by we recall to have occasionally seen some flippant comment upon the establishment of Fathers Day. What purpose and why?

On this early hour of "the morning after" as we set face toward another uncertain extension of days, we take the brief moment to analyze the question, "Why Is Father's Day?"

With pen in hand we make memorandum of the tangible things, including for us 2 gay colored neckties, 1 light brown leather pants belt, one pair of bright red-and-black sox, 1 pair flashy pants, one bright-colored flashlight which actually gives light, 1 dinner, 1 supper, an afternoon's ride with loved ones, a tender kiss on a calloused cheek, an affectionate pat on the back - pleasant hours spent in the company of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; earnest inquiring look of the infants in arms - and even the fretful outcry for no apparent reason.

And do all these things combined give answer to the question, "Why Is Father's Day?" Are these casual incidents of life sufficient to have brought about this setting aside of a day for celebration?

And then we return to ask does the word "casual" apply? And our philosophy tells us that Father's Day is a summing up of the days and incidents of that part of eternity which has already been spent, and a solemn reminder that it won't be long now.

The incidents mentioned and the trinkets listed as part of the recent day, added together into one treasured translation, spell out the significance also of that kindred Mother's Day not long ago, and that translation is "L-O-V-E".

We take this opportunity to give commendation to those thoughtful persons who conceived the idea of those special days - and give reverent thanks to that Supreme Power which created the foundation of love upon which they rest.

**July 6, 1950**

The most valuable elements of life, we recognize, are intangible and not susceptible to evaluation in cash. Would friendship and appreciation
of kindness be entitled to rank within that classification?

Within the past week there has accumulated on our expense account for adjudication in cash the following items:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Various parts and dragging in car</td>
<td>$11.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carburetor for car</td>
<td>9.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 inner tube for car</td>
<td>4.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man on motorcycle</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negroes in car</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 hours freight for 2</td>
<td>300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$327.37</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All this we have charged up to "friendship account". Why? Simply because a man calls us friend, and because we call him friend. How come, do you ask?

That friend, who has regular habits of coming to our office daily – except Sunday – and asking "Anything you want me to do today?" and who cheerfully does whatever we ask for, failed to appear Monday morning. All day we missed his presence, and as the shadow of night fell over us the thought slowly grew that there might be a serious cause for his absence. Living alone in a lean-to shanty on a little-traveled road two miles from town, it might be that he was stricken seriously ill. Could he be there alone, unable to call for help? Would a friend permit a possibility like this to pass without learning the truth? The old Pontiac was backed out of the garage, and headed toward the place of this tragic possibility. "Wait, and I'll go with you", came the voice of another who has shared in that man's friendship – and thus began the expense account listed above.

At the point visited, a ramshakle lean-to stood threatening to fall; it was dark and desolate; could the missing friend possibly be in lone distress? But at the call, came the cheerful response, "Heep," and the friend appeared at the front opening of his shabby hut. He had been busy about his home the entire day, making some repairs, he said – and hadn't found time to come to town. He was sorrowful that his absence had given us distress. He'd never do that again.

Deep sand in front of the shack apparently reached to the center of the earth, and the car was headed downhill. "Why not go forward till we find a better place to turn around?" was the wise suggestion of the one who had no knowledge of the character of the earth thereabouts – deep sand, ragged roads, high hills and deep valleys! We had traveled a full mile before we got to a turn-around place, and the negro there told us the only way to get home was to retrace our every step.

Two of the hurdles we had to pass over were the railroad track – one going down a steep hill and again coming up. The car began to spit fire out of the back and gave notice that the situation was not pleasing – and at the up-coming crossing it positively said no.

A light nearby told of residence there; the man inside the house knew nothing of car mechanism, but he owned a motorcycle and would go for help. There went the first cash item of expense. While he was gone, by constant pleading the old Pontiac was induced to climb the hill and headed toward home; things ran well till sand began to deepen, and then the fire shot again from the rear, and in a deep bed, it definitely said "this far and definitely no further".

A couple of negro boys, evidently somewhat skilled, offered assistance – which eventually resulted in a lift home while the car remained in the sand bed. There went our second item of cash expense. At eleven o'clock we crawled into bed and to slumber.
Came daylight, a wrecker, a mechanic and two new pieces of equipment—the carburetor and an inner tube—which brought the total to $27.37.

In the final summing up, for worry about the possibility of calamity to our friend—and actual personal peace from the night's exposure, we have added as estimate of $300 for the two of us.

Who was the friend who caused all this worry? It was nobody but "Bub". Do you know him? His full name is "Bub" Neal, and he's the keen-eyed little negro who early every morning sits on the post office steps and reads his Bible bottom-side-up and warns "the Bible says you must repent; it shore does."

"Bub" is our friend and he'd go the whole way for us if we asked him to—except that he refused to ride out with us in the wrecker that morning for our car. "No, sir", he said, "No, sir. I don't ride in them things; they'll shore kill you—but I'll walk out there and help you."

His friendship is worth all it has cost us!

July 20, 1950

Things which often seem strange may after all be more coincidental, but this column has had its eyes opened by repetition of history which seemed beyond belief.

Somebody in the ages of long ago is credited with the philosophy that nothing is ever new—what is, has been; what has been will be again.

How far that philosophy reaches—well, we're presenting herewith an example of more than two-thirds of a century.

On the desk before us lays a copy of a time-stained publication—"The Statesboro Eagle, Vol. 2, No. 10—Statesboro, Ga., July 11, 1884; $1.10 per year."

That document is easily recognized as belonging to the far-distant past as time is counted today. The paper had been addressed to John Olliff, remembered now by few of our readers. It fell into the hands of a present-day friend, Mrs. L. J. Holloway, of Register, who brought it in for our perusal and interest. It has been read with increasing interest, and at least one incident recorded on the front page has seemed to give basis for the philosophy that "what is, has been".

Some of our readers will recall that last week's issue of the Bulloch Times told the pleasant story about how Robby Belcher, a friend of the Lee-field community, had presented to this editor the choice watermelon of the season—which weighed 52 pounds and was in as perfect taste as in size. Well, Robby Belcher is the son of an old-time watermelon grower mentioned in that issue of the Statesboro Eagle eighty-six years preceding, exactly to the month and day, which joyously records the same kindness to that editor on the part of Robbie Belcher's father.

But we are inviting you to read the story of that long-ago date.

(Statesboro Eagle, July 11, 1884)

A Choice Watermelon

Mr. W. A. Belcher on last Friday presented us with one of the finest watermelons we have seen this year. Mr. Belcher is not only a good farmer, but a liberal and accommodating gentleman.

July 27, 1950

How Near Is Far? Before you answer you might want to know what are
the elements involved - time or miles?
Then get straight with this pointer, that both elements are about equally involved - and get to this point, too, that the matter of relativity enters largely in the answer. Further, we'll say that often enough things are nearer together than are suspect either as to days or inches. So let's go.

Time was when the child in school spent much of his first days learning the alphabet, unless his mother had taught him at home. In school he must know the letters, pronounce them as he looked at the word before him - and then he was ready to begin learning.

Sixty-some-odd years ago a German educator named Buchholz came to the county in Florida of this writer's birth. He brought what was called the "normal" method - which eliminates the slow process of spelling out the words, and the student merely looked at the word, called its name - just like you'd look at a horse and tell what it was. Buchholz established a school for teachers in the community of Bloomingdale (near Tampa) at which place he lived. Teachers went there and spent weeks learning this new system. One of these teachers was this writer's oldest sister, who taught school for a while before she started raising a family.

While she was there this writer visited her one weekend - rode out on the railroad and got off at a station called Brandon. The sister lived in the home of a family named Freeman, some two miles from the station. Returning to the train, Walter Freeman carried us in his buggy late in the afternoon.

We have mentioned the name of Brandon, eh? Well, that name came from a family living in the community. One of the sons of that family was Leroy Brandon. He later came to the village in which this writer lived, and served as principal of the school. He believed in discipline - no whispering permitted. This writer's youngest brother, Fred, whispered while Brandon's back was turned, but the teacher was on guard - and he promised Fred and the other two boys involved a chastisement with the rod the next day. (Well, this meant, to be sure, that Brandon was a stern disciplinarian but he relented and permitted the thrashing to pass by.)

This man Brandon married the daughter of the man Reynolds who had taught this printer his beginning lessons of the printing business.

How far have we brought you as to time - and events? Where shall we drop you?

As we sipped coffee at the Dinner Bell Sunday morning last, four young men in uniform were being waited upon. They had brought large containers in which they were receiving hot coffee to be carried out to the enlisted men who had camped in the local field the night before as they passed through enroute to a camp further up toward the Korean war zone. A pleasant young man about 40 years of age, wearing an official emblem on his shoulder, spoke and conversation ensued which bridged time and space.

He told us that he had been located in Jacksonville for the last ten years, "But I was born and reared in the southern part of Florida." Thereupon interest prompted a question as to what place was his home and he was sure, "Oh, you wouldn't know the place, it's so small, but it was the village of Brandon." (That was the railroad station at which we had alighted from the train around sixty years ago.) And then he wanted to know from whence we had come, learning which, he was interested - "My uncle, Leroy Brandon, taught school there once, married, lived and died there. He was my mother's brother." (Leroy Brandon was the man who nearly tanned our young brother for whispering in school.)
And we told him about getting off the train there and being brought back in the late evening by Walter Freeman - whereupon he opened our eyes again with the statement, "Walter Freeman also was my uncle; he married my mother's sister."

And this comes back to the question asked in the heading, "How Near Is Far?" What was it that had bridged the years and had brought this youngster in uniform across our path after so long a time?

Shall we give credit to the uprising in Korea? What else could it have been?

August 31, 1950

The first ox team we ever saw was brought to our community something like three-quarters of a century ago by "Red Head" Sam Jones, who came from Alabama with his family and small household belongings piled on a cart. "Bright" and "Brindy" were the names the oxen bore. "Bright" was pale yellow color, sort of sprightly and given to mischief - jumping fences and disregardful of the rights of others. "Brindy" was conservative in his speed, respected the property rights of others and remained on the right side of fences.

Would you suspect how these characteristics promised good? Old man Jones turned them loose in the woods to graze with a yoke which bound them together - "Bright" couldn't jump a fence because "Brindy" held him back. But one day they failed to come back to the gate at eventide, and when old man Jones went to search, he found them both on the ground - and "Brindy" was dead. "Bright" had tried to carry him too fast, and had twisted his neck to the breaking point.

The next Sabbath at quarterly meeting Presiding Elder Barnett preached from the text, "Be ye not unequally yoked together". and this boy thought he was talking about the yoke of oxen. Anyway, the point was clear - the danger of too-intimate alignment with persons of other ideals and characteristics. The oxen were fastened together at one end only - and had spread so far at the other that "Brindy" had paid with his life.

And today nations are engaged in life or death struggles with different characteristics, different purposes and ideals. Uncle Sam has gradually taken over the re-making of the world, with the attending responsibility to bring other nations into our way of life - and we find ourselves "yoked together" with nations of different ideals and capacities - with the possibility that we'll wind up in the woods with broken neck because of our assumption of responsibility to remake a world whose capacity to know and do for itself is equal to our own rights and obligations.

September 7, 1950

With the present trend toward higher education, we sort of suspect the suggestion we are about to offer is going to fall on deaf ears; but it won't be the first time we have failed in our proposals.

What we have in mind, and it hasn't developed suddenly, is that we are getting too smart for our own good; we are paying out good money, and spending important time learning things which are duplicates of other things which we already know. Every day there comes a wail about the poorly paid school teachers, and along with it comes its attendant wail of unprepared school teachers.

Then what are we driving at? The thought has arisen that we are
possibly spending too much of our time and effort and cash learning words which we do not really need to know. Then what? Why not have one word for each meaning and stick to that word and omit this duplication? Learning words is the chief basis of education, and then follows the assumption that the man or woman who knows the meaning of the most words is the best prepared for life. What was asked is, what's the necessity for acquiring a vocabulary for many words which mean the same thing, and what's the wisdom of having so many words that have double meaning?

Our Webster's Unabridged lies on the desk before us, and we need to consult it almost every hour of every day, either to learn how to spell or how to divide a word. Ten minutes ago we consulted the book and noted that it is made up of 2000 pages. We counted the words on one page and multiplied that by the number of pages - and found that our book of knowledge contains 354,000 words. And that's what is the matter with education—it takes a kid too long to learn all these words, and an old person, after he has learned, can't remember. So there you are!

The third word used in this writing, "Present", is an example. We noted that as it is written there it means several things, and when divided in pronunciation with a hyphen (-), it means several other different things. Take it with the hyphen (-), and we quote, (1) "being on hand"; (2) "now existing"; (3) "a gift, donation"; (4) "the time being". When you leave out the hyphen (-), the same word is pronounced differently, and means (1) "to bring or introduce"; (2) "to bestow a gift". And that's why taxpayers are going broke trying to familiarize people with the various duplications and divergencies of our language.

What brought this to our mind? Monday was Labor Day, and it carried our mind back to a former Labor Day (September 2, 1901) on which day this old man, then a youngster, began a new career. On that morning he boarded the train for Savannah to accept employment in a printing office. For some weeks he went and came weekly, but early in November his family arrived to abide a while. On Broughton street quarters were found in a house in which there were other young children already established as attendants upon a Sunday school near the center of the city. Two small kids of this family fell in on Sunday afternoon with these others, and attended the Sunday school.

It was already approaching Christmas, you'll understand, and in the classroom mention was made of the approaching season - and the attendant distribution of gifts. The oldest lad of this family - then young, but with an eye to practical things - came home elated. "Christmas is coming; they are going to have a tree, and I'm going to get a gift". Asked how he knew he would, he replied with assurance, "When they called my name, I told them 'present'". (He hadn't learned that the word had many different meanings - but he did actually get his "present".)

September 14, 1950

These old eyes of ours - well, we haven't lost confidence in them though we have found it necessary in recent years to sort of make allowance for the language they speak.

We looked across the street one Sunday afternoon and saw three men as they came up the opposite side; we heard their voices and were sure they were alive and normal men - but the man to the left seemed to be walking along without a head. That was something new in our experience - we've known men who didn't seem to have much sense in their heads, but before
that we never had seen a man walking without a head.

The next day at the office of the man who sells spectacles for profit - he suggested that we ought to buy a tortoise shell frame because he liked it so much better. Well, we told him if he liked it so well he could keep it and let us go with what we had.

And at church on Sunday morning when we looked across the house there was a sort of haze which left us uncertain as to who was there - but while we were puzzled, we just fell asleep and when the benediction was said we were refreshed in body and mind - if not in soul.

Then as we went our way homeward for dinner, we ruminated upon the value which these eyes have been to us since that day more than three-quarters of a century ago when we opened them and saw leaning over us the sweetest woman we had ever seen - up to that time. Then we ruminated upon that afternoon nearly a quarter of a century later when we looked down the street and there stood two young women, one not so pretty, but the other - well, the prettiest living person we had seen up to that time. (We haven't seen a prettier one since, but we've come to the stage where we give more thought to good cooking and less to good looks.)

But where are we standing on the subject at this moment? Three days ago as we drove our old '32 Pontiac into the back yard, we paused for a moment at the garage door. The yard is full of pecan trees, and some rubbish but as we were about to get out we saw something else - that small hinged glass which might be called a ventilator, stood partly open, and as we looked into it we saw in front of us a clean, substantial brick building, across the upper wall of which in large letters was the word "WASHING". That was a mystery - we had never seen that building in our yard before, and when we lowered the window to look, the whole thing disappeared. We adjusted the glass again and the building and gate and trees came back instantly.

Should we let the matter stop there, or should we go and take possession of this newly-discovered property right there in our back yard? As we lowered the window and stood on the ground, we looked back and the whole spectacle was a reality - there was a building and the surroundings, and everything - but it was behind us and not in front. Our eyes had truthfully told us what they saw but they spent no words in telling is where they were, and this left us to our own intelligent reasoning and research.

And as we contemplated the incident, the realization came to us that it is perfectly possible for a person to be honestly mistaken - to assume a thing is not where it seems to be and that in an intelligent life there is demand to do more than look - to reason and investigate. Have your eyes ever fooled you? Has your memory ever been confused?

November 16, 1950

Why Do Men Waddle? A question which has gone unanswered in this mind for a long while, is asked in the line which you have just read, "Why Do Men Waddle?"

Sometimes we think we have almost solved the riddle, and then a condition arises which adds uncertainty. We have noticed enough to be sure of one of two possible causes: it's either baldness or gray hair that is the cause.

Now, in the first days of our memory old man Robert Wallace was our nearest farm neighbor. His plow mule was "Old Kate". We ofter heard her
bray from her stable to our house, approximately a mile away. At Christmas time, when old man Wallace had tampered with his jug, we could also hear him swear that same distance. When he walked around the little country store he waddled conspicuously. He was notable grey-haired, too — and that left us in doubt about his waddling gait. What was it?

Finally the old man drew toward the edge, and turned his mind toward the hereafter — and through the doors of the church. There were two church organizations which held forth at the little log school house, but one of them frowned on cursing and the other on drinking — so old man Wallace was forced to ride five miles to Dunedin where the Scotch church was liberal with dancing, cursing and drinking. He went heavenward through that church which was a sort of hardship on old Kate, who was thus forced to make the long journey on the meeting days every month.

But what's the answer to the question asked about waddling? As we walked from the postoffice a day or two ago we turned the corner right in the face of a druggist (you'd know him if we mentioned his name) who was hurrying toward his dinner. He waddled so badly that we almost collided in the middle of the street — the fellow wanted half the sidewalk, and this bald head wanted more. And we ruminated as we escaped collision whether it was a grey head that made him waddle, or bald head which affected this editor.

Now we ask in all seriousness, which do you think?

November 23, 1950

Almost daily this writer meets a situation which impresses him that much of the taxpayers' hard earned money is being spent for the teaching of things which add neither to the moral, spiritual or financial welfare of the time.

Maybe it has always been that way; who can say? At the little log church-school house which lives constantly in the life of this pen-pusher, readin', writin' and 'rithmetic were the chief topics. Occasionally spellin' and g'ography got into our curriculum, but we have since wondered that need there (is) to know geography if you're not going to travel. Even then, you can get a highway map of 301 or 25 and the bus driver will put you off anywhere you care to stop. So why learn g'ography?

Mrs. Plumb, who carried that big stick to thrash the side of the log school to call the students to "books!" had daily waste periods of spelling which took us in at "a-b, ab" and carried us down the line to "immateriality" but we have never met either word in our casual reading since those school days, and she waded into geography and spent hours and days teaching us about places to which we could never hope to go. Even she went down into South America and taught the states and their capital cities, and that was counted wisdom. In a sort of sing-song manner we called out "Patagonia, unknown". We thought that last word was the capital of Patagonia, but in reality it meant that Mrs. Plumb didn't know the capital. We have just learned that geographical fact after all these seventy-odd years, though we are not sure we are now any better off for having learned it. (And, incidentally, our Lincoln Library tells us that Patagonia was dismembered in the year 1883, and is now an insignificant part of the Argentine Republic.)

Today, what are some of the numerous little things which might be turned into cash with the proper steering of practical teaching? What about the little parking meter which stands along the streets as a challenge to local people not to waste their time? Have you ever spent any time
in giving thought to the mechanism of that implement? No? Well, it's important.

A couple of days ago we had our first practical need to use one of these little devices. They have been around for years - but we always found it possible to drive into our back yard and park in our own yard - till the day before yesterday we tried to enter, and found some country-man had blocked our gate and shut us out. Then we needed to use a meter. There was an open one in front of our office, which offered us safety from the prowling policemen. With a sense of security, we entered the space and dropped a penny into the face of the machine. But the red never changed. Vigorously shaking, we heard the coin rattle, but still there was no color in the face. We looked behind to see what was the trouble, and there in brazen letters were the words "Deposit Only a Nickel".

We had no nickel, and our penny was gone - merely because our education had been neglected. Ignorance has to this date cost us exactly one cent in cash, if we reason correctly. The city of Statesboro ought to send some smart educators around to teach editors how to park their Pontiacs, eh?

November 30, 1950

There's a certain amount of human interest in the finding by the Department of Agriculture that the average American husband and his average wife each has three hats. We also confess to being mildly intrigued by the same agency's disclosure that husbands are apt to own 18.25 pairs of socks each, while their mates hold the ownership of 9.35 pairs, including anklets.

These revelations have resulted from a survey in two large but unnamed Mid-western cities by the Agriculture Department. They came hard upon the remarkable discovery by the same organization that an awful lot of American men never wear pajamas. We don't have access to the details of the pajama survey but we do recall that they were every bit as significant as what has just been announced about the population's hat and sock-wearing habits.

We can understand why clothing manufacturers might want to hire private trade analysts to report on potential hat, sock and pajama markets. But we don't see why the Agriculture Department feels obligated to take on this extra-curricular function.

Therefore, we cite such department surveys as an example of the wasteful and non-essential activity in government which should be dropped while the tax load for national defense is so enormous. We can be sure, too, that there are ever so many possibilities for saving if the officials who run the big bureaus only would start taking advantage of them - instead of the taxpayers.

December 21, 1950

Seventy-odd years ago, Christmas came at the Log School House - the place at which school was taught and preaching was held - and Christmas trees were decorated with gifts. This lad received a prize gift - a Barlow knife with a single blade.

Come bedtime that night, and this boy's cherished Barlow was missing. The devout mother had implicitly imparted to this lad the truth that the Great Power was able and willing to hear and answer the fervent heart cry
of a child in distress. This boy had a job for that Power that night. By his bedside he kneeled to plead for the return of that Barlow, with implicit confidence that it would be on the table at the side of his bed when the morning came. Through the night that mysterious force which has never been intelligently explained - a dream - came into this childish sleeping mind and carried him back to the cemetery at which the grave was being dug; swung him onto a limb of a spreading oak; turned his heels upward and had the lad climb the limb bottom-end-upwards, which silly process had permitted the knife to drop from his pocket.

Came the morning and the knife was not on the table, as had been expected. Out in the cemetery lot the knife was found under the limb from which the playful, thoughtless child had swung the afternoon before.

Happy Christmas - happy faith!

- - -

It was six years later (Christmas 1885) that this same lad was called from his sleep near the hour of midnight by a father in distress, with urgent instructions, "Get on the horse and go after Dr. Fay; get him here quick; tell him your mama is desperately ill". And after Dr. Fay, then Dr. Edgar and Dr. Powledge and Mrs. Wallace, nearest neighbor, and then Grandmother Kilgore. The next morning after Christmas, at daybreak, the Angel came and the mother was gone. Two babes had come into life during the hours of her struggle, and they were given the names Edgar and Fay in recognition of the two physicians who had battled against the inevitable and lost. The first great tragedy of life had come our way when the young mother - only thirty-six - went out leaving nine children as life's record for her.

And Christmas is a mystery to this writer - else how could it bring sorrows and joy indiscriminately? How could it be that the same forces are susceptible of these extreme opposing elements - sorrow and joy?

- - -

Tragedy of Christmas

These sorrow-burdened words are made necessary by the most tragic incident which has ever - ever - come into the life of this editor. The sudden finding of the lifeless body of the good woman who had shared his sorrows and joys for more than half a century - shared willingly and wisely in every responsibility - has cast a gloom which will never fade.

Slightly ailing for several days, she persisted in attending to her household affairs without complaint. In the mid-afternoon of Tuesday she lay naturally, as had been her custom, as for her afternoon rest. Spoken to, she made no response, but it was believed that she was sleeping soundly and she was left undisturbed.

Two hours later, spoken to again, she had manifestly not changed her position on the couch - and terror struck the heart as realization arose that she had fallen into the last sleep.

For more than half a century this loyal woman had labored for every good thing for her family and loved ones, stinting not in her industry and loyalty. Did she hasten the final ending by these labors?

In all the world there could have been none so loyal. Her going hence brings a sorrow which will last through whatever days there remain for us in this life. Today we are in the entering days of our most sorrow-laden Christmas.
In last week's issue of this paper there was published in this column an editorial repeated from an issue of ten years ago which recited a conversation had with a young man bearing upon a point of ethics. The youngster had received from a clerk in a store through error a $10 gold piece in place of 50 cents. He reasoned a moment on the proper thing to do - should he make correction or keep the gold coin? His quick decision was based upon the theory that the clerk would not have made correction if the error had been on the other side of the deal, so the youth told us he had kept the $10 gold piece.

He had satisfied his mind and conscience by answering the Golden Rule in reverse, "Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, do you even so unto them". The question was not asked openly, but the point was plain - was this young man of ten years ago actually honest?

Thursday afternoon as the press was still rolling which would carry that little paragraph out to you who read, there entered our door a neat little country-like woman asking to be waited on. Recognizing her as a recent visitor, we mentioned the fact that she had only recently been in to pay her subscription. The lady smiled, "Yes, that's just the reason I am back now. You made an error in giving me credit - you listed my name as 'Francis', and you credited me with a year ahead, when I only paid you to date at that time."

And then she sort of smiled as she said, "The name 'Francis' sounds sort of high-brow, though that is not so bad after all; but I couldn't permit you to credit me with a year's subscription beyond what I had paid!" And she gave us the cash to make the correction.

We didn't ask the timid-looking woman about her church affiliation, but we did sort of wonder if she wouldn't rate as sort of eccentric. What would you who read this think about her?

Was she living nearer the Golden Rule than the youngster we wrote about ten years ago who walked away with the $10 coin because he suspected that the man who had given it to him would have done the same thing?

It was nearly a half-century ago that Uncle Irving Waters and his brother-in-law, I. V. Simmons, joined together for a sort of long-distance outing. The St. Louis exposition was a national attraction, and they headed there.

Of first importance was a place to lodge after the day's sight-seeing was over and quarters were found in a room above a drinking place. Uncle Irving was an early sleeper, and soon after dark went to his bed. His associate wanted to get his money's worth, and he declined to get in bed. As he went out the door and headed downstairs, he declared, "I didn't come here to sleep. I came to see things!" Uncle Irving sat glum for several minutes, and heard increasing noises in the place below; finally a fusillade of pistol shots, and he leaned out the window and saw men dodge into the alley. A moment later his room-mate rushed into the room breathless and bareheaded. He had been in the room when the shooting occurred and Uncle Irving said he had been more than satisfied in his quest for "seeing things".

Readers of this newspaper don't have to ride to St. Louis to "see things", nor even half that far. A two-days' outing will be an education. This Times family know - they have been "seeing things".

May 10, 1951
Starting at noon Saturday; three hours later rolling into Milledgeville, the old state capitol; observe a cluster (of) mixed ages - men and women, young and old - assembled on the lawn of Guy Wells' mansion, where governors used to live; young women pouring temperance drinks, with choice sandwiches, and that's beginning to "see things". It's an assemblage of persons who have come from far and near in observance of the annual Herty Day.

Send the night under the Guy Wells roof; arise at 7 o'clock Sunday morning and slip out, by previous understanding, without disturbing the sleepers, and head further. Down to Macon for breakfast, and then turn northward to find ourselves rolling into that famed place, Warm Springs, given greater fame by the residence and death there of a famous world character, Franklin D. Roosevelt; join the crowds marching through the gates; spend an hour inside those grounds and buildings; drink in the beauty and fame of the occasion, and that's "seeing things"!

A little distance outside there is an eating place, and written signs proclaim that the negro woman who is the head of the important kitchen there is the same who was head of the Roosevelt eating department for twenty years. We didn't see that old woman, but we saw a dish of dinner which we counted a pleasing sight.

Then on the go again, down to Chipley; assembled with members of the family there; huddled into automobiles, and headed for "Pine Mountain". Whatever else you may have seen, there is nothing, even in St. Louis, where Uncle Irving and his brother-in-law went fifty years ago, that can exceed the sights of this afternoon drive, highest mountain peaks, greenest valleys and brightest flowers - a world of nature!

Back to Chipley in the home of those who gave us welcome, the Kimbroughs and the O'Neals, numerically and socially an important component part of that long-established village; soft beds; sweet dreams; morning again; down through the valley homeward. Ride through the peach country - forget it if somebody has told you that don't grow peaches and pecans any more around Fort Valley. They certainly do grow these things, and are planning for a vast future.

Roads wind here and there; little thriving villages, live towns; long bridges - and before the close of day into the back yard at home. Members of the home circle have been expecting us, but are leaving the gate with the year-old great-grandson, David Turner Allen, in arms. He lifts his hand and starts chanting that lullaby, "Tum-la-la-la", which he has so reluctantly learned from his grandmother Sarah when it comes bed time for him and he doesn't want to close his eyes.

And we are back home on the job, glad we went, glad we came back - and glad we're alive in Georgia.

Laddie Boy was the last of the canine tribe for which this writer ever entertained an affectionate regard. It was near thirty years ago that he came into the home late in an afternoon, scrambling and playful. With the thought to teach him his place, he was given sleeping quarters outside the home - but he didn't accept it. Far into the night he continued his lonely cry till, sleep beyond hope, we lifted him to the foot of the bed and assented to his presence.

A few minutes later Laddie had slipped up to the pillow and was cuddled around the neck. He had us mastered.
Then he grew into manhood and took over the responsibility of protecting the home. He fought away other dogs which prowled into the yard; challenged the right of individuals to bring or carry packages to or from the house. A youngster with a basket stood at the front door and rang the bell. Laddie was first to hear the noise, and hastened to tell the lad to vamoose.

The policeman came and said Laddie must die; members of the family pleaded, "Don't let them take him! Get him out of their reach!" The policeman who backed away from Laddie's challenge, called for help. We spoke to Laddie and he was calm. We turned him over to the policeman, who led him away. As he reached the corner of the yard, he looked back pleading, "Et tu, Brute", he said with his eyes. And we had deserted Laddie.

Friday afternoon we stood by a new $2,300 car on the court house square which had indentations and scratches on the flashing bright fenders. Byron Dyer had just ridden out in the car for his first trip. At a farm home he stopped at the gate. A posse of small, loyal half-starved dogs came up. In the glistening rear fender the leader espied an intruder - an enemy. The gang fell into the fray, and when the matter had quieted down, tooth marks and claw marks had left permanent impression upon the new car - to the amount of whatever it would cost to have them erased.

And that was dog loyalty - and dog frailty. How wrong could they be in their judgment had not occurred to them.

It is commonly recognized that the dog is at once the most intelligent, affectionate and loyal of the domestic animals. He was a member of the human family circle long before the dawn of recorded history. "To err is human; to forgive is Divine".

Now about those tooth-marks we human creatures are making over in the far-off world; and those tooth-marks which are being impressed on us. How much nobler and how much more inspired are they than the tooth-marks that posse made when they looked in that glistening rear fender of Byron's automobile? How much of the brute is there in the human attitude toward others of even equal rights?

May 24, 1951

Whoever it was that established the language which is intended to give us human beings mutual understanding, this column is inclined to charge with gross social carelessness, to put it mildly. There are too many words which have the same meaning, and too many which are spelled differently but have the same pronunciation.

There, for instance, are the words "hire" and "higher". Old Man Noah Webster (not the silly old toper who floated the ark and got drunk and started the negro race when his son Ham laughed at him) put the two words into use with entirely different meaning, and counted upon "higher" education to keep each within its own sphere.

Some people, however, have come to understand that they mean the same thing. For instance, if you "hire" a man at an accepted wage, and acceptable hours, the next thing you hear from him is a demand for "higher" compensation. Is it ignorance or mere greed? It amounts to the same thing.

If the "hired" man doesn't demand "higher" pay, you can be sure he is shouting for shorter hours. It's come to be an established policy of individuals and government to demand more for less - when labor gets what it asks for.
"As a rule, man's a fool;
When it's hot, he wants it cool.
When it's cool, he wants it hot -
Always wanting what it's not."

In our office dictionary "hire" and "higher" have different definitions, but in organized circles, they mean the same thing.

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At Grandpa Kilgore's home for thirty days along in the summer of 1878, we learned (about) a cat's whiskers. Old Tom moved stealthily around the vines and bushes stalking birds and insects; occasionally he stopped and backed away without apparent cause. Grandpa told us that old Tom's whiskers on the front of his face gave him an accurate measurement of the space he required to slip silently past. If his whiskers touched a sprig, Grandpa said that was warning to old Tom to back up before he made a noise.

August 9, 1951

Bobby Brooks is a ten-year-old youngster who, as a side line peddles peanuts, and is an example of the answer to the question, "What of honesty as the best policy?" On the street one day last week Bobby had an active day in the peddling of "Peanuts for sale; want any peanuts?" Toward the close of day, his check-up revealed that sales had been slightly more than 100 bags, and his personal profits amounted to $2.04. Is that pretty good for a 10-year-old youngster?

Late in the afternoon in the round of business, he entered the Sea Island bank and observed a crisp $100 bill fluttering on the floor. Did he pocket the bill and walk out?

Bobby didn't do that; he called attention of the lady behind the counter to his find and placed it in her hand to be delivered to whoever might have dropped it. The wait was short. A frustrated tobacco farmer hustled into the front door, almost frothing at the mouth, and declared that he had been short-changed. "Hold a moment", said the cashier; "are you sure you didn't throw it away - or drop it on the floor? This youngster picked up this $100 bill right there a few minutes ago." And the farmer was happily pacified; so happily that he pulled out a $1 bill and handed it to Bobby as a reward for his honesty. Is 1 percent a reasonable reward for that measure of honesty? Bobby was happy!

And later Bobby began counting his cash receipts for settlement with the peanut wholesaler - and Bobby discovered that somebody had short-changed him $2 in currency that day, which left him a margin of 4 cents for his labor plus that $1 the farmer had given him for return of the $100 bill.

Bobby still insists that honesty is the correct policy, even if not always immediately the most profitable.

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The following was published on the editorial page of the Times on May 20, 1954, the week following Mr. Turner's sale of his newspaper and his retirement:

The lines that follow will have to do with an unusual incident - the incoming of a new order and the outgoing of the old.
Without great ado a transaction has been consummated by which J. Shields Kenan's name has been placed as owner and editor of the Bulloch Times, and the name of D. B. Turner has been permanently withdrawn as such. Without ado the transfer was consummated last Saturday, May 15, and Mr. Kenan is in full authority and responsibility.

..... As to the retirement of this writer, nature has created the circumstances. It was on the 16th day of February, 1885 — one day after his thirteenth birthday — that the youngster was diverted from the schoolroom and headed into the printing office of the West Hillsboro Times, at Clearwater, Florida, along with his younger brother, J. Henry Turner, then 11 years of age. (That brother passed away in California approximately a year ago.)

All the days since his entry into the printing profession sixty-nine years ago this editor has "slung type". He came to Statesboro sixty-one years ago last month (April), and all the days since he has called this his home. The year after his coming he was married to the sweetest girl who ever lived, and who remained loyal and helpful till her passing slightly more than three years ago. In the cemetery there is a double headstone with both our names, and the date of the writer's going is yet to be added — to be inserted before always.

During the sixty-one years of residence in Statesboro friends have been loyal and helpful — and life has been given charm in large measure. Mention belongs especially to that group of loyal rural correspondents who have contributed to our newspaper, and those thousands of subscribers and other generous patrons whom we herewith bid a farewell and commend for a continuation of that support to our young successor.

Back beyond the personal history recited above, the original connection of D. B. Turner with Bulloch county was established in the year 1818, when David Birthwick Turner was born in the Excelsior community, a half brother of the late Ben Atwood, remembered by some of the old-timers, David Turner as a young man traveled into Florida, and there met a widow Campbell and raised a family of three children, of whom A. C. Turner was the oldest. This A. C. Turner inherited a fondness for Bulloch county, and it was his initiative which brought this writer to Statesboro, on April 21, 1893.

Signed: D. B. Turner

The following appeared on the front page of the May 20, 1954 issue of the Times:

For more than fifty years, Mr. D. B. Turner, more affectionately known to his many friends as "Uncle Dave", had labored hard and long in editing and publishing the Bulloch Times. Examination of the masthead of the paper is proof. On it appears the words "Bulloch Times, Established 1892", and with this publication, "Volume 65, No. 12, More than half a century service where needed".

Always reporting in a fair and impartial manner, Mr. Turner has through the years made a host of friends and followers through his writings. His good sound philosophy, his humor and his remarkable memory of folks and happenings in days gone by are known to all.

It is with a little sadness that we see "Uncle Dave" shove his Oliver typewriter back on his desk and write "30" on his newspaper work that has been his life and joy down through the years.
But for all this service, all the courtesies and kindness, "Uncle Dave", we say, congratulations. It was truly a job well done.
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