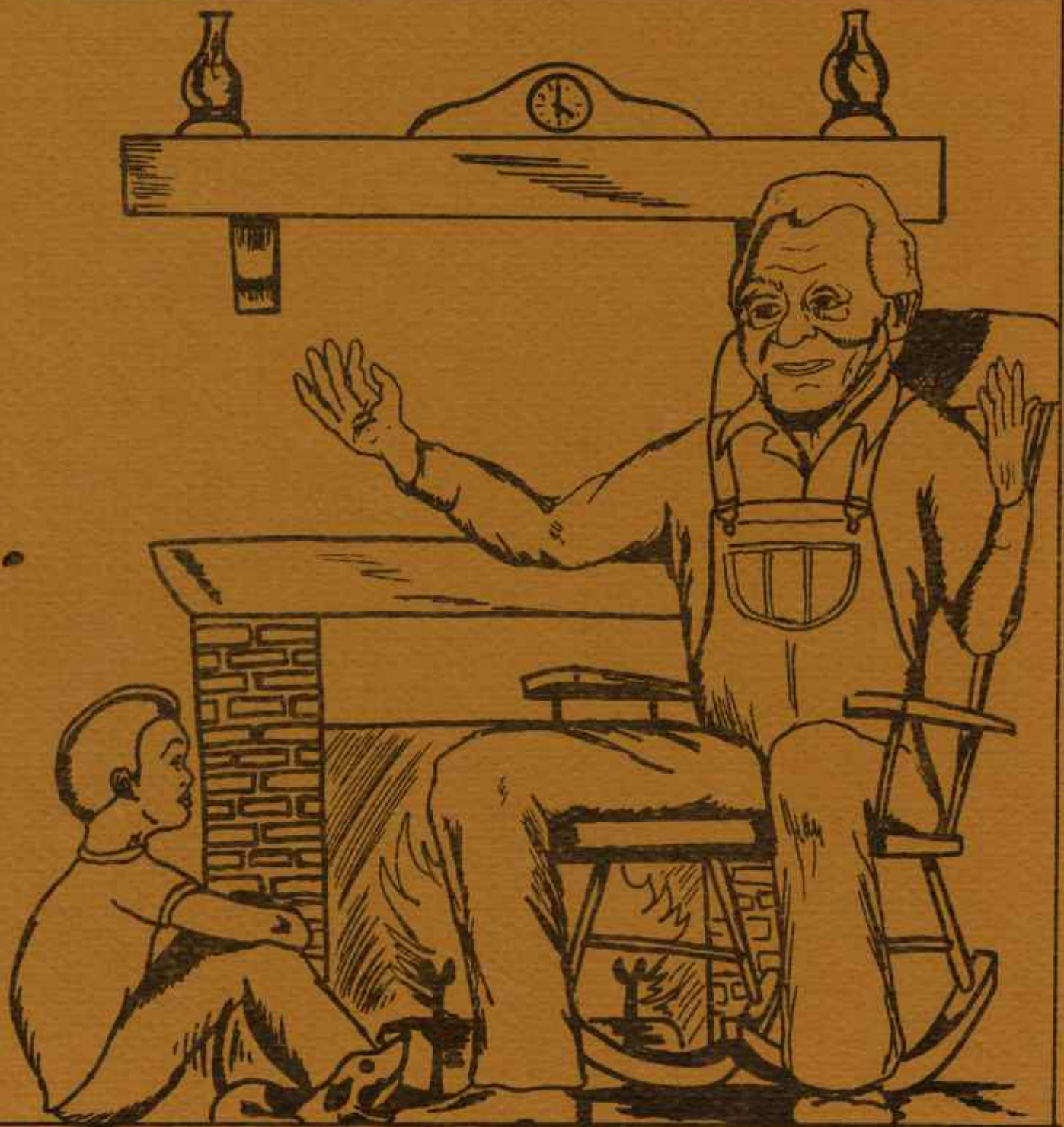
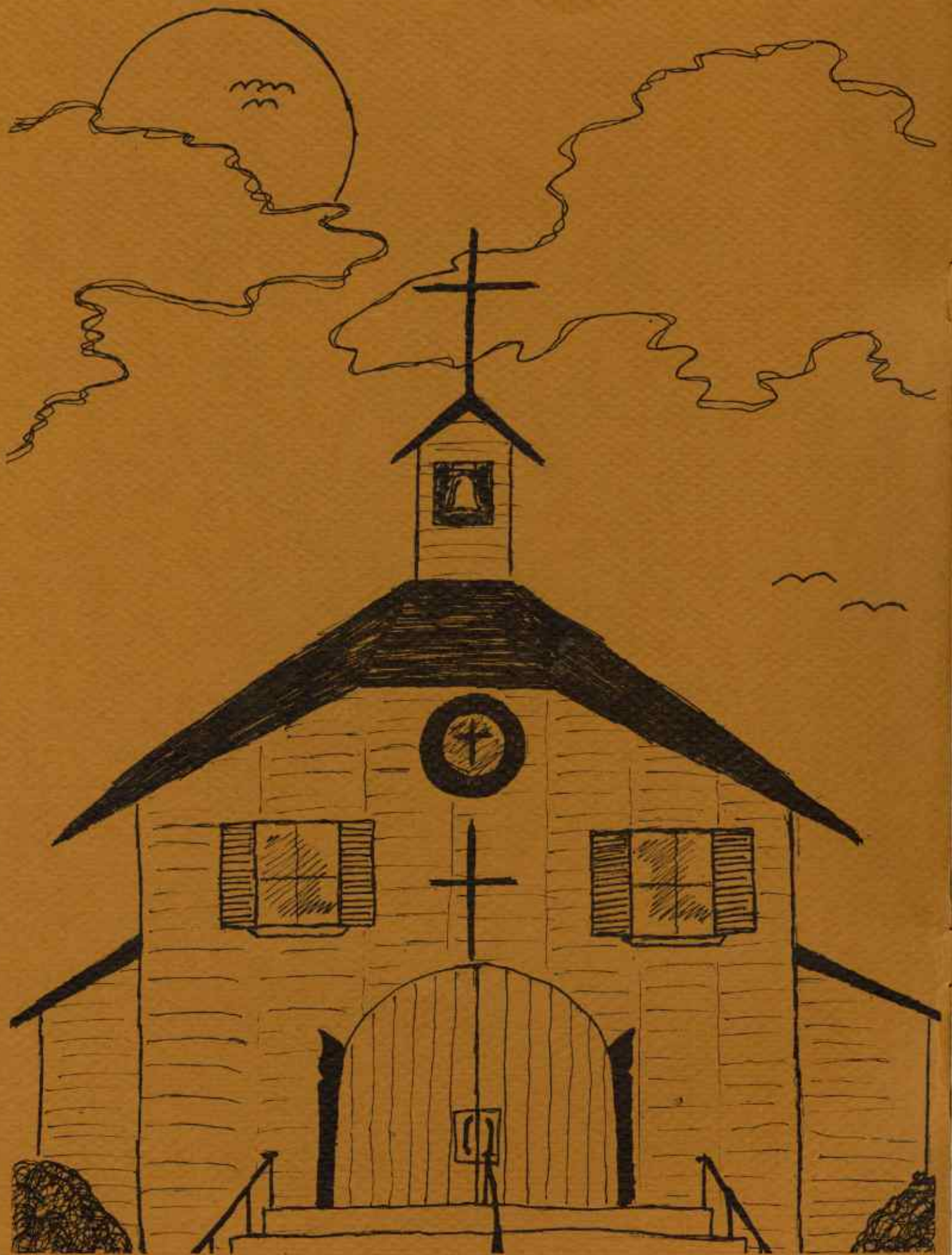
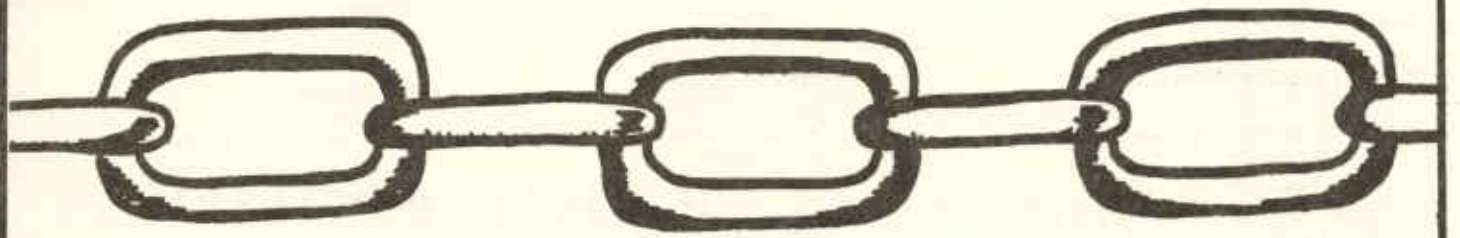


# BRONZE REMINISCENCE







# BRONZE Reminiscence 1982

Lakeshore High School

College Park, Georgia

Volume II

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\* indicates section editors

**Bronze Reminiscence** is finished for this year — at least as far as the staff is concerned. Our sincere hope now is that the people we have met will travel into your homes and that you, as we have, will enjoy their experiences and tales and will appreciate more fully than before a people whose courage and faith have seen them through difficult times. Many hardships, related to slavery and segregation, have been overcome through the common denominators of keen humor and religious faith.

The staff was impressed with people, such as 109 year old Will Tinch, who recalled graciously a childhood where he never had time to go to school. He made us laugh with his jail-keeper stories and yet evoked many other emotions as we listened. Brookie Houston was delightful with

her response to our usual question, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Sure, I do," she said. "I was so happy when my husband's ghost finally found me after I moved. Why he said he had been looking all over Atlanta for me. That was a happy time for us both!" Harold Youmans excited us as he related College Park's first bank robbery which happened at a time when this unusual event rated the lead headline of Atlanta newspapers.

These are only a few of the many people who have contributed to this issue of **Bronze Reminiscence**. Special appreciation goes to my sister-in-law Olive Ann Burns Sparks who originally inspired us to research family stories, to Eliot Wigginton of **Foxfire Fund, Inc.** who encouraged us to record our findings in a perman-

ent way, to Judi Borgo and Elizabeth Ackerman for journalism instruction, to Etta Barton, Harold Youmans, the family of Manelle Richardson, Andrew Sparks, Wayne Moore, Frank Marshall, and Frank Ward who aided the staff tremendously in researching the history of College Park.

Special appreciation goes also to Jim DeLay for reproducing old photographs, to Judge Roderick McDuffie for his help with the Will Tinch interview, and to my husband Frank for time spent in helping us. We are grateful to Good and Plenty Antiques and to the J. D. Smith Grain Company for picture settings — and to you, the reader, for making the effort worthwhile.

*Jane Sparks Willingham*

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## College Park — A Past That Reflects the Future

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Girls graduating from Southern Female (Cox) College at the turn of the century

South of Georgia's capital city of Atlanta lies the suburban town of College Park. Throughout its history, this suburb has been the location of many different educational centers, and has also been a source of transportation for Atlanta and its surrounding areas — first with the West Point Railroad, then with its streetcars, later with its trackless trolleys and finally with thousands of jet airplanes. First called Manchester and later named College Park, the town has grown into a fast-moving suburban area, surrounded by industry and the world's busiest and largest airport.

The newly established town of Manchester was rapidly becoming well known for its educational institutions. Among these were the Southern Baptist College — the largest institution of learning in the South, and the Southern Female College — the second oldest female college in the United States. There were also

two military academies and three elementary schools.

The Reverend J. B. Hawthorne was president of Southern Baptist College, located along the railroad in a four story Victorian building. This institution, however, was a victim of economic depression in 1893. After the school was unable to support itself financially, the facilities were taken over by William C. Cox.

In 1857, I. F. Cox became president of the Southern Female College of LaGrange. During commencement exercises in 1887, I. F. Cox died. After that tragic event the responsibility of running the college was that of his wife, his sons William and Charles, and his daughters Alice

and Sally. Charles Cox continued on with the responsibilities of his father and purchased thirty acres of land in Manchester on August 20, 1885. At that time, Southern Female College of LaGrange moved to its new location. During the transfer from LaGrange to Manchester the college was renamed Southern Female (Cox) College. Cox, the popular name for the college, was always written in parenthesis. Strangely enough, Charles C. Cox died during the commencement exercises in 1905, just as his father had in 1887. Mrs. I. F. Cox continued in her son's position until 1906 when Charles' brother William became President of the college.

The cost in 1902 for a young lady to attend Cox College was two hundred and six dollars, which included the fifty-four dollar tuition, the two dollar library fee, and the one hundred and fifty dollars for room and board.

The college placed a great deal of emphasis on the fine arts, especially music and foreign languages. Cox College was one of the few colleges in the nation with an all-girl orchestra and had one of the largest pipe organs in the South. In addition to its excellent musical program, Cox College had an extensive foreign language department which offered ten languages with four being taught by a native of that country.

Under the leadership of U. C. Jails, who had become president, Cox College closed its doors in 1923. Nine years later Cox College reopened as a finishing school for young ladies. Again, as with Southern Baptist College, the instability of the economy forced this educational institution to close permanently in 1938. Later, the city of College Park bought the property, tore down the building, and erected its new City Hall. Where Cox



The original Georgia Military Academy on Rugby Avenue

College stood, there now also is College Park High School and the College Park Branch of the Atlanta Public Library.

The Virginia Avenue School and the school located in the top story of the town's only bank were the two early elementary schools in Manchester. Virginia Avenue, the first public school, consisted of two rooms and had two teachers who taught the students of the lower grades. Harold Youmans, long-time resident of College Park who attended the Virginia Avenue School, recalls having to start the stove if he was the first to arrive at school. One of the first principals of that school was Miss Kathleen Mitchell. The elementary school on Paul

D. West Drive was named in her honor. Mrs. Barton, when she visited our class recently, referred to "Miss Kathleen" as being accidentally hit in the head with a baseball, which knocked her out completely. The staff wondered what happened to the student who had made that mistake! The other early school, located in the top story of the bank on Main Street, was attended by the students who were in the upper grades. Harold Youmans said as he described the school, "Some of the most important people who have lived in College Park went to that school. The late Ernest Rogers, well-known writer for *The Atlanta Journal*, was among many others.

Georgia Military Academy, located in the former building of Southern Military Academy, was begun by Colonel J. C. Woodward. G.M.A. as it was usually called, is now Woodward Academy — a private school located on Rugby Avenue. In changing from a private all-male military academy to a private co-educational school, Woodward attracted students who were unable to attend previously.

Mrs. Etta Barton and Harold Youmans were able to tell the **Bronze Reminiscence** staff a great deal about the schools in College Park. The staff would like to thank them for the valuable information and precious time given to us. These two longtime residents, who grew up in College Park, shared many memories with us and, thus, made us aware of the cultural and economic heritage of our town.

Colleges and academies were not the only source for attracting new citizens to the College Park area. In 1857, the Atlanta-West Point Railroad was completed, bringing many people from around the United States who were looking for good steady jobs. The city of College Park developed around this railroad. As the town continued to grow, the need for a depot was met. Serving as a stop for freight, the depot was also the location of the first radio station in the tri-city area. The station, which was owned by the president of West Point Railroad, Frank Wickersham, offered many listeners the talents of such local musicians as Blanche Roberts, who was one of the first music teachers in College Park.

Along with the train, there were numerous streetcar and later trolley lines that ran into Atlanta from College Park, carrying workers, students, and shoppers to and from work, school, and the downtown stores. Today, the existence of automobiles has brought on the extinction of the streetcar, but the railroad still runs through the middle of College Park as it did decades ago.

Along with cars came automobile racing. One of the first race tracks in Georgia was built in the College Park area. The speedway was built for the son of Asa Griggs Candler, founder of Atlanta's famous Coca-Cola Company. According to Mr. Harold Youmans, who gave our staff much of our information, Mr. Candler bought



Mr. Harold Youmans talks about College Park's schools.



The Crenshaw-Palmour house originally the home of William C. Cox, president of Southern Female Academy



300 acres in the College Park-Hapeville area, and built the race track for his son. After many years of racing, a man asked for permission to take off and land his small airplane on the field. Mr. Candler granted the request and later built a shed on the field for the plane. As more and more people started bringing their aircraft to the old race track, it was finally converted into a small airport and was called Candler Field. It has now developed into the Atlanta International Airport, the busiest and largest in the world.

Many changes occurred in Manchester near the turn of the century. Some of these changes were a new name for the town, new names for streets, and the addition of new

houses and commercial buildings.

Originally planned as a manufacturing town along the West Point Railroad, the name Manchester had seemed appropriate. Now, however, because of the emphasis on education and cultural activity, the people of Manchester no longer wanted that name for their town. Thus, the citizens decided, in 1895, to have a contest for a more suitable name. The prize of a choice lot would go to the winner who submitted the best name. The lot went to Mrs. Roper, sister of General John Brown Gordon, United States Senator from Georgia, for her entry of the name College Park.

In addition, Dr. Charles Cox, President of Cox College, suggested that along with the name of the city,

the names of the streets should be changed. The townspeople agreed and selected new names. The avenues running East and West were named for famous colleges — for example, Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, Rugby, and Mercer. The streets that run from North to South were named for famous people. Some of the streets honored outstanding religious leaders such as John Wesley, John Calvin, and the Reverend J. B. Hawthorne. Churches related to the denomination of each leader stand on these streets. The Reverend Hawthorne lived in College Park on the street named for him. Other streets, such as Lyle and Walker, have names related to early leaders of the town. Jackson, Madison, and Lee Streets, the Roosevelt Highway, and Delano Drive are examples of names given to honor famous political leaders.

A tour around College Park gives evidence of the large Victorian houses that, at the turn of the century, made the town a fashionable suburb of Atlanta. Many elegant homes stood on large lots on both sides of the railroad. Most of these houses are now torn down and replaced with commercial buildings.

Along Main Street a good number of the old stores remain. Among these is the J.D. Smith Grain Company, built in the early 1920's. The store, when first established, sold feed, fertilizer, plants, and seeds and was also a bank for farmers who would leave their money in a vault in the store from fall, after the harvest of crops, until spring when new supplies were bought. The same family continues to operate the store which looks just as it did sixty years ago with large baskets of beans, trays of plants, old calendars, a pot-bellied stove, and rabbits and baby chicks in season. Another old building, now David's Cleaners and Laundry, was formerly a bank, and upstairs, housed the school referred to earlier by Harold Youmans.





My attitude towards the people of College Park has increased from one of little concern to one of great curiosity. After interviewing Harold Youmans in his home and hearing Mrs. Etta Barton speak to our class, I realize that these people were not only a part of College Park's history but a continuing force in College Park's future. My visit to Mrs. Manelle Richardson in the Christian City Nursing Home was short but one that was valuable to this issue of our magazine. The recent passing of Mrs. Richardson saddened the community as well as myself. After listening to tapes of lectures to the College Park Historical Society made by Andrew Sparks, editor of the *Atlanta Weekly*, Mrs. Etta Barton and other people who have lived here, I feel a sense of familiarity with the people of College Park deeper than only the sound of their names.

Angela D. Malone

Moving to College Park nearly two years ago, I had the first impression that it was just another town with a boring and uneventful history, a town that was dying as a result of

the nearby erection of modern shopping malls. Now, after talking to some long-time citizens of the city, I have learned much about a town built around education and transportation, a town whose past is far from being boring and uneventful. Although I was not present to witness the first century of this suburban area, I still have a feeling of belonging when I reread or rehear the exciting stories about College Park. I wish that every high school student could experience the thrills and fulfillment of listening to an elderly man tell about how a place looked when he was a boy and hearing the stories that made the front page of the local newspaper in the early years of the twentieth century.

Mark Loudermilk

I moved to College Park ten years ago and had thought I knew much about our town. Now, after hearing these stories of College Park, I realize I will never know everything about this community. I learned, however, about many of the old buildings that I not only notice more now but respect as well. Listening to its citi-

zens tell about the old sections of College Park and the interesting people who have lived here makes me feel that I know my town better than before and have become now a part of its heritage.

Debra Haubrich



Mrs. Etta Barton shares with the staff her memories of Cox College.



Mrs. Manelle Richardson was a great contributor to College Park's history.

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## “It was just me and that cow; round and round we went . . .”

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Mrs. Addie L. Miles — a long time resident of College Park, Georgia — lives alone in a small house on Delano Road. Teresa Wyatt, Deirdre Logan, and I, Lynnita Terrell, interviewed her in February of 1982. As we visited Mrs. Miles, she began to tell us her life story.

“Relatives say I was born on April 8, 1897 which would make me eighty-three years old, but I think I’m only eighty-one.

Regardless, I was born in Alabama and later, when I was five or six, we moved to Heard County.

“My mother died soon after I was born, so I don’t even remember her. I was raised by my oldest sister and my father from that time on. My father worked as a blacksmith, and sometimes he even worked in the fields to get a little extra money.

“I attended school until the third grade; then I stopped, and began to help even more with the household chores. I did the dishes, washed clothes, milked the cow, and even picked briars from the fields. I recall getting up every morning and milking the cow — the cow and I both playing the same game; I’d get the bucket half full, then she’d look me in the eye and just kick the bucket over! This routine went on for quite some time until, one day, she kicked over the bucket and I picked up a plank, and it was just me and that cow; round and round we went until I’d just worn her tail clean out.

“My father soon remarried a woman who had three children. There were also three children in our family — two girls and one boy — so,



Mrs. Addie Miles talks with staff members Deirdra Logan and Lynnita Terrell.



when they married, there were a total of six children in the family. She accepted us, and we accepted her. She and my father later had seven more children, which meant there were thirteen children in the household. I was very glad that my father remarried, because it meant that I finally had a mother.

“I left home at the age of nineteen to get married. I found married life to be very enjoyable, yet I would not get married again at my age. I now enjoy life just as it is with my friends and family around me.”

Mrs. Addie L. Miles, an octogenarian, is happy and content, having a full life with family and friends. We found her to be a wonderful person who enjoys having a good laugh, and close friends around her.

Deirdre Logan  
Lynnita Terrell  
and Teresa Wyatt



My great-grandmother Emma Taylor — a placid, wise lady of eighty-five — has a personality that is warm, inviting, and perceptive. When I asked her if she had accomplished what she desired out of life, I knew from past conversations that her answer would be interesting for an interview with **Bronze Reminiscence**.

Big Moma Taylor looks away and a worried expression comes over her face; about three seconds later a warm, glowing smile appears, and her weak eyes run water as she says, "Yes, I have accomplished what I wanted out of life and more. I always desired plenty of food, a roof over my head — if the good Lord wills — and a large, close family. That's all I wanted — the basics, happiness and — — I've got it."

When I asked her to tell me a little about her childhood, she went into detail.

"Well, I was born on March 11, 1897 in Jefferson County, Georgia. I had four sisters and one brother. I lived in Jefferson County until 1925 when I married your great-grandfather Arthur Gresham and moved to Atlanta. Back when I was a little girl, I went to school everyday and on Fridays Mammy would bake tea cakes for us to take to school and my sisters and I would wear a nice clean dress and look our best."

My next question to her was, "What was school like?"



"I always desire a warm, close family."

## Big Moma Taylor



Big Moma shares special memories.

"Oh, school was located in an area called Farmer's Grove. It was an old one-room country church. I went through sixth grade. We studied geography, history, grammar, arithmetic, reading, and spelling."

Big Moma recalled the subjects in the order in which they studied them. She went on to tell me that the teacher got materials from Louisville, Georgia, which was "town". The teacher would place orders for various books there.

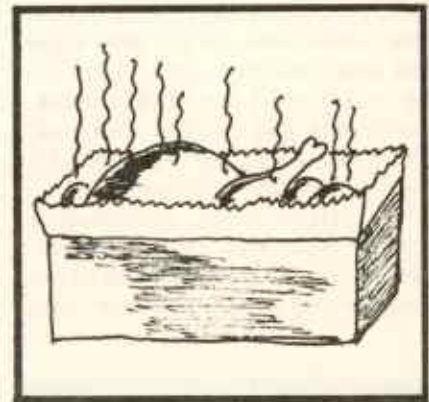
I asked her what games she played as a child and she beamed as she said "Hop-sotch; we lived near the cotton gin house and on Sundays we would play in the cotton seeds which was really fun. Sometimes we played tea with old dishes; and someday, I remember after it rained, we would take our rag dolls we had made and put them in a shoe box and baptize them in the ditch."

Later she told me she lived on a plantation during her childhood and that Mammy Oliphant was her mother's name, and she was head-cook on the plantation. Her father was a farmer.

Big Moma remembers cooking back then as being an all day affair. "Mammy would get up early each day and cook everything fresh — bread, vegetables, meat, cakes and pies. She would get started right after breakfast; and, to tell the truth, the food tasted better because it was fresh and not over-cooked."

When I brought up the subject of dating, she said, "We didn't go on dates as y'all call them today. I started going to church with Arthur at twelve; he would come over and visit me on Sunday evenings, and we would sit on the porch and talk until dark. Sometimes we would go to church suppers together — if there was one. During summer the church would have picnics and everyone would pack a lunch in a shoe box; you would pack enough for your boyfriend and he would pay you to eat out of your box with you. Most of our activities were family and church oriented. Religion played a very important role in my life, and still does. My father was Superintendent of Sunday School, and my mother was a 'Mother of the Church'. I joined church when I was eight years old."

"Where were you in the 1930's dur-





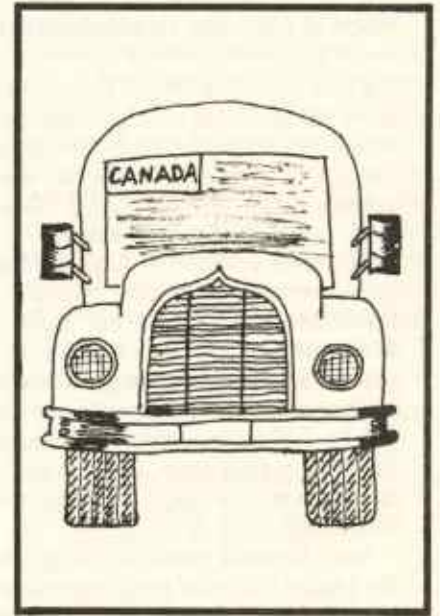
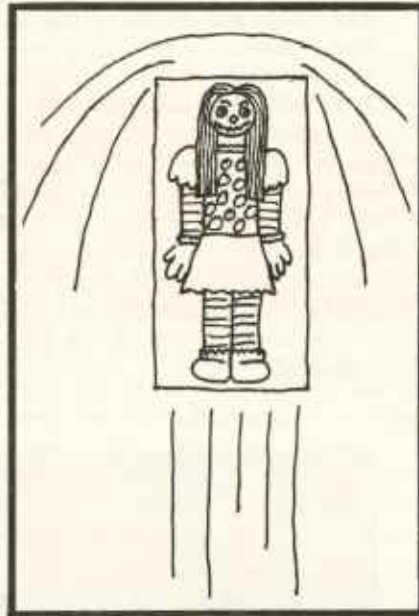
**"Young people should be careful when choosing friends."**

ing the depression, Big Moma?" I asked.

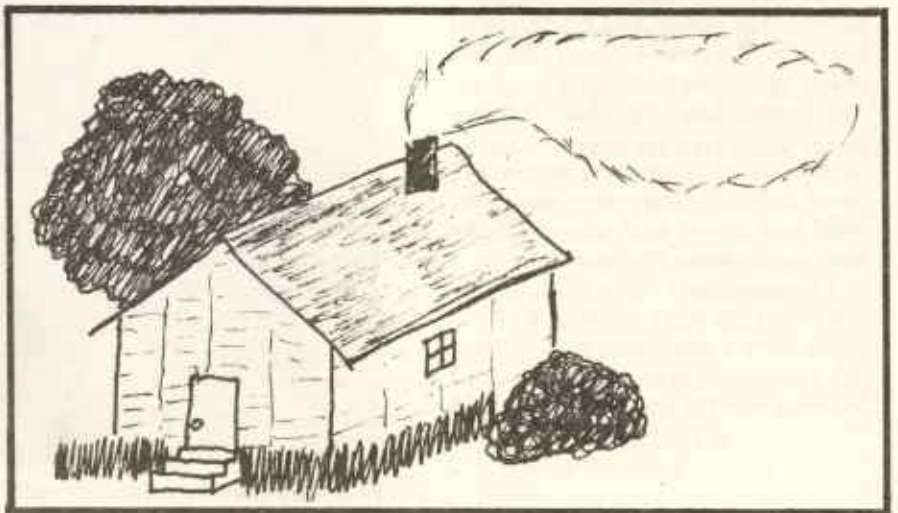
"I was in Detroit, and we would go to Canada to buy food since they didn't ration food over there. We would get there by catching several buses and walking; we would bring back as much as our arms could carry. We only bought small items like sugar and flour in Detroit with our food stamps."

Big Moma Taylor ended her interview with some words of wisdom to young people today. "Slow down, and stop living life so fast; be careful when picking your friends."

**Mignonne C. Gresham**



**"Religion has always played an important role in my life."**



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## “Everyday is what counts. Tomorrow is for tomorrow.”

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On February 5, 1982 **Bronze Reminiscence** interviewed my grandmother, Brookie Houston. As we entered her home we were warmly welcomed and surrounded by antique furniture, crystal lamps, and other items. We were intrigued by her precise responses to our questions.

When we asked her about her life, my grandmother said she was the ninth of thirteen children with six girls and seven boys in her family. She is a native Georgian born in Waco in 1903. She said she was delivered by a doctor, which was surprising because at the turn of the century, most babies in the country were delivered by midwives. Brookie experienced a happy childhood and, among other things, played dominoes, jackstones, and checkers.

On her twelfth birthday, she was given permission to date. We asked her where she went on her dates in Waco and she replied, “Oh, we used to have a ball. We would go to dances in Carrollton where my school was and to Tallapoosa also for dances. Then we would go to Bremen to the ice cream parlor. Oh, it was delicious!”

Next Brookie recalled that during the early 1930's the great depression occurred and thousands of Americans were victims of this disaster. We asked Brookie how the depression affected her family. She briefly stated that the depression years did not affect Waco too badly or at least not her family. She explained that her father was a farmer, and, for as long as she could remember, her family never suffered. They grew their own food and helped each other with the work to be done on the farm.

This significant family bond made it possible for most of Brookie's family to have a good education. “They all went to college except me. All twelve who went had to pay their own

way through college. After my oldest sister Nina went, she began teaching so that she could help the ones after her and on and on down the line. The one that had finished would help the next one along.”

Then we asked her why she did not attend college and she replied, “I was always the business manager of the family. Mama always sent me to take care of the bills. I was too busy with housework and things like that.”

Brookie said at the age of nineteen, she married Luther Houston. They had six children, three girls and three boys. Brookie moved to Atlanta in 1942 and, after being married for thirty-five years, her husband died.

The philosophy she has stressed with her six children is, “I always told them, ‘I can help you solve any problem you have.’ Kids of today are scared of their parents; they can't talk to them. Families need to sit down and discuss the problems. If parents would listen there wouldn't be so much dope and this thing, that thing. Their mamas don't have enough sense to sit down and talk to them. They always tell their kids, ‘Ah! Shut Up!’ they say. The complaint I have about mothers today is that they work outside the home too much! All my kids are pretty well established and that makes me feel good to know that they've made it in life. They will still call me in the middle of the night if they want to talk to me about a problem.”

After this inspiring advice from Brookie, we asked her to tell us about some of her hobbies. She said, “Oh, I like to piece quilts, do needlework, and plant flowers. But the ground in my backyard isn't as good as it was where I used to live. This grass has to be fertilized before it can be like I want it. You know it's just like a child. A child has to be fertilized just like flowers and grass. If you plant that child or sit him down there and don't do a thing with him — let him go wild and crazy — he won't accomplish anything in life and when you send him to school you've got a devil on your hands. He's going to run somebody crazy! But, if you sit down and talk to that child and give him something to do and spend time taking care of him he'll be all right.”

“That reminds me — everybody in my house had duties. I used to make my little boys wash all the window sills. I'd go buy a little brush and paint and make 'em paint them all, too. And I'd tell them you better not get none of that paint on that glass either. One day, I remember telling one of my sons to paint, but he didn't understand what I said. He thought I meant, before he painted, to take the screen wire down that enclosed the porch. I came home and he'd taken the wire down and I said, ‘Lord, boy! When daddy gets here, he's gonna kill ya!’ I said, ‘You know better.’”

“He started stuttering like he does now; ‘I-I th-thought you said t-take



Brookie Houston is interviewed by her granddaughter Sshune.

the wire down.'

"I said, 'No, I didn't either. Okay, son, your daddy will be home soon. It's twelve o'clock now and your father will be home at six. You better not let him come home and find all that wire down.' Well, he worked and he worked; and, by six o'clock, that wire was just like it was before he took it down. You must discipline your children nowadays so that they will not take advantage of you."

"Did you ever work outside the home," we asked.

"I surely did. But my husband didn't know it. You see my husband never wanted me to work. He always wanted me to tend the house while he worked. But I got awfully bored at times and I would work at a store where they had displays of all types of make-up and things like that. I worked for about seven years off and on while he was working at Georgia Tech University. But he never knew it."

"What did your husband do at Georgia Tech?" we replied.

"He worked in the science department. He prepared all of those chemicals for the students to do their experiments with."

We asked Brookie next to tell us about the relationship of blacks and whites back in Waco, when she was young. "I never lived around any black folks until I moved to Atlanta. The white people who lived around us in Waco were all wealthy people. We all grew up together and we didn't think about sex or drugs or nothing like that. We used to ride horses that weighed thousands of pounds and go clear to the relevation. We had bicycles with paved streets to ride them on. We all got along like one big family. When our apples were not in season or when ours were small, our white neighbors used to share theirs with us and when ours were in season and theirs were not we would share with them. So see we used to help each other, and we got along fine."

Towards the closing of our interview we asked Brookie to tell us any ghost story that she remembered. She quickly replied, "It was always my duty as a child to stay with the person whose spouse had died. People always wanted me to stay and you couldn't say no, but I never wanted to go. Mama would say, 'Get your things, Brookie' and I'd get my things. 'You be sweet' and she'd kiss me goodbye. The people I'd stay with



**"You see my husband never wanted me to work."**

would be good to me so that I would be happy to stay with them then and also come back the next week. One day, when I was staying with a new widow, I left my book at home and because I had to learn some lines in a play, I had to go home to get my book. Old man Strong had just died. But as I was going home I saw him clear as day wearing a red scarf. He was a short nice looking man wearing black pants, a vest, and a hat. I remember he had a round, clean face. I said to him, 'Wait, Mr. Strong, — I forgot he was dead — but he kept walking. I said, 'Wait for me. I'm going by your house that way, too. Wait up.' but he kept on walking. He got to the gate and turned it. I can see it now; it made a loud click. Then I remembered and screamed 'Oh! He's dead.' He has been dead for at least six or seven months. I went a running and a screaming, 'Grandmother, Grandmother.'

'What,' she said.

"I said, 'Mr. Strong took his walk this evening. I thought he was still living and he went in the gate; he sure did.'

She said, 'What gate?'

'The gate at his house,' I said. 'See I was coming home to get my book and I saw him and called for him to stop, but he kept walking and then I realized he was dead.' That scared me half to death because he looked so real. I'll never forget that night."

At the very end of this interview we



**"We all got along like one big family."**

asked Brookie to sum up her philosophy of life, and she replied with a remarkable statement.

"Everyday is what counts. Tomorrow is for tomorrow. I don't worry about nothing and just live everyday the best I can because tomorrow is not promised. It's now that matters. God has promised us everything we need — bread and water — but we have so many other things besides what we need and we are so ungrateful. First thing I do in the morning before putting my clothes on is I repeat the Twenty-third Psalm." Then in a calm voice, she recited for us:

"The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down  
in green pastures;  
He leadeth me besides the still  
waters.  
He restoreth my soul;  
He leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness for his  
name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the  
Valley of the Shadow of Death  
I will fear no evil:  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff they  
comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
Thou annointest my head with oil,  
my cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life;  
and I will dwell in the  
house of the Lord  
forever and ever."

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## "Miss Mattie"

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Mattie Jones, who is a widow seventy-three years of age and now residing in Atlanta, was born in Newton County, Georgia where she lived on her father's farm for thirty years. I recently visited her and was impressed by her sense of humor and her remarkable wisdom.

"Miss Mattie (which is what she prefers to be called), could you tell me about your life on the farm?" I asked.

"Well, there was twelve children in my family, an' as I grew older, I had to take care of the ones under me because I was the oldest. We sowed ou'er own wheat, made ou'er own flour, raised ou'er own chickens and haws and things like that. An' when I got big enough - me with the children an' my mother - we used to chop the cotton. And my daddy, he took the horse - he had a one horse farm - at the first beginning. And he would plant the corn, and the crops an' everything an' then in Jooly it would



be layby time an' from there, when the cotton was ready, we started pickin' the cotton. The field would be a pretty white, and my daddy and moma would go out and pick the cotton an' sometimes they'd be gin'in' the cotton an' everything. They'd start to gatherin' the corn an' they'd take it to the barn. An' they'd pull it off of the stalk and then would put it in storage for the winter — for meal, an' for the haws, an' for the haws'es.

"In the winter we kill the haws at Christmas time. My momma would make the sawsage an' we'd hang up the hams in the smoke-house. My momma used to bake cakes. She had a pantry. She would bake five or six



Leland Tebout of *Bronze Reminiscence* interviews Mattie Jones.

different cakes an' put them on the shelves. She 'ould take the haw's head and ah-h-h feet and cook 'em good an' take the meat off 'em. Momma'd grind 'em up an' make souse meat out of 'em. You know about souse meat, don't you?"

I replied, "No, I don't, Miss Mattie."

"You don't know 'bout souse meat? She'd pack 'em down in the pan an' put a weight on 'em. An' when they'd get cold she'd slice 'em. She'd make her own biscuits and things, an' we'd get the sweet potatoes and pile them in a hill. Then they would cover 'em with pine straw all over 'em, all around 'em, an' then would get the corn stalk an' put 'em on the hill. An' then they would get durt an' cover all them corn stalks an'





"I used to get into a lot of devilment."

that pine straw an' that would keep the potatoes."

I was interested and asked, "How long would the potatoes keep?"

"They would stay there until early spring an' when we needed 'em they was always there."

"Could you tell me about some of the playful things you did as a child?" I asked.

"Well, I used to play ball. We made ou'er own ball. We raveled socks and put somethin' hard in the middle 'cause we couldn't get a ball like those kids today can get a store-bought ball. An' then, after we make 'em, my momma would sew 'em all over where they wouldn't come loose. An' we played ring-play, an' Little Sally Walker Sittin' in a Saucer."

"I'd like to know more about that game," I asked.



"Well, we would all get in a round ring an' hold hands, an' skip around singing, 'Little Sally Walker'. With a girl sittin' in the middle of the ring, we'd sing, 'Sittin' in the saucer, weeping in the morning for all she has done. Rise, Sally, rise an' wipe your weeping eyes. Fly to the East an' fly to the West, fly to the one you love the best.' An' the one she loved the best, she would run an' put her arms around her and that girl would have to sit in the middle. I also used to get in a whole lot of devilment. I used to get the flou'er, the eggs, the sugar, an' the butter, an' make a pile of sand an' put a hole in the middle of it. I put the egg in there, the flou'er, the sugar, an' the butter an' made pies for my doll an' I'd get spanked for that. Yes, Lordy."

I then asked, "As a child, Miss Mattie, do you remember hearing any slave stories told to you by your parents?"

"Oh, yes! My grandma used to tell me slave stories. They had to work all day. They weren't allowed to eat, but they had to cook for their masters. One day she was cookin' for the mistress, an' the mistress went off. So she started cookin' herself some biscuits an' the mistress came home an' my grandma saw a cushion an' she hid the biscuits under the cushion."

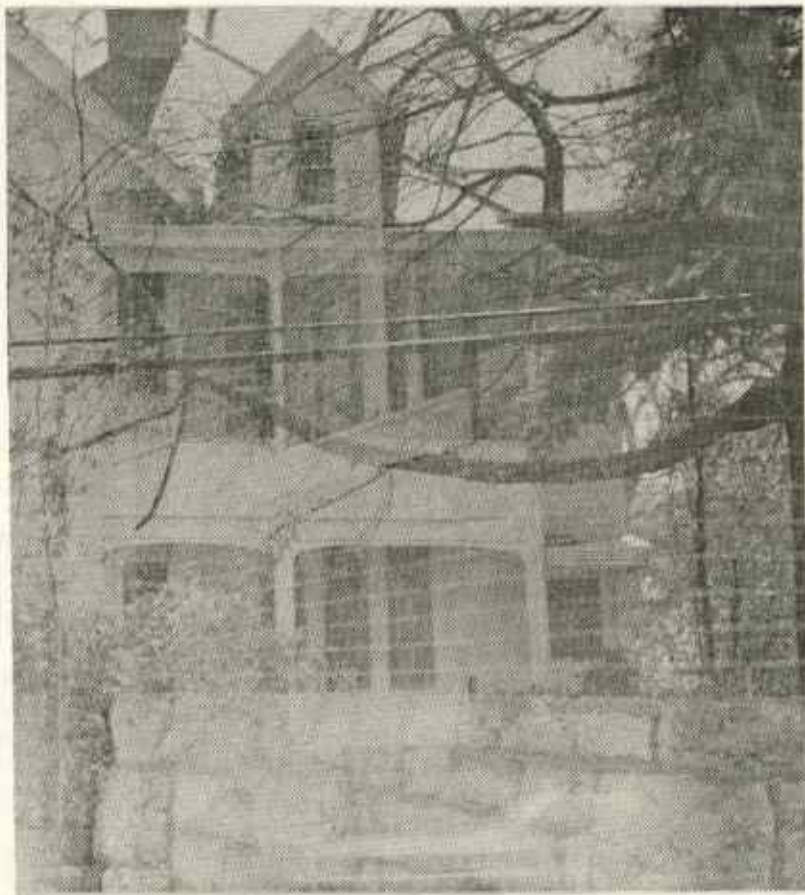
"The mistress had a parrot. So when the mistress started to sit down, the parrot hollered 'hot biscuits burn your bottom, Mistress!'"

"And my grandma told me about a story when the War Between the States broke out. She said the Yankees came through." I listened intently as Miss Mattie continued.

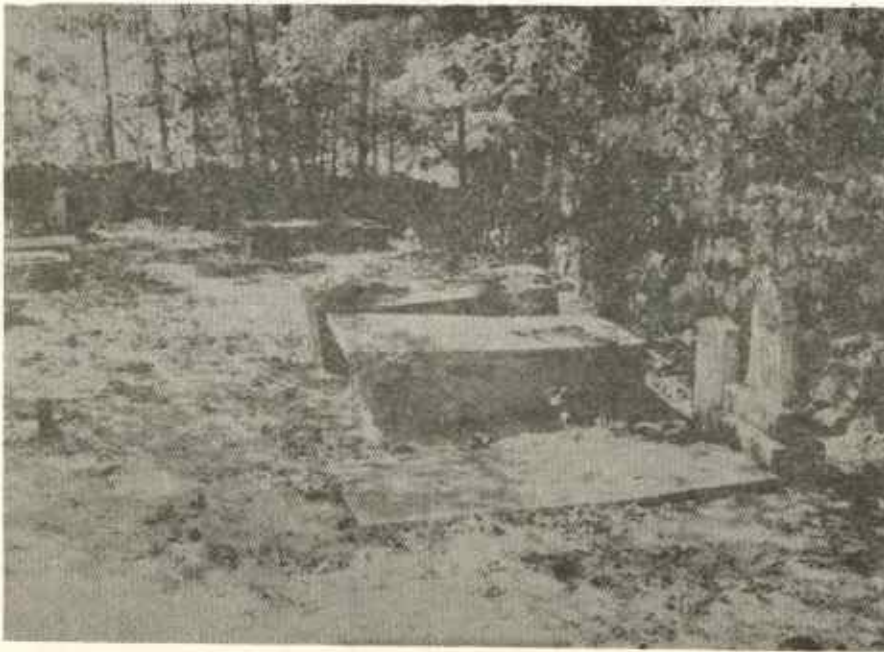
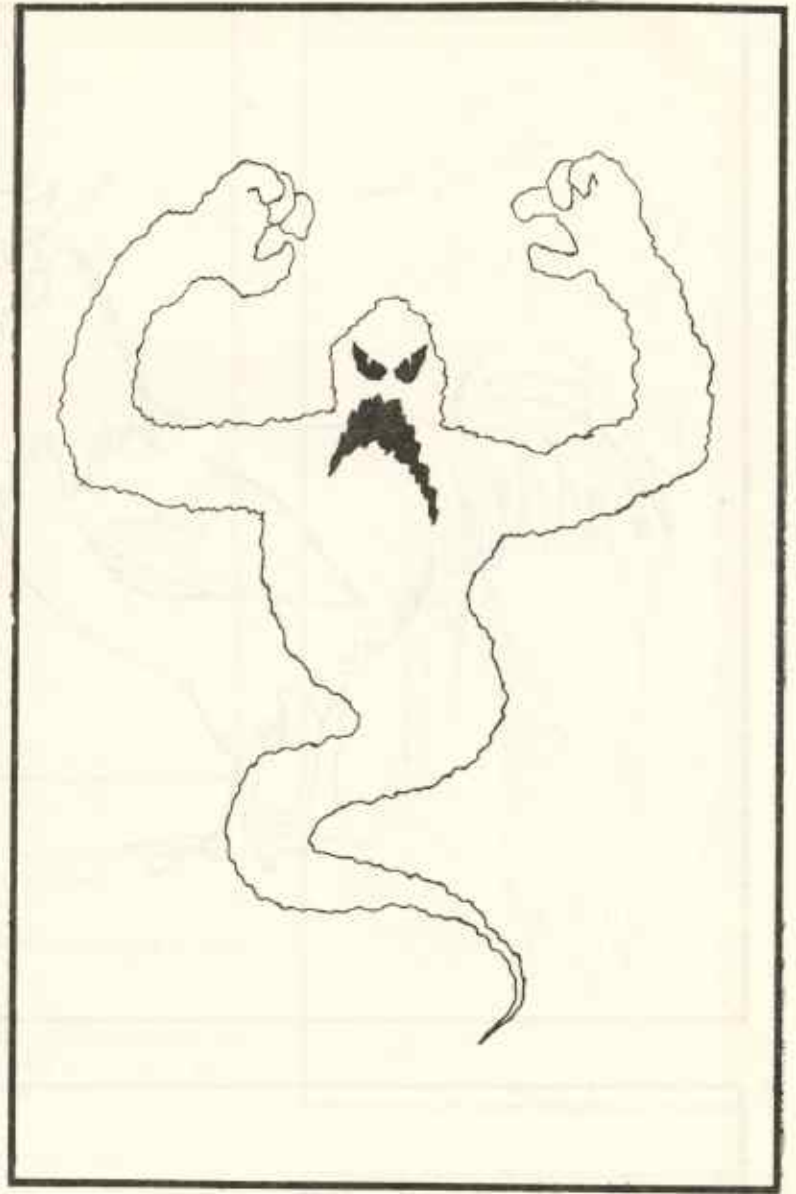
"They'd be eating food all the time an' killin' cows. The slaves had cooked up all the food an' you know the Yankees ate it all! An' them white folks couldn't say a word. An' once the slaves was boilin' some milk for the master an' one of them Yankees came along, pull off his shoes, took a rug an' put one foot down at a time in that pot an' messed up all the milk! An' then he got up an' took the rug an' wiped his feet. An' wasn't nothin' the white folks could say or do. Another thing she told me about slavery times was that all the little colored children — they'd eat with the pigs! They had to eat out of the hawg trough; that is how cruel they treated them."

From my interview with Miss Mattie, I learned that people can withstand many hardships and still go through life with an optimistic attitude. This quality is quite evident in the personality of Miss Mattie Jones whose humor, wisdom, and insight have given me the inspiration to tackle any task or obstacle that might confront me.

Leland Tebout



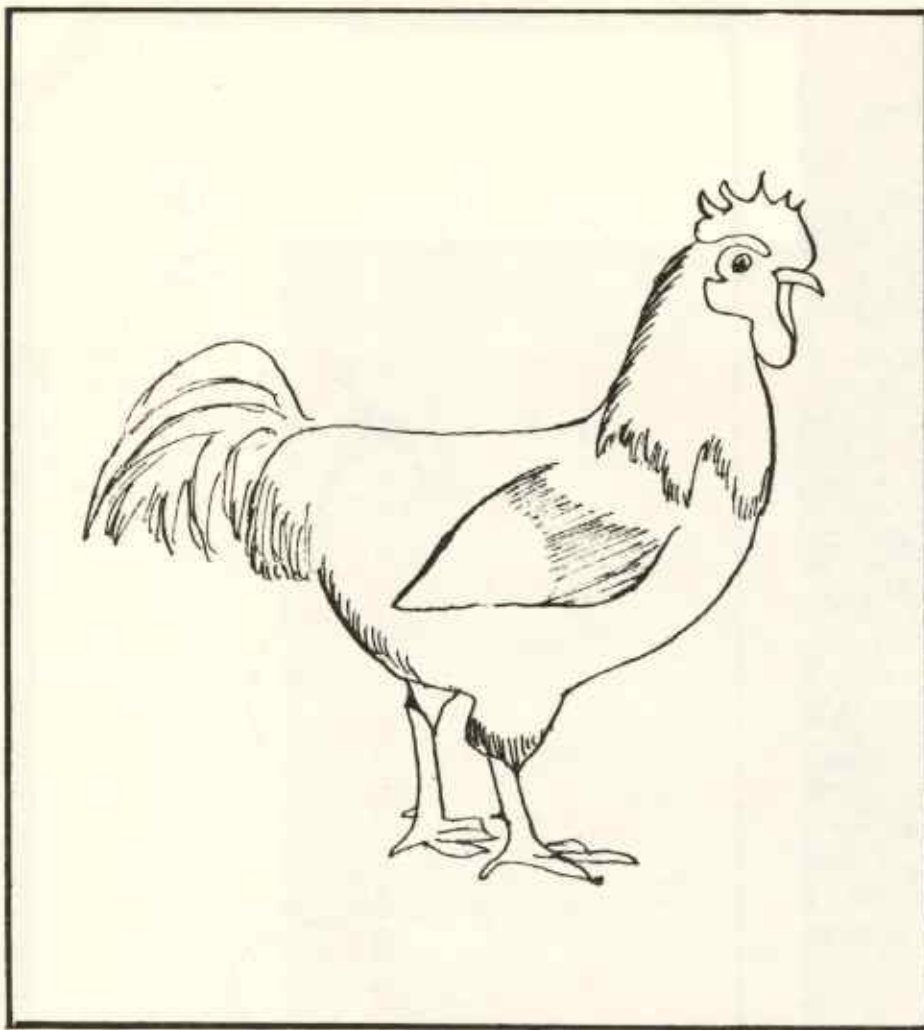
## Hints 'n' Haints



My grandfather was coming home with his family down a dark country road. All of a sudden, my grandfather saw something big and white, and he turned his automobile around to try and duck this thing and ran into a tree and wrecked the car, which threw my grandmother into the windshield. To this day, my grandfather can't explain what that big white thing was.

My father told me a story about one day when he was walking through the cemetery and he heard footsteps. He started walking faster; the footsteps started walking faster. He started running; the footsteps started running. My father was very scared and came to find out it was the sand flip-flapping off his shoes.

Teresa Haynesworth



One way to frighten away bad spirits is to snap your fingers.

Never sweep out of the back door because you could sweep away a family member's life.

When a hearse passes going to the cemetery and you want to see the spirit of the deceased, look backwards between your legs and you will see a ghost sitting on the casket.

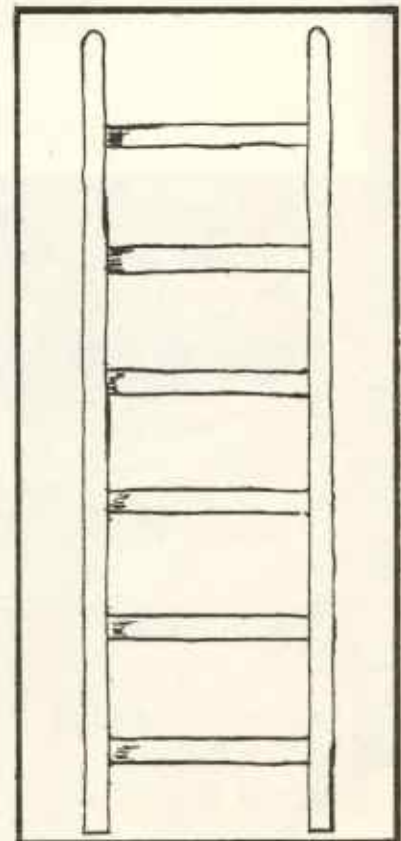
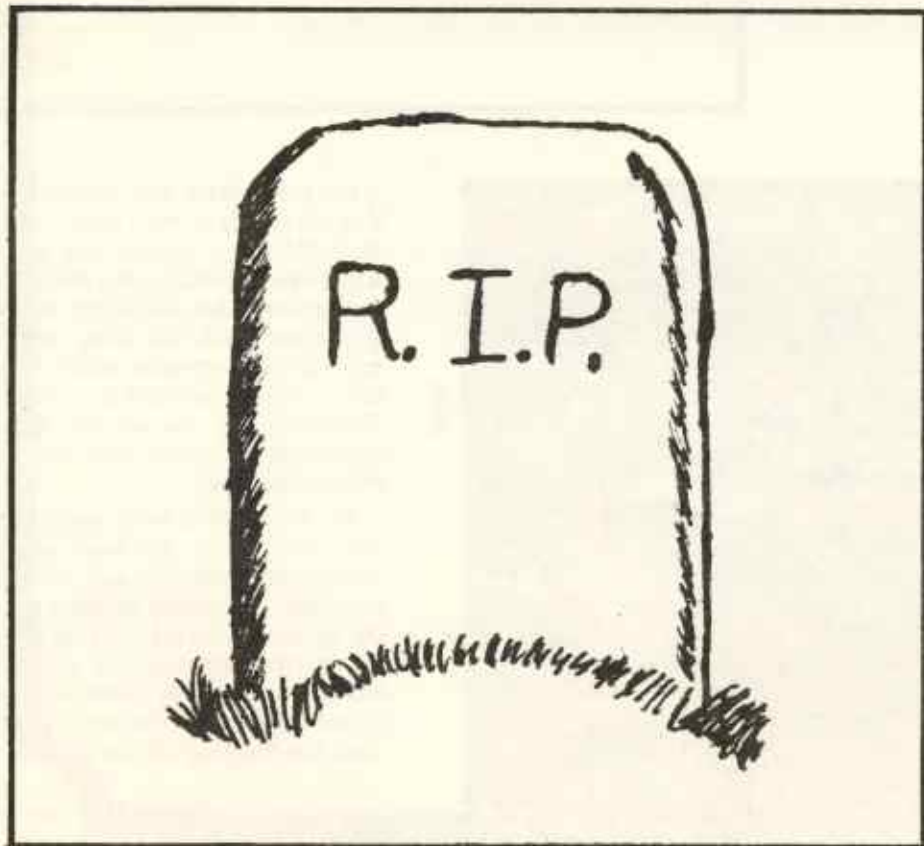
If you point at a grave, bite your finger before it falls off.

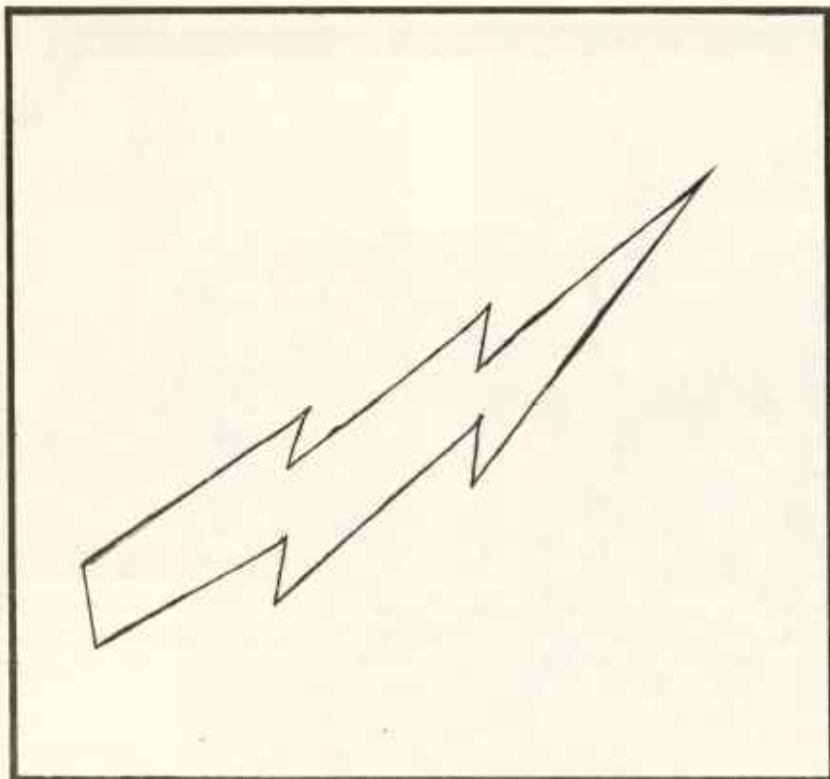
Never split a pole if walking with a friend or that friend will become your enemy.

On New Year's Day, never let a woman enter your house before a man or you will have bad luck all year.

If someone dies in your home, cover up all the mirrors or the deceased will return to collect personal items.

Never wash clothes on New Year's Day, for if you do, you will wash away someone's life.





Knocking on wood will keep bad luck away.

Look at the new moon over your left shoulder and good luck will follow.

Cold chills mean someone is walking over the spot where you will be buried.

If a person lies, he will get a white bump on his tongue.

If you hear a rooster during the day, someone is surely dying.

When you see a howling dog looking up at the sky, you will hear bad news.

When it's thundering and lightning, spirits are walking.

If you sit in a chair and it falls, you'll never get married.

While killing a hog, never let a pregnant lady around; it will spoil the meat.

If you tear up or rob a bird's nest, the Devil will get you.

Thunder before seven, rain before eleven.

When you see smoke coming out the chimney and the smoke goes down, look for rain.

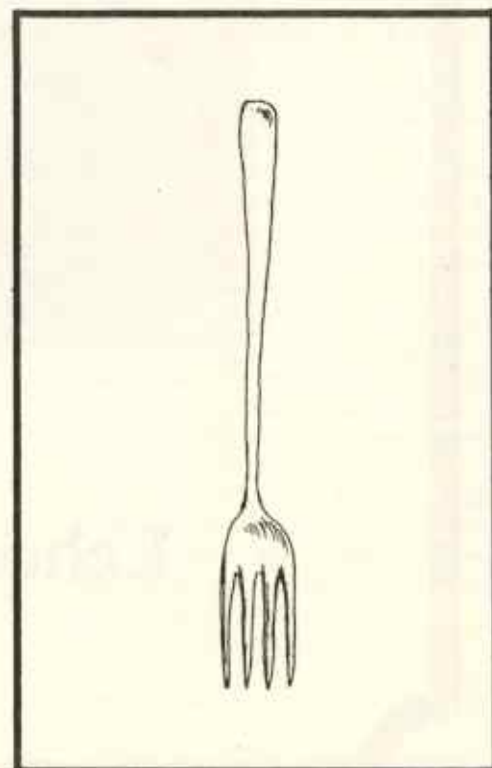
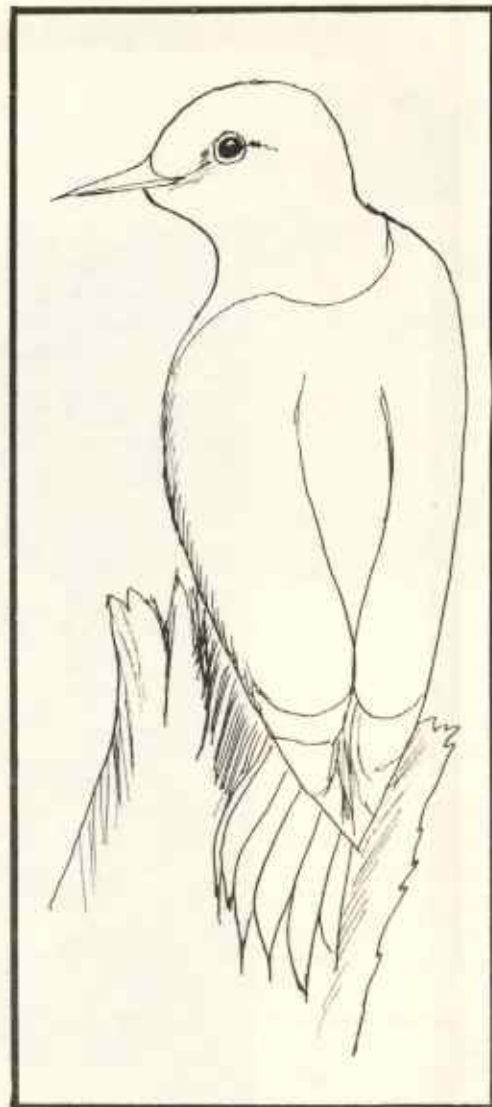
Sleep with a fork under your pillow if you have bad dreams, and they will go away.

Never go under a ladder.

For good luck, keep a horseshoe over the door.

Contributions by:

Curtis Burnette  
Kim Johnson  
Eric Newberry  
Julia Oliver  
Teresa Reese  
Velina Smith  
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## **Echoes and Reflections**



109 year old Will Tinch smiles frequently while talking with Kevin Pope.

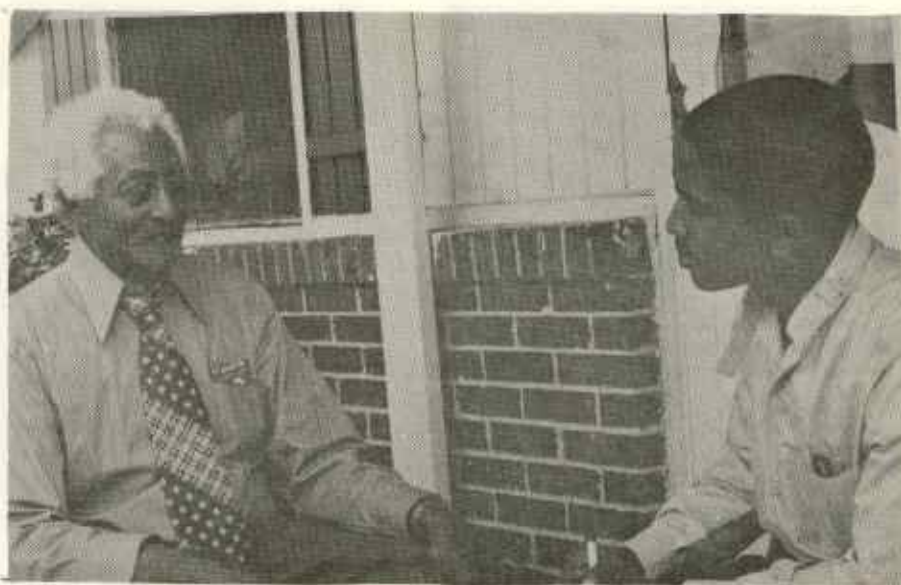
Storytelling is one of the world's oldest traditions and this section of **Bronze Reminiscence** will focus on this treasured art form, literature through the spoken word, by presenting many kinds of stories we have heard in our visits to the old people we have interviewed for this issue of our magazine.

When forming this section we were fortunate enough to interview one of the most unusual storytellers in the area. This storyteller is Will Tinch, a 109 year old black man who is a retired city employee of East Point. Mr. Tinch now resides in a comfortable home in the southwest section of Atlanta. He is a former resident of White City Road and, coincidentally, something we learned at the very end of our visit, Mr. Tinch has a grandson at Lakeshore who is Richard Tinch. We began the interview by asking for different kinds of stories.

"Mr. Tinch, do you know any ghost stories?"

He replied, "Yes, I do. I used to stay in a house in Coweta County that was 300 years old. On scary nights we would hear someone walking in the kitchen. Then we'd start to hear food frying and begin to smell food cooking. We'd go in the kitchen and see nothing. Afterwards the front door would open. I'd fasten it and lock it, but it would continue to open. I was frightened at first but got used to it after living in the house for 20 years."

"That's interesting and frightening! Do you know of any slave sto-



"I had sixteen brothers and sisters!"

ries?" I asked.

He replied, "Of course, I lived towards the end of slavery. I guess I was around ten and fifteen years old. It was rough. We were all on a farm and were given so many acres to work and what you picked you carried to the boss and he divided it up. Mr. Potts was the owner of the land, and he had many bosses working under him because there was so much land to be farmed. Both of my parents were slaves."

I then asked, "How were your mother and father treated?"

He replied, "They weren't treated mean and cruel as long as they worked hard. No slaves were mistreated as long as they worked hard."

I asked, "What did your mother have to do?"

He answered, "She did everything including hoeing cotton and chopping corn."

I then asked, "Did you go out in the fields with your parents?"

He said, "I began going out in the fields and helping them farm when I was ten years old."

Curious about other members of his family I asked, "How many were in your family?"

He replied, "I had sixteen brothers and sisters. We all took care of each other."

I then asked, "Did you ever play tricks on each other?"

He quickly answered, "No, Mama wouldn't stand for any of that foolishness! We just worked hard and took care of each other."

I asked, "How were the meals prepared?"

He replied, "Every worker had a house and each house had their own 'sont' eat! When freedom came the commissary supplied the food. You picked the food out in the fields, brought it to the commissary, and the boss gave you half."

I asked, "What was your first job?"

He replied, "After working on the farm, I began working construction at the age of seventeen. I dug out roads and paved them for fifty cents a day, working sun up to sun down."

I asked, "What did you do during World War I?"

He replied, "I was still in construction in World War I. During this time I helped build Camp YMC, a trading post in Chamblee, Georgia, which supplied food and medicine. I would have been drafted if it wouldn't have been for my boss-man who wanted to keep me in construction."

"Mr. Tinch, let's go back a few years. Did you ever go to school?"

He replied, "I never went to school a day in my life. When I was a child I wasn't allowed to go to school. Only the girls could go. The boys were required to do nothing but work the fields. School was open only in January, February, and August. These were the months in which there were no crops to be picked."

I asked, "Did you ever want to go?"

He jokingly replied, "No need to when you had to work in the fields all day."

I then asked, "What did the school



building look like?"

He replied, "The school was held in the church on the farm. In the summer they used a shed."

"Tell us about church. Did you go?"

"You had to go to church every Sunday. The church was built right on the farm."

I asked, "Did you have music in the church?"

He replied amusingly, "The only music was with your mouth."

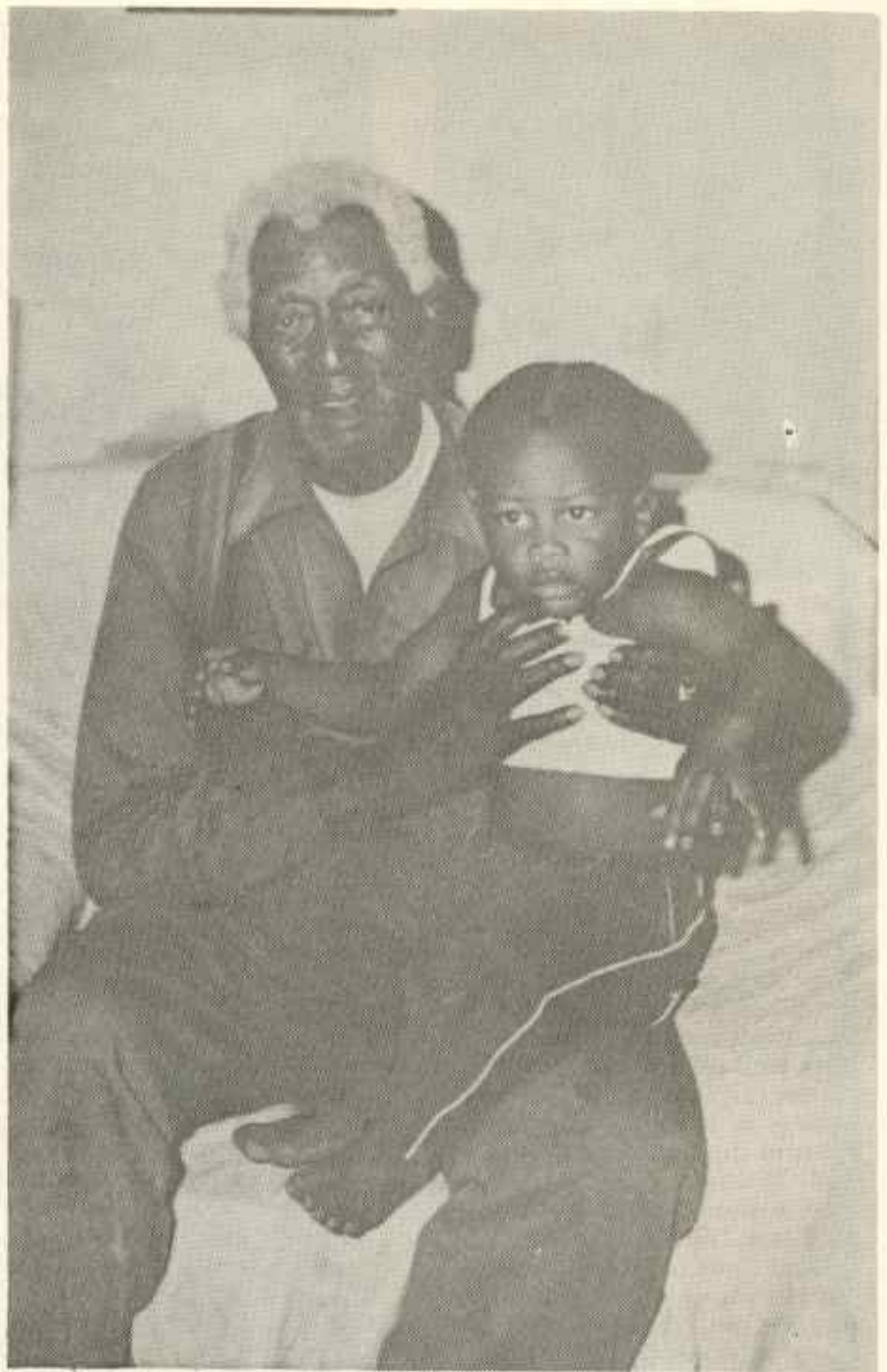
I then asked, "Could you sing for us one of the songs of the church?"

He said, "I'll sing part of one."

Mr. Tinch then began to sing an emotional rendition of his favorite religious tune. Here's part of it:

"Thank you, Jesus, Thank you  
Jesus, for the journey.  
You've brought me from a long,  
long way.  
Thank you, Jesus, Thank you,  
Jesus, for the journey.  
You've brought me from a long,  
long way.  
You've brought me from the  
rocking of the cradle  
You've brought me from a long,  
long way."

"That was beautiful, Mr. Tinch!" I was impressed at how much the song



**Mr. Tinch proudly holds his three year old great-grandson Demetrics.**





meant to him as I saw tears on his cheeks.

I then asked, "Has religion always been important in your life?"

He eagerly replied, "Oh yes! I thank the Lawd every night for sparing me for being here."

Going back to his family, I asked, "How many children do you have?"

He answered, "See I married twice. I have children from my first wife and my second wife. And I had a girl follow me while I was doing construction and had four children by her. I have twenty-four children all together."

"How many are living?"

He replied, "I'll have to count now. I got six of 'em dead. Eighteen are

living."

Going back to his childhood days I asked, "Did you play games as a child?"

He replied, "I played baseball. The boss would give us stuff to play with as long as we worked."

Curious about his great physical condition I asked, "What is your secret for long life and good health?"

He simply replied, "I just thank the Lawd."

Still curious I asked, "What keeps you living so long?"

He replied, "Let me tell ya! It's just a gift from God. He just adds these days to me. If the sun rises and sets I bless Him. I just obey the Lawd and try to do right by treating everybody nicely."

"Many a day when kids came down the street hungry, I'd tell them to come on in and get som'n eat. There were women in the jail that had lots of hungry children and since I worked there I'd ask the judge to help them. He said that if he let the women free, everybody would want to be freed. But he let them go home to take care of their kids and made them return to the jail by five o'clock in the afternoon."

I then said, "Tell us more about that particular time in your life when you worked at the jail."

He replied, "During that time I worked for the city of Atlanta for seven years. I worked first on a garbage truck. Actually, the truck was a two-wheel cart pulled by a horse. I lived in Atlanta during that time until Atlanta experienced the great fire. My house fell victim to that fire."

"I then traveled by street-car looking for a place to live. I found a dirt-dawber house, which was built of rock, mud and plaster, on Ben Hill Road and moved my family there. The judge of East Point lived on the same street which I lived on. I used to pass his house everyday to work for Atlanta. One particular morning I was passing his house and he called out to me."

"He said, 'John' — they'd call you any name they chose to call you,

'where you going?'

"I said, 'I'm going to work for the city.'

"He said, 'I'm the boss of the city and you don't work for me!'

"I said, 'I work for the city of Atlanta.'

"He then asked, 'What about working for me? How much you make?'

"I replied, 'Twenty-five cents an hour.'

"He said, 'I'll pay you twenty-five cents an hour and it don't rain on my job!'

"I replied, 'I'm getting paid Friday and then I'll come work for you.'

"This began my fifty-three years working for the city of East Point."

I asked, "Mr. Tinch, what kind of transportation did you have?"

He replied, "I walked and rode the street car before I owned a car."

I then asked Mr. Tinch, "How did you deal with the Great Depression?"

He replied, "It was tough, but my surviving three previous depressions helped me to prepare for it. I continued to work for East Point through the depression. My pay went from \$15.00 a week to \$10.50 a week. I could have worked construction in Macon for better pay, but Chief convinced me to stay in East Point. One reason I stayed was that I had meals everyday. My wife worked there as a cook. We both ate good and had food to take home, too. One job I had at the courthouse was to look after prisoners."

I asked, "Did any prisoners ever harm you?"

He replied "No, but they would call me names and curse me. The clerk read the laws and rules of the courthouse to me and I never forgot them. Therefore, whenever a prisoner didn't abide by these rules I turned him in to the desk-sergeant. Some prisoners were crazy but I still had to look after them. They would jump up and down and act crazy. I'd do the same thing! They would think I was all right and wouldn't bother me. There was no way a person could out muscle them so I used this method to calm them down."

"One crazy prisoner would preach all of the time. When I went into his cell I would say, 'Yeah, Lawd, right. Yea, Lawd, right,' and he'd think I

was on his side and, therefore, he wouldn't bother me."

I asked, "Mr. Tinch, how do you feel about drinking? I'm sure that habit brought you some prisoners."

He replied, "I never drank in my life. But the Bible says everyone has to live their own life whether good or bad. I chose to obey the Lawd and go to church and not drink."

I asked, "Did your parents give you goals in life?"

He answered, "They told me to live a Christian life and go the Holy Bible Comfort Square, travel on the right side and that's the side of the Lawd."

"Mr. Tinch, what advice would you give to the kids today?"

He replied, "Book knowledge isn't everything, got to have God with you and live with the Bible."

"I remember your saying you never went to school but did you ever learn to read or write?"

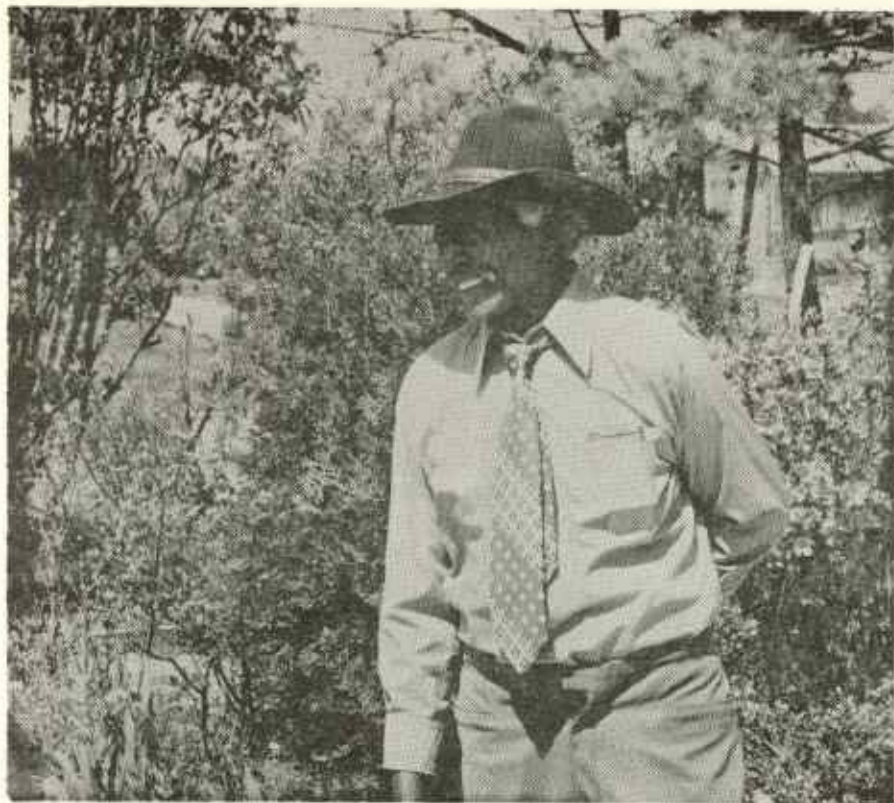
He replied, "Never did. People offered to teach me but I was so busy and had so much on my mind that I never had time. I regret not learning to. My first wife was a school-teacher and she would try to get me to go to school with her. I wish a thousand times I had listened. If I had I'd be terrible! She offered to teach me at home, too. I was too busy in construction in those days."

"There's so much we want to know about life during the 109 years you've lived. Tell us, a long time ago, what were funerals like, Mr. Tinch?"

"Outfit wasn't as good. The coffin was bought at a furniture store. The bodies were not embalmed. A wagon and mule carried the body.

"Once I was pallbearing a lady's funeral. We had the coffin over the grave preparing to let the body down in it. The preacher would not tell anyone he thought he saw the lady moving. After seeing that, the preacher then said he would let everyone view the body who wanted to. The preacher then saw the glass window in the casket over the body begin to fog up. All at once, the preacher opened the casket, and the lady sat up in the coffin! Everyone scattered! The lady sitting up in the casket muttered. The pallbearers picked her up and put her back in the wagon and led her on her way home. That was the truth. She lived seven years afterwards.

"Once there was a dead lady's body laid on a cooling-board at the house before the funeral. A boy snuck in the house and set the lady's body up by



Will Tinch still walks a mile a day.

propping her up with a pillow. He then placed a potato in her hand. People then started coming in the room and when they saw the lady sitting up holding a potato, they took off!

"When I was eighteen years old, my friends and I were requested by a lady to bathe and dress a dead man's body. We did bathe him and we began to dress him. I got on the back side of him and I was going to hold his arm up to put his shirt on. All of a sudden we heard 'errrrrrrrrr'!!! We dropped him quick and took off! We later found out it wasn't him but someone else playing a trick on us. We still did not go back!"

Mr. Tinch continued his reminiscing. "We had a pet hog when I was young. He was just like one of the family and he even ate with us. We had him until he died. When he died we were preparing to eat him. I put him in a pot of boiling water to skin and at once he jumped right out of the pot!

"Another story I remember about a hog I had was when I was sitting in the house looking out of the window. I saw my hog running up the road. I ran outside and tried to catch him. I chased him and I chased him over four blocks, but I never could catch him. Finally I gave up when I lost him in the woods. I came home heart-

broken and disgusted until I looked in the bin and there was my hog! 'Till this day I don't know what I was chasing."

Kevin Pope

Glenn Davidson, another staff-member of **Bronze Reminiscence**, helped me to transcribe into notes the ninety minute tape of our interview with Will Tinch and will complete our story.

"Do you think conditions are better today, than they used to be a long time ago?" I asked.

"Hundred times one way, and bad another." Mr. Tinch answered, "See people are more weaker now. There is more devilment now than it was. Back in dem days it wasn't. All they could hear talkin' about wa' carring a person to chaingang. They obeyed the law. But now they don't care nothing about the law and nothing about us. I say just like the sun rise



**Don't let the black hat fool you; this is not one of the bad guys.**

every night and it go down like the way it is with us. Now it's light; now everybody can see. But back then we was in the dark; couldn't see for we didn't have no power."

"But you don't seem to have any bitterness about your childhood and growing up with a lot of hardships."

"Nall, we had a pretty tough time coming up, hard times. We had to scouful to have something," he answered.

"How were your seventeen brothers and sisters delivered?" we wanted to know.

"See, back in dem days when a child was born they had grannies and they go around house to house and wait on ya' like you say nurses do. Nowadays people ain't able. Most all of the old people teach da' younger. Like her to her how ta wait on the others, and birth a child. How to do, what to do, and all. Back in dem days we had nothing but grannies and they go from house to get a granny and she go miles and miles to wait on people. Sometimes she would be gone night and day. Sometimes it might be two days in all. The 'quipment they used then is different from the 'quipment they use now. You go telling people how to do it they laugh at cha'. Can't do 'so en' so. I ain't seen none of them birth."

"Was your mother one of the grannies?" we asked.

"Yea, she stayed on the road all time of night and day," Mr. Tinch replied.

"Did you call the grannies midwives?"

"Yea, that's what you would call them — midwives."

"She would leave the seventeen of her own and go to others?" we asked.

"Yea, leave her own and go. I was the oldest child; I had to go hook up the buggy and chair."

"You had to go with her?"

"Yea, I go dis' five miles and if she had to go another five miles, I care her."

"What was your mother's name?"

"Mary."

"I know she helped a lot of people, didn't she?"

"Yea, she delivered childin' all over the place — white and colored — all over this place."

"Did they pay her any money to do that?" we asked.

"Some of dem paid her five dollars; some paid her four dollars."

"For birthin' a baby?"

"Birthin' the baby."

"Then did she go back and help take care of the mother?" we wondered.

"Oh, yea, she took care of the mother."

We changed the subject as we asked.

"Can you tell us one of the happiest moments in your life?"

"That's kind of hard to do. But I tell ya' all these last days I got, I'm happy. Seem like my days are my happiest. I'm feeling more happy my last days than ever in my life." Mr. Tinch smiled as he spoke.

"What kind of diet do you think is the reason for your long life?" we asked.

"Well, doctors give me a prescription of what to eat and what not to eat. I eat mostly anything."

"You seem to continue to enjoy remarkably good health. What kind of exercise do you take?" We asked.

He responded, "I walk a mile a day up yonder to the store and back every day."

"Did you enjoy any sports as a boy or go swimming in a creek or river?" we asked.

"No, I was scared of water. I don't even go near a big puddle of water now." He laughed as he spoke.

"One important thing we haven't asked in our interview, Mr. Tinch, is what year were you born?"

"In 1873."

"That is a long time ago. You said earlier that both of your parents were slaves. I wonder, did your father fight in the War Between the States?"

"No, he was too old," said Mr. Tinch.

"You said a little earlier, Mr. Tinch, that you once lived in White City — that small neighborhood that has been for many years near Lakeshore High School."

"Do you want to know how White City got its name?"

"Well, you know Doctor White used to live down there in Fairburn. Doctor White had three blocks of land. He gave all that land to the colored."

"Did Doctor White own slaves?" we inquired.

"Yea, after the war was over he gave each of his slaves a acre of land."

"As the slaves were freed he gave them land?" we asked.

"Yea, he did. And let the other black people buy it cheap — but only black people could buy it."

"Is that when you bought the land?"

"I bought it and farmed it."

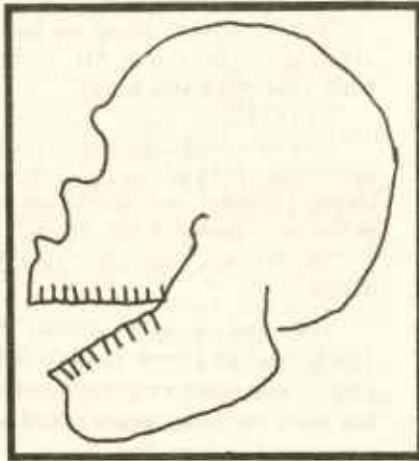
"Did you live there a long time?"

"Yea, I did. I bought this house where I live now after I moved from White City."

It was at this point in the interview that we learned an interesting fact that we did not know when we began our visit with Will Tinch, an hour and a half earlier. His grandson, Richard Tinch, is a student at Lakeshore and lives still in the house his grandfather built on White City Road in College Park.

As we got ready to leave, Will Tinch smiled graciously, shook hands and invited us to return soon. Certainly we will, for his remarkably clear mind stores memories of decades of historical events. His stories of struggle and achievement amused us, saddened us, and made us aware of the importance of having a positive attitude in all of our experiences.

# Anecdotes



There once was a man who was very nosy. As he was talking to a friend, he told a story about this other man and the two started fighting. The other man beat him up and took him out to the graveyard and left him out there. There was a skull-head lying in the graveyard and when the man came to his senses, the skull said, "Mouth brought you here and mouth brought me here. Mind your business! Keep your mouth shut." You better believe he did, at least when around the man who had beat him up.

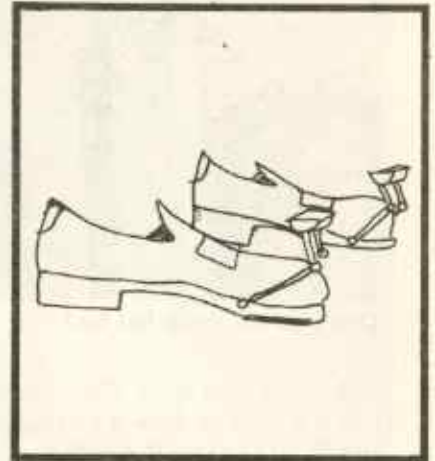
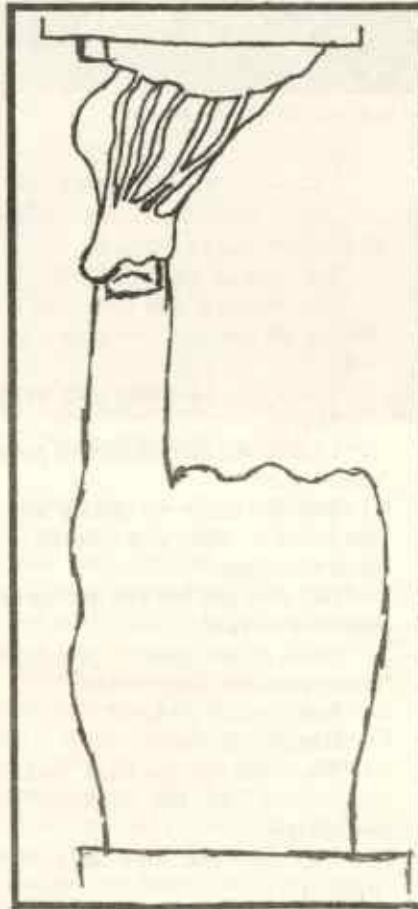
Teresa Haynesworth

My uncle and my father were coming home from the bowling alley. My uncle always used to outrun my father. But coming home this particular night they saw a bull. The bull started chasing them and this was one time my father outran my uncle.

Teresa Haynesworth

My mother used to stick gum in this mean old lady's door bell so when someone pushed the bell the bubble-gum would make it keep ringing.

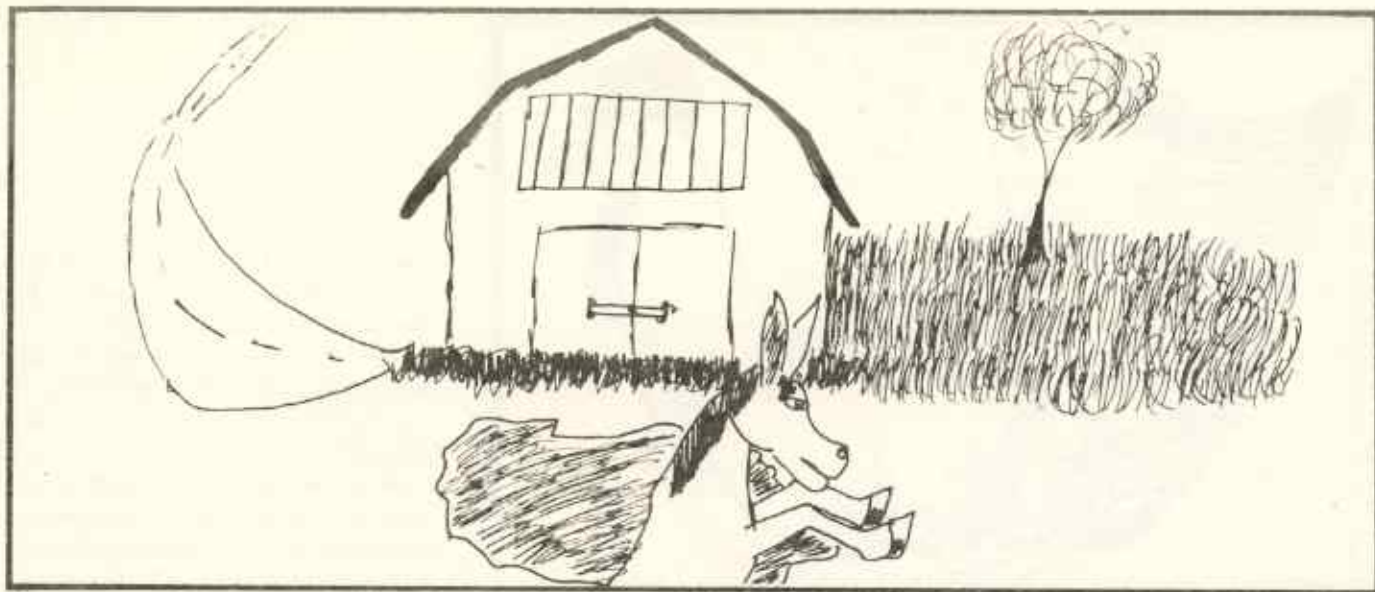
Tracy Veal



My father told me that he and some friends used to break a mirror and put it under the bottom of their shoes. When they got to school, they would put their shoes under the girls dresses and look under their dresses. They did this until the teacher caught them and the teacher beat them soundly.

Teresa Haynesworth





There was a house where all the children used to play. As they were playing in this house, they decided to rest for a while. Thus there was silence. When the children looked up, there was a big white sheet wrapped around a man's head. There was also a skeleton, and all these scary things came toward the children who were very frightened and started screaming. The parents heard the children screaming and came to see what had happened. By the time they got there everything had disappeared.

My mother told me a story about one day when her father and mother went to church and they let the chickens out and the chickens went and ate the corn seeds. When her father came

back from church and was getting ready to beat them, they had packed clothes in their pants so when their father began to beat them, they just hollered and hollered and they didn't even feel the blows!

Teresa Haynesworth

Mrs. Manelle Richardson had personally known everyone of her church pastors. She like all of them except one. A story she often told involved that preacher. One day, her next-door neighbors, Brother Martin Wood and his wife, were sitting on their porch while a farmer, a Mr. Jones, plowed them up a garden.

"There was a septic tank next to where Mr. Jones was plowing. The Woods didn't know that a noise came from the septic tank every time Mr. Jones passed it. Mr. Jones thought it was a rock he had hit. He kept passing the septic tank, everytime thinking he was hitting a rock, until one day the tank gave away. Down went Mr. Jones — and his mule.

"Mrs. Wood then said to her husband that the earth had just simply swallowed up Mr. Jones and his mule. Her husband was blind and couldn't see at all, so he didn't know what she was talking about. Mr. Jones got out, but the mule couldn't.

"Everyone began to come around to see the mule in the septic tank, but no one could get him out. Prisoners who worked on the downtown streets came to see if they could get the mule out.

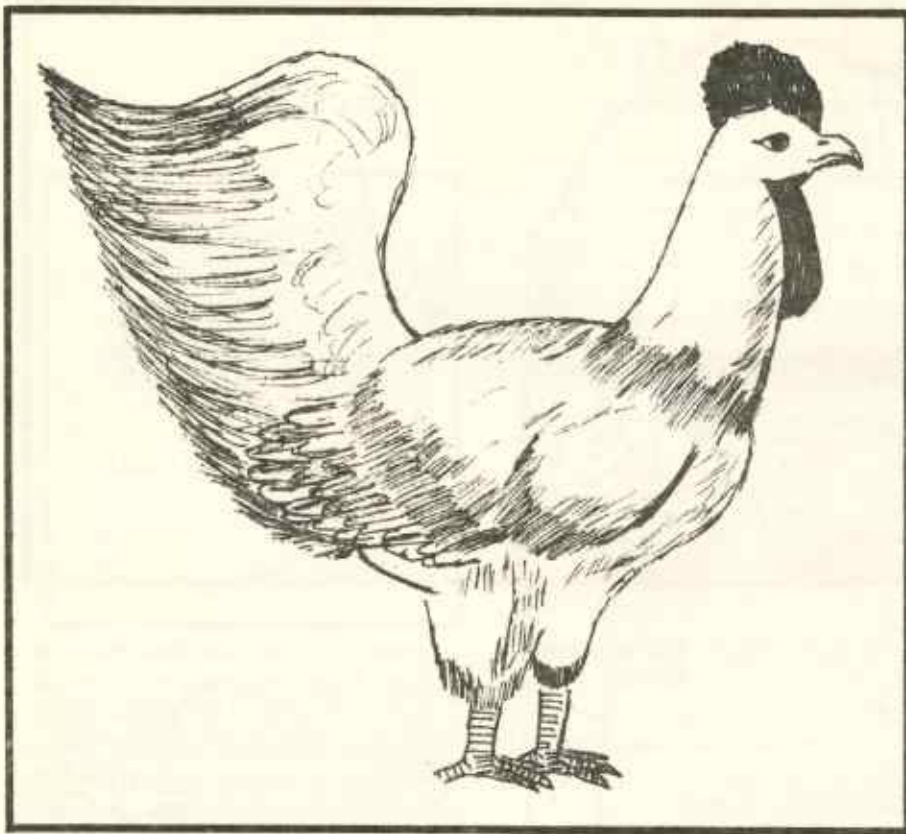
"There was a man in the crowd

named Mr. Greer who dealt a lot with mules. He leveled land and things like that so he knew a lot about mules. The mule's legs were cramped under him and his head was against the dirt. Mr. Greer straightened out the mule's legs and moved his head off the dirt, but he could not get him out of the septic tank."

While this was going on, Mrs. Richardson's preacher was inside her house. She asked him if he knew about the mule and everyone gathered over next door where the mule was in the hole. Her preacher said, "Well, that's all right" and just kept reading his Bible.

Mrs. Richardson had washed the living room curtains that day and they were lying across the sofa. She told us, "When my little boy, about thirteen, came in I was sitting with my head down as the preacher was praying on his knees. My son was just as excited as everyone else about the mule next door. When he saw the curtains on the sofa and the preacher praying, he asked, 'Oh, Mother is Daddy dead?' thinking that his father was under those curtains. The preacher asked, 'Is your little boy not accustomed to prayer?' I answered, 'Well, not when there's a mule in the ditch.' Well they finally got the mule out alive; but, do you know that preacher ended up in an asylum."

Edited by Deborah Barnes  
from a story in **The Atlanta  
Journal and Constitution  
Magazine** used with permission



When my mother and her sister were little girls, they were playing house one day when my grandfather was asleep in the chair. While he was sleeping, my mother's sister dressed him up like a lady; she braided his hair and put lipstick on him. When he woke up, he knew he was late for work, so he went straight to his job as he was. When he got to work, he was wondering why everyone was laughing at him until he noticed his appearance. Then he knew!

Daphne Artis

A long time ago I lived in a big house and one day I looked out of the window and saw a man hoeing in the backyard. I talked to a neighbor the next day and saw a picture she had of the man I had seen hoeing. I explained to my neighbor that I saw him, and she told me that that man had been dead for years. "When he lived," she said, "he used to work the garden in that very spot!"

Gwendalyn Daniels

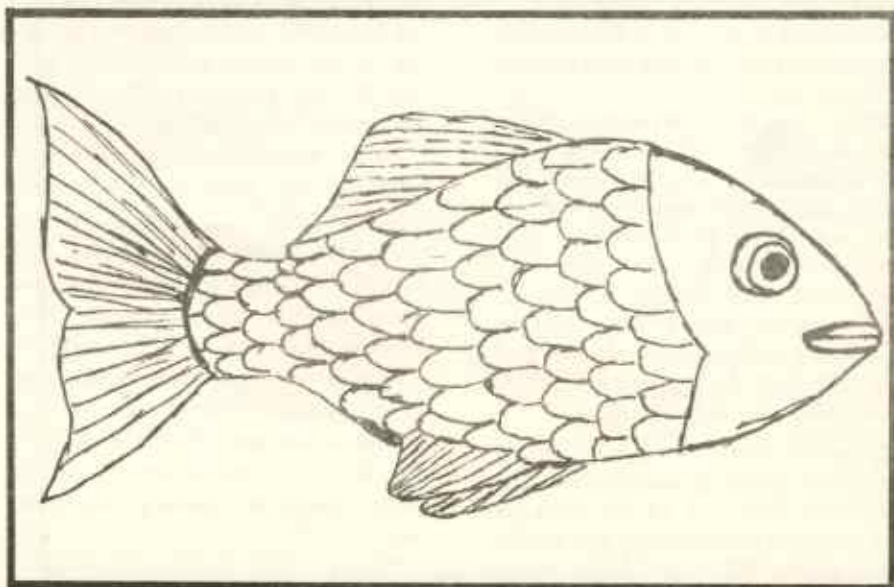


As a kid my grandmother liked animals, especially cats and horses. But her favorite pet was a rooster — a big red one with a large cone on his head. It followed her around. She had had this rooster ever since it was a chick. But one sad day, the bird had to be killed for dinner. My grandmother couldn't eat a bite.

Darryl Smith

While fishing in Florida, I hooked a fish. At the same time my wife did the same. I was reeling my fish in, when my wife asked me to reel in hers. I couldn't do both at the same time so I told her to just throw hers away, so she did — rod, reel and fish — all landed in the ocean!

Dwana Brown



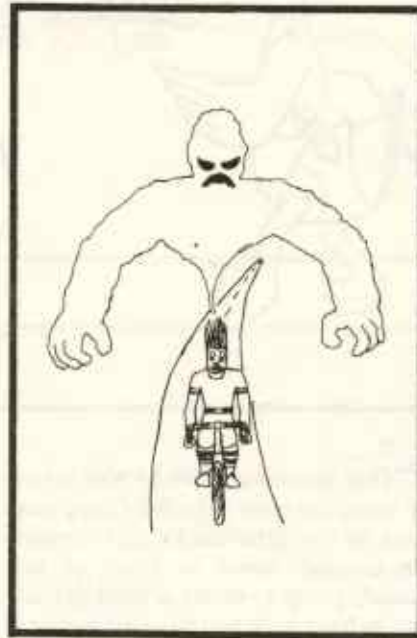
I was going down a country road by a graveyard riding my bike and, all of a sudden I started to slow down and felt the bike pulling hard. I began to wonder what was happening to the bike. I looked down and I looked up; there was something like a big tall white thing on the back of the bike approximately a hundred feet tall standing over me. I was scared to death and went to walk the pedal to out run it but the bike started to slow down. I became more frightened. I got so scared, I put a curse on that big white thing and it disappeared.

Story told by:  
Robert Haynesworth

Interviewed by:  
Teresa Haynesworth

One night a boy and I were walking through the cemetery. He noticed that there was a group of children a distance behind us. I had on a white dress under my black coat. At once he told me to remove my coat. We hid behind a tombstone until the children approached. Then I stood up and scared those people to death. they thought I was a ghost!

Etta Barton



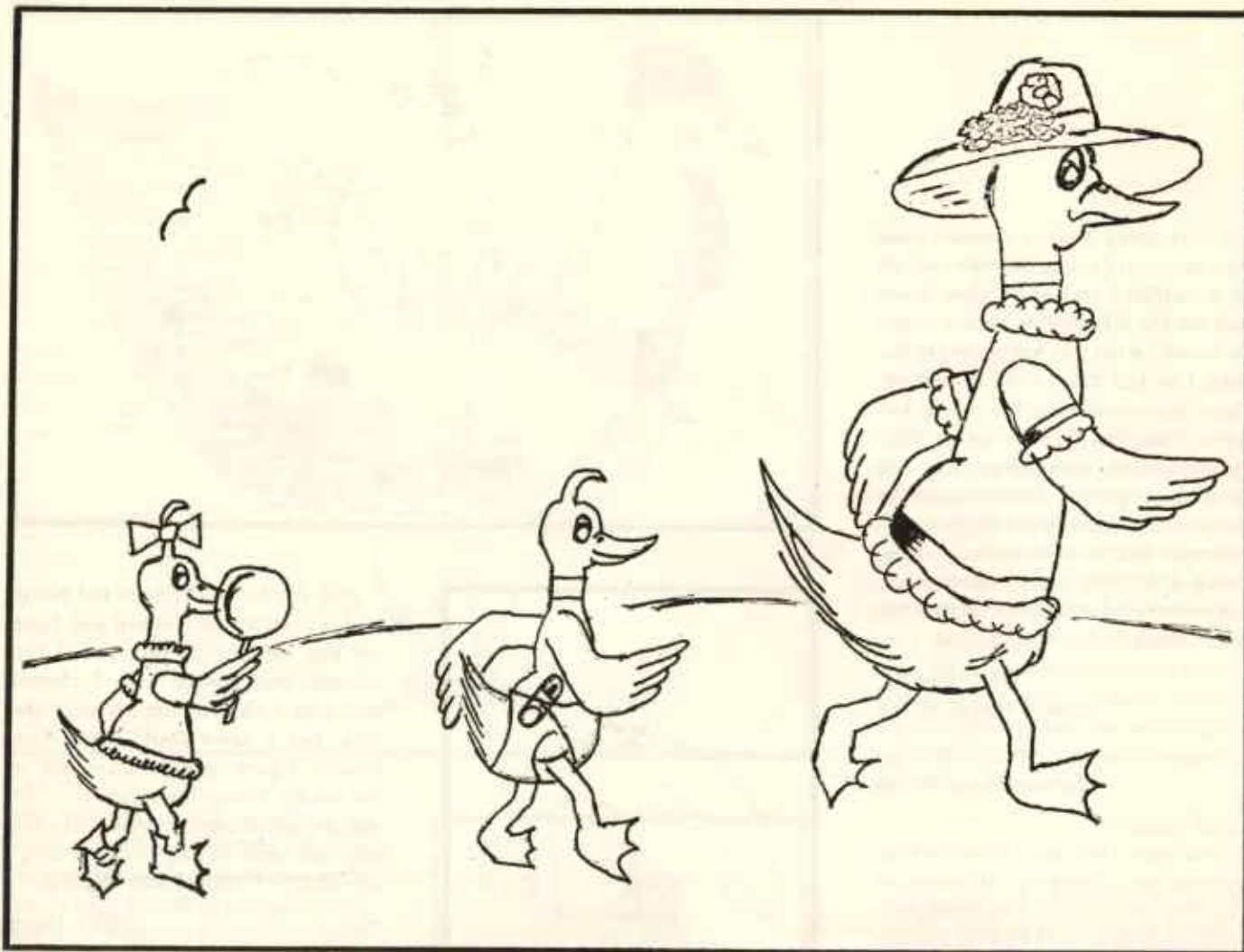
One day I was sitting in the house looking out of the window and I saw my hog running up the road. I ran outside, and chased him. I chased him and I chased him all over the area, but I never could catch him. Finally, I gave up when I lost him in the woods. I came home heartbroken and disgusted until I looked in the bin and there was my hog! Till this day, I do not know what I was chasing.

Will Tinch

My mother grew up in a small town. When they had to go to school, they would have to walk close to two miles. When their shoes tore from walking, the children would have to find wood to put on the bottom of their shoes. They also had to walk a mile to the store and bring the groceries home in a cart.

Shirley Stanley





One of College Park's most beloved storytellers was Mrs. Edward Richardson, Sr. who — before her death on March 13, 1982 — had entertained and inspired audiences in College Park for more than eighty years with her remarkable wit and wisdom. The **Bronze Reminiscence** staff visited Mrs. Richardson in February and heard, perhaps for the last time, her famous story of the "Ducks in Rompers."

Mrs. Richardson began, "I moved to College Park when I was only four years old — I was Manelle Brewster then — that was when the town was still called Manchester and there was no gas or electricity. We had well-water. In the town then, there was only one grocery store which was owned and operated by Mr. Isaac McCrory. He would get up early every morning, go down and open his store, and then come back home for breakfast.

"One morning when he was going to open the store, Mr. McCrory saw four or five little ducks with dresses on coming down in front of his house, going towards a branch that ran behind it. When he came back to breakfast, he said to his wife, 'You know, I saw the strangest thing this morning. I saw Mrs. Cothran's ducks and they had on some kind of little rompers or something.'

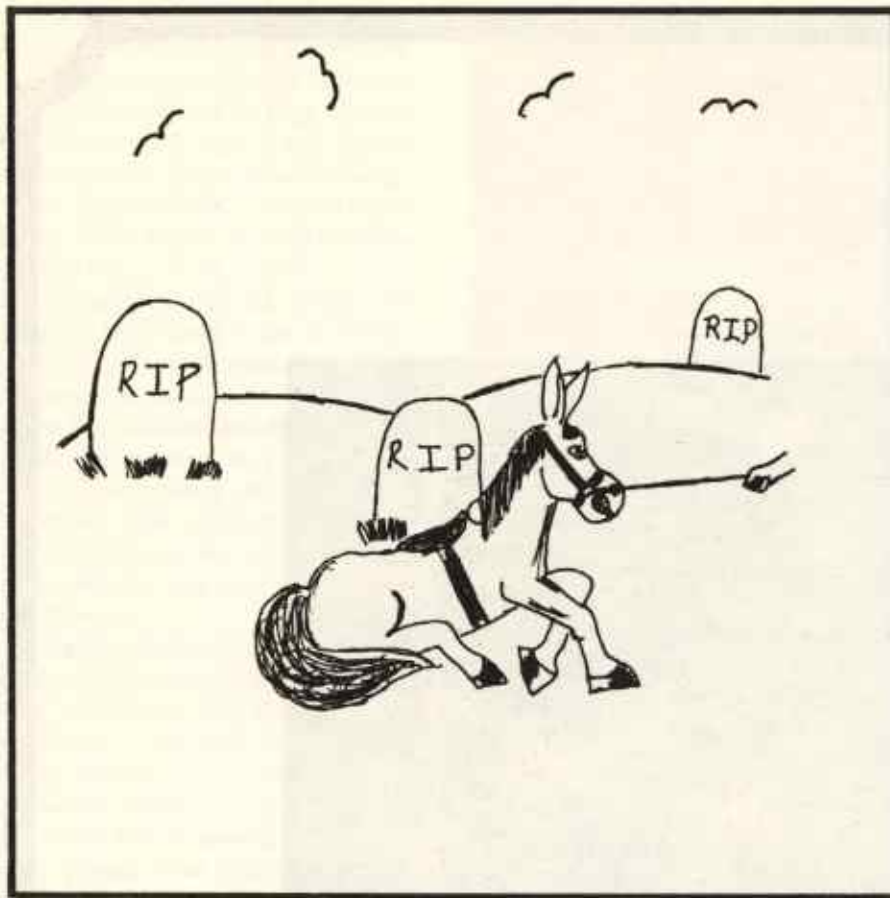
"His wife said, 'Now, darling, you must have been asleep that early in the morning. You didn't see any ducks with rompers on!' He said, 'I know I did. You go up there and ask Mrs. Cothran if she didn't have rompers on her ducks.'

"Well, Mrs. McCrory did. She always called her husband 'Darling.' She went up to Mrs. Cothran's and said, 'Darling had the funniest tale to tell this morning. He told me he saw your ducks with rompers on going down the branch.'

"Mrs. Cothran said, 'He did.' Then she told Mrs. McCrory about how the cherries had dropped off the trees in the backyard and the sun had fermented them. And the ducks ate them and got very drunk and passed out. Every duck she had passed out except for five. Well, when Mrs. Cothran saw the ducks, she thought they had died, so she plucked their feathers. She said the down feathers were very valuable and she couldn't stand to see them wasted. But, do you know, later the ducks came to and started walking around the yard. When the wind started blowing and became cold, Mrs. Cothran felt so guilty that she decided to make little rompers to keep the ducks warm, because they didn't have any feathers." This story, and also "The Sunken Mule" were recorded by Lucy Justice in her article on Mrs. Richardson published in 1976 in *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine*.

Edited by Deborah Barnes





There was a time when we had a mule (jackass used to be the name). I was riding the mule by an old church with a graveyard. All of a sudden the mule took me over to the graveyard, and I couldn't get him out. As we were going into the middle of the graveyard, he stopped. I was scared to death. I got off the mule and pulled and pulled to get him out. The mule would not move. Constantly pulling the mule, he would not move until I hit him beside his head. Then the mule fell on his knees, jumped up, and started running out of the graveyard dragging me along. Then I jumped on top of his back. I never could figure out why the mule went to the graveyard — unless there was a ghost luring him in.

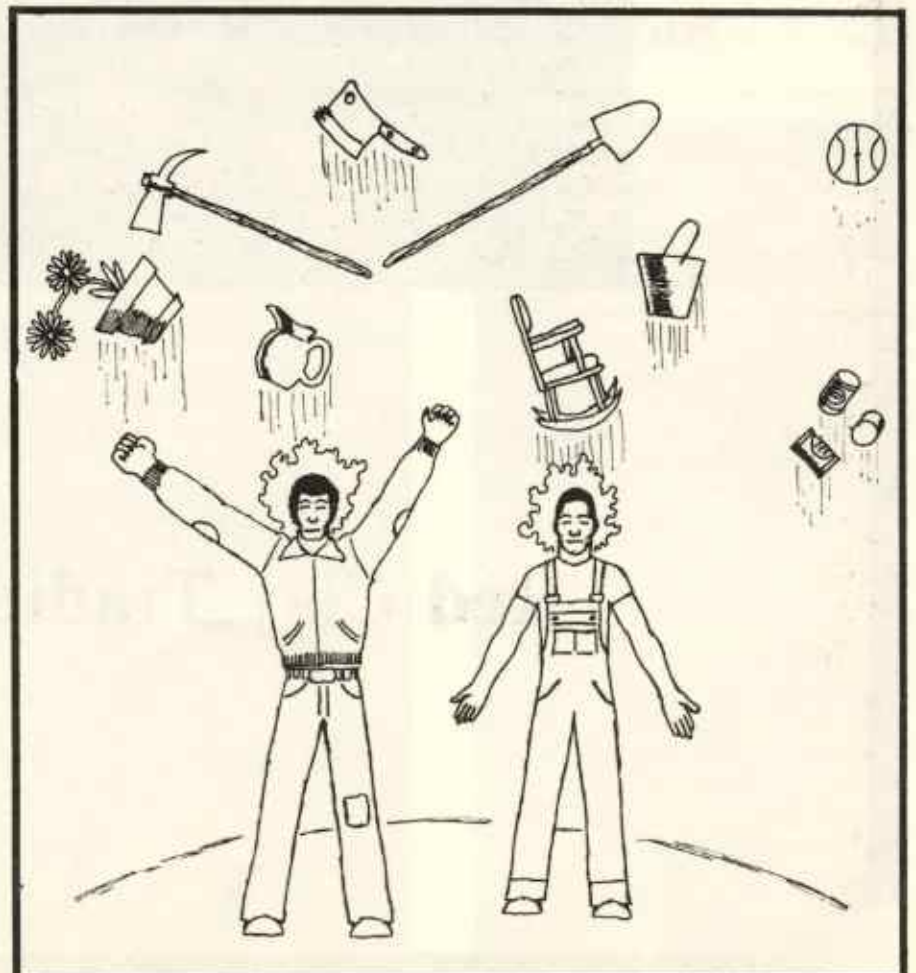
Story told by:  
Robert Haynesworth

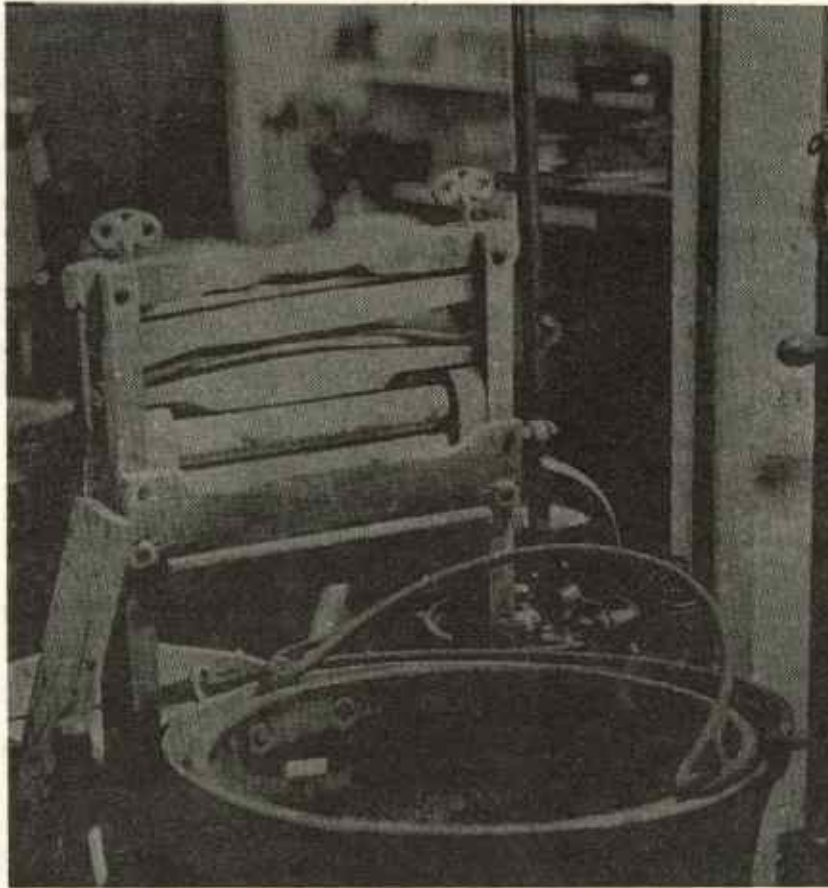
Interviewed by:  
Teresa Haynesworth

It happened eighteen years ago. My mother was sleeping when suddenly she got a call from my father. He told her to meet him at the drug store. When she arrived at the store, she saw objects flying around from every direction. She didn't know what was happening. Finally, my father told her that two boys, who were cousins, had caused this supernatural thing to happen. They were able to move objects with the power of their minds, but it could only happen when the boys were together. This incident appeared in newspapers everywhere. The cousins had become so much of a controversy that scientists from all over came to Florida, where this story took place, just to try to explain the incident. The scientist finally came up with an explanation. They found that there were chemicals in both boys bodies that were unknown to man. Every time the boys got together, they would bring about this supernatural happening. Finally, the families had to separate the boys for good, one living in Florida, and the other moving to Louisiana.

Artemus Cooper

Edited by Glenn Davidson





## Red Clay Traditions

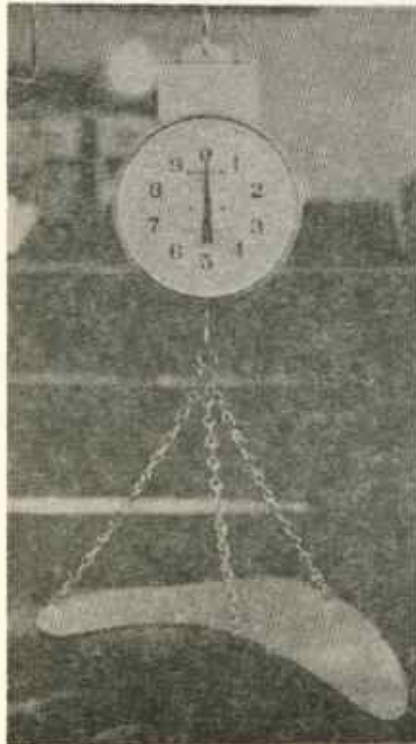
Crafts and cooking are traditions that continue with each generation. Some old favorites remain the same while others change to keep up with the times. Although many people seem to forget where traditions originated, they still exist. Crafts in many forms, from flower making to quilting and from sewing to designing, are the process of making articles by hand or with hand tools. In earlier times, people made most everything by hand. Women painted glass and china and often etched objects. Many dyed and printed fabrics in their homes for printed materials were expensive and difficult to obtain. Women produced needlework, first from necessity and later as a favorite pastime.

Handkerchief-making and flower designing were also popular crafts long ago. Many people also enjoyed cooking as a pastime. Skillful cooks take great care in preparing delicious, attractive, and nutritious meals. The following section includes interviews with people who still enjoy those crafts.

Tracey Hutcherson  
Kimberly Nelson



## Crafts and Cooking — Continued Traditions



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# JOE'S FAMOUS BARBEQUE

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## Southern Traditional Cooking That Remains At Its Best!

Joe's Famous Barbecue is a family tradition that started as an eating place in Rockdale, Georgia in 1944. Mignonne Gresham, a student at Lakeshore, is part of this family. Mignonne and I visited Joe's Famous Barbecue, which is located in a section of Atlanta called Vine City and is on the corner of Spencer and Vine City Avenue. The person who now carries on this family tradition is a young man named Earnest Russell.

The family recipes and techniques used at Joe's Famous Barbecue have been passed down from generation to generation. The meat is cooked in a five to six foot brick and iron grill called a pit. The same pit was used when the family started cooking barbecue years ago.

Mignonne Gresham's great, great, great grandmother, Rosa Hill, began the tradition of cooking barbecue in the back yard of her home in Rockdale, Georgia. She was well-liked in the community where family and friends gathered around to enjoy her delicious barbecue. She started out

cooking the whole hog and eventually specialized in barbecuing only the ribs from the hog. Before her death, Mrs. Hill gave her husband Joe Hill her technique and secret recipe.

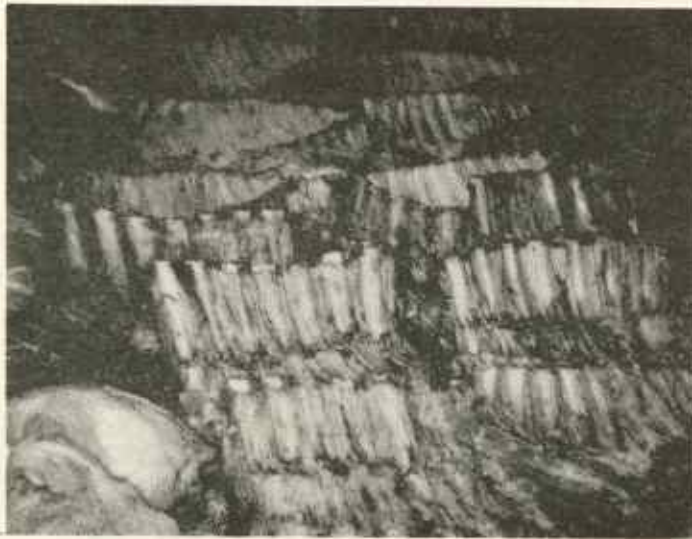
In 1955, the neighborhood in Rockdale in which Mr. and Mrs. Hill lived was burned down by orders from the city authorities. This happened after Mrs. Hill's death. The reason given for burning the neighborhood was that "it was a disgrace to the city." Mr. Hill and his children moved then to Atlanta to the section called Vine City. The pit was saved, and he continued to cook barbecue in his new location. In front of the house where he moved was a corner store. When the owner died, Joe Hill bought the store and prepared barbecue there. Presently, the meat is barbecued and served in this same location at a place called Joe's Famous Barbecue, named for Mr. Joe Hill.

Mr. Earnest Russell keeps Joe's Famous Barbecue in a very neat and



Mignonne Gresham and her cousin, Earnest Russell, are ready to cook up some barbecue.





indeed delicious! The sauce is definitely one of a kind. As we ate, we agreed the tangy and scrumptious barbecue sauce and ribs would keep us coming back for more.

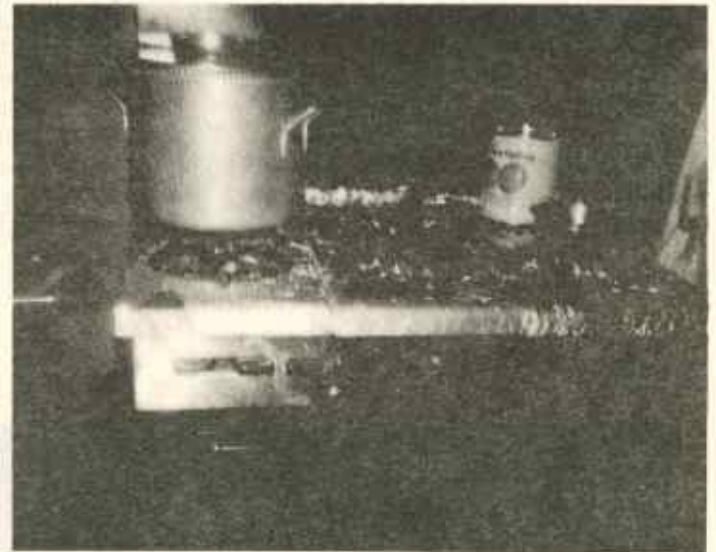
The recipe remains a family secret. Mr. Russell, however, shared with us his method of cooking. He puts the meat on about 7:00 a.m. and cooks it two and a half to three hours. He uses wood charcoals. Mr. Russell never uses a fan because he says that process takes away the smoked flavor. While the meat is cooking, he mixes together the barbecue sauce. When the meat is done, he brings it to the front of the store on aluminum foil and generously dabs on the barbecue sauce. This process takes place over and over all day long and satisfies

orderly arrangement. A pleasant aroma welcomes the diners who enter the attractive eating area. The public does not see the area where the grill is located, in the rear of Joe's Famous Barbecue.

The present owner of the secret recipe and eating place enjoys his work. His busiest seasons are spring and summer. When asked how the economy affects his work, his reply was, "When the economy flows, I flow!"

The fresh meat, beef and pork, is kept in a freezer in front of the store. Near the entrance, Mr. Russell has a showcase in which his meat is on display.

At the end of our discussion, we found Mr. Russell's barbecue is



hungry visitors who come from miles around.

Tracey Hutcherson



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## The Secret Behind A Perfect Flower Arrangement

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Annie Alma Norton, an only child, was born in Austell, in 1908. Her family moved to Atlanta in 1909, where she has lived ever since. Miss Norton is an interesting person with many hobbies that include embroidery, crocheting, painting, gardening, ceramics, repairing broken objects, and making flower arrangements with them, and baking wedding cakes.

Miss Norton's experience in cooking goes back a long way. When Annie was only ten, her mother decided to let her buy the groceries and start cooking, because Annie was a peculiar eater who didn't like many foods. Even today she doesn't eat anything artificial, only natural foods. Miss Norton says, "I always bake from scratch." Although she has a thirty-three year old electric stove, she likes modern pots for cooking.

Religion has played a very important part in Miss Norton's life. Formerly she attended a Baptist Church, and was very active in the Baptist ministry. Now she attends a Christian Church.

Miss Norton is the type of person who keeps to herself. In her youth, the only way a fellow could take her on a date was by asking her in front of her mother. She went out on only two dates in her entire lifetime. One of her dates picked her up in a convertible, with the top down. It started raining, but the top was jammed so they got soaking wet. Annie never went out with that young man again.

As far as Miss Norton's being sociable, she would give parties but never participate in them. The only thing she did was to crank up the record player every time it stopped. At the parties the girls would play hopscotch and the boys softball. One

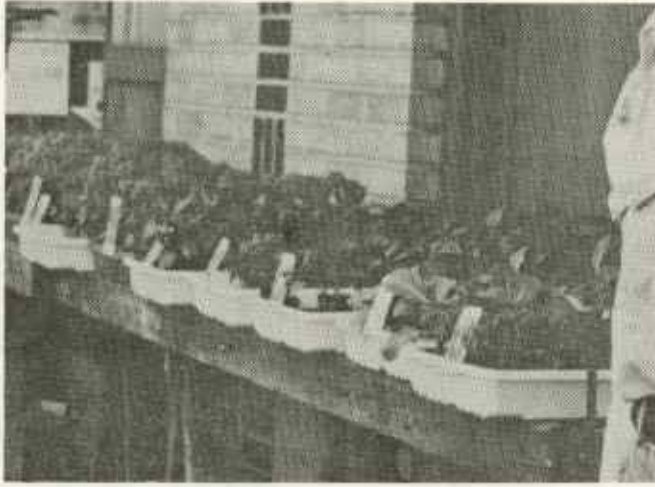


day, while playing hopscotch, a certain boy hit Annie in the head with the ball. She took the ball and hit the boy back with it. Annie's mother disapproved of her misbehavior and, thus, gave her a spanking.

Whenever Miss Norton got a cold or was sick, her mother would call the doctor. At the age of twelve, Annie felt she didn't need a doctor anymore, that she could take care of herself. This is when she started taking chloroform, a medication no longer in existence. She says, "This can cure any cold you have, mild or bad, I'm sorry they don't sell it anymore."

Miss Norton and her family were hit pretty hard by the depression. They sacrificed everything they had to help others. Her family was close friends with a farmer who was an ex-slave. In order for him to buy groceries, Miss Norton had to write him a note saying he could charge it on her account. She says, "He was a trustworthy man because he would





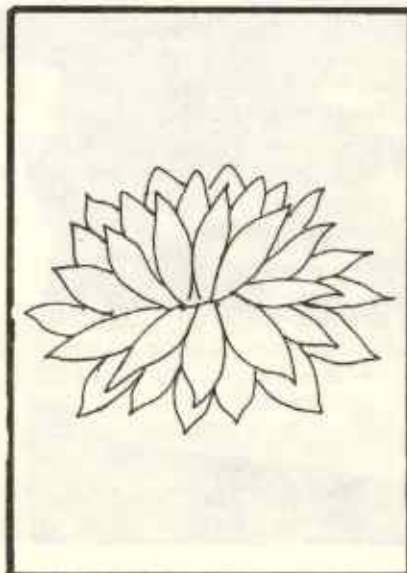
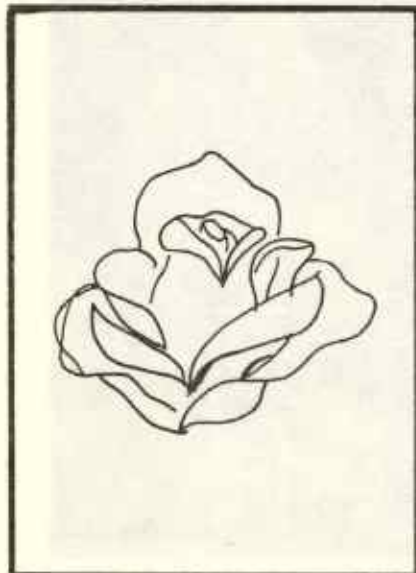
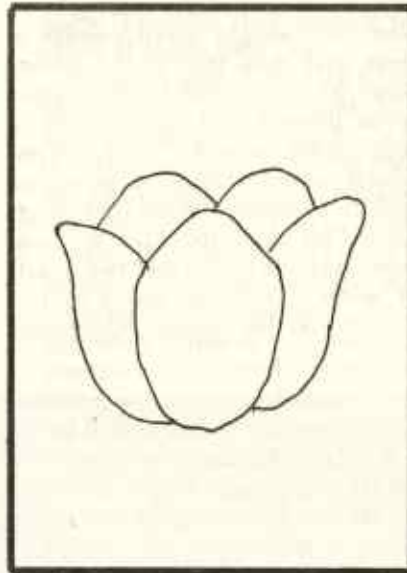
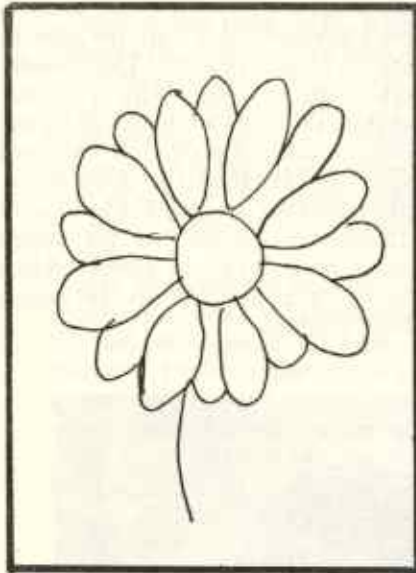
always pay me back."

As I continued the interview, I noticed Miss Norton's home was filled with beautiful ceramics. When I asked her about them she said, "Among all of my hobbies, my favorite one is ceramics." Miss Norton has been doing ceramics for twenty years. Her beautiful and creative objects decorate her one-hundred year old house. She is indeed dedicated and takes pride in her work. Through my experience in meeting Miss Norton, I have grown interested in ceramics. Miss Norton told me that if I have any spare time when I finish school, she will teach me how to do ceramics.

Miss Norton also gave me her step by step process for making silk-like flower arrangements. First you get a pair of silk stockings, second you bleach them, third you dip them into the colored stain you wish them to be. After all this is done, you apply a hardener to the stockings, so they can be outlined with a strip of wire. Then, Miss Norton said, "You make the flower's pistols from construction paper; they are also sprayed with a hardener and then attached inside the flower. The last thing you do is wrap the wire with green tape." The lovely flowers may be used for corsages or for flower arrangements.

Deneen Vontoure  
Tracey Hutcherson

Miss Norton also gave me her step-by-step process for making silk-like flower arrangements.



# The Secret of Great Tasting Soft Rolls

Mrs. Louvinia Williams, who for eighteen years has prepared meals for Lakeshore's students, recently demonstrated for **Bronze Reminiscence** her method for preparing soft rolls. Mrs. Williams, who makes the rolls from scratch, attended summer school three consecutive years to perfect this art. In summer school she was also taught to alter the recipe for small or large quantities. At our request, Mrs. Williams gave us the recipe and procedures she goes through to prepare 1,056 soft rolls, enough to feed all the students and teachers at Lakeshore two rolls a piece.

First, Mrs. Williams assembles all of the ingredients, equipment, and supplies needed for baking the rolls. Then she uses the following procedure:

For sponge she mixes together the following:

- 2 quarts of water
- 11 ounces of yeast
- 1 pound of flour
- 9 pounds, ¼ ounces of sugar

She puts this mixture aside to work and rise on its own. For the dough she mixes the following ingredients

- 28 pounds of flour
- 1 pound, 12 ounces of sugar
- 1 pound, 7 ounces of powdered milk
- 2 pounds, 5 ounces of shortening
- 1 gallon, 2 quarts of water

While the sponge is working and rising, Mrs. Williams prepares the dough. She adds the dry ingredients little by little. On the baker's scales, she puts seven pounds of flour and nine ounces of sugar. After weighing them, Mrs. Williams places these dry ingredients in the large mixing bowl. Next, she weighs seven pounds of flour and puts this in the mixing bowl. She then adds to the mixture seven pounds and nine ounces of sugar, seven pounds of flour, and one pound, seven ounces of powdered milk to complete the dry ingredients needed for the recipe. Mrs. Williams then adds one gallon and two quarts of water. Next, she mixes in two pounds and five ounces of shortening



and adds last the sponge.

With the doughhook connected, she then turns on the mixer and lets the ingredients mix until the sides of the bowl are cleaned. This usually takes ten minutes. With a rubber spatula she takes all the dough off the doughhook and places it in the bowl and then removes the doughhook. She leaves the dough in the bowl until doubled in volume. As the dough rises, Mrs. Williams places melted butter on the dough to prevent a crust from forming.







Tracey Hutcherson makes notes of Mrs. Williams' soft roll recipe.

After it has risen, Mrs. Williams rolls out the dough. Then with a biscuit cutter she cuts out the rolls. The cafeteria's biscuit cutter cuts out fourteen rolls at one time. On a cookie sheet, Mrs. Williams bakes the rolls at 400° F. for fifteen minutes. Now they are ready to be served and enjoyed.

Mrs. Williams has worked continuously as a cook for Lakeshore since the school opened in 1964. Her daughter, Emily Collier, also is a dedicated cook at Lakeshore and has worked with her mother for twenty years, along with Georgia Smith who has worked here for twenty-one

years. Together they prepare thousands of meals each year.

When we asked her to tell us about her life, Mrs. Williams said she was born in Mardes, Georgia. She moved to Palmetto, Georgia in 1933 where she still resides. In that community, she reared six out of seven children.

Mrs. Williams doesn't have any hobbies, she says, but she enjoys helping other people. She is extremely active in civic work in her community. She participates in civic clubs, serves on the Palmetto Medical Board, and on the advisory council of Social Mental Health in East Point. Mrs. Williams is active in her church where she is a mother of the church, Superintendent of the Sunday School, and a member of the Social Club. She is also treasurer of the Jolly Ten Social and Saving Club. She has held this position for about sixteen years.

As you can see, Mrs. Williams is creative, active, and intelligent. Imagine cooking for 1,000 people everyday and still finding time for all her interests. As we watched her work and heard her describe her active community life, we were impressed with her involvement in the lives of many people. Her influence for good is indeed profound.

Mrs. Williams also gave us the soft-roll recipe she uses for family baking. We want to share this recipe with our readers.

For the sponge, mix together the following:

4 ounces of flour  
5 ounces of sugar  
4 ounces of yeast  
1 quart of water

You mix all this together and allow it to sit. Next, you gather all your ingredients for your dough mixture.

7 pounds of flour  
5 $\frac{3}{4}$  ounces of dry milk  
2 $\frac{1}{4}$  ounces of salt  
4 $\frac{1}{4}$  ounces of sugar  
9 $\frac{1}{4}$  ounces of shortening

Mix all these dry ingredients together. Then add 1 quart of water. Add the sponge mixture to this. Take one or two cups of water to rinse out the bowl you used to make the sponge. Get out all the sponge left in the bowl. Mix well for ten minutes. Grease the top of the dough to prevent a crust from forming. Let this remain in the bowl until it doubles in volume. Roll dough out to desired thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter and fold over. Allow rolls to rise again until doubled in size. Bake at 400° F until lightly browned.

Tracey Hutcherson



# The Art of Designing Handkerchiefs

Recently, **Bronze Reminiscence** interviewed Mrs. Lillian Canion who told us about her life and showed us, among other things, her interesting process for making handkerchiefs. We began our conversation by going back to her early years.

Lillian Canion was born in Hurston County, on November 9, 1917. She grew up there with her close-knit family. During these early years, Lillian had many chores; but, of them all, she enjoyed most sewing for the family. She has been sewing since she was a teenager. By choice, Lillian made clothes for herself and her friends.

Lillian left home at age seventeen. She married at this age and started her family. At this time Mrs. Canion began making and selling clothes for a living. This helped the family financially. Also, she sewed for herself and her family. She made pajamas, skirts, dresses, pants, and many other garments.

Besides sewing, Mrs. Canion also enjoys baking. She told me, "Baby, I

love to sew and bake, because that keeps me going. Besides my children and grandchildren they also keep me busy, and that's why I love them so much." Mrs. Canion told me she has seven children and sixteen grandchildren, for whom she sews also.

Recently, on a visit to Mrs. Canion, she showed me many things that she had made — dresses, skirts, handkerchiefs and many other examples of her talent. I asked her to tell me more about her hobbies. "Well, honey, I love making handkerchiefs and baking." I asked her how long she had been making handkerchiefs. "Almost twenty-five years now and I still make 'em." She consented to show me how she makes a handkerchief.

When I observed the process I found out that you can make handkerchiefs on the sewing machine or by hand. I asked Mrs. Canion which method she prefers. She said, "On my sewing machine. I find it very easy for me." Mrs. Canion went on to show



**Mrs. Canion, grandmother of Velina Smith**

me her designer handkerchiefs. I asked her what materials you need. She said, "First you need the following items for four handkerchiefs.

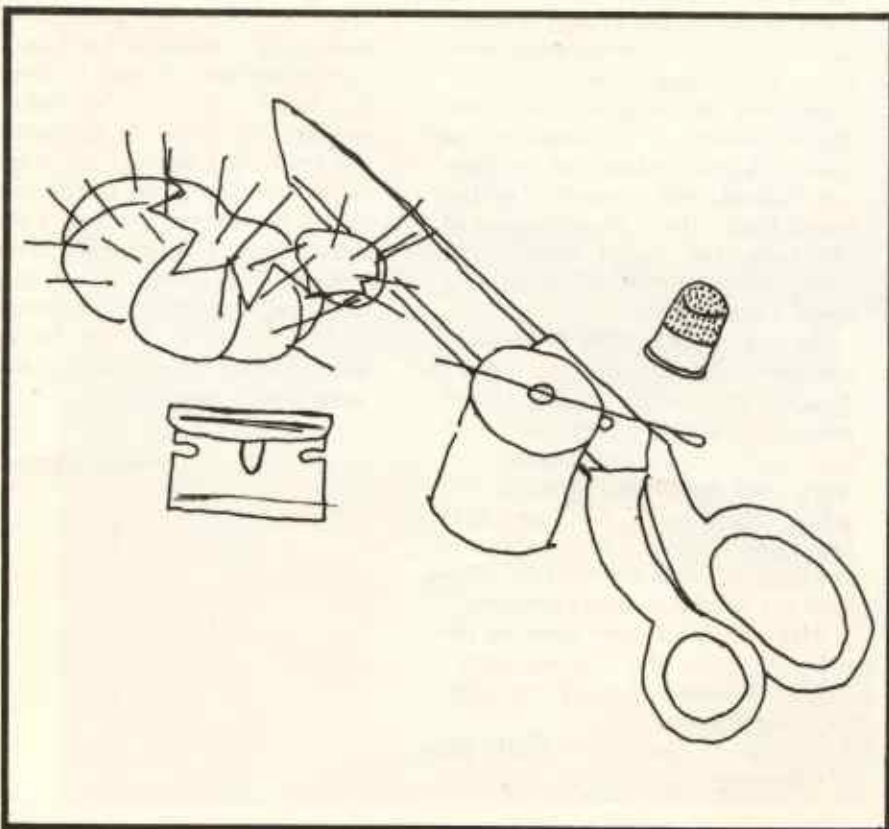
- 1 yard of material,
- 2 yards of lace

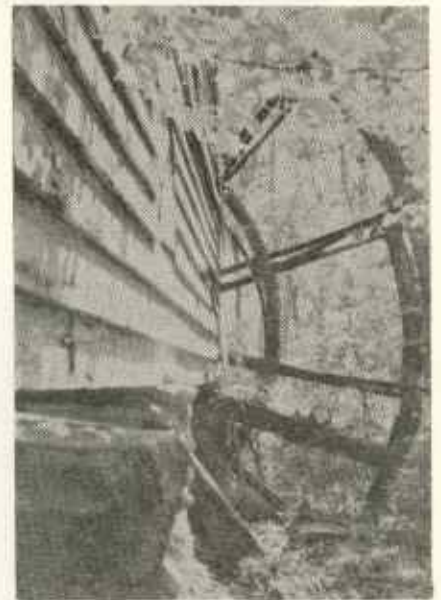
thread  
pins  
tape."

Mrs. Canion continued, "You can embroider on the handkerchiefs if you like." She assembled her material and told me to get the sewing machine ready. As she was preparing the materials, I asked her to go step-by-step to show me her method. She said, "Come on up close, Baby, to get all this. Now the steps goes just like this in this order. First thing you do is:

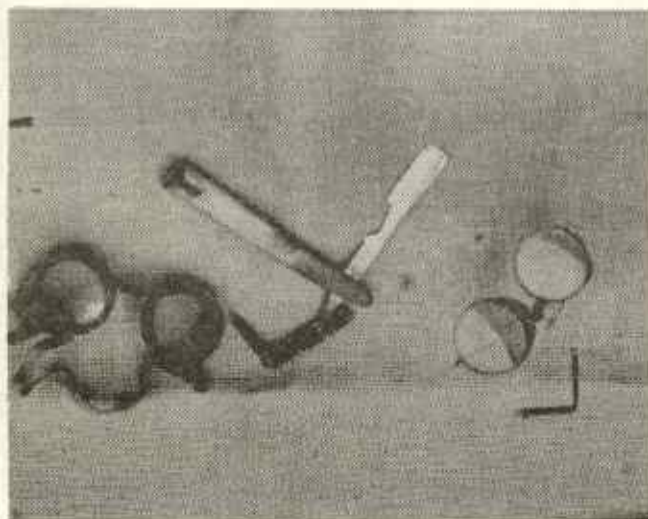
1. You measure up a square 14 inches in length and in width. Cut it out when through measuring.
2. Measure lace same as above.
3. Pin lace to material.
4. Zig-zag or sew a straight line whichever you prefer.
5. Sew all around the handkerchief, and you are finished."

Velina Smith



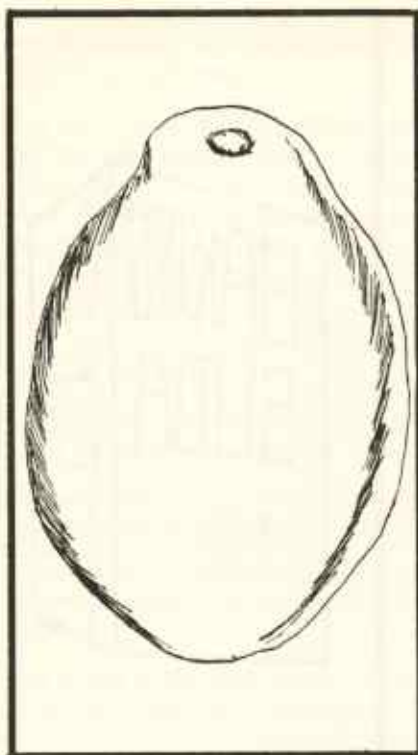


This watermill is 150 years old and used for making flour, says Mrs. Willingham.





## Country Cures



For a headache, tie a spoonful of salt around your head.

For nose-bleed, fold a piece of brown paper and stuff into the mouth for about five minutes.

For measles, drink hot ginger tea.

For worms, take turpentine and sugar.

To help a baby who is teething, put an egg into a sock and hang it over the door.

For a bloody nose, tie a string around the longest finger and put some salt on the wounded person's head.

For colds, drink rabbit tobacco tea and take castor oil.

For diarrhea, place peachtree leaves in a glass of water. Let the mixture sit awhile and then drink.

For a fever blister, put earwax on the sore and it will be cured very soon.

To relieve sore eyes, make a warm water and salt solution. Put with a cotton ball on infected eyes.

To cure a headache, put a tablespoon of salt in a pouch and tie it around your heels.

Antroots, found in the country and made into tea, provide a sure cure for arthritis.

For a sore throat, drink a mixture of castor oil and vinegar.

A mixture of honey, lemon and rum is good for colds.

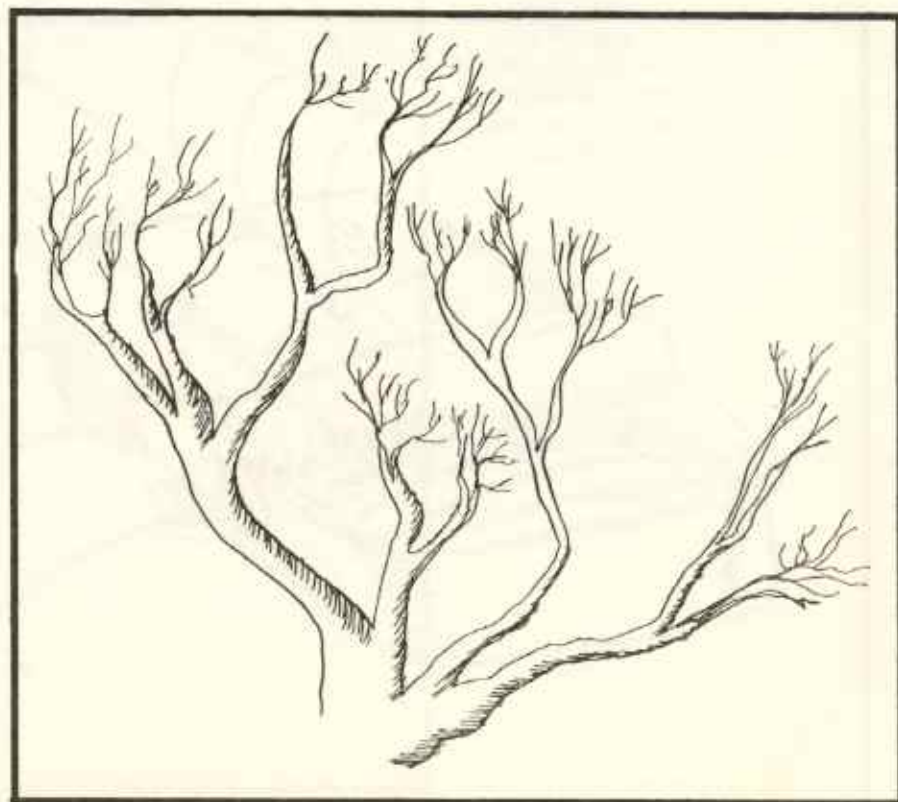
For chest infections, take castor oil, cover the chest with a mustard plaster and put on heavy clothes and get into bed to sweat it out.

For colds, mix together Vicks salve, honey, and quinine. Heat until very hot. Then put the mixture on your chest, cover it with a hot towel, and go to bed.

For colds, years ago, people used to use a mixture called a hot toddy. To prepare this remedy mix whiskey, warm water, and a little sugar. Drink the toddy and go to bed.

Here is another recipe for making a toddy: first grind barley at a mill. Then take the grain and put it into a big barrel. Add moss and let the mixture sour for about four weeks. It should be ready then to run off and use for colds.

For people with seizures, rub the neck down to the spine with turpentine.



For measles, rub the patient's back with alcohol.

Another remedy for high blood pressure is to drink a mixture of water and a tablespoon of vinegar.

For leg cramps, put a moist towel around the legs. Then wrap plastic around the moist towels. Then wrap the heating pad in a dry cloth and place on top of the legs.

For burns, mix corn syrup and baking soda together. Then place mixture on the burn and it should heal.

For worms, take turpentine and sugar.

For fever, chew black-snake-root.

For burns, tear off the stem or any part of the aloe vera plant. Rub any part of the plant on the burn and it should heal.

For measles, rub calamine lotion over the patient's body.

Use alcohol for irritated skin. Just rub the alcohol on the skin.

For mumps, rub sardine oil on the throat.

For cuts, place clean dirt on the wound.

For an upset stomach, swallow a pinch of baking soda.

For liver disorders, mix one lemon and juice together in a gallon of water. Then drink the mixture.

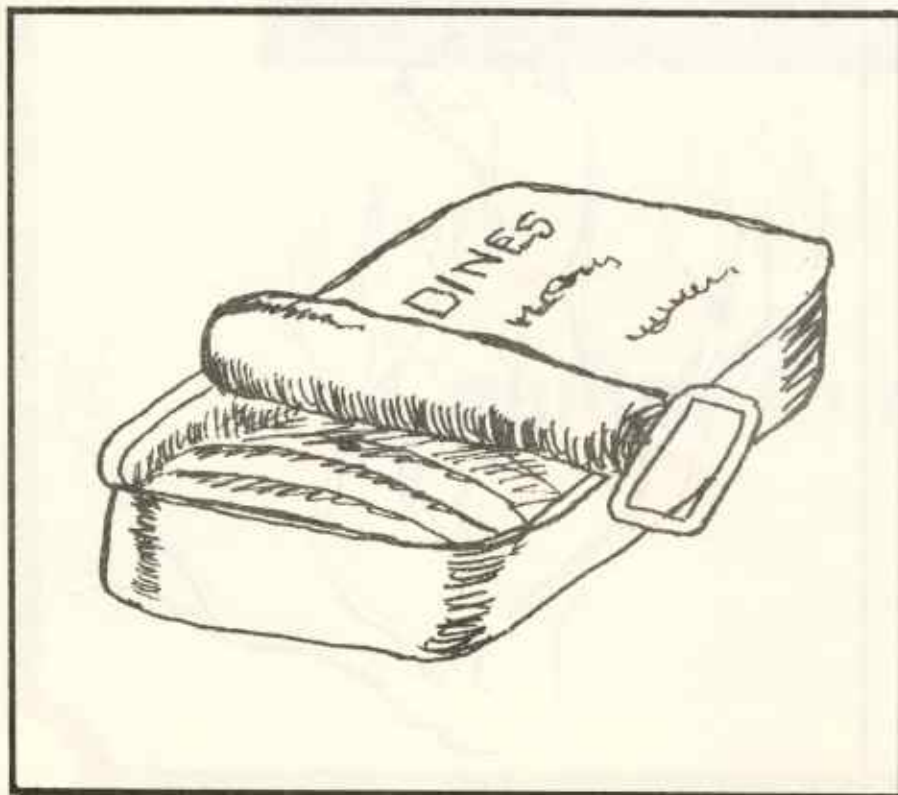
For skin problems, place yellow-root in a glass of water and drink.

To clean your body, swallow a pinch of sulfur. Remember to take this remedy on a sunny day, because you should not get wet after taking this mixture.

For a stomach ache, take a half teaspoon of salt.

For scars, rub cocoa butter on the scar. After a couple of days the scar will disappear.

For high blood pressure, sprinkle garlic on your food.



For a deep cut, put cat-guts and spider webs into the wound; then sew it up. It should heal.

For teething, string some white beads around the baby's neck — rather close but not too tight. This remedy stops the drooling while causing the tooth to push up through the gum.

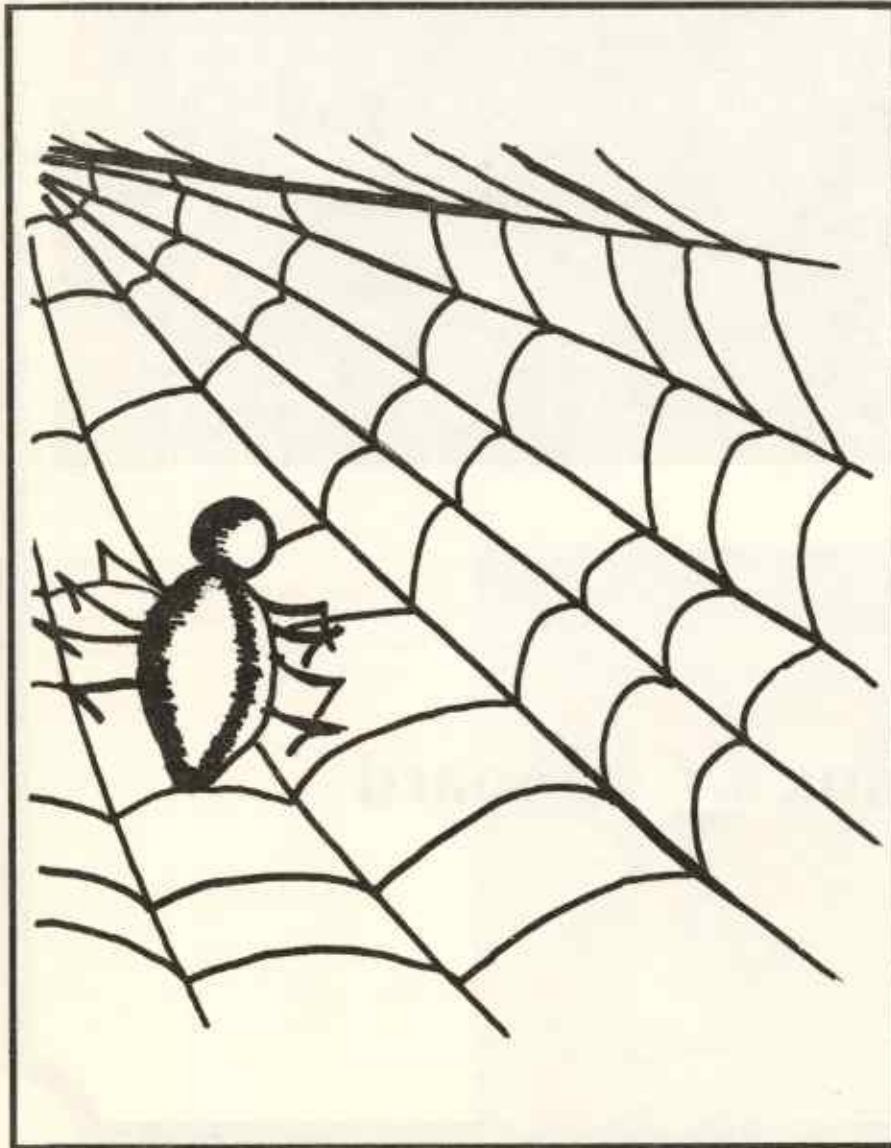
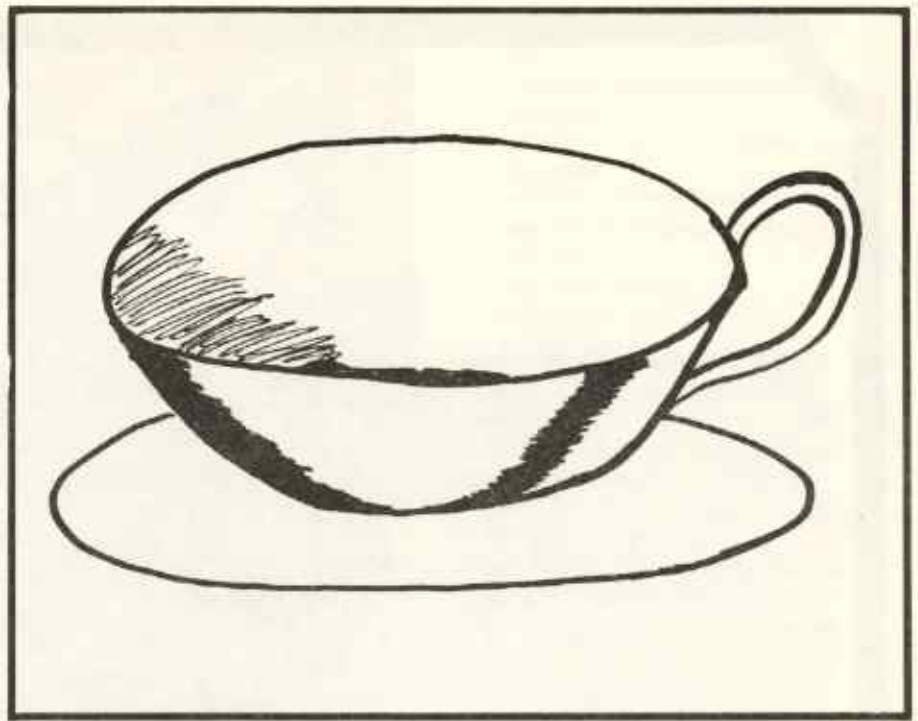
To start a baby walking, rub his knees with a cricket for three mornings, and the baby should begin to walk immediately.

If you have a sore, put some fatback meat on the place and it will heal.

For a cough, put cow bile in a rag, boil in water and drink.

For measles, drink sassafras tea. The rash will appear, and the patient will improve.

For a pain in the neck, drink yellow-root tea or chew raw yellow-root.



Contributions:

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## **Mama's Cupboard**



## SANDIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons water
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

**METHOD:** Blend ingredients together. Let mixture chill for four hours and then shape into balls or fingers. Place them on ungreased cookie sheet and set the oven at 325° for about 20 minutes. Roll in confectioner's sugar.

## LEMON BUTTERMILK POUND CAKE

For best results set out

- 1/2 stick of butter or margarine
  - 4 eggs and 2 cups milk
- one hour early so that they will be at room temperature and softened to mix thoroughly when creamed.

First you grease and flour your pan; about halfway through mixing the cake, turn oven to 350°. Also sift 3½ cups of all-purpose flour onto wax paper to be used later.

Now cream

- 1 cup shortening
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2½ cups sugar

Then add 4 eggs one at a time; mix thoroughly.

Now add

- ½ teaspoon salt
  - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- and spoon in the 3½ cups of sifted flour. Pour in a little of the 1 cup of buttermilk; mix thoroughly.

Now begin to boil water.

- use 1 tablespoon of water and ½ teaspoon baking soda.
- Mix; then add to cake mixture. Put in pan and bake for 1 hour, 15 minutes at 350°.



## JIFFY YAM AND SAUSAGE SKILLET

- 1 8 oz. package brown-and-serve sausage links
- 1 3 oz. package orange gelatin
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1-pound 4 ounce can yams, drained
- 1 1-pound 4½ ounce can pineapple chunks, drained

**METHOD:** Brown sausage according to package directions in large skillet; remove sausage. Place gelatin, ½ cup water, brown sugar, mustard, grated peel, lemon juice, salt and pepper in same skillet; bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add yams and pineapple; simmer for 15 minutes, basting frequently with sauce. Add sausage; cook for 5 minutes, basting frequently. Sprinkle with parsley.



## NINE-DAY COLE SLAW

- 1 (3 pound) head of cabbage, thinly shredded
- 1 medium green pepper, finely chopped
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 1 tablespoon celery seed
- 1 tablespoon salt

**METHOD:** Stir together the cabbage, onion, green pepper and the one cup sugar. Bring to a boil the salad oil, vinegar, celery seed, salt and the two tablespoons sugar; immediately pour this hot mixture over the cabbage mixture. Chill overnight before serving. Keep stored in the refrigerator. Makes about 2½ quarts.



## CHEESE MEATLOAF

- 2 slices bread
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/2 onion
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 pound ground beef
- 1/2 cup cut-up cheese
- 1 teaspoon salt

**METHOD:** Soak bread in milk. Chop onion. Beat eggs. Mix all ingredients well. Shape into a loaf in a baking pan. Bake at 375° for 1 hour.

## DOUGHNUT PUFFS

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1-1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine melted

**METHOD:** In medium bowl, combine eggs, vanilla and 1/2 cup sugar; beat well, then stir in milk. Combine flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir into egg mixture. Mix very well; add melted butter. Fry a few at a time, until browned, for two or three minutes. Drain on paper towel.

## FRUIT ON A RAFT

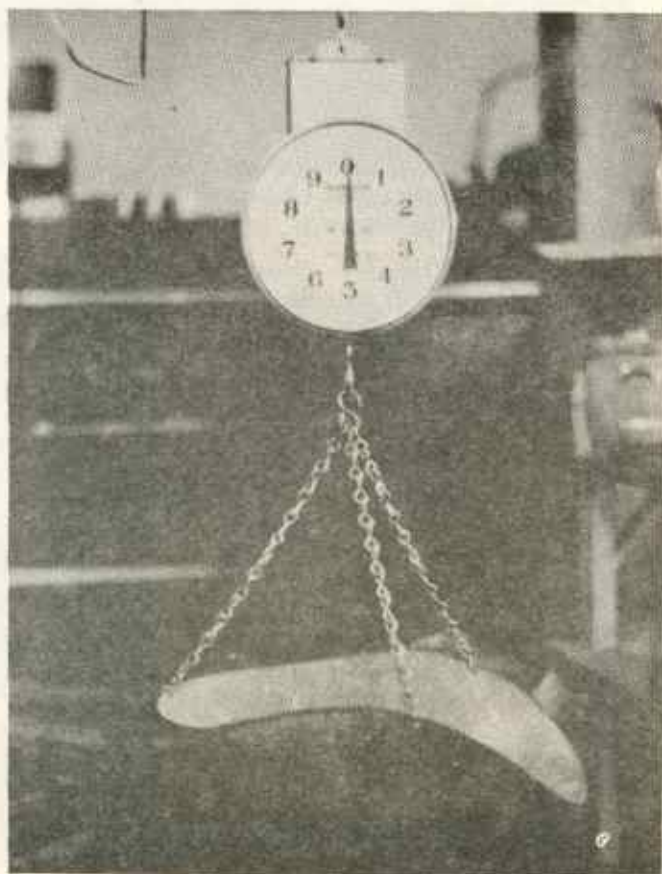
- 1 head lettuce
- 1 (8 ounce) package cream cheese
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons lime juice
- 40 melon balls

**METHOD:** Cut lettuce head crosswise into four rafts. Cover with plastic wrap and chill. Beat cream cheese, sugar, and lime juice together. Top with melon balls. Spread lettuce wedges with cream mixture. Chill and serve.

## VIRGINIA SPOON BREAD

- 3/4 cup cornmeal
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

**METHOD:** Mix all dry ingredients except baking powder. Pour hot water over mixture and stir in butter. Then add eggs, milk, and baking powder. Pour into well-greased baking dish. Bake at 375° for 45 minutes until well set and brown. Serve hot from baking dish.



## CHICKEN (BARBECUED)

### Sauce:

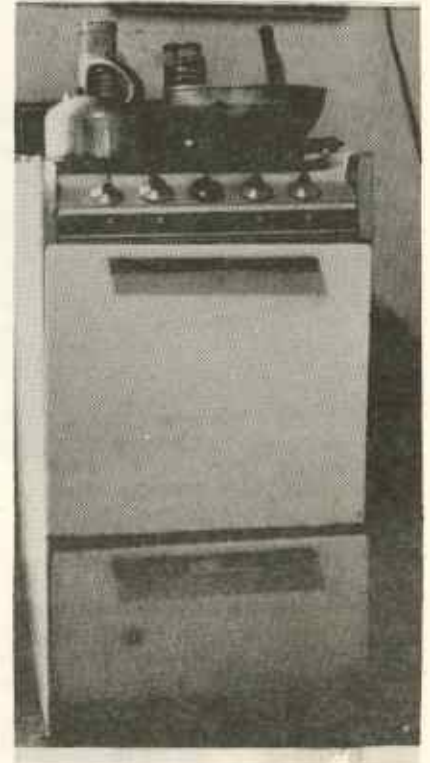
- 1/4 cup each of cooking oil  
vinegar  
tomato catsup
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- 1 tablespoon minced bell pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- Salt and pepper to taste

**METHOD:** Cut chicken in half, quarters, or as for frying in baking pan, skin side up. Sprinkle with flour and dot with butter. Add enough water to barely cover bottom of pan. Bake at 350° for 1/2 hour. Take from oven and pour sauce over chicken. Return to oven for 30 minutes more until brown.

## CHICKEN LOAF

- 1 chicken, about 4 pounds in weight
- 1 cup stock
- 2 tablespoons green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- Salt and pepper to taste

**METHOD:** Cook chicken until tender. Put through coarse meat grinder. Add other ingredients. Bake 30 to 40 minutes at 350° in loaf pan set in pan of hot water. Serve with cream sauce made from half stock and half cream. Add mushrooms and hard boiled eggs (chopped) if desired.



## PECAN PIE

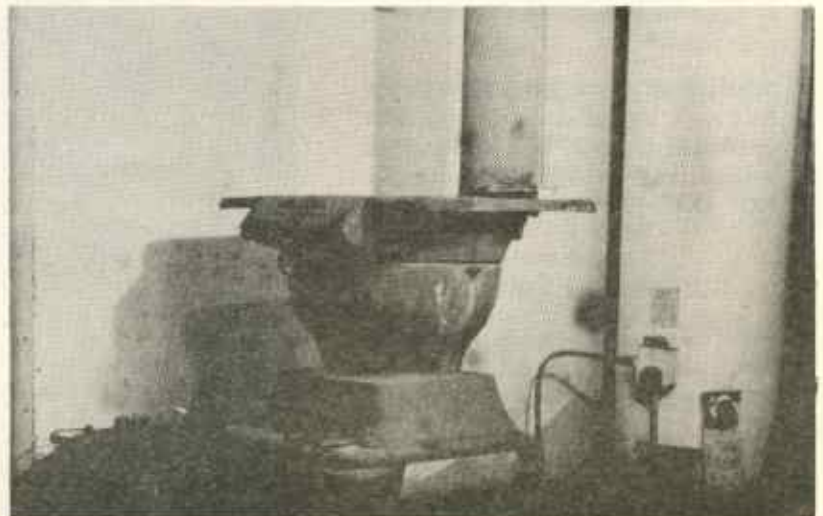
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- Dash of salt

**METHOD:** Mix well and pour into 9 inch unbaked pie shell. Bake at 350° until set, about 1 hour.

## BAKED GRITS

- 2 cups cooked grits
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 stick butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup grated cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste

**METHOD:** Mash grits, add eggs, milk, seasoning, half of cheese and melted butter. Mix well. Pour into greased baking dish. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes until firm. Top with remaining cheese; sprinkle with paprika and return to oven until cheese bubbles. **SERVE HOT.**



## BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1 cup blueberries  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
2 cups flour  
1 cup milk  
3 teaspoons baking soda  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 eggs

**METHOD:** Cream shortening, sugar, and eggs. Sift dry ingredients. Add to above mixture alternately with milk. When smooth, add berries which have been washed, drained and sprinkled with a little flour. Fill well-greased muffin tins 1/2 full. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes.



Amanda Cannon in her home

## STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

3 eggs (separated)  
1 envelope plain gelatin  
1/2 cup crushed strawberries  
1/2 cup strawberry juice  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 baked (or crumb) pie shell

**METHOD:** Cook together, until thick, egg yolks, sugar and strawberry juice. Soak gelatin in cold water and add to hot mixture. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and crushed berries. Pour into pie shell. Chill. Serve with whipped cream. Makes one pie.



## CORNMEAL MUFFINS

1 cup cornmeal  
2 tablespoons sugar  
3/4 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 cups buttermilk  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
2 eggs  
1/4 cup melted shortening or bacon drippings

**METHOD:** Mix dry ingredients. Add milk, eggs and shortening. Beat only until smooth. Fill well-greased muffin tins 3/4 full. Bake in hot oven, 425° 15 to 18 minutes.

## HONEY DEW DRESSING

**METHOD:** Equal parts of mayonnaise and honey whipped together makes a delicious dressing for fruit salads.





### BRUNSWICK STEW

- 1 hog's head
- 1 hen
- 3 cans whole tomatoes
- 2 cans creamed corn
- 12 ounces ketchup
- 2 individual stocks of red pepper
- Black pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 5 medium onions, chopped

**METHOD:** Cook the hen and remove meat from the bones. Cook the hog's head and remove the meat from the bones. Grind all ingredients except the corn. Then add the corn. Let the mixture cook at a slow simmer about an hour. For canning, seal the hot mixture in jars. To freeze, wait until cool and put mixture into freezer containers.

### SOUTHERN LEMON CHESS PIE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 pound butter or margarine
- 6 eggs well beaten
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- Grated rind of half lemon
- 1 heaping teaspoon cornmeal

**METHOD:** Cream the sugar and butter. Add the beaten eggs, the lemon juice and rind, and the cornmeal. Pour into a 9 inch pie tin lined with unbaked pastry and bake at 400° for 15 minutes. Reduce the heat to 375° and continue baking for about 30 minutes longer or until lightly browned.



### BROWN DERBY BLACK BOTTOM PIE

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 4 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 egg yolk
- Dash of salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 small can cream (chilled)
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell or graham cracker shell

**METHOD:** Mix gelatin, sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Combine egg yolk and milk and add to gelatin mixture. Add 3 squares chocolate. Cook over boiling water, stirring often, until chocolate is melted. Remove from heat and beat until smooth. Chill until thickened. Beat canned cream until stiff. Fold cream into chocolate mixture and add vanilla. Place in pie shell and chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream and shaved chocolate curls.

### HILLBILLY CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice

**METHOD:** Boil together the above ingredients for one minute. Let cool and add:

- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda

Bake for 30 minutes at 350°. Take from oven and top with mixture of: 1/2 stick of butter, 2/3 cup brown sugar, 3tablespoons cream and 1 cup grated coconut. Return to oven for 10 minutes or until brown. Cut into squares and serve with whipped cream or ice cream garnish.

### CONTRIBUTORS OF RECIPES

- Denise Avery
- Deborah Barnes
- Amanda Cannon
- Pam Chappell
- Nita Gates
- Debbie Haubrich
- Naomi Hopkins
- Kim Johnson
- Deirdre Logan
- Tracey McClarin
- Teresa Reese
- Sabrina Stallworth



## Portrait Gallery

# Friend of the Kosovos

By the author of "The Road to the Sea" and "The Road to the Mountains"

The story of the Kosovos is a story of a people who have been the victims of a long and cruel persecution. For centuries they have been the slaves of the Turks, and their lives have been a constant struggle for survival. In the early days of the 20th century, when the Balkan states were still in the process of formation, the Kosovos were the only people in the Balkans who were not citizens of any of the new states. They were a stateless people, and their only hope was in the hands of the great powers. But the great powers were too busy with their own interests to care for the fate of the Kosovos. They were left to their fate, and their persecution continued. In 1912, when the Balkan states were at their height of power, the Kosovos were still the slaves of the Turks. They were the only people in the Balkans who were not citizens of any of the new states. They were a stateless people, and their only hope was in the hands of the great powers. But the great powers were too busy with their own interests to care for the fate of the Kosovos. They were left to their fate, and their persecution continued. In 1912, when the Balkan states were at their height of power, the Kosovos were still the slaves of the Turks. They were the only people in the Balkans who were not citizens of any of the new states. They were a stateless people, and their only hope was in the hands of the great powers. But the great powers were too busy with their own interests to care for the fate of the Kosovos. They were left to their fate, and their persecution continued.



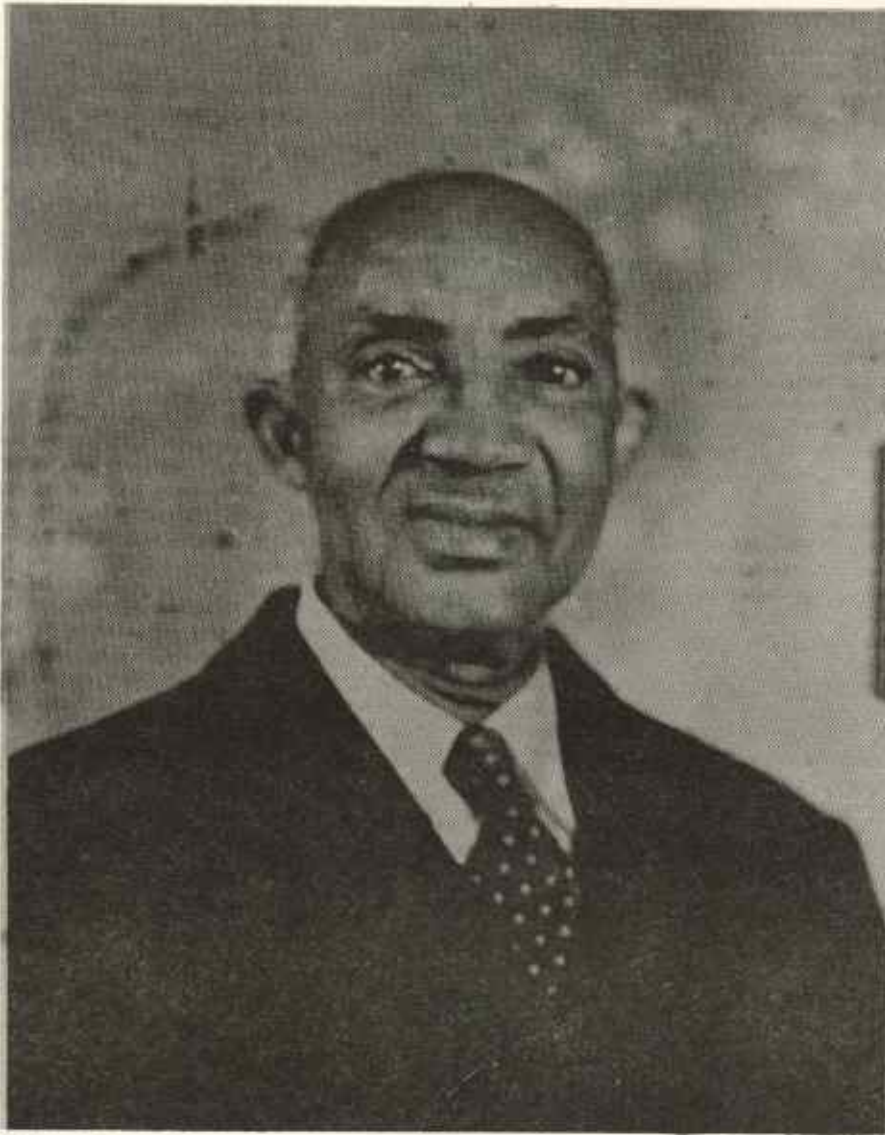
The story of the Kosovos is a story of a people who have been the victims of a long and cruel persecution. For centuries they have been the slaves of the Turks, and their lives have been a constant struggle for survival. In the early days of the 20th century, when the Balkan states were still in the process of formation, the Kosovos were the only people in the Balkans who were not citizens of any of the new states. They were a stateless people, and their only hope was in the hands of the great powers. But the great powers were too busy with their own interests to care for the fate of the Kosovos. They were left to their fate, and their persecution continued. In 1912, when the Balkan states were at their height of power, the Kosovos were still the slaves of the Turks. They were the only people in the Balkans who were not citizens of any of the new states. They were a stateless people, and their only hope was in the hands of the great powers. But the great powers were too busy with their own interests to care for the fate of the Kosovos. They were left to their fate, and their persecution continued.

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## A Friend of the Roosevelts

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**Thomas Logan was a trusted servant and devoted friend.**

This personality sketch of my great-grandfather, Thomas David Logan, will give a vivid picture as well as better insight into the life that my 101 year old great-grandfather led during his younger years. Although the story is about him — because of his remarkable age — I was unable to obtain the material directly from him. Instead, my grandfather, Benjamin Logan, provided me with background information which deals primarily with the years that Thomas Logan worked at the Warm Springs Hotel and later for President Franklin Delano Roose-

velt at the Georgia National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Thomas Logan, a native of Asheville, North Carolina, was born in 1880. He spent his childhood years in Asheville, sharing many enjoyable experiences with his two brothers. At the age of twenty, my great-grandfather moved to Greenville, South Carolina to work as a hotel waiter. While in Greenville, he married Frances Elizabeth Williams.

His work caused him and his wife to reside in states throughout the southeast such as Florida, Tennessee, and Georgia. Great-grandfather moved from Atlanta to Warm Springs, Georgia to work as head-waiter in the Warm Springs Hotel. While working there, he had the pleasure of meeting President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who made regular use of the hotel's whirlpool. During this same period of time, the Roosevelt Administration established the Georgia National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, primarily for the needs of young children; however, the President also received therapy treatments there.

By request of the President, my great-grandfather was transferred to the Infantile Paralysis Hospital, where he held the same position as maitre d'restaurant. In addition, he was appointed as President Roosevelt's private waiter. His primary duty was to make sure that the Presi-



**The president enjoys dinner with his family.**



dent's meals were served on time and met his satisfaction. During the time period that my great-grandfather worked in Warm Springs, his wife and children remained in Atlanta, due to the fact that he was only given a one-room living quarter. He held his position until the death of Roosevelt in 1945. The effect of the sudden death was felt by many and was especially shocking to my great-grandfather who had served the President every day for several years. Great-grandfather retired the following year and returned to his family in Atlanta. All of his children were out on their own; therefore, he and his wife moved into a two-room apartment. They lived together for three years. Then his wife became ill and had to be placed in a nursing home. My great-grandmother died in 1950, an occurrence which gave her husband another setback. However, he remained in the apartment and maintained it, as well as taking care of himself. Unfortunately, a critical fall caused him to be placed in a nursing home in 1978. He now resides in Pineview Convalescent Center in Atlanta.

My great-grandfather celebrated his one-hundredth birthday on September 26, 1980. He was showered with honorary plaques and certificates by President Jimmy Carter, Mayor Maynard Jackson, and the communicants of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Thomas Logan will celebrate his 102nd birthday on September 26 of this year.

Deirdre Logan



Thomas Logan receives congratulations from Basil O'Connor

Ira Hall, now aged seventy-six, was reared on the Cherokee Indian Reservation in Pine Bluff, Oklahoma. His mother was a full-blooded Indian and his father was white. In his early childhood, Ira lived with his mother and grandparents until his mother died. Shortly thereafter, his grandparents died also. He was then adopted by a black family.

As a child Ira's adoptive parents treated him well as they loved him very much. He can remember that the most enjoyable time with his parents was at Christmas. For the most part his early childhood was enjoyable. As a teenager he was not allowed to date. Usually, when he went out with friends, it was going to places such as to church, hunting, or playing fireball.

When Mr. Hall first went out on his own, it was very hard for him. At times he had to go without food for four or five days. Sometimes all he had were orange peels. He was forty-three years old before he got married.

He worked in many different odd jobs. Many times he almost gave up hope because things were so difficult. But he was a very determined man and his independence was something he cherished, so he would not give up.

To him his most valuable possession is his wife. She is very loving and understanding. If he had his life to live over, Mr. Hall is sure he wouldn't change a thing.

He has one piece of advice for young people. "Be honest with yourself, be truthful and respectful, and do unto others as they would want to

have done to them."

Dwanna Brown  
Tony Phillips

In the year 1942 in Atlanta, Georgia, a bouncing baby boy was added to the Thomas family. This bouncing baby, soon to become known as William, was only one of four Thomas children. In 1959, at the age of seventeen, William left the only house known to him since childhood. In 1960, only one year later, he entered into a marriage which lasted over twenty years. The following personality sketch will reveal family memories William Thomas shared with the **Bronze Reminiscence** staff.

The advice given to William by his parents brings to mind a central focus of their family. "Go through life the right way and find a good job," were rules given to William by his parents who were very religious people. With his father working as a fieldhand and his mother as a housewife, and with the help of the W.P.A., the Thomases survived the depression. Because of the closeness of the family, William also recalled that the death of his mother was his saddest memory.

As a child William did not like to play games nor did he have any hobbies. William said, "I didn't like to play practical jokes on people because I didn't like people to play jokes on me," thus showing that even at a young age William had a strong sense of fair play. In his leisure time he liked to be around his mother or to play with his pet crow "Blackie."

Ultimately, William had the pleasure of watching his own son with his first pet. He remembers the birth of his son as the happiest moment in his life. With this event came the partial fulfillment of his goal to be successful. William states, "If I had my life to live over again I would change many things." His advice to young people is to listen to their parents and to be obedient.

Angela Malone

Raymond Byrd was born September 17, 1909 in Troup County, Georgia. There were eight children in his family, each having been delivered by a mid-wife.

Mr. Byrd says that, during that time, schooling was very limited for Black children in his area, because they all had to help bring in the crops. School was held only six weeks in the summer and ten weeks in the winter. The school building which he attended was very old and rundown, and he recalls the floor's having very large cracks. He says there were one hundred and five students and only one teacher, yet the teacher had no trouble maintaining order. Mr. Byrd says, "I had to walk two miles to school, and if I was the first to get there I had to bring in all the wood to make the fire, so naturally I walked as slow as possible."

As a child, Mr. Byrd remembers having to do many chores such as milking the cows, toting wood, feeding the hogs, shucking corn for chickens, and picking up cow-chips. He recalls his least favorite chore as getting up early, before everyone else, and making the fire in the house.

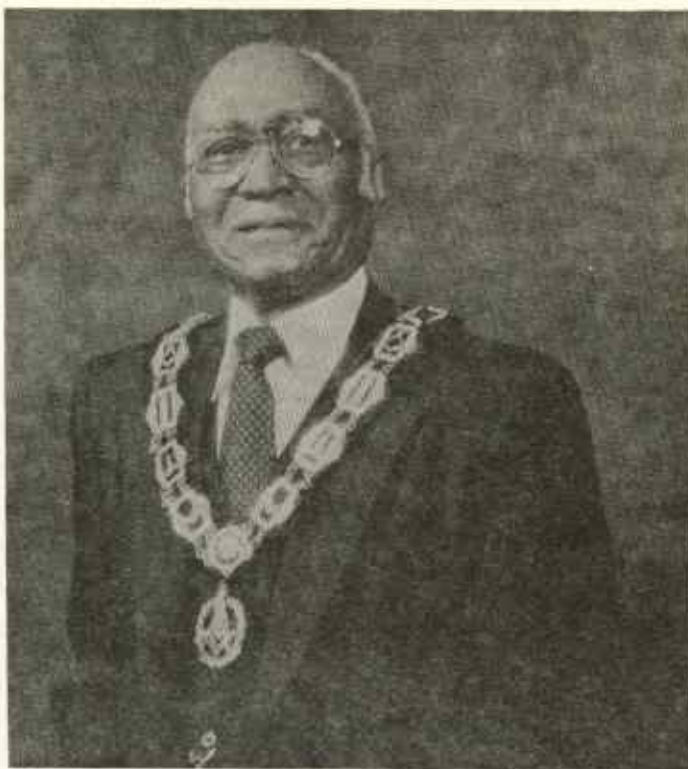
Mr. Byrd says he didn't go on many dates in his youth, just went once a month to visit his future wife. His family was lucky enough to have a 1921 Model-T Ford, so he did not have to walk. He does remember his older brothers having to date by way of mule and buggy.

Mr. Byrd married at the age of twenty-two, and he and his wife have now been married for fifty-one years. They had ten children during these years, each one being brought up in a loving and caring home. Mr. Byrd is the grandfather of Kevin Pope, president of the senior class at Lakeshore.

During World War II, Raymond Byrd had to register for the draft. At the time he had six children who depended on him. The entire family feared his possibly being drafted and having to go to war. He says, "I was very close to being drafted, but at the last minute I was deferred because of my large family."

Raymond Byrd, a very intelligent and wise man, is still interested in the world around him. He has his wife, friends, and family to comfort him in time of need and to share in his joys.

Kevin Pope  
Lynnita Terrell



Mr. Raymond Byrd is a man full of pride.

My grandfather, Charles Noble, was born in 1923, in East St. Louis, Illinois. Treated well by his parents, he lived at home with them and his two sisters and brother until he was nineteen.

As a boy Charles went through the eighth grade in a large public school. After school, he enjoyed games such as marbles, hide-'n'-seek, baseball, and a lot of games he and his friends made up. He especially enjoyed going to the movies on Saturdays for five cents, and seeing his western heroes, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. Before he could go, Charles had to do his chores, such as buying gas for his mother's gasoline washing-machine. Whenever he and his friends were bored, they could always do something mischievous, like turning over someone's outhouse.

Little did he know that when he met Ruby Worthen when he was thirteen, that she would be his wife seven years later. They went on to have three boys and two girls. The Nobles have been married for 39 years.

At the age of nineteen, so he wouldn't be drafted into the army, Charles decided to join the Navy. In World War II, he was in the invasion of North Africa and also the invasion of Sicily. Surprisingly, during his time in service, the only dead person my grandfather saw was a man who had drowned.

After the war, Charles and some friends had a small band. They played in theaters, with Charles as the guitarist, and sang — for little money — popular songs of that era. One of these songs was the "Jingaboo Man."

One night as I was comin' 'cross  
the meadow  
I was just about a mile from home.  
'Twas then I heard a rustlin' in the  
bushes;  
And then I heard a low, low moan.  
I started for my mother a 'runnin'  
And when I reached the door  
To my mammy I did roar,  
"Ma, I saw that great big  
Jingaboo."  
He had great big slimy eyes  
And a great mouth that size.  
He walked like this and like that,  
And he ate up children, both lean  
and fat,  
So run, run, run, as fast as you can,  
And hide yourself away from the  
Jingaboo man.

The advice given to Charles by his parents included warnings such as, "don't drink, smoke, or chew or go with girls that do." My grandfather said if he could live his life over, he would be a better Christian. I feel he has a prosperous and happy life, and that if he had lived his life differently, I wouldn't be here today.

Mark Loudermilk

On June twenty-seventh, 1904 in the foothills of the great Smokie Mountains of North Carolina, my grandfather, Wade Gibson, was born. His father was of Portugese descent and his mother was a Welch-Indian. There were five children in his family. He, being the fourth child, had to take much teasing from the older children. Despite the fact that his mother died when he was four, Wade Gibson had two wonderful step-mothers who were good to him.

For a man with very little education, my grandfather attained a high status in his community. He went to school only two days a week and had to work the fields on the other three. He walked to school six miles each way. The schoolhouse was a white shack with the American flag above the door. After school, Wade's chores were to plow corn, feed the hogs, and put the horses in the barn when it would rain.

Wade says, "In my day and time, children learned to be children by playing ring-around-the-roses and tag. We didn't have time to watch television or go skating or go to the movies. That was grown folks' entertainment." He enjoyed playing with his dog "Rattler" and his king snake "Mike." Wade also fished and hunted bears for recreation. Unlike our swinging "pop" today, Wade grew up on what he calls, "Good ole' country music," and on folk songs.

At age eighteen, he felt it was time to venture out and become independent. He left home in search of lumber work. His father had been a medicine-man and also doctored animals. Wade's mother worked on the farm, but he chose lumber-yard work. It was then when he met his best-friend and lifelong companion, June Gibson (no relation although he had the same last name), who was

his cousin and became his best male friend. He and June were "runnin'" buddies for fifty-two years until June's death in 1980.

In Wade's youth dating was done differently from today. Instead of going out to a public place, couples stayed around the countryside. They went on long walks up a country road or spent time "sitting" which was the term used for sitting on a hillside, throwing rocks into a pond. "Men were more romantic in the old days," said Wade. Men brought women flowers and candy on every date. . . and that's not old fashioned; it's just common courtesy."

At age twenty-one, Wade met Sarah Pearle Gray, his wife-to-be, whom he married in 1927. Although this was near the depression, he and his family survived very well. They farmed and worked in the mill. The Gibsons had five children: Walter, Ralph, Judith Ann, Raymond and Alpha-Omega. "Bringing the children up wasn't that much of a ball-game," he recalled. This was during segregation times and there were many unhappy and embarrassing encounters that he and his family faced. One sad experience he had was on a Sunday outing when his family stopped at a drive-in restaurant for hamburgers and cokes. The owner he had known all of his life, and worked with, and traded horses with told him he would rather he and his family not stop at his place, "As it may ruin my business."

Wade had his ups and downs which are to be expected, but one very good experience he had makes up for all of the bad ones. His happiest experience was when he became the first black man to run for a public office — that of county commissioner in Haywood County — since the days of Reconstruction.

Although Wade didn't win, his courage, his devotion, and his gumption were enough to make him a real winner!

Wade's advice to young people today is to get all the schooling you can and to vote a Democratic ticket. When he thinks back over his life, Wade really is happy about it. He is now a proud landowner, although coming up poor. He has done well and has earned respect from everyone and has a beautiful, successful family, and he is at peace with God and his fellow man.

Erica Bryant,  
granddaughter of  
Wade Gibson

Marcia Hamilton grew up on the island of Jamaica. There were fifteen children in her family — seven boys and eight girls. All of the children were delivered by mothers of the village.

Marcia — like every child in the village — played games and always wanted to learn new things. She told us that the school she and the other village children attended resembled a shack. Marcia added, "It really wasn't a regular school because the students didn't have to go if they didn't want to."

In addition to going to school, Marcia had several chores when she was young, such as washing clothes and helping her mother cook.

In her free time, Marcia enjoyed listening to African-type music. All the people in the village contributed to the music-making by clapping their hands or stomping their feet. This activity was an important social event of the village.

Marcia left home at the age of fifteen; and seven years later, she married. That was the first time Marcia married; but in all, she had five husbands. Finally, Marcia was happily married for twenty-nine years before the death of her last husband whom she loved very much. If she had a chance to change anything about her life, Marcia said she would not marry at such an early age.

Marcia's granddaughter, Sophia Hamilton, is a student at Lakeshore.

Edited by Glenn Davidson



## WADE GIBSON

Democratic Candidate For  
**COUNTY  
COMMISSIONER**  
HAYWOOD COUNTY

Your Support Will Be Appreciated  
In The Democratic Primary  
On May 28, 1966

Florence Wilson Williams was born on May 26, 1875 to free parents in Palmetto, Georgia. Because of her mother's death when Florence was an infant, she was reared by her Aunt Judy. In 1893 Florence married Thomas W. Williams of Hogansville, Georgia and later moved to Paulding County, where she made a home for her twelve children by farming with her husband.

Serving both black and white families, Mrs. Williams became a midwife in the early 1900's. Her services were used, for fifty years, throughout Paulding County and the surrounding communities in Polk and Bartow counties.

Summoned at her home many times by members of the family who came for her in a "horse and buggy," Mrs. Williams would leave her own family to attend the expectant mother. Once her ten year old son Robert had to drive her in a wagon to deliver a baby because there was no one in the expectant mother's family who could come for her. Mrs. Williams never refused a patient, often times going to the aid of a person in need, regardless of weather or time.

Many times she would be required to stay days or, on occasions, weeks for a delivery. During the birth "spirits" were used in place of medication. Mrs. Williams did not always receive payment for her services. The usual charge of five dollars — which rose to twenty dollars in late years — was paid with crops instead of money. Many people even paid for their own deliveries after they reached adulthood. These adults often found themselves coming back to Mrs. Williams to verify their births, because no records were required until 1927. When paperwork was necessary, Mrs. Williams was assisted by her husband and children because she was able to read and write very little.

Polk County in the early 1950's, awarded Mrs. Williams the "Distinguished Midwife Certificate." She never lost a patient; however, the local doctors had to be called in for several mothers. As a midwife Mrs. Williams did experience several still-born deliveries. She delivered most of her fifty-eight grandchildren. The total number of deliveries, before she retired at age eighty, is not known.

In addition to her work as a midwife, Mrs. Williams enjoyed a full life



**As a midwife, Florence Wilson Williams delivered most of her fifty-eight grandchildren.**

with her family. When she had time between rearing her twelve children and being a midwife, she enjoyed one of her favorite hobbies, fishing! In a life so filled with activity, undoubtedly, Mrs. Williams had various illnesses but none so serious as to send her to the doctor. Her replacement for medication was strictly herb tea and liniment. Mrs. Williams never went to a dentist, but kept her own teeth throughout her long life by using a water-oak twig as a tooth brush.

Mrs. Florence Wilson Williams died on June 2, 1970 in a nursing home in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Williams' ninety-five years of commun-

ity and family dedication stand as an inspiration to all who knew her.

This story was contributed by Mrs. Williams' granddaughters: Pauline Raiford, Doris Williams, and Annie R. Cooper all of Rockmart, Georgia.

Edited by Cheryl Raiford,  
granddaughter of Mrs. Williams,  
and by Angela Malone



Left to right: Mark Loudermilk, Debbie Haubrich, Angela Malone



Odie Bell Starr, grandmother of Reginald Harp



Clockwise: Sshune Houston, Deirdre Logan, Leland Tebout, Kevin Pope



Left to right: Tony Phillips, Lynnita Terrell, Glenn Davidson



Front to back: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas Logan



Mr. Thomas Logan



The **Bronze Reminiscence** staff wishes to salute all the dynamic individuals who have contributed to this magazine. This publication is a tribute to all past generations whose strength, courage, and endurance have shaped the character of our generation. The trials and tribulations surpassed provide us with examples and realistic heroes.

#### Life

I have survived;  
God has delivered me,  
Faith has carried me through,  
Hard work has made me strong.  
My family's love has comforted me;  
I have life and I have survived.

Angela Malone

