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SOUTHERN FOLKWAYS
JOURNAL REVIEW
NUMBER 7

PREPARED BY
SALLY ANN AKINS DEAL

AUSPICES

BULLOCH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
POST OFFICE BOX 42
STATESBORO, GEORGIA, 30459

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STATESBORO THEN AND NOW

BY Debra Chester

Second graders at Trinity Christian School are learning that “they can’t know where they are going unless they know where they have been”. A recent Social Study unit emphasized the history of downtown Statesboro and the renovation and adaptive re-use of many of the old buildings. Students initially studied about the many jobs performed in a community to make it function well. Maps and compasses were designed during class projects, which informed students of the geographic layout of Statesboro. They learned how Statesboro became a town through a fact finding work sheet sent home to be completed as a family project. The second graders shared information with their classmates that they had gathered from interviews with their parents, grandparents, and neighbors. An overview of the formation of Bulloch County and Statesborough to the present was presented prior to a tour of historic downtown Statesboro.

The tour gave students an opportunity to meet community leaders and business owners throughout the city. Visits were made to City Hall, the law office of Mr. Gates Peed, the Sea Island Bank, the old Post Office Building, the Chamber of Commerce, the Statesboro Inn and First United Methodist Church. Along the tour route, students were taught about the history and architectural features of buildings in our community. They learned that any buildings are used

as they were at the turn of the century when they were initially constructed and other buildings have been restored or renovated for continued use. The students were fascinated by the Jackel Hotel, which now houses City Hall, and Akins Hardware store, which has been converted to a law office. The last stop of the tour was a fried chicken lunch at the Beaver House, where Mr. Beaver shared stories about the history of his ancestors, house and its ghostly visitors.

Ms. Callahan's second graders have learned about our city's history, community functions, architecture, and plans for future growth. These students really do know "where that have been and where they are going."

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THE LABORATORY SCHOOL

BY Isaac N. Bunce

CLASS OF 1938

The 1930's were not the best of economic times, yet as children we did not complain. The Laboratory School was a long one-story building with a central hall, doors at each end. Just outside the North entrance was the boy's restroom and on the Southeast corner was the girl's restroom. At the center was the front entrance, with double doors and just inside a wide stair to the dormered second floor with two rooms. Insulation was unknown and

windows were raised in summer and heat in winter was from stoves.

In the southwest corner was the office of Mr. Walter Downs, the Principal. He was a robust, dignified and caring administrator in a school, as I remember it, with few problems; however, this was from a child's viewpoint and now I expect that it was not so simple. Mrs. Downs had brown hair, did some choir work and might have taught the first grade. Mr. Downs, later, Dr. Downs, became the respected President of Young Harris College, where he retired.

Next to Dr. Downs office was the first grade, then proceeding North on the west side the grades got higher. Pat Roberts, who taught the second grade, I believe, was a lovely caring teacher and later married Mr. Henry J. McCormick our math teacher. Later he was hired by the County to run the Bulloch County Hospital.

On the East side of the Building grades increased as one proceeded to the South. The South room upstairs was occupied by the senior class while the north room was used for assembly, choirs etc. and was not completely finished.

My first class in 1934 was the 7th grade with Miss Marie Wood as our room teacher. We all loved her for she was simply a wonderful teacher with a great personality, taking personal interest in every student. One day she invited me to go with her to see Marjorie Henderson's new baby, Gene, when they lived a stones throw from our school in a little white cottage facing the main road from Statesboro to

Pembroke, which is now Georgia Avenue. At that time the main College entrance was as it is today, on U.S. 301, however at the top of the hill the road became two way, separated by about 40 feet strip of grass, with pecan trees planted on either side. Later I learned that my father helped plant these trees when he was a student at the First District Agricultural and Mechanical School. What is now sweetheart circle was then minor roads. The other entrance was on Pembroke road where two brick pillars held up two white gates, which were closed at night. Just south of this entrance, on college property was a bungalow occupied by a professor Barron whose daughter, Frances, was in our 7th grade class.

We were known as the Laboratory School because our purpose was to give senior education majors a place to earn classroom experience under a trained supervisor. After being introduced to us, these seniors assumed responsibility for the course. They were competent and caring. Some I recall were J.C. Cherry, who went on to become Superintendent of DeKalb County Schools, J. A. Pafford, Shelby Monroe and Irene Simmons. Among the room teachers I remember, Marie Wood, Henry J. McCormick, Mary Will Wakeford and Mark Scully, whom I remember complaining about how cold it was down South. This was due to lack of central heating and the high humidity let the cold seep in. Dr. Destler, a fine college professor visited our classes, as did Dr. Joseph Carruth who founded the Department of Education. Everyone carried a lunch box or a

paper bag, to school and at lunch time we would find a convenient place to sit and eat our peanut butter and jelly or pineapple sandwiches and none of us felt deprived and violence was not known. Nearly all students rode buses to school either from the Westside area or from the Ogeechee School area. A few walked to school from the area South of the railroad tracks, known at the time as Andersonville. My best friend was Pilcher Kemp who went on to become head Librarian at City College in New York. His sister, Velma, later taught math at the Statesboro High School. Bruce Carruth was younger than I and attended our school while his older twin brothers went to Statesboro High. For their academic ability I will always remember Ruth Hart, Pilcher Kemp and Andrew Hendricks. A very cute girl was Lois Arnett, who married Leffler Akins. Joe Hurst, Grace Hart, and Elsie Harden, who married Carl Smith, stimulate my memory. Though not in my class I recall Margaret Helen Tillman, daughter of the Sheriff who walked up the hill from their beautiful home in the pines at the college entrance. Joe Neville and Frances Allen, classmates of my brother Paul, became lawyers and Judges.

The first graduation class in 1937 included Fred Kennedy who went into the insurance business in Florida and has retired in Statesboro. In that class, also, was Marvin Pittman, Jr. a tall and handsome intellectual. As most of you know he was pursuing his Doctoral Work in the Philippines shortly after World War II and was killed by the "Hucks"—a great

tragedy, from which I think Dr. Pittman never quite recovered.

Our senior class in 1938 was the last in the old building as a new home was occupied from 1939 until this year when Marvin Pittman will be discontinued.

The most memorable event of our senior year was a bus trip to Washington, D. C. where Congressman Hugh Peterson showed us the Capitol building and we had our picture taken on the Capitol steps. We visited the Smithsonian, the Treasury, the Supreme Court, the Library of Congress, the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials and climbed the Washington Monument, things we will never forget. To help fill the bus, several members from Statesboro High went with us, including Roger Holland and Alice Jo Lane. On our way back, we viewed Harper's Ferry and traveled the skyline drive in Virginia and North Carolina. For this trip I bought my first suit, a "palm beach" outfit for \$15.00. Money was scarce in the thirties.

As a training school we had access to many college activities, concerts, the pool and tennis courts. I will always remember Dr. H.H. London, a tall elegant and bald professor who taught industrial shop in the basement of the old gym. We learned that each tool had a use, a place to be kept, and that a good workman was like a pair of pliers—he shuts up when he goes to work. I challenge you to beat that philosophy. Dr. London moved to the University of Missouri and was later president of the American Vocational Association. We were fortunate to have

such teachers around us. On one occasion we went with Dr. Charles Herty when he went into the woodland just east of what is now Georgia Avenue and selected a catface pine which he thought was the first one to which a clay pot was attached for the purpose of collecting pine tar as it dripped from the tree. This eliminated the deep cut then used to hold the tar cup and saved many trees from being blown down by strong winds.

My sincere apologies to all those classmates and teachers not mentioned. We all helped each other.

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OTHER BULLOCH COUNTY TALES

BY Paul C. Bunce

NOVEMBER, 1998

The area around LeeHugh Hagin's store known locally just as "LeeHughs" was a rich source of stories about people and things, some true and some stretched slightly. Some of the characters responsible were Mr. Marion Smith, father of Harry, Lawson Howard, John Deal, father of Charles and John who are now senior citizens, Eli Kennedy liked to tell some of the old stories and always enjoyed a hearty laugh at each telling, one of the most prolific was Dolphus DeLoach. All of these people were well liked by all that knew them. I worked in the fields with several of them and heard the tales first hand.

I remember one extremely hot day when we were picking tobacco in the days before anyone had ever thought of mechanical harvesters. The pickers were Harry Smith, it was in his field, Dolphus DeLoach and one other I don't remember. Harry had a watermelon patch at the far end of the field away from the house. We would pick through the long rows and when we got to the watermelon patch we would eat a watermelon. When we got back to the house-end of the rows we would get some cool water from the hand operated pitcher pump. We kept up that routine until dinnertime when everyone took about an hour for dinner. Dinner on the farm was at noon just as it was for Benjamin Franklin in his memoirs. Dolphus lived across the creek, Black Creek, in a house that had belonged to Nath Howard in his lifetime. Around that house was some very old and tall long leaf yellow pines that only had limbs near the tops. When Dolphus returned from dinner there was comment all around about how hot it was and Dolphus said it was so hot that when he got home his old hound dog was chasing a rabbit round and round in the shade of one of the old pine trees and both of them was walking. We worked on till dark when we finished putting the tobacco in the barn. That night we learned that it was so hot that drill was called off at Camp Stewart at ten o'clock that morning, and that is true fact.

In those days, and I left the farm in 1948, peanuts, pinders to us in those days, were plowed up with a blade attached to a mule drawn plow or a

tractor cultivator. They were then pulled up and a little of the dirt was shaken off by hand a few vines at the time. Only people who did that work can understand how exhausting it was. Peanut vines were then stacked around poles that were cut each year and placed at regular intervals throughout the field. Peanut pickers were of the stationary type that was on wheels only for moving from one farm to another. A tractor was used to power the picker. Stacks were pulled to the picker by mules so the vines could be fed a pitchfork full at the time. It was all very time consuming and dusty as the rest of the dirt was shaken and blown off in the process of separating the peanuts from the vines. Someone had to stand near the discharge end of the picker to keep the vines cleared away from the picker. You can hardly imagine how dusty and covered with dirt one became in the process. Dolphus had that job one Saturday and as was customary everyone went to town on Saturday afternoon. Dolphus said that when he went home and got cleaned up and dressed to go to town and stepped out the back door his old dog almost bit him.

About that time Mr. Marion Smith had an old mixed breed dog named Bob that was part bull and part hound and was large. Dolphus drove up in his truck and Mr. Smith was sitting on his front porch about 30 feet from his front fence. Dolphus alighted from his truck and walked to the fence gate as Bob greeted him with loud barking, as was his usual custom. Before any greeting was passed Mr. Smith in

gruff voice said" Come back here Bob, you'll get fleas on you"

About 1943, we had an excessively wet spring. For three months it rained nearly every day and on many days the rain was very heavy. Finally there were a few days when farmers were able to do some planting. Then it rained hard again and washed gullies across fields. There was the usual gathering at LeeHugh's on Sunday in April with the rain being the main topic. Dolphus said he didn't know how he would manage to tend his corn that spring as part of it was in his field and about half was down the creek at Needham Ford about three miles away.

Lawson Howard and Russ Waters lived on what is now known as the Brooklet Denmark road. Russ and his son were hoeing cotton near the road one hot summer day when Lawson came by on a large load of hay he had just loaded and was wet with sweat. Russ shouted to him "Hey, Lawson tell us one today". Lawson's reply was "I don't have time to tell you one and you don't have time to listen. When I came around the backside of your cornfield a while ago it was full of cows but I have to go unload this load of hay. Russ immediately said "Son, go saddle up two horses and we will go run those cows out of the field before they destroy any more corn. In telling about this incident later, Russ said that they rode all around the cornfield and in his stuttering speech he said "and there wasn't even a cow track in the field". When Lawson passed by later that day he said "Hey,

Russ you want me to tell you another one"? You can only imagine the short "You go to _____" reply.

Lawson was at LeeHugh's one Sunday morning back in "hard times" when he told how he had figured out a way to make lots of money with his chickens. He had invented a set of hen nests that had a sloping bottom with a crack at the back large enough to let an egg roll out of the nest into a trough that went to the end of the set of nests where they would automatically collect in a bucket. The scheme was so that when a hen laid an egg she would stand up and look around and seeing no egg in the nest she would sit back down and lay another one. He was so far ahead of the times that only in recent years have hen houses utilized the egg collecting scheme he told about in the twenties, only modern hens don't understand the part about laying again.

Lawson told a fishing story that has been told for about seventy years in various versions. His story was that he planned to fish in his pond that was across a pasture behind his house. The morning was exceedingly foggy and there were gallberry bushes scattered around the pasture as they were at the bank of the pond. He got started at first break of day and when he picked up his fishing poles his dog quickly went and dug a can of worms for bait. The fog was so thick he could hardly see as he started toward the pond. When he came to some bushes he thought he was at the pond. He baited his hook and caught several fish, and then they stopped biting. He stood there a while till the fog lifted and said he was nearly

a hundred yards from the pond but the fish had been swimming around in the fog. He then proceeded on to the pond and started fishing again. He said the fish were biting so fast they left a hole in the water as big as a fifty-gallon barrel.

My own experience was funny to Mr. Bill Jones. I had planted some Irish potatoes in the garden that was normally a good spot. That spring it was a wet land and the potatoes were below average, to put it mildly. Mr. Jones asked about my potatoes when the crowd was gathered and I told him I had a few as big as my thumb and lots of little ones. As long as he lived he remembered my potato crop. He had been a county agricultural agent before he moved to the Emit Grove community.

One morning Harry Smith asked me to ride to LeeHugh's with him. Mr. John Deal lived in a small house on the old Will Bland farm just across the road from Emit Grove Church. Mr. Deal was walking to the store and Harry offered him a ride. In the greeting Mr. Deal asked how we were and Harry replied "pretty good". Mr. Deal very emphatically said, "you can leave off the pretty".

Most any Sunday morning at LeeHughs there were this many stories told. This is only a small sample of some of the best ones. There are many fond memories that go with the people of that community. Dolphus DeLoach was in the hospital after his heart attack and got bored so he dressed and had his daughter drive him up town. He then went back to the hospital, put his hospital clothes on and

went back to bed. In those days shopping was still done near the Court House Square. He had another a few days later and that was in the days before life saving operations were performed.

FIRST SURVEYOR SERVED IN WAR OF 1812 BY Paul C. Bunce

James R. Bird who was the first Surveyor of Bulloch County, March 1796 – December 1797, was in the army in the War of 1812. He was captain of Bird's Company of the 2nd Regiment, Georgia Militia, commended by Colonel Pray. His wife Sarah was the daughter of Gothelf Israel Smith from Effingham County, ancestor of Smith Banks and his cousins. James Bird died in 1819 and is buried in the Bird-Smith Cemetery near Ellabell in Bryan County. Sarah died in 1860 and is buried in Taylor's Creek Cemetery in Liberty County. A son, James R. Bird, is also buried in the Taylor's Creek Cemetery.

A daughter Sarah Jane married Thomas Richard Hines of Effingham County. They are buried at the city cemetery of Bartow, Georgia. Mary Rogers Bunce is a descendant of theirs.

A daughter Ann Elizabeth married E. Daniel. They were ancestors of Dr. Bird Daniel of Statesboro

A daughter Georgia Ann married James J. Hines of Effingham County, a brother of Thomas

Richard. They had children but I do not have their records. They are buried in the Laurel Grove Cemetery in Savannah.

Others signing a document dividing the estate of Sarah Bird were E. J. Bird and J.J. Hines, Attorney for Rufus E. Lester and Almira Bird, and natural guardian for minors Sarah E. Hines and J. Steele Hines.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF RUBYE
MY MOTHER-IN LOVE
BY Mary Lawrence Anderson*
JANUARY, 1994

Ruby Akins Anderson was a beloved, respected, Christian lady. She was born at the turn of the century...we could always keep up with her age! She was one of 10 children. She lived longer than her brothers and sisters. Ruby married Arnold B. Anderson, also one of 10 children, on August 16, 1922. Both were natives of Bulloch County. In 1925, they moved to Arkansas where Mr. Anderson worked with the Coca-Cola Company. Their first son, Arnold B. Anderson, Jr., was born in Walnut Ridge, Arkansas. Ruby's Mother had died in 1916. Her beloved sister Josie became ill while they lived in Arkansas, and they returned to Statesboro before the birth of their second son, Bobby Joe Anderson in 1928. After the death of her father, J. N. Akins,

Ruby and Mr. Anderson rented her home place from her father's estate. They were living there when her husband was killed in a tragic automobile accident of April 13, 1933. Ruby was 32; the boys were 7 and 4 years of age. Mr. Anderson was buried on Good Friday. They all wore the clothes she'd planned for them to wear for Easter Sunday. It was heart-warming to me how she rose above circumstances and grief to make the Easter season one of joy and hope. Nothing got her down for long!

With the insurance money from Mr. Anderson, Ruby purchased her home place (farm and dwelling) from her father's estate. She sharecropped and reared their sons in a Christian home. She gave Arnold and Joe every educational and social advantage she could afford, a loving, dedicated parent! She expected her investment in her sons to pay off, and it certainly did. Ruby often quoted her favorite teacher, Miss Mary Lou Carmichael. She applied to her life the words of Browning she no doubt memorized for Miss Mary Lou, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

Ruby believed in work; she said it was her "salvation". She imparted this to her sons! She believed in higher education, an opportunity she did not have. She gave the Lord full credit for any good she accomplished. And it was an accomplishment to live through the depression and come out "on top".

Mr. Anderson has loved sports and had participated in athletics in his high school and college years. Ruby enthusiastically encouraged and

supported Arnold and Joe to participate in any sport for which they had talent. She realized the value of competition, discipline and physical fitness, as well as the joy of winning.

In time Rubye doubled her property and prospered. She was intelligent and frugal but very generous with family and friends. She sacrificed for the right things. She always wanted her family to have nice things!

Rubye loved to entertain and did it with ease. When I hear of "Southern hospitality", I think of Rubye. She was an excellent, innovative cook who brought pleasure to family and friends through her talents. For holidays, she would have her "dessert table", to the delight of her grandchildren.

When I met Rubye in 1946, I thought she was a delightful personality. I never veered from that first impression! Through the years (34) that I was blessed to be her daughter-in-law, I can truthfully say that she was never a possessive Mother. She shared her home with Arnold and me when we finished college. She taught me many things! She loved my family and did many nice things for them. Rubye had good judgment and an understanding heart.

Rubye loved her home; her family and they loved her. She did an outstanding job of keeping Mr. Anderson's memory before her boys and of keeping in touch with the Anderson side of the family. I don't think they ever thought of her as an in-law. Grandmother Anderson made her "headquarters" at

Rubye's after her husband was killed. She was a blessing to the home!

Rubye loved her church. Dr. J. Robert Smith said at her funeral "she gave it life-service, not lip-service." She loved flowers and in later years when she moved from the farm to town she said her yard was her hobby. She took great pride in it!

Rubye loved children, particularly her grandchildren, and they felt it! She always said she could run a nursery school, and she could have. She could delegate work, and she knew how to make children mind. She enjoyed cooking and doing special little things for her grandchildren, which they all remember. She would often say that her family was the most important people in the world. She had a fantastic memory and taught the children little poems, songs, etc., from her childhood. She was a great storyteller!

Rubye was happy! She always said that you should never question what happens to you and that certainly was not easy. The period when Arnold was at the Citadel and in service and Joe left for Georgia Tech was a difficult time, she said. She had an abiding trust and faith! She sang old hymns as she went about her work. She was always looking forward to the future while enjoying the present. Rubye loved to play bridge and was an excellent player, a good competitor! I'm grateful that I've been able to live for a while on the land she loved, among the people who knew her best and loved her a lifetime.

Cancer was the malady Ruby feared most, and unfortunately she was stricken by it two times. The first time was in 1964, and the second time in 1980, when it was terminal. All of us worked to make her days of confinement and illness as pleasant as possible. She appreciated this and let us know it! Near her death, which was shortly after her 80th birthday, quality of life diminished and she was "ready to go". On November 2, 1980, she died quietly at Northside Hospital in Atlanta. The Lord was good to let us share her life, and we grieved because we had lost a guiding light.

* Mary L. Anderson died February 14, 1996. Mary Anderson exemplified the same excellent qualities as "Miss" Rubye.

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MEMORIES OF BROOKLET

BY John Cromley

My father and his partner, Joel Minick owned and operated a general store in the 1930's and sold groceries, hardware, feed, seed, and fertilizer.

As a teenager at this time, I worked after school and on Saturdays; the Christmas time holidays at the store.

Brooklet had a one-man police force at that time that was Mr. Hoyt Griffin. The mayor and council had adopted an ordinance against "fireworks" in the downtown area. However, when Chief Griffin

would be on one side of town, a "bang" could be heard from the other side of town as midnight approached. This continued for about an hour and the Chief was kept busy.

Around midnight on Christmas eve, as the help at the store was sweeping and piling the trash in the rear of the store one of us, either Jerel Minick, who was Joel's brother or I dropped a package of firecrackers on the floor (20 firecrackers) and proceeded to sweep the trash, etc out back where we would burn the pile. As a match was struck and the trash began to burn Chief Griffin walked up and turned his back to the fire on this rather cold Christmas night. As he said, "Now let me see one of you shoot one". About that time the firecrackers began to go "bang" until all 20 of them had ignited. Chief Griffin was speechless, as I recall, but the rest of us had a good laugh on this eve of Christmas.

We might have spent Christmas day in the city jail had Chief Griffin had any hard evidence.

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BROOKLET SPIRIT

JUNE 26, 1996

BY Johnny Spence

My wife, Lorene and I came to Brooklet in July of 1942. The country was still recovering from the depression. Those days held lots of interesting

methods of getting things done. Getting things or developing the skill or doing without or substituting where necessary.

When Brooklet United Methodist Church celebrated Founder's Day, Dot Roebuck asked me to discuss The Great Depression and its effect upon our church and its members. I agreed to do the best I could. After discussing that wonderful spirit of compassion that was developed for each other during this time, which I feel like was a blessing. I compared prices and some of the good things as well as hardships that came with the Depression.

I thought of a story that was told by the late Alfred Dorman, who was for several years Mayor of Statesboro. Mr. Dorman said that he met up with a friend who had his arm in a cast. Mr. Dorman questioned his friend about the injury and asked how it occurred. His friend explained that he had broken his arm eating breakfast. Mr. Dorman asked how in the world one could break an arm eating breakfast. His friend replied "I fell out of a persimmon tree". People never lost their sense of humor.

Soon after we came to Brooklet I discovered that the town had a volunteer fire department. They had no fire truck or a firehouse to put it in or any other equipment except a cart to carry the hose. This cart was not motor driven or horse drawn. The cart was a two wheel-logging cart with a tongue – not for horses but for the men to pull.

In 1949, Brooklet Kiwanis Club was chartered. Among the first projects was the purchase of a used

fire truck. The club raised enough money from Bar-B-Q sales and other projects to pay for the truck and turn it over to the town.

Today Brooklet still has a volunteer fire department. The town has two new fire trucks with a fire house recently completed. One of the trucks has been in use for several years but was purchased new by the town. Both trucks have some of the best equipment.

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HOW "SIX JUG" BECAME ATLANTA'S FIRST TV AUTOMOTIVE STAR BY Mike McDougald

It was fall of the year 1948. I had completed my studies at Statesboro High School in June and by a great stroke of family love and fortunate circumstances had been left exactly six thousand dollars from my late uncle. Too young for WWII, with no GI bill benefits to pay my way, college seemed nearly impossible. As it turned out however, \$1,500 annually was sufficient to pay the tuition and upkeep at Emory for each of four years, so long as I kept a part time job. Having cut my teeth on WWNS, nothing would do but to work in that great glorious radio-market-in the sky Atlanta! So I sought my employment, first with the four smaller Atlanta stations, actually being somewhat afraid of asking for a job at the place I really wanted to work, the

prestigious and most illustrious "Voice of the South", WSB, Welcome South Brother, The Atlanta Journal 50,000 watt Radio Station.

Again, thanks to a turn of fate, WSB (radio) needed a part timer and my name got mentioned and I got a call from Marcus Bartlett, the famed program director of WSB. It might as well have been *The Lord Himself* calling, for it opened to me the largest radio door south of New York and Chicago.

Ironically, the same week I became employed WSB Radio (studios high atop the 10 story Biltmore Hotel in downtown Atlanta), the growing Cox organization opened the door to a small but efficient building two miles further out Peachtree Street to become the home of WSB-TV. And with great fanfare, on September 29th, 1948, at 8:00 p.m., television came to the south when WSB turned on its new 50,000-watt transmission facility, then on Channel 8. Having been bred in Statesboro radio, I was not even sure the Lord intended for pictures to fly through the air. Words? Yes, anytime. But pictures?

Though Radio was my love, the need for money was even greater, and I soon managed to wrangle a part time job both in Radio and in Television. Nothing spectacular, mind you. No anchor desks or news reporting jobs, but for a kid from Bulloch County, I finally discovered what 'high cotton' had meant all those years. Having a job with the first and biggest broadcast operation, and especially in TV, was where it was at. It was also my great fortune, that at Emory our Journalism Division

hired the best brains at WSB to teach students the industry. So my bosses became my professors and vice versa.

Transportation was a problem. Though Atlanta had graduated to 'trackless trolleys' about that time, still it was difficult to get from the Emory campus in eastern Druid Hills, to downtown's Candler Building transfer stop, and thence out Peachtree Street to the Biltmore Hotel, and from there further out to the Brookwood Station area and the TV operation, about ten miles total. Even more difficult, was to have to backtrack all of that after signoff at 11:30 p.m. each night and hope the 'last trolley to Emory' had not run.

On the kind of budget I was on, owning a car was simply not possible. That is, until a friend happened to show me his great old klunker, a 1931 B-Model Ford with a rumble. \$100. Or over a month's salary. Now we are not talking restoration, show cars, or the likes---we're talking about going to the junkyard and retrieving (in 1949) a 1931-abandoned car. A little tinkering and it ran, but the water cooling system was hopeless, and there was no money to improve it.

Southern ingenuity proved however, that by storing ten or twelve glass gallon jugs of water on the back seat and floorboard, one could reasonable make it the 'backway' from Emory to the Biltmore on just 'two jugs' of water. Then another 'jug of water' to the television station. And of course, three jugs to get back to Emory at night. Thus, "Six Jug" became a fixture among all the more modern conveyances one

finds in the major city. It would be about forty more years before plastic gallon jugs came into being. It was not too long either that I got to know almost every Atlanta policeman who couldn't quite figure if it really was water or was I running six jugs of moonshine (white lightning) into Atlanta from Forsyth County? My proof was always just simply to pop up a jug and drink about ten ounces from it without stopping. Well-trained officers knew you could NEVER do that with Forsyth county liquor!

Now it happened that in those days, there was no fast film processing, no videotape of any kind, no way to record programs short of a complicated and expensive filming project. So it was virtually all-live television. Programs, news, weather, commercials, public service spots---all live. All immediate. All right there on the stage of life. My last work in the late evening involved the sixty-second commercial for Gulco, a 'miracle' polish that someone invented that would polish anything. Announcer Bill Hale and I had to show Gluco to the waiting TV audience every night at 10:59 to 11:00 p.m. Over and over, same story, "Folks, can you believe what Gulco does to this metal serving tray?" "Folks, you're not gonna believe what a shine you get when you apply Gulco to that steam radiator in the dining room?"

Finally one night, I suggested to Bill that we ask it to do the impossible. We opened the huge doors to the downstairs TV studio under the glaring Kleig lights and in front of the inquiring TV cameras. We took a very rough spot on the fender, applied

some Gulco and "Voila!!!!!" Gulco made it shine like tomorrow's sunrise. A new art form in TV commercials was born. We could make a 1931 car shine like 1948!!!

"Six Jug" enjoyed a brief but wonderful TV career as the star of its very own TV commercial, and we sold a lot of Gulco in the stores. But one night, Bill was really working on that polish rag to make one more bad place in the body of the car look good, when right on camera, the fender simply fell off, clanging to the concrete floor of the studio, waking every viewer from their eye fixation syndrome, with the loudest of all 'klangs'!! Actually, this may have been one of the highlights of modern television, a precursor of the sitcom situations, but the bosses suggested that we retire 'Six Jug'. Fan mail poured in, phone calls came, but the contract with Gulco was about to run out anyway, so we set our minds to further improvisations on the TV screen in numerous other areas of interest.

We never got an Emmy, but we got a darn good education and a good background for a long and wonderful career in broadcasting. Thanks, in part, to 'Six Jug', which was ultimately sold for (yes) \$100. And the money used to purchase a shiny 'new' 1933 Chevy, and of course, with a rumble.

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MICHAEL DICKSON
FATHER OF ROBERT DICKSON
BY

Reavis E. Dixon

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For decades genealogists have sought to learn the parentage of Robert Dickson, born ca1750, and died ca1783, in Effingham County, Georgia. Robert came to St. Matthew's Parish, (Effingham County) Georgia, about 1765-69. Tradition holds that he was born in Duplin County, North Carolina, and at least one creditable publication, Pioneers of Wiregrass Georgia, by Folks Huxford committed the Duplin birthplace to print. Although I have requested documentation from The Huxford Society, to support their statement, such information has never been furnished to me. To my knowledge, no one has ever presented indisputable proof of that claim. My interviews with members of five branches of the South Georgia Dixon families, however, confirm that all lines carry the tradition that the Dixons (Dicksons) came to Georgia from North Carolina.

I began my research for the parentage of Robert Dickson about 1973. I have visited countless libraries, the counties of Effingham, Screven and Bulloch, in Georgia, and Duplin, Sampson, and Bladen, in North Carolina. I have also visited the Department of Archives in Atlanta, Raleigh, and Tallahassee (some descendants moved to Florida); but nowhere have I found a statement of his ancestry. I have come to realize that it may never be possible to

prove, beyond doubt, to whom Robert Dickson was born. Thus, I decided to concentrate my effort toward connecting him with a family by comparison and name repetition, and thereby, build the strongest possible case, relying on valid circumstantial evidence.

In August 1991, I visited with Dr. Dallas Herring, at the Duplin Historical Society, in Rose Hill, North Carolina. Dr. Herring has a great amount of genealogical information concerning the settlers of Duplin County. I had already determined that Robert Dickson ca1750-ca1783 could not be the son of John Dickson of Duplin County. However, my curiosity concerning John's oldest son Michael Dickson born 1731 in Ireland, died 1825, Pendleton District, South Carolina, was soaring. I already knew that Michael married Sarah Neeley of Chester County, South Carolina.

From Dr. Herring's files I received copies of the letters of Mr. Floyd S. Bennett, and Mr. Leslie Brown. Dr. Herring also provided the names of the known children of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson. There were eight of them and of course, no known child had been named Robert.

Most of the letters, and personal papers of the late Floyd S. Bennett of Richmond, Virginia, were written to Leslie H. Brown, Jr., of Rose Hill, North Carolina. Both men were descendants of John Dickson of Duplin County. Mr. Bennett was a noted genealogist and a dedicated student of the life of Michael Dickson born 1731. In a letter of January 28,

1957, to Mr. Brown, he stated that: "There were several sons and daughters of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson, among them John, James, William, Hugh, Samuel Henry, Jane, Elizabeth (Betsey) who married Jonathan Fielding and Nancy who died unmarried about 1807. There were others who died before settlement of their father's estate and whose names are unknown, or not yet certain". Though Mr. Bennett listed no documentation to support that statement, it left open the possibility that these would be the parents of Robert Dickson. In another letter dated February 4, 1957, Mr. Bennett stated; "Jane Dickson was born in 1758, and there may have, (been) and probably was, a son born before her," but again no documentation, or basis for the opinion was cited.

The Dickson Letters, by James O. Carr, state that John Dickson's brother William lived in "back of North Carolina". Genealogist and historians agree that the section where William Dickson lived was believed to be in North Carolina until 1772. In that year the North Carolina – South Carolina Boundary line was resurveyed west of the Catawba River. The new survey placed the area, including the plantation of "Uncle William Dickson," in South Carolina. Thus, an explanation for the statement that John's brother William lived in "back of North Carolina". Actually he lived in South Carolina. On page 150 of Annals of Newberry, by O'Neill, (Newberry County, South Carolina) Mr. O'Neill states that "The Dickson settlement was in an area know as the fork, which was, the tract of county lying on Broad River,

between Enoree (River); and Tiger, (River) and separated from Union (County) by the district line from Avery's Ford on Enoree to Hill's, (Now Crenshaw's) on Tiger which is about equal to six miles square". The Neeleys of Chester County, South Carolina, lived in close proximity to William Dickson, the uncle of Michael Dickson.

It is known that Michael Dickson (1731-1825) moved about the countryside in his younger years. (1) It is quite likely that, on one of his visits to the home of his Uncle William Dickson, he first met his future wife Sarah Neeley. In fact, the papers of the late Miss J. Nicholene Bishop, a descendant of Michael Dickson state: "Michael and his father (John Dickson) were traveling over the country and stopped overnight with a Mr. Neeley, whose daughter Michael admired very much, and so made a point of stopping there again, as soon, and as often as possible". (2) I assembled all of the information that I could collect about the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson, and Robert and Susannah Jones Dickson for name comparison purposes. The following conclusions are the result of that study:

Michael Dickson born 1731, was the only eligible man in Duplin County, of age to be the father of Robert Dickson. The families of all other Duplin County Dicksons of the period were well defined, and accounted for. Known Dicksons of other counties of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, were

checked as well, and no other parentage possibilities were found.

Known records of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson state only that they were married by 1755, which concedes that they may have been married much earlier. Michael was born in 1731, and Sarah was born in 1735. Certainly, they were both of age for marriage, and parentage as early as 1748 or 1749. It was not uncommon for women to be married at age thirteen or fourteen in that time. It is known that they lived for quite some time in Duplin County, North Carolina, where records indicate that Michael farmed, as well as owned property. They did not move to Chester County, South Carolina until ca1765. (3) The first birth year of a known child was Jane in 1758. It is highly unlikely that, the Dickson's had no children for three or more years, and then parented eight in rapid succession. (2) The first daughter of Robert and Susannah Jones Dickson was named Sarah. Likely, after Sarah Neeley Dickson, the wife of Michael Dickson, and the mother of Robert Dickson.

The second daughter of Robert and Susannah was named Elizabeth and nicknamed "Betsey". Study has made me believe that this was the name of the first wife of John Dickson, therefore, the mother of Michael Dickson, and grandmother of Robert Dickson. Also, a daughter of Michael Dickson was named Elizabeth "Betsey" Dickson.

Robert Dickson's third daughter, Susannah Dickson Peavey, named a daughter Sarah Peavey. She named her second son Mikell (Michael) Peavey,

and her second daughter Elizabeth Peavey. Thus, two of her children were likely named after her grandparents, Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson, and another after her sister and great Grandmother.

The fifth child of Robert Dickson was named John. He was likely named after John Dickson of Duplin County, North Carolina. Who was the father of Michael and therefore the grandfather of Robert Dickson. Michael Dickson also had a son named John.

Robert Dickson's daughter Elizabeth "Betsey" Dickson Lanier named a daughter Elizabeth "Betsey" Lanier.

Robert Dickson's son John named his first daughter Sarah. His third son was named Mikell (Michael) Dickson. Another pair of children, likely named after his grandparents, Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson. His second daughter was named Jane, the same as a daughter of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson. His first son was named Robert Neeley Dickson, the strongest suggestion of all, that the families were connected. (His middle name was the maiden name of his great grandmother.) The second son was named John, Jr. Others were Barbary, the name of the wife of Michael Dickson's brother Robert, (4) (Same unusual spelling) and Lucy, a prominent name in the North Carolina Dicksons.

Robert Dickson's son Allen named children James, and William which were names of children of Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson. These were also old-line names in the Duplin County Dickson lineage.

The first daughter was named Barbary, the name of Michael's brother Robert's wife. (4) (Same unusual spelling). Another was named John, and one named Elizabeth "Betsey" Dickson. Allen's son John named a son Mikell (Michael) Dickson.

Allen Dickson's daughter Elizabeth "Betsey" Dickson Hendrix named her first son Alexander Hendrix. Michael Dickson's childless brother of Duplin County was named Alexander. She named a daughter Nancy, which was the name of a daughter of Michael Dickson and Nancy Campbell Dickson, Michael's Grandmother.

The name repetition goes on throughout the generations, but these are the strongest indications of the parent – child relationship between Michael and Sarah Neeley Dickson of Duplin County, North Carolina and Robert Dickson of Effingham County, Georgia.

I am confident that the above case is far too strong to be mere coincidence, however, I welcome comments, and queries, which would cast the case in a new light. My greatest concern is to present the facts as clearly and accurately as possible.

(1) The Dickson Letters, by James O. Carr. The personal papers of Floyd S. Bennett, descendant of Michael Dickson.

(2) Personal papers of Miss J. Nicholene Bishop. These were in the possession of the late Floyd S. Bennett. He quoted her in a letter to L.H. Brown on February 4, 1957.

(3) "Our Yesterdays" by A. T. Outlaw, Duplin Times, Kenansville, North Carolina, September 2, 1937. History of Grove Presbyterian Church Kenansville, North Carolina, on file at the church.

(4) Robert Dickson, fourth son of John Dickson, of Duplin County, North Carolina, was born about 1740, and was about nine years younger than his half brother Michael. None the less these two had a close relationship which included the joint ownership of land from about 1765, until the death of Robert in ca 1793. Michael granted power of attorney to John, the son of Robert, "to bargain, sell and convey, all my part of that tract of land being situated on the mouth of Golden Grove in Duplin County, which belongs to me and the heirs of Robert Dickson Decd." (See North Carolina Archives, Duplin County Deed Book 3A, Page 62). Robert was likely closely associated with the family of Michael, and thus, the name of his wife Barbary Boney Sheffield Dickson, (Widow of Isham Sheffield) came forward in the names of the descendants of Michael.

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