

## VANISHING GEORGIA

**We Georgians' have grown through a great and terrible depression; cried as four wars stole our loved ones and felt the burn of racial and religious intolerance. We rode the roller coaster of King Cotton then watched the fields turn to woods, and woods fall to highways. We have seen the heavens open in torrent and man walk on the moon.**

**We have nurtured politicians, with names such as, the “Wild Man from Sugar Creek” and “Ax Handle.” We survived various and sundry leaders and witnessed one of our own, a peanut farmer, become our nation’s 38th president.**

**Such shared experiences define what it means to be Georgian: people, places, and events that spark a memory, uniquely ours. Today’s Georgia, vibrant and forward-looking, presents a different face from the state of decades past. Turn back and take a journey into Vanishing Georgia.**

### *Segment title - born to the fields and woods*

*“I heard of people taking a rabbit’s foot for good luck. I don’t see where that can bring you any good luck..?”*

*- Ethel Corn -*

**Rural Georgia in 1935 was caught between a “rock and a hard place.” - the “hard place” being the family farm; the “rock,” the prodigious boll weevil and plummeting cotton prices. Conditions were oppressive. Out of 48 states Georgia was ranked 45th in wealth, 46th in education and 43rd in health. A huge migration was underway, as half of the state’s labor force abandoned farming for nonagricultural work.**

**Many of those who stayed behind labored on small farms as sharecroppers. Author, Erskine Caldwell, recalls that these families, “were as bad off as toads in a post hole.”**

**“We’d go out about the time the sun would get enough to take the dew off the cotton. Used to didn’t like to pick when it was still wet. But then sometimes we’d pick on after dusk until it got too dark to stay in the fields. We’d take very few breaks. We’d**

carry our lunches in paper bags with us to the fields and water. And we'd set there all day long. Sometimes 16-17 hour days. And my mother and I, she was the best at it. We could pick a bale every 2 days. And people tell me today we were excellent cotton pickers."

"When I came down to work on the farm for him in the summertime, he was being real generous with me. He paid me \$5 a day. He paid the rest of the hands \$3. And he kept reminding me how generous he was being with me. But it was caint to caint. You talk about caint hardly see in the morning to caint hardly see at night. That was a work day and grown men were just making 50c , 65c a day."

"You know we were so poor at least part of that time, that in the times of thunder showers or rains, we'd have to find some buckets or pails because the roof would leak. I remember laying in bed at night on a clear night and I could see stars through the roof so it was really, kind of primitive back on our farm."

"My son and I and grandson, we're farming about 6-800 acres now and we don't have to hire any extra help. Back then it took a huge family to make a living on a farm."

**Despite the extreme hardships, people made time to help each other. As Alice Rose wrote:**

"If anyone was sick you'd chop their firewood for 'em wash their clothes, clean their house,. Love your neighbor as yourself. And you know, we believed that here."

**The occasional luxuries that were squeezed from the family budget made for lasting memories.**

"Up until that time, we made our wagons out of wooden wheels and wooden bodies and nailed them together out of scrap planks. But this little red wagon was a real jewel. And I remember pulling that little red wagon with my brother in it all over the farm. It was a real luxury item. I don't know. It probably cost maybe a dollar and a quarter, a dollar and a half. And that was a real sacrifice for my family to spend that much money at Christmas time to get me that kind of luxury. But I'll always remember my first little red wagon at Christmastime."

"I've lived the past. I enjoyed my part of the past in the primitive days. And I hear these people say "Let's go back to the good old days". I've already lived those days.

I really don't want to go back".

*segment title - the most blissful spot on earth*

*"De crawfish honey, dey bored into the ground and kept on boring till dey unleashed de fountains of de Earth."  
- Uncle Remus -*

**In deep southern Georgia lies the Okefenokee Swamp. Protected today as one of Georgia's most precious natural wonders, the Okefenokee's remote black waters and impenetrable vegetation were once regarded with fear and suspicion. Into this unlikely setting came a group of pioneer families who made the swamp their beloved home for over a hundred years.**

**Homesteading on the low islands of the Okefenokee, the families lived a true frontier existence. Isolated and self-reliant, they created a lifestyle sustained peacefully by the natural abundance of the swamp around them.**

"Okefenokee people, I think, even into the 1930s were very independent people who treasured the art of independence and they were very proud of the fact that they didn't have to depend on anybody, society, the government or a business to keep them going. They were self-sufficient people who could live on the land, trust their own instincts, preserve their own values and rear their children as they would like".

**The swamp families lived off the fruit of the land. They became one with the swamp just as comfortable in their natural setting as the alligators and cypress. The land provided deer, bear, alligator and ducks. They farmed pigs, chickens, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and collards. What few things they couldn't grow or hunt they bartered for, with cane syrup, fur pelts and alligator hides. It was a way of life uniquely independent of the outside world.**

"What made it so good was that we built everything by hand. All the buildings, fences, shelters, and all. We didn't go to town to buy the materials. We, the only thing we bought was nails. We cut the small trees, the poles, peeled them and notched them - built corn cribs, smokehouse, baccar barns, all kinds of outbuildings. Even some of the dwellings. A lot of the houses I've lived in have been built out of logs".

“My Daddy was there from 1884 to 1945. Had a 7-roomed house. There was a screen porch all around. And he loved the swamp. It was a nice place to live. You could hear the wild turkeys every morning yelping. And Dad, he got some alligators and put them in the rain barrel. And they were fun. You know, you can turn an alligator over and rub him on his stomach , he’ll go to sleep. But then when it goes to rain, that is the most fun, to watch them beller.”

“I feel like this is round the swamp here, on these islands where I was raised. I just feel like this is home. I know when I came back from overseas, mother asked me one night, tell us about some of the pretty places you’ve seen. I said, I’ve seen nothing as pretty as the Okefenokee. And I said, if I ever get back, that’s where I’ll stay, around the Okefenokee”.

**On March 30, 1937, an executive order created the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge. The swamp settlers were slowly moved out of the Okefenokee. In 1959 the last family gave up their home place. For 104 years true frontier families had lived on the Okefenokee. From that day forward in “five and nine” there would be no more.**

### *segment title - if walls could talk*

**For many Georgians their first ABCs, their first multiplication tables, were learned in a little one-roomed schoolhouse. With 30 or 40 students of different ages, second-hand books and often a teacher whose own education was limited, these schools nevertheless tried to provide a good basic schooling.**

“Things just wasn’t like it is now. We had what you call the school pants, school shoes. And when you leave school and got home, you took those clothes off and put on something else to go working in the fields.”

**A typical one room schoolhouse served rural Seabrook for nearly fifty years. Now a museum, it bears stark testimony to a time when going to school was a privilege newly won and a very different experience from today.**

“We didn’t get paddled on our hands for so much disciplinary problems because everybody seemed to be pretty well disciplined. But if you didn’t know your spelling words, you got a lick on your hand for each word you missed”.

“If we didn’t have wood, the boys would go out and gather wood - that was their task - and then we’d go in and start the fire. Usually the teacher was there by the time we got a fire started”.

“When it was time for us to eat lunch, we always shared. In fact, you may have something I would like to have and we would swap. And if I didn’t have a lunch at all, another child might share with me. But of course, my teacher is the one that I remember most that would share with me.”

**By the time Seabrook School closed its doors for good in 1947 it had grown to a full two rooms. Local residents once regarded the old school as a reminder of the “dark days,” something to be forgotten. But since restored, this simple building monuments a community’s struggle, and serves as a touchstone to our past.**

*segment title - a long forlorn, uncomfortable way*

“I used to hear my father say that if you could do good on one of the crops each year, we could survive OK. And many times the cotton wouldn’t do too good, the drought would get the corn, we had very few peanuts, but there again we’d have a good year with the turpentine, so it would would pass through.”

**In 1908 the booming American turpentine industry produced two million barrels. By 1938 the industry employed 20,000 people in Georgia alone. Gum, collected from the vast tracts of unused slash and longleaf pine forest helped many a rural family survive. Turpentine workers spent long hard weeks alone in the woods, but jobs were nevertheless jumped at.**

“It wasn’t necessarily in the rural areas of Georgia a job in turpentine. It was job, period. There were no jobs, and until World War II, everybody, they wanted work. It wasn’t a question of price or time, it was just a question of making any kind of livelihood you could”.

“The first job I got was turpentinizing and they put, they’d have cups on these pine trees here and you’d take a bucket and go around and dip all this turpentine out of this cup, take the cup and scrape all the turpentine out into the bucket. Then you carried it and poured it into a barrel. Well, the job I got, paid me 65c a barrel and it would take all day about as hard as you could go to get a barrel. About as dirty a job

as you ever got into, because I'd come in with turpentine all over me, in my hair, on my hands, on my clothes. "

**Turpentine production has fallen from its turn of the century high, of 2,000,000 barrels, to just 2,000 in 1995. Today its Georgia work force hovers at less than fifty.**

"It's just beginning to come up again, you know, but a lot of young guys they don't the hard work. It's good money, but believe me it's some hard work involved".

segment title: **notes of convenience**

**These shape note sounds carry across Georgia history. The Sacred harp Tradition was developed in the rural regions of our state in 1844. A time when people gathered, without musical accompaniment to sing.**

"Farmers would toil the fields 5 days a week and then Saturday they would go to town, buy groceries and see Miss Molly and do their regular chores. And they would have singing schools – they started having singing schools. And then on Sunday they would go to their church and have service and after service they would have singing. They would come from everywhere because there wasn't any other recreation. They would do their courting there. They would do their trading there and they would get to see all their friends. And when they would set a song, or key a song, they would designate some person there to do that, because everybody can't key. And they would try not to key in the original key. They would key in keys of convenience. They would say if the bass can reach the lowest note without grunting, if the treble can sing the highest note without screaming, then no matter what key it was in, it was convenient for them."

**Shape note singing was simple to learn. People enjoyed it so much that they met to sing even if it wasn't a, "Church Sunday." And sing they did, from morning till night, many times straight through the weekend, in notes of convenience.**

### Segment title: **on the road**

**G. K. Chesterton once remarked, “The traveler sees what he sees; the tripper sees what he has come to see.”**

**Life may have been simpler back then, but it wasn’t all routine. Trips and vacations to the coast and mountains, by rail and by road expanded our horizons with marvelous and mundane experiences. Remember stopping at Stuckeys? Just when you were desperate for a drink or snack, or running out of gas, you’d see - the signs.**

“The signs were a big part of the Stuckey program. It was almost necessary to have a lot of signs on each side of the store, about a mile apart until you got closer and then they got down to half miles, quarter miles, yards and so on. / You would advertize the food items like “giant milk shakes” “hamburgers” “fresh sandwiches” “juice” / Maybe one sign would say fudge and another sign would say pecan log rolls, but it always said “Stop at Stuckeys”.

**And everybody did!**

**Lured in by the candies and novelties, clean restrooms and free icewater, travelers fueled Stuckeys growth. By its heyday in the 1970s Stuckeys employed some 6,000 people in over 300 stores - all providing lots of sweet memories.**

“Pecan log roll, pecan divinity, pecan chocolate fudge and maple fudge. And then you’d have things like stuffed dates, sugared spice pecans, toasted salted nuts ...”

### segment title - **funny how places just fold up**

*“Back then you could meet an ol’ feller with an ol’ ox wagon and he’d stand there half the day if you wanted t’talk. You meet a feller now, he’d run over ya. Nobody’s got no patience.” - Kenny Runion -*

**Buzzard’s Roost, Dog Crossing, Half Acre. Small towns with big names used glide past as you drove along the state highways. Many looked far from properous even then. Once they might have held a cotton gin or**

**turpentine still, a bank or two, and any number of small stores - but now they found themselves nearly empty as farming declined. In most of these towns life revolved around the general stores.**

“That was the only place to come - to the store and the post office. It was always a big crowd when the mail got put up in the morning. I can remember back then ordering something that went up on the afternoon trains to Sears Roebuck and them throwing it off at the post office the next afternoon. That was good service. That was when the town was most crowded when they came in to check the mail.”

**Osierfield, an old railroad town, is one of those small communities you may have passed through. It was once called “Ocean Field” by the railroad men because its low lying ground turned to sea-like lakes whenever it rained.**

“Back in 1906, I believe, that’s when it had a cotton gin, turpentine still, a hotel, had a doctor here. Had a two storey hotel. It had a blacksmith shop. We had about three or four grocery stores. Once located right next door to my store burned. And a drug store which had a doctor too. He was a doctor and a druggist.”

**Today all that remains of Osierfield is the general store by the railroad track and lots of memories.**

“Saturday was one of your most busiest days. That’s when farm help came in to get their groceries. And of course, it was put down on the little ticket in the box. This store used to have fresh meats, kind you sliced, one slice baloney, once slice cheese. Had big hoop cheese, loose crackers, fresh fish, and of course you had the little 5c co-cola, that’s now 69 cents.”

“I always turned up here at the store at dinner time. I like Honey Buns and Moon Pies, pint of milk, sardines, Vienna sausage. All that was good eating after you’d worked hard. We’d all worked hard back then. It was all hand labor”.

“I have pictures of it when most of the things were working here. I can remember when all the signs were painted bright. We’re still on the map. You look on the Georgia map, we’re still on the map. We may just be a bump in the road now, but we’re awfully proud to be that bump.”

segment title: **mountain breezes**

“One weekend when my father was home from college there was this visitor who had spent much of her life travelling and she had a guide book by a man who listed 7 beauty spots in the world and she said she had been to all of them, but she wanted to add one to the list and I said “where was that?” and she said “The mountains of northeast Georgia”

**For over a century we have been escaping the heat and humidity of summer by travelling to Georgia’s mountains. Today almost a suburb of Atlanta, the mountain region used to offer a remote and different world, populated by stoic people who expressed themselves on the fiddle and in clay more easily than in words.**

**In decades past it would take a day or more of twisting mountain roads to reach our destinations, but the lure of the cool breezes, clear lakes and breathtaking views pulled us northwards, especially to Talullah Falls.**

“And at that time there were mountain hotels built along the cliffs overlooking the falls which was the big attraction. And people came in the summer. They came by horse and buggy. Or they came on the little train that came as far as Franklin. People came from Atlanta to Cornelia and transferred in Cornelia to the little Total Failure, as the Talullah Falls railway was called. And then they came to Talullah Falls”.

**Visitors cut across social and economic lines, from traveling salesmen to city dwellers arriving in chauffeured automobiles. They whiled away the hours swimming and boating, hiking and riding.**

**It was a short-lived heyday. In 1913 a hydroelectric dam turned Talullah Falls into Talullah Gorge ending its days as a summer retreat. In its place resorts sprang up around the newly created northern lakes. Today the mountains are on our doorstep, linked to us by highways that have turned journeys into easy trips, and adventures into simple outings.**

segment title: **one sixth of the world's wealth**

*"Giving Northerners unbattered instant grits is an old remedy for getting rid of tourists" Louis Grizzard*

**A second northern invasion, after the Civil War, took some of the most beautiful areas of Georgia as exclusive winter retreats. In the early 1900's, some household names came south looking for a winter getaway. J.P. Morgan, William Rockefeller, and Theodore Invel, were among the richest men in the country when a Georgia island called Jekyll caught their eye. They named their little piece of paradise, The Jekyll Island Club. It started out mainly as a hunting club, but soon developed into a two week winter retreat for New York City's finest families.**

"By 1915 the wealth and prestige of the membership had grown to the point where they controlled about 1/6 of the wealth of the world. The club operated January through April as a winter retreat. Most of these people belonged in the summer to the Adironnacks Lake Club and of course lived in New York, Philadelphia, the big cities in the northeast. They would come down here to escape the rigors of the winters and stay for about two weeks. Those that wanted to stay longer might build a cottage such as this one."

**There are few other so-called "cottages" in Georgia that have 17 bathrooms, courtyard swimming pools and 40 foot solariums.**

"They would bring an entourage with them, the whole family, the maids, the governess and so on would come, and really maintain, although in their eyes a much more simple way of life than what they had in their home state, nonetheless it was not uncommon for them to change clothes 7 times a day. In one case, the Macy family, where the governess has recorded a lot of that information, they brought 17 steamer trunks for the wife for a 7-day stay."

**Club members came to Jekyll then for the same reasons we would today; the beach, golf, play, and solitude. But the island paradise was to be short-lived. Death and taxes caught up with the millionaires.**

"The 1930s was a decade when a series of events occurred which made it very difficult for these people to accumulate wealth and pass it on to the children. First of all estate taxes made it difficult for them to pass on their wealth to their children, and

that is still with us today. With the wealth that these people had to take 30, 40, 50 % of the top and divide it between two or three children, after a few generations there's not very much of it left. After the war there was simply not enough interest on the part of the members to reopen the club, to make it successful, so in 1947 it was sold to the state of Georgia for \$600,000."

**A local newspaper gleefully wrote of the club's 1947 closing; "With the state's buy-out of the Jekyll Island Club, it is still safe for us to operate on the theory that a Yankee is worth more than a bale of cotton, and is twice as easy to pick."**

Segment title: **On the beach**

**A more populist beach resort grew up on Tybee Island where locals flocked to escape the summer heat and humidity. As one Savannah woman wrote: "The weather here is so hot, that many days you can see it."**

"The population of Tybee Island was not a year round residency. The population of Tybee was mostly summer residents who came from Savannah to escape the stagnant summer air there and enjoy the sea breezes on Tybee. "

**Tybee Island lay not a two hour train ride due east from Savannah.**

"You'd get on the train on the east side of town on President's Street and you went over bridges and causeways through the marshes onto Tybee. And the people would get off and spend the day on Tybee. And it was a real gathering place for Savannah people to have fun."

**By the 1930s Tybee was a booming beach resort with numerous summer cottages and several fine hotels strung along its shore.**

"This was the only beach. This was the only getaway, the only resort area. At that time it was a wide open beach resort area, so it really mushroomed in terms of the number of daily visitations. There could be as many as 10-20,000 people throughout the weekend here on Tybee Island."

**Tybee became a cool destination where kids of all ages swam by day and danced the warm lingering summer nights away.**

“Well Tybee was heaven on earth. For the young and the old. We had the run of the island. We spent the whole summer having fun. In the morning on the beach, and then we went down to the pavilion and danced or walked on the beach. It was wonderful.”

“Well the men were not allowed to wear topless bathing suits like they do today. It had to be a one-piece suit. And if they even pulled the shoulder strap off sometimes, the lifeguard would go up and tap him on the shoulder and say “Put strap back up”. It’s against the law. It was against the law.”

**With lieutenants and privates spilling out from nearby Fort Screven, and girls aplenty arriving by both train and car, the famous Tybressa Dance Pavilion jumped to a humid mix of laughter, Big Band sounds and stolen kisses under the pier.**

“A boy would come up and tap a boy on the shoulder and then the boy would step aside and he would dance with the girl. And the more tags you got, the more popular you were.”

“They would break in, that’s what it was. They would break into the dance”.

“But if you stayed and danced too long with that, that wasn’t good”

“You were stuck!”

**Tybee’s star waned as better roads and more cars widened our horizons. The Tybressa’s lights dimmed and went out. The railway from Savannah stopped running. And most of the hotels closed. It would be some years before we discovered again the heaven on earth that is Tybee Island.**

segment title: [our huckleberry friend](#)

**A native son, whose talents have touched us all through the years, travelled further than most, but in many ways never left home. America's greatest lyricist, Johnny Mercer was a down home Georgia man who wrote lovingly about his home state. His most famous song, "Moon River", was a fond remembrance of the small tidal creek that ran behind his Savannah childhood home. But before Mercer started to write, he wanted to ace. And to do that he had to get to New York.**

"So he decided to stow away on an ocean liner that was plying between Savannah, New York and Boston. Well, they stowed away but were caught half way to New York and they were made to work the other half until they left them off in New York Johnny's ambition was to be an actor, but his natural talent obviously was in songs and ballad writing and quickly the acting part gave way."

**Luck smiled on Johnny Mercer. He met Hoagy Carmichael while in New York and the pair wrote Johnny's first hit, "Lazybones" in 1933. In 1935 Mercer moved to Los Angeles and just three years later had his first Academy Award nomination for "Jeepers Creepers."**

"Mercer is acknowledged by most of his colleagues to be the greatest lyricist and songwriter in terms of his use of vernacular American speech. Most of his best-known works, songs like "Accentuate the Positive", even the lesser known ones like "PS I love you" took phrases that people use everyday and then made magnificent works of art out of them. Very few other lyricists used American speech that way. They used the English language".

**Over his career Mercer would receive 18 Academy nominations and four Academy Awards for such songs as, "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive," "On The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe," "In the Cool Cool Evening," "Moon River," and Days of Wine and Roses."**

"Some of his composer colleagues laughed at the way he worked. He'd lay back on the couch, maybe take a nap. Harry Warren names him "cloud boy". You could walk through and ask him a question and he'd answer you an hour later. It was his way to work, the creative muse working .."

**Mercer never strayed far from his Georgia down home feelings. He called on the memories of his youth; birds, meadows, rivers, and trains to set his songs in a unique southern vernacular.**

“Savannahians have never fallen out of love with Johnny Mercer. Johnny always wanted to be a regular guy. Good ole Johnny Mercer, that’s all...”

**Mercer left an indelible impression on American popular music. His legacy colored our lives and still stirs strong memories in all of us - including Emma Kelly, Savannah’s “Lady of a Thousand Songs”.**

segment title: **where we love is home**

*“The word ‘home’ to a Georgia man and Georgia woman is synonymous with the word ‘love’.” - Cornelia Wallace -*

**During the 1930's, our luck just about ran out. The boll weevil had bedeviled science and wrecked the economy. Small rural towns such as Possum Trot, Lick Skillet, and Frog Bottom were disappearing from Georgia’s map. Farm labor was on the move in search of jobs, any job. Many rural people turned to the textile industry for work. And with the textile mills came mill villages.**

“The mill villages were designed to give people a place to live that was near the milles. You suddenly had several hundred people working for this mill which was several hundred people that were not living in town before and they had to have someplace to live. You built the mill, you built the houses, it was something the mill owners automatically did in that day and time.”

**The workers’ houses were owned by the mill and “rented” to them through withheld wages. The village often ascended a hill side, with job title and family size moving in orderly progress up the grade. At the bottom were brick tenements, then duplexes and single family homes. At the top or nearest the mill would be the superintendents home.**

“My mother and father worked in the mill. And as my brothers and sisters grew up and came of age they too went to work in the mill. I had three brothers and six sisters and at one time all three brothers worked in the same department, which was

the weave room where my father worked. “

**Life was hard, each day regulated by the sound of the mill whistle.**

“They blew the whistle. Each mill had its own smoke stack and whistle. None of them had the same sound. You learned how to tell each’s sound. Oh that’s EbCity’s, we used to see who could get it first, which mill was blowing. It blew each afternoon to let the mill out and each morning at four o’clock they’d blow the whistle to make sure everybody was awake so they’d be in the mill at six o’clock”.

**Mill villagers often kept away from nearby towns and outsiders and became very close-knit communities.**

“On the village everybody knew not only everybody on the street, but everybody on the village. It was a sense of belonging that everybody had. It didn’t matter, you knew who they were, who their parents were, what department they worked in. You knew what church they went to, you knew whether or not they were in scouts, you knew everything about them. It was an extended family.”

**Although mill work meant low pay and long hours, some mill owners tried to protect their workers from the ravages of the depression.**

“During the depression the Callaways tried to make sure that at least one family member was employed at full wage. This was a time when the mill themselves were not doing well economically. They had to warehouse their products and save them for better times, but yet they were concerned about the families.”

**After the war, the advent of affordable transportation made mill villages unnecessary, and by the late 1940's most mill village homes had been sold to the employees.**

segment title: **lost treasure**

**Savannah is both beauty and history. There is a special charm to its way of life: breathtaking squares, elegant homes, lush gardens. But rarely do you hear of the treasure that Savannah lost.**

“The City Market was a hub of downtown. Vendors rented spaces in the market. It

had produce dealers, fish dealers, you had restaurant in there. It was a sort of citified farmers market. You had more things in there than you'd find at your ordinary farmers market”.

**The Savannah City Market, built in 1872, sat on a downtown square just two blocks from the river whence most of its produce and meats arrived. It was the city's commercial meeting place, where gossip and commerce intersected.**

“The whole thing about the City Market was person to person contact, friend to friend, eyeball to eyeball, competitor to competitor. It was a whole lot of fun trying to outdo the other guy. When you lose the fun, you lose everything”.

“The Kosher chicken man was Mr. Causeman, Mr. madden was in the meat business, Mr. Mostovich was the produce man, Mr. Freeze in the chicken business, the Mathews were in the fish business, and there were various and sundry small independent farmers that would come to town and huster their beans and peas that they picked in grass woven baskets.”

“The thing I remember best about the city market is how it smelled. It didn't smell bad. You smelled fish, but fish to me didn't smell bad. Fish smelled good cause I liked to eat fish. You would smell fish and then you'dsmell the produce, the green had a distinctive smell. You had this blend of smells as you went in the market. It was kind of romantic. I used to love to go to the market and just walk through.”

“We sold fish in the 30s for 5c a pound, three pounds for a dime and a shovel full for a quarter. And the phrase was, “A nickel, a nickel, a nickel, come and get it” We strung the fish up on palmetto branches. We'd sell you a string of fish for a quarter. We didn't know nothing about cleaning them, wrapping them. You took your string of fish and go. Now that's back in the 30s. It got better in the 40s and 50s. But that's how it was in the old days”.

**The 50s saw the demise of the colorful old city market, pulled down for - parking. But the loss of the City Market pushed the city's preservation movement into action. As a result, Savannah today is one of the world's most beautiful cities.**

## segment title - rosebud

**Not so long ago, Atlanta was ringed with farmland. Today's suburban subdivisions and shopping malls were built on dairy farms worked for generations by the same families. On one rolling pasture land east of Atlanta, Georgia's first true 60's superstar was born.**

**Established way back in 1919 with three cows, Mathis Dairy would reach international fame for a succession of gentle female bovines named, Rosebud. You see Rosebud was not just any cow. Rosebud was a happening. A kid's farm fantasy come true.**

"It started in the early 1950s with the cub scouts, boy scouts. In order for them to get a badge they had to visit a dairy farm. We had a herdsman at the time names Mr. Wade who was in charge of taking these cub scouts through the dairy. And it was his idea to let them pet a very gentle cow. And then he asked them if they'd like to milk a cow. And that's how it started. But we didn't know how big it would be until the parents started to call saying "My son had so much fun, we'd like to bring our other children. And that's when it really started."

**Sometimes waiting two or three months for a tour, over the years thousands of children were changed by the Rosebud experience.**

"Because at that time you didn't have animals around. Grant Park was small at that time. And for a child to see a cow, to get up to a cow, to touch a cow. Especially the calves, they got as much out of the calves. But Rosebud was the highlight. But touching Rosebud, that was outstanding. And when they got that pin that says "I milked Rosebud", that was a badge of courage".

"They always wanted to be squirted. Of course, a lot of them wanted a taste of fresh milk. They'd get down where they could get a mouthful of fresh milk and we'd oblige them. But mostly they preferred the cold milk to the hot milk. It was fresh but not like the cold milk".

"I was doing some business in Russia and I had two different individuals come up to me in Moscow and say "I milked Rosebud" 8,000 miles away from home and they had both milked Rosebud."

**It was an experience never to be forgotten - and one that today's children cannot have.**

"In the early 1970s is when we had to move the cows and stop the tours. The city was growing out to us. So that's when the tours actually stopped. It really hurt us as the kids in Atlanta. Then recently the building where it all started in 1917 burned down. We've had a lot of people calling who are broken hearted that the old farm had burned."

**segment title - house that aaron built**

*One of the best things a man can do for his son is pass along a love of baseball. - Lewis Grizzard -*

**With the Brave's move to Fulton County Stadium in 1966 the South had secured its first major league sports franchise. And with the Braves came the greatest slugger that Baseball has ever known, Hammerin' Hank Aaron.**

"Billy Brewer told me a long time ago, you get out of the game what you put in. No matter if it's baseball or whatever. If you work hard then you'll have a good career."

"I took every play very seriously. I took every bat very seriously. I studied the game".

**In his 23 year career, Aaron would play in 24 All Star Games. He dominated the league and rewrote the record books for Most Runs Batted In, Total Bases and Most Home Runs in a Career, 755. Many of his record breaking feats took place right in our own Fulton County Stadium.**

"It was a great place for me. The ball park was great. It was geared for my type of hitting. I felt if I walked out on the field, I could hit a home run. This park was friendly to me and I took advantage of it."

**Indeed he did. In this same friendly stadium, on April 8, 1974, Hank Aaron broke Babe Ruth's record for home runs, slamming number 715 out of the park.**

“You might not see that type of drama again. The fans enjoyed themselves, my mom and dad were here. The fans had a wonderful time. I put myself in history. And the fans put themselves in history when I hit that home run.”

“He’ll be remembered as someone who loved the game. A fellow who set numerous records. No one will ever break Hank Aaron’s records. His grandkids will be able to say “my ganddaddy hit more home runs than anyone else in baseball”.

**An excited Ted Turner remarked before purchasing the Braves in 1976, “What do you need to know about baseball? Both sides have ten guys.” Perhaps he thought Aaron was still playing for the Braves!**

**Baseball covets its heros. But Fulton County Stadium the house where Aaron set so many of his records, will be torn down in the Fall of ‘96 to make room for a parking lot.**

### **segment title - epilogue**

**So much of Georgia’s past has vanished. People, places, lifestyles are gone in the blink of an eye. But the south is long on tradition and strong in story-telling. As long as we have memories and share them, as long as we listen well and pass on our stories, the past will never be lost completely.**

**With his last breath, Booker T. Washington asked; “Take me home. I was born in the South; I have lived and labored in the South; and I wish to die and be buried in the South.” You’ll not find many of us who’d disagree.**

The End

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