

LIFE OF JUANITA HARLAN

By Juanita Harlan Cox

My life started when I was born March 5, 1901 in New Castle, Kentucky, where we lived until I was five years old. My family consisted of mother, father, two sisters, and one brother. Mother, Maggie Beall Flood Harlan was born September 13, 1866, in Henry County, Kentucky. She died April 19, 1937 in Louisville, Kentucky and is buried at La Grange, Kentucky. Father, Edgar Leslie Harlan, was born October 25, 1854, in Albemarle County, Virginia, near Scottsville, Virginia. He died March 12, 1938 in New Castle, Kentucky at his daughter Bernice's, home. He is buried in La Grange, Kentucky.

They had four children:

- 1) Mabel Harlan was born May 11, 1889, and died February 1, 1902, in New Castle, Kentucky. She died of scarlet fever and is buried in New Castle, Kentucky.
- 2) Bernice Harlan was born January 14, 1892, in New Castle, Kentucky and died October 30, 1951 of breast cancer. She is buried in New Castle.
- 3) Jesse Harlan was born March 9, 1896, New Castle, Kentucky and died May 2, 1964, in San Francisco, California of heart failure. He is buried in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno, California.
- 4) Juanita Harlan was born March 5, 1901, New Castle, Kentucky.

The only thing I remember about living in New Castle was walking on the keys of the square piano. Mother jerked me down and spanked me. Otherwise I would not have remembered us owning a piano. I later was told Mabel, my older sister played the piano.

Mother sold the piano when we moved to La Grange, Kentucky. I guess she thought we didn't need it as she and Bernice and Jesse were tone deaf. They couldn't carry a tune. I was too young to show any signs of musical talent. Mabel must have inherited a musical talent from my father and his brothers, as they all were musical. Thank God I inherited a love for music and I could sing.

Mabel, my older sister, died of scarlet fever when she was thirteen years old. I was eleven months old. Mother said Mabel was always ready to pick me up when I cried. But Bernice couldn't care less. However, Bernice changed as the years passed. She became the most thoughtful, kindest, loving sister anyone could have. She was most self-sacrificing. At this point I don't have any remembrance of my brother. He was only four or five. Evidently he didn't care much for me. Anyway when we were both grown we cared very much for each other.

I am sure I inherited my love for music from father and his side of the house. Father's brothers all had good voices and some played several instruments. My sister Mabel played the piano.

Mother has a big-framed picture of Mabel when she was a baby. Years after mother and dad died, we decided to take the baby picture out of the frame and we found two other pictures behind it. One was of Mabel when she was about twelve and one of Bernice when she was ten. They looked very much alike and wore dresses alike. They were lovely pictures. I have no idea why mother kept these pictures hidden unless it would be too painful to be reminded of her. Now everybody is gone who might be able to shed some light about Mabel. Mother only mentioned her name once to me.

1906 MY GROWING UP YEARS IN LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY

When I was five years old, we moved to La Grange, Kentucky, where we lived for the next twenty years. We moved into a house my grandfather, Thomas Samuel Harlan, (born July 21, 1828, died March 1900, buried La Grange, Kentucky) had owned. There were seven acres. It was a great place for a youngster to grow up. There were lots of trees - walnut, hickory, six apple, one cherry, two peach, one pear and grapevines. We picked out nut kernels during the winter and had big amounts for cake and candies. Mother made a candy pudding in a stem cake pan, which was so good.

We had chickens, one cow, and one or two horses, all the time. We never had a dog or cat or pet of any kind. Mother was quite a horsewoman. The friskier the horse the better she liked it. She always had a good horse and nice buggy.

After we moved to La Grange, Mother and I would go back to New Castle to visit her half sister, Mary Ratcliffe. We would start early before the horse flies came out. Mother would drive the horse and buggy through the swift creek. I was always frightened about it.

Aunt Mary had a farm, a huge yard and the biggest tree I ever saw. She raised chickens, turkeys, and guineas. Guineas are better than a watchdog. They raised such a racket when anyone came around. She always had a jar of teacakes and a big baked ham covered with a wire screen. Her husband, George Nicholas Ratcliffe, had taught Latin somewhere before they got married. I don't think he ever turned his hand to help on the farm. They had one son, Horace, one daughter, Leila, and one adopted son, Martin.

Cousin Horace Ratcliffe had a very loud, high pitched voice. You could hear him a mile away. He never married until his mother died. He married the head of a nursing home, in New Castle, just to have someone take care of him. Well she took care of him all right, and the big farm too. She took him for everything he had. There was no love involved.

Martin was a handsome man, and quite a nice person. Aunt Mary and I visited him in New Orleans during Mardi Gras one year. Aunt Mary was 70 years old, but always ready to go when we were. She was quite a remarkable woman. She named each of us. We had no middle names.

I was a tomboy. I climbed trees, rode horses bareback, and ate green apples as soon as they dropped their blooms, and at 20 years of age I could still jump over a tennis net.

We sold milk, butter and buttermilk, when there was a surplus. I was the one who delivered it. I whistled so much the customers always knew when I was near. I loved milk and heavy cream on oatmeal. I still miss that good old thick cream. We had gardens each year and canned lots. I use the word "we" loosely. As they couldn't get much work out of me. Jesse and I used to sit at the dinner table after supper getting our lessons, with a half-gallon of canned tomatoes between us. We would put a little vinegar, salt and pepper on them, I think there was more eating than studying.

La Grange was a small town, 27 miles from Louisville. It was pretty and well kept. Houses were painted white and some were brick. The railroad tracks went straight through the center of town. Despite this the stores, courthouse, two banks, buildings and residences were painted white and really looked good. All the streets were paved. The new school was a two-story red brick building. La Grange had six churches - Methodist, Baptist, Christian, Presbyterian, Catholic and Episcopal. A man passing through La Grange was hungry and needed money, he offered to paint a picture behind the pulpit of Jesus. It was Jesus holding a lamb in one arm and a staff in the other. The picture was huge, reaching from floor to ceiling. It was beautiful.

There were two large lakes in La Grange. One had a gas well. The water around it was about thirty feet in circumference and never froze. I was not permitted to skate on this lake for fear I would get to near the opening. If it got cold enough and the other lake froze over, I was permitted to skate on it. However, the small pond near the house served me well. Brother Jesse wrapped my ankles with book straps to give added strength.

Water from these two lakes was pumped to two large holding tanks on the edge of the railroad tracks, where trains got their supply of water. Passenger trains and freight trains passed through La Grange every hour, day and night, maybe oftener. I knew the number of each passenger train. La Grange was the dividing line for Cincinnati, Ohio and Lexington, Kentucky. It was called the LCL Line for "Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington Line". It was also referred to as "Old Reliable".

The pump house at the lake was fascinating. My neighbor friends uncle worked there, so we went often to look at it. Further on was a sulfur spring. We kids had fun trying to the awful smelling water.

La Grange was fortunate to have electric car service from Louisville. La Grange was the end of the line. The car circled the station and headed back to Louisville. The car ran every hour. This schedule was particularly convenient during my dating years. The last car left at eleven p.m. so it was this one or else....

The cemetery named "The Valley of Rest" was level, well kept and pretty. My mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, several uncles are buried there. My sister Mabel is buried in New Castle, Kentucky. This cemetery is level, well kept and pretty also. It has a pretty caretaker's house (gray stone) just inside the two big iron gates.

My father worked for the L & N Railroad and was gone much of the time. So the homework fell on my mother. She couldn't get much work out of me. However, it was my job to make the beds in the summer. I hated the feather beds! I couldn't ever get them smooth. It was my duty to clean the smoked up lamp chimneys and grind the coffee. We didn't have electricity. It was my brother's job each summer to white wash the picket fence. He got poison ivy every summer and mother would put him in a tub of buttermilk. It took lots of buttermilk. Jesse milked the cow part of the time and wanted to teach me to milk. Mother said "NO." If I didn't know how, I would never have to. Years later a situation surfaced where it would have fallen my job to milk a cow. I always felt very thankful for Mother's farsightedness.

Mother bought several hogs every year and cured our own meat. Neighbors would come in and help at hog killing time. There was plenty of activity. I got to help grind the sausage. We had a smokehouse and used hickory wood to smoke the meat. We had the best hams! Mother boiled hams in a big lard can on a wood stove with one cup of vinegar, one cup of sugar, and glazed the top with brown sugar and cloves. To this day, I'm careful about selecting ham. The taste is very disappointing.

When Father was home, he'd milk, hoe the garden and help. He worked for the L & N Railroad. He rode the pay car from Cincinnati to Florida. Sometimes he would bring fruit from Florida. Once he brought several persimmons home big as apples. A man came by and ate one. It drew his mouth up so he could hardly talk or eat. We kids thought that very funny. When the neighbor children saw Father coming, they would dash the back way arriving before Father did waiting to see what he brought - standing with eyes big and mouths wide open.

Our neighbor "Miss Mary" had two children, John Edward, my age, and Marguerite, Jess' age. Whatever Jesse told us to do, we did it. We played ball and croquet and anything else we could think of. One day when playing ball ... I had the habit of slinging the bat behind me... it hit John Edward on the forehead. He had a black and blue egg size bump for several days.

One day Mother told me to take a half-gallon of buttermilk to someone. We decided to ride "Ole Bird" a black mare. Marguerite got on first, John Edward in the middle, I was in back so I could slide off and open the gate. But Ole Bird didn't give me time to get off. She turned and raced back to the barn dumping us in a mud puddle. John Edward got most of the buttermilk and a whipping too. Our mothers were not happy about the incident.

When I was playing out and it was time for me to go in, Jesse would whistle for me, that was all it took for me to beat it home, quickly.

When I was eleven years old, Marion Bicknell Harlan, Jr. was born September 1912, to Mary Russell and Marion B. Harlan, Sr. I adored the baby and would go to see him nearly every day. Mother didn't want me to go before two o'clock so I frequently set the clock up. Cousin Mary and Marion Sr. lived next door to Uncle John and Aunt Lizzie, which was about five blocks from us, but it wasn't all in blocks. I had to cross two fields and the railroad tracks. Sometimes I would crawl under a standing freight train.

A few years after, when Marion, Jr. was seven years old, his sister Elizabeth Russell Harlan was born. By this time I had grown up and was working so I wasn't with Elizabeth much. In later years she became a close friend and cousin. Very loving and caring. She gave me two blouses and sweater, which I needed at the time.

Of course going to Sunday school and Church each week was something I looked forward to. It was a big part of my life. I sang in the choir and took part in all the activities. I frequently attended the Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoons, for lack of something to else to do.

We had a neighbor Mrs. Mary Houseworth. Her two children as I mentioned before were Marguerite and John Edward. We always called her "Miss Mary". She became my mother's best friend. They did everything together. She would bring her laundry over. Mother would do all the "rub board" washing with Miss Mary doing the rinsing. They ironed at our house. It was more economical to heat irons on one stove.

One time Miss Mary had an illness in the family. I don't remember if it was Marguerite and John Edward. But Mother spent nights there and would come home, take off her clothes and drop them in a tub of water on the back porch. We didn't catch whatever it was. Another time Miss Mary had surgery. When she was dismissed from the hospital, Mother brought her to our house. She opened the divan in our "parlor" and there she recuperated. Miss Mary was attractive and beautiful. We liked her very much. Her husband died in South America of yellow fever. Miss Mary had several suitors but she would never marry. I never figured out why.

Uncle John and Aunt Lizzie were so good to us. Had it not been for them we might not have had any Christmas. He bought me a pair of roller skates one summer. I was one happy youngster. I was thirteen years old. I would have to cross the railroad tracks and have concrete pavement all the way to school, about two miles.

In summer we young people would congregate after supper, forming a line like a train holding on to each other. The noise must have been terrific but I have no remembrance of complaints.

One night Russell gave me a box of candy. I didn't know where to put it to keep mother from finding. When my sister came to bed she threw it out on the floor not realizing what it was. I was so afraid mother would have a fit.

In winter I skated on a pond near by. One Saturday Mother told me not to skate on the pond as the ice was melting. I went anyway and fell through! Water up to my knees. It frightened me so I ran home crying with skates on. Don't remember if Mother whipped me for disobeying or not. She seldom missed a time to use the switch.

When I was fifteen years old, I went to Bryan Stratton Business School for six months. It was located at 5th and Walnut St., Louisville, Kentucky. I commuted daily. The train took an hour and a half to cover the twenty-seven miles. It stopped so many places. It was really a commuter train. While going to school there, I would stop at St. Joseph Hospital to see Uncle Horace Harlan who was ill of a kidney ailment. He died at age 49. He was the youngest and handsomest of my father's five brothers. Maybe I shouldn't say he was the handsomest as all the men were handsome.

There were three blondes, blue eyes, and three brunettes. I never saw any of them in anything but good clothes. They didn't have any other kind. Many Sunday afternoons when some of the uncles came to La Grange (which was often) they'd congregate at our house. It was always an entertaining afternoon. They had so many funny stories to tell. Bernice and I would manicure their fingernails.

We were poor but always had enough to eat and my uncles liked to come often. All of them were fond of corn on the cobb. They could eat a tub full. I can't ever remember any of them getting the corn, shucking it and silking it. It seemed that all the work fell on my mother. Sometimes it seemed they would eat us out of house and home.

BERNICE, MY SISTER

When Bernice married William Weldon Hill of New Castle, Kentucky in June 1919, she moved to his farm. She had never been used to that kind of hard work. There wasn't even the smallest convenience. Water had to be carried a block. She cooked on a wood stove and Weldon was usually too busy to keep in a supply of wood. Thank goodness she didn't have to cut the wood! I never heard her complain.

Bernice was a wonderful sister to me. Whatever nice things I could say of her would not do her justice. She was such a caring generous person, always thinking of others. She would give the coat of her back to someone who needed it. She gave birth to two sons. Weldon Harlan Hill, born July 11, 1921, in New Castle, Kentucky, and Horace Edgar Hill, born January 19, 1924. He died October 11, 1990, in a Louisville, Kentucky Hospital.

When Horace Edgar was about a year old, Weldon, Bernice's husband became quite ill with a kidney ailment, was in a hospital in Louisville, Kentucky a month, not expected to live. But he did. He was never cured but improved enough to go back and forth to Louisville for treatment quite often. In fact for years, these were bad years for them.

Weldon was a good manager and able to keep the farm. Years later when her son Harlan came home on furlough, he asked where his sport jacket was? She said "I cut it up and made a coat for Nancy." She didn't have one and needed one. Nancy was a neighbor child of a poor family. Bernice sewed a good bit for me. I'd buy materials and patterns, mail them to her and she'd mail them back all finished. I was always pleased with the results. Back in the 1920's homemade clothes were not looked down on. Most of the time it was a necessity. I soon got above home made clothes. Never having had many, my taste ran to real pretty fancy clothes, some of which might not have been appropriate for office wear. I wore them anyway.

When Bernice had a mastectomy, I was living in Gainesville, Florida. I flew to Louisville where Ed, her son, met me. I stayed with her three weeks and drove her to Louisville every day for chemotherapy. I told Weldon, "Bernice will never be able to cook of that wood stove again, buy an electric one," which he did. Weldon and Ed enjoyed the new stove as much as

Bernice did. Several years later the malignancy showed up. This time I lived in Ellijay, Georgia (1951). I flew to Louisville, Kentucky.

When Bernice was suffering she'd hold her arm out for Weldon to administer a shot. I had been with her three weeks when she died, Oct. 30, 1951. She was fifty-nine years old. From where I sit that sounds young.

After Bernice died, Ed married Betty Washburn of Carroll County. Betty had a lot of work ahead of her. The house needed a thorough cleaning and rearranging. Betty was a perfectionist. She wanted a clean straight house. Weldon and Ed had been used to tracking in mud or anything else and Bernice never complained. Bernice liked to sew and cook. She wasn't a super housekeeper. Weldon was at a loss to adjust to circumstances and consequently he gave Betty and Ed lots to worry about. In this case it was the children worrying about their dad instead of the dad worrying about his son coming in late and in what condition. Betty and Ed endured much as Weldon became quite a problem.

Together Betty and Ed accomplished much. They have two children who have married and have children of their own. Both have done well in their profession. Edgar, Jr. is a lawyer and certified public accountant and Bernice is a registered nurse.

Now Betty is a widow, as Ed died October 11, 1990. Ed had a triple by-pass ten years before and had led an active life, but this time he didn't survive the surgery.

UNCLE HOWARD HINTON HARLAN

Uncle Howard lived in Louisville for a while. His youngest daughter "Hattie Mae" was my age. I visited her frequently and we'd go to vaudeville shows, which I enjoyed very much.

One day at home I was trying to kick as high as the actress and kicked so hard I jerked the other leg from under me and fell. My brother laughed so hard, he thought it very funny.

Once when my uncle Howard was at our house, we were sitting in a swing and singing and Bernice started crying. When Uncle Howard asked why, she said Mabel used to play that song. Mabel, my oldest sister, must have inherited some of the Harlan musical talent as she played the piano.

My mother, sister, Bernice, and brother Jess were tone deaf, guess that's why mother sold the piano when we moved to La Grange, Kentucky.

JAMES FORBES HARLAN (1914)

Uncle Jim was the oldest of the six brothers. He was very talented musically. He could play any string instrument. Wherever he went he carried a violin, a banjo and a guitar. He gave me a guitar and taught me to play one piece. The guitar was just not for me. Years later I asked him to take the guitar and trade it for a ukulele, which he did. I couldn't play the uke either but my close girlfriend could.

Uncle Jim played for dancers when young and lived in Virginia. He taught penmanship, his writing was beautiful. He wrote the fanciest calling cards for the ladies. When at our house he would hold pick the banjo, stomp his foot and sing Methodist hymns. I've never found anyone who knows that song. All the uncles had good voices.

I remember Father and I sitting under the apple trees and singing hymns. Marching to Zion is one that sticks in my mind. Uncle Jim died from pyelonephritis and kidney problems. James Forbes was born July 12, 1851, in Albemarle County, Virginia, and died August 16, 1934, in Decatur, Alabama. He is buried in Roselawn Cemetery, Decatur, Alabama.

MUSIC

It is difficult to describe my feelings about music. I have always loved it. If I had one wish, it would have been to be able to "solo" and express myself in song. I soloed several times but didn't do my best because I was self-conscious, afraid of being criticized or made fun of. After all the years, I'm still self-conscious and timid beyond description. I hate being timid but have never been able to overcome it. Guess I haven't really tried.

In later years it was a sad day when I had to give up singing, due mostly to allergies and breathing my husbands second hand cigarette smoke for many years.

My love for music must have been inherited from my father and his five brothers, who were musical. All had good voices as well as being proficient in musical instruments, such as concert harp, banjo, guitar, and violin.

While living in La Grange, Kentucky during 1911 and 1912, we frequently visited Uncle John on Sunday afternoons. He had a victrola and records of Caruso, Hart Lauder, John McCormick and many other outstanding male vocalists of that era. It was a most enjoyable afternoon.

I sang in choir every place we lived except Marietta, Georgia, where they had a paid choir. Music touches my heart when nothing else does. Music and dancing have given me more pleasure than anything else.

The frequent visits with uncles Jeff and Berta were the most memorable, due to singing with Uncle Jeff. Their playing together complimented each other. Uncle Jeff and I sang together, I loved this. Berta played the piano and Uncle Jeff the concert harp.

THOMAS JEFFERIES HARLAN (1916-1917)

Thomas Jefferies Harlan was born November 22, 1866, and died August 23, 1956. When Uncle Jeff married Bertha Cox Dec. 24, 1915, he brought her to La Grange, Kentucky to meet her new in-laws. It was love at first sight on my part. In fact Aunt Berta and I fell in love with each other. She always liked younger people. She taught music in Etowah, Tennessee. I visited them two summers there.

One time Uncle Jeff asked mother about me living with them, as they could do more for me than she could. Mother was highly indignant and said, "I'm not raising my daughter to be a servant for anybody!"

Uncle Jeff and Aunt Berta were quite accomplished musicians. She a pianist and he the concert harpist. Their playing complimented each other. He loved opera, played many Scores from different operas and would tell you about them, if you were a mind to listen. Both were fun loving people. Uncle Jeff could mimic the Irish people to perfection.

April 26, 1926, Uncle Jeff and Aunt Berta were now living in Paris, Kentucky. I was visiting them one weekend when Aunt Berta said, "Lets drive over to see Manley (her brother) in the hospital in Lexington". He'd been in a car wreck. Aunt Berta said I want you to meet Manley. He shows a girl a good time. I was all for that!

I liked him immediately and invited him to go to "the Derby" with me the following Saturday. He did. The following day being Sunday, the Harlan clan and Manley met at our house in La Grange. Uncle John loved music and asked Manley to play the piano. He played anything anyone mentioned. That did it! I really fell in love with him.

Manley was a traveling salesman for Nunnaly's Candy Co. in Atlanta, Georgia, but was headquartered in Lexington, Kentucky. I could catch an early train in Louisville on Saturdays at 1:30 PM and arrive in Lexington at 5:30, where Manley would meet me and we'd drive to Paris, Kentucky eighteen miles. I could catch an early train to Louisville on Monday morning and arrive for work at 8:30. I would get breakfast in the diner.

This was the pattern of our courtship, which lasted nine months. After ten years of having a good time being foot loose and fancy free, I finally fell in love enough to want to marry. Marrying Manley, who was a brother to Berta Cox Harlan, made Aunt Berta my sister-in-law. I dropped the Aunt but Uncle Jeff was still "Uncle". What does this make our children? Double first cousins or what?

One reason I fell in love with Manley was his musical talent. He played the piano by ear mostly and could hear a piece and go to the piano and play it. You could just mention a song and he could play it without hesitation. He was pianist for the University of Georgia Glee Club for two years. He wore full evening clothes. I regret not having a picture of him in white tie, tails and black patent leather pumps. I do have a picture of the whole glee club in their full dress.

UNCLE JOHN BAILEY HARLAN

John Bailey Harlan was born May 14, 1864 and died December 12, 1936. Uncle John was the guiding force in his five brothers' lives. He was a proud, ambitious person, proud of his Virginia heritage. He wanted his brothers to do well, to be "somebody". If it hadn't been for Uncle John and his wife Aunt Lizzie, we might not have had any Christmas's. He was so good to us! He cared! When I was thirteen he gave me a pair of roller skates. This made me very happy. I could go through our pasture, cross the railroad tracks and get on the pavement and skate nearly two miles to school. The freight trains were so long. I'd sometimes crawl under one. The skates gave me many, many hours of happiness.

Known to many as "JB11. He was Police Chief for the Louisville Nashville Rail Road, (called "Old Reliable"). Head of rail detectives for forty years. These were plain-clothes men carrying pistols in shoulder holsters under their coats. He gave Jobs to his brothers and other kin and hired a big number of men. His office was in Union Station, 10th Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky. He commuted daily for years but later moved to Louisville, Kentucky to 400 Stiltz Ave, where he resided until his death, December 12, 1936. He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.

I can't say enough nice things about Uncle John. He was always helpful with advice, which I needed and appreciated. I would have never gotten out of La Grange if it had not been for him.

Uncle John's mother, my grandmother, was 92 when she died. Her name was Mary Fleming Harlan, born in Virginia 1831, died in La Grange, Kentucky 1923.

She visited us two weeks each summer even though she lived with Uncle John and Aunt Lizzie just five blocks away. Uncle John had his mother and Aunt Lizzie had her mother living with them, "Granny Bicknell". They had rooms across the hall from each other and died three hours apart. Both are buried In La Grange, Kentucky.

May 1918

A whole new era opened for me when uncle John got me a job in the L & N office building at 19th and Broadway, next to Union Station. It was a short block to cut through from train to office. I worked in the car records office for nine years four months, May 1918 retired Sept 7, 1927. I commuted for this length of time. These were great years, I enjoyed working there.

When working for the railroad you were entitled to free passes anywhere on the L&N Railroad. Pullman reservations were half fare.

There were 135 people working in the car records office, 35 were women. There were several thousand employed in the thirteen-story building. There were three bosses in our office. The one with least authority was always included in our entertainments, parties, bowling, dances etc... Mr. Gershel was his name. -He and his wife were always included. They were a fun loving couple.

Anytime something special came up, one of the girls would ask me to spend the night with them. I was so grateful for their thoughtfulness. I took girls home with me at different times. One time I took Gene Henry home on Saturday afternoon. He had never been on a horse. We went horseback riding. He said "I can't tip my hat to your friends, I'm afraid I'll fall off."

My first big trip was July 4, 1918. Four of us went to Niagara Falls. After viewing the falls we took an aerial ride over the falls into Canada. We had a lovely meal at Hotel Victoria. Took a night train back to Louisville in time for work on Monday morning. This being my first trip of any significance, I bought lots of souvenirs. When I got home and took stock, I realized I had bought a lot of junk. This taught me a lesson.

We usually traveled in fours for economy sake, two in the lower berth and two in the upper berth. When it was my turn to sleep in the upper berth I didn't always ring for the porter. Getting up and down was no problem for me. I'd look out the curtain to be sure no one was in the aisle.

On July 4th, 1919, I went to Montgomery, Alabama to visit Uncle Jeff and Aunt Berta. Their three-year-old son Jefferies fell in a creek over his head. Uncle Jeff stepped in and picked him up. It frightened the child so badly, he's never gotten over his fear of water. He's about 75 years old now. In later years when Jefferies was in Air Force training, he was to parachute into a tank of water. He was sick that day and didn't take the test. If he had taken it he would never have become a pilot. He flew 35

missions as lead ship over England. When flying over oceans he always were two life preservers. He said they would not have helped, but he felt better.

My brother Jesse was with the L & N Railroad and was headquartered in Memphis and Paris, Tennessee. During the horse races in Louisville he would come and we'd go to the races on Saturday afternoons. I enjoyed it very much but would not bet. I was not lucky and hated losing. I promised I'd bet on every race one Saturday afternoon. A horse's name "Display", just jumped out at me and I bet on him and won nine dollars. I lost it all before leaving the track, plus some.

Jesse usually came to Louisville on Derby Day. There were other L&N officials who came too. I went to the Derby six years with Jesse. I missed two years due to religion. We'd have revivals and they preached against dancing and horse racing as well as other things. I regret missing those two Derbys. As for dancing, I soon went back to dancing. I loved to dance!!.

I bought a record player and all the young men I dated danced. During this time there were many Shrine Balls, Potentate Balls and I went to many of them. I loved wearing evening gowns and waltzing with good partners. It was such fun! The last Shrine Ball I attended was at the Shrine Mosque next to Fox Theater, Atlanta, Georgia in 1929. I was married by then and we lived in Atlanta at that time. I wore a peach colored satin gown. I danced three dances with Dr. C. E. Rushin, who was my dear friend, neighbor and doctor. He said he'd better get back to his wife. I never forgave my husband for abandoning me at this time, it was embarrassing. When I found him, he and a friend had been out for a couple of drinks. I didn't like that a bit and said, "You can just take me home." He did but he went back. I didn't like that either. I gave up dancing as well as many other things after marriage. Why is it you have to give up so many things you've always enjoyed after marriage?

LOVE LIFE (1917-1927)

During the 1920's, girls just didn't settle for one special boyfriend. Going steady had not been in vogue at that time, only in special cases. Due to working in Louisville, I had a chance to meet lots of people and I had many gentleman friends. Some friendships didn't last long but it sorta weeded out the ones you didn't care for. I am so glad I didn't marry the first friend. My first proposal was from Charlie Miller. He drove a dodge car and was teaching me to drive. There was a big rock in the road. I hit it right square in the middle. He didn't like that. I said I was trying to miss it. Anyway there were too many fish in the sea to think about marriage. I was just being introduced into a big new world and didn't want to settle down into marriage.

I spent two vacations in Shores, Virginia meeting relatives I hadn't met before, namely the Moons, Seays and Buggs. Shores, Virginia had one big store belonging to Cousin Arthur Seay. The Post Office was a small cubicle in the corner of a store. The Railroad station was the size of a boxcar. Residences were scattered and few and far between.

Cousin Arthur's three-story house was built on a high hill overlooking the James River. I nearly drowned in the James River. I didn't know how to swim, they didn't know it either. It was romantic sitting on the porch at night in the moonlight looking down on the river. It was very conducive to love making.

Alfred Seay was my third cousin, my age, dark red hair, brown eyes, quite handsome! I spent two vacations visiting the family. He and his brother, Phillip, visited me in Kentucky. Alfred and I became engaged and I wore his fraternity pin but finally returned it. The distance between Virginia and Kentucky was too great to do any courting. I wasn't ready for marriage anyway.

My father, born and reared In Virginia, had many, many relatives. I visited in Scottsville, Tamworth, Shores and other places. Robert Seay met me in Charlottesville, VA and we drove by Monticello, home of Jefferson. It was beautiful! I visited cousin PG and Cousin Katie Seay in Scottsville before going on to Shores.

Little did I know then that I was so close to where my father and his brothers lived, in Albemarle County, Virginia. Nor did I know my namesake lived close by, whom I met many, many years later; "Juanita Graham Creighton".

SID HULLETT

When there was trouble on the L&N Railroad, Uncle John hired extra men. "Sid Hullett" was one of them. He was handsome, nice, and likable. We dated some but it got to be so every time I turned around Sid was there. I couldn't breathe! I tried to tell

him in a nice way that I was tired of him and didn't want to date him anymore. A friend of Sid's and mine came to my house one night trying to plead Sid's case. Said he'd walked Sid practically all night, wouldn't I reconsider? The answer was NO!.

CASTNER BROWDER

Castner Browder lived in Middletown, Kentucky Halfway between La Grange and Louisville. He caught the train at Anchorage, Kentucky. He was blond and had beautiful blue eyes. He was secretary to the president of the railroad. He would sit with me after my other friend or friends got off at Baxter Ave. He got tired of carrying my "too big ugly over night case" to the office building for me when I was going to spend the night with a friend. So he gave me an expensive black leather case which I used for the next twenty years or longer. It never wore out.

One weekend we went to Wilmore, Kentucky where I spent the night with Mrs. Lamb. Her husband had held a revival in our church. I never did ask Castner where he spent the night. Coming home we stopped at his mother's house in Middletown. I met his sister and family. They were moneyed people, high socially. I was completely out of my element. Many years later, he married and lived in Cherokee gardens, an expensive part of Louisville, Kentucky.

PAT GILTANE

Pat Giltane, a young man in our office, went with me a good bit. He was Catholic so I thought I had a good excuse for not falling in love with him. I said "You'd get tired of me spending most of my Sundays in Church." He didn't think that would cause problems, but it would. I liked him very much, but marriage? NO. When he and Gene went to Washington DC, they bought Catherine and me beautiful jewel cases. I still have mine.

HOWARD JAMES

I dated several Catholic young men. Howard would accompany me to church on Sunday night but wouldn't go in. At that time Catholics were not supposed to enter a protestant church. They aren't that strict now. Louisville was predominantly Catholic. Most of the office force were Catholic. When I spent a night with girlfriends, I'd go to early mass too, also to weddings. One of my bosses frequently sang "Ave Marie" at the office weddings.

CHARLES TERRY McDONALD

One day when I walked out of the L&N office building, there stood a young man whom I knew slightly. We had attended the same business school. In our conversation he said he liked girls, his mother was one once. This was the beginning of a three-year relationship or courtship. This did not keep me from dating others. He used to practically beg mother to let me go home with him some weekend to meet his mother who lived in Munfordsville, Kentucky. Mother never budged an inch, her answer was always NO. He left the L&N for work with a Lumber company, whose office was almost on the railroad track. We waved to each other every morning when my train passed. He had a small Masonic emblem put on a ring for me. We weren't getting anywhere so we called it quits. Uncle John approved of him.

BROADUS C. LEE

Broadus' nickname was "Bearcat". He was quite generous in taking me out to eat in expensive places and to plays at Macauly's Opera House. Not only would he take me but take the friend whom I was spending the night with and include her mother. When he found out I was fond of chocolate cream covered Brazil nuts, he kept me in five pound boxes. During the 1920's, "candy and flowers" were the most acceptable gift for a man to give his lady friend. At Christmas he gave me an amber dresser set.

I went to Governor Morrow's Inaugural Ball in Frankfort, Kentucky in 1923. I wore an orchid chiffon long evening gown. I wore a silver band around my head and silver flowers over one ear, which was fashionable at that time. My escort was B. C. Lee. He showed me around the capital. We sat in the House of Representatives and talked briefly. He kept trying to persuade me to marry him. I said, "Lets not talk about that tonight, I want to dance." So dance we did!

Going back to the Hotel in a taxi he put his arm across my shoulders. I thought, "Oh, oh, if I ever get back to mother, I'll never leave." That gesture was mild compared to now. Remember that was in the early 1923. Mother was very much against my going to the Inauguration. I told her several girls from the office were going and it was quite all right for me to go. Which was really not the truth. I'm still glad I went.

After we were engaged, I wore his Sigma Chi fraternity pin, which was quite pretty. He had our initials carved on the back. I still have it. Broadus brought four ring settings for me to select the one I wanted a diamond placed in. I never got the ring as Uncle John advised me not to marry him. He gave me good reasons so I broke the engagement.

Uncle John being a detective, would investigate or have one of his men investigate the background of those he thought I might get serious about. He advised me many times. I always took his advice and appreciated it.

My father was such a sweet easygoing person. He never saw the bad side of anyone. So he thought what I did or whom I courted was all right. My mother was the opposite and gave me plenty of advice, which I didn't always take.

CLARK YAGER

What can I say about Clark? He was a valued, trusted, down to earth, good friend. We were close friends for such a long time. I always enjoyed being with him. Evidently he enjoyed it too, or else he would not keep coming around. We frequently went into Louisville on Sunday afternoons to a show. We'd stop at Benedicts for ice cream sodas and catch the five o'clock train back home.

I bought rustic furniture for our yard. I had a swing made to seat six people hung between two apple trees. There were six of us: Mary Logan Johnson, her friends Wade Meredith and Bill Watts, Mary Shannon and her friends Mitch Eula and J. D. Hampton, my friend Clark and me and others. Mary Logan played the ukulele and we sang and sang until midnight. One night she sat down on the uke and broke it, on purpose. My family's bedroom was close by but they never complained about the noise.

One Christmas Mitch and Wade's boxes of candy got sent to their other girl friends. Thank goodness mine didn't go to Clark's other girl friend. As stated before going steady just wasn't in vogue at this time. Clark was dating another, I was dating several. Clark asked a friend whom he should marry, Julie or me? The friend's reply was he wouldn't marry anyone he'd have to put on a pillow to find. Julie was petite, delicate, pretty and didn't have to work. Her family was moneyed and lived in a real pretty house in a nice neighborhood. She was higher on the social ladder than I, and had become accustomed to things I never had. Anyway, he married Julie. Her mother objected to Clark, maybe that's the reason she won out. He became engaged to her one Sunday afternoon and was with me that night. We continued to be together lots. Clark is the only person whom I dated any length of time who did not ask me to marry him. At that time I was not interested in marriage and probably would not have accepted a proposal. I didn't know the difference between love and genuine friendship. I thought to be in love enough to marry, you had to be an cloud nine all the time and feel you just couldn't live without that person. Years later after I married, I would go back to Louisville and would phone Clark at work, at Ballard & Ballard Flour Company. He always recognized my voice immediately and would say, "Well, well... where are you? I will pick you up in five minutes." We rode out the River Road. It was always good to see and talk to an old friend.

R. A. HILL

Raymond was older and more mature than I was. He lived in Memphis, Tennessee. He came to Louisville fairly often, and always took me out to dinner and a show. He gave me platinum Shrine pin. I stayed at the YWCA. Again the distance was too great to do any courting, and I wasn't ready for marriage.

CECIL

Can't mention his full name. You never know when the written word will get around. He is married, Probably has children. We saw each other regularly for a long time in between my other friends. He was real sweet. I liked him very much. All good things must come to an end. James was a great dancer. I loved dancing with him. Our Courtship was of short duration as Manley came into the picture.

JULY 1924

One vacation was spent in Washington D.C. visiting Jimmy and Birdie Peak. We went sightseeing lots. The Church had a camp named "Ripple Do" camp. It was just in the edge of Maryland. We went there several times. We went canoeing on the Potomac River in the moonlight. It was a most enjoyable trip. A friend from La Grange, Kentucky, "Emily Watts", lived in Washington D.C. at this time. She was main soloist for 50 years at the First Methodist Church. She was a member of DAR and served as Greeter at the White House for many DAR occasions. In 1916, Emily and I rode to Louisville, Kentucky. She to the conservatory of music and I to business school.

JULY 1925

Four of us girls; Margaret, Lillian, Ann and I, went to Yellowstone Park. We stopped in Denver, Colorado, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, Cody, Wyoming, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Perkins, an office friend, asked me to phone his sister in Minneapolis, which I did. We had a nice conversation. She was glad to talk to someone who knew her brother. She told Perkins I had the voice of an angel.

I had planned to go to Havana Cuba the next year, 1926, but in the mean time I met Manley Cox and that changed the picture. I haven't been to Cuba yet.

THANKSGIVING 1926

Manley and I became engaged and he gave me a beautiful diamond ring. A .80 carat diamond surrounded with twenty-two perfectly cut diamonds in platinum setting. Becoming engaged and not being able to see your fiancée every night can be very lonely. Sometimes you wish you hadn't become engaged. It does change things drastically.

I loved the weekends spent in Paris with Uncle Jeff and Aunt Berta. Uncle Jeff played the concert harp and she the piano. He and I sang. He had a good tenor voice. Sometimes during summer weather there were neighbors standing outside listening to us. We sang: The Rosary, Ava Marie, Perfect Day, Indian Love Call, The Holy City, Always, Ramona, Face to Face (not the hymn), O Sol Mio, Trees, Because, I Love You Truly, My Wild Irish Rose, Afterwards, The old refrain of When Irish Eyes are Smiling. I loved these weekends. In fact, they are my happiest memories.

MARRIAGE

January 23, 1927, Manley and I were married in Paris, Kentucky by a Presbyterian Minister Rev. Clotfetter. My mother was very much against the marriage. She was not a woman of tears, but when I left that morning she cried uncontrollably, loud and long. I can still hear her.

I went to work as usual and kept my composure until Uncle John came and sat by me on the train. When he kissed me good-bye, my dam of tears broke loose. At work I kept an eyeshade on, hoping my tears would not be noticed. After work that day being Saturday, I caught the train for Lexington and Paris, Kentucky. We were married the next day at five PM. We had a beautiful evening meal at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington, Kentucky. Uncle Jeff and Aunt Berta, Jeffries and Marcus attended.

The weather was stormy, in fact flood stage in many places, but we drove to many towns on Manley's itinerary to sell Nunnally's Candy. By the way, Manley kept Berta and me in candy. Berta loved chocolates better and could eat more chocolates than anybody I've ever heard of. I wasn't far behind.

Even though the weather was awful foul, I couldn't see a cloud in the sky. I thought Manley would play the piano and I would sing. Everything would be lovely always. Sometimes we are so blinded by love!

During the depression was not the ideal time to marry. After two months, Manley's Job played out but he soon became cashier for Nunnally's Candy Company in Atlanta, Georgia.

Bob Anderson worked for Nunnally's. He and wife Mary had been bosom friends of Manley's for many years. I always thought Manley loved them more than he loved me. So Manley got an apartment in the same building as Bob and Mary. I could catch a train in Louisville on Saturday nights to Atlanta, leave there Sunday night and arrive in Louisville Monday morning in time for work. This went on until Sept. 27, 1927. I didn't want to give up my job but I saw if I didn't, my marriage may not survive. They were having too good a time with out me. There were a number of others who worked at Nunnally's, so there was always social events going on. They had a merry time! Manley being without his wife was in demand, being the life of the party. Bob and Mary belonged to the Atlanta Athletic Club and they took us many times for dinner and dancing.

The first year in Atlanta we went to the Opera. Manley bought me an orchid Spanish shawl to ware. I felt quite dressed up. One night at the club, Winship Nunnally asked me to dance. I thought it great to be dancing with the president of Nunnally's Candy Co.

Each week I moved some of my belongings in a wardrobe trunk. I could do this at practically no expense. I had the piano shipped. Brother Jess came from Memphis, Tennessee to drive my Dodge car and me to Atlanta. The roads were not good then as now. It took us two days, of course there was car trouble on the way. We spent the night In Morristown, Tennessee. When they found out we were not married to each other they refused to let us register. The next place we registered as Mr. & Mrs. we didn't have enough money to have separate rooms. When we drove into Atlanta we had twenty-five cents between us. We lived In Atlanta the first three years of our marriage.

Mary Anderson was quite nice in introducing me to her friends. I joined her bridge club. We played regularly, usually at Tea Rooms or Hotels. The Henry Grady Hotel on the mezzanine floor was our favorite place.

THE MAN "MY HUSBAND", MANLEY AUGUSTUS COX

It's ironic that I married a man with a drinking problem. I didn't realize that until nearly a year after marriage. My father had five brothers and only one drunk any. None of the six ever used tobacco in any form.

During the nine months of our courtship Manley did not drink. I was not prepared to face the fact I'd married a man with a drinking problem.

After being out of work for nearly a year, Manley got a job as cashier with Nunnally's Candy Co. He got an apartment in Atlanta in the same complex as Bob and Mary Anderson, former friends.

They had been bosom friends for many years, I always thought that Manley loved them more than me.

I continued to work for the railroad for six months, commuting on weekends between Louisville and Atlanta. This is when Manley started drinking again. They seemed to have such a good time during my absence. I thought that I'd better quit my job and move to Atlanta or else my marriage might not survive.

The first week in Atlanta after quitting my job we were playing bridge in Mary and Bob's apartment when Manley got mad and left. I did not follow him immediately. When leaving, I wondered if the door would be locked. Fortunately it was not. I was hurt and regretted giving up my job and wished I could go back. That would have been most embarrassing. So I just endured.

There were many embarrassing times, too many to mention. This drinking went on for the three years we lived in Atlanta and many more years. I always wanted to entertain in our apartment but Manley said NO! It wasn't fine enough. I enjoyed the bridge club. My partner Grace Ballew ruined the only time I had a chance for high score by overbidding. She'd had too much too drink or she wouldn't have done that. I was the only one in the club who did not smoke or drink, I'm not bragging, Just stating facts. My last time to entertain the club, I took them to the Cox Carlton Hotel across from the Fox Theater. It was lovely. This happened just at the time Manley was dismissed from his job. I didn't have any money so I wrote Jesse my brother asking for some money, which he sent, so I could fulfill my obligation. I would have been too embarrassed to have told them of my circumstances. So much for trying to keep up with the Jones. When Manley lost his job at Nunnally's he had to pawn my engagement ring, store our furniture and dismiss Joe's nurse of fourteen months, "Ella Wicker", and sent me home to mother and dad's in Louisville, Kentucky. It really was not fair for then to have to take us in. Dad was old and on a very small salary. They never made me feel anything but welcome. Manley went to Ellijay to his mother's. He came to see us in Louisville whenever he could.

We were there a long time it seemed. Joe and I went to Ellijay and stayed two years. Later mother wrote she was ill and needed me so Joe and I went to Louisville to be with her. She sent money for transportation. She also paid a small debt of several hundred dollars, which we owed for seven years. This time we stayed four years. She got my diamond back. Every time I went out, it seemed a black cloud was overshadowing me.

It was a difficult time, partly due to Manley's drinking. Uncle John gave Manley a Job with the railroad riding freight trains at night to protect the whiskey cars. One afternoon Uncle John came by. He asked me if I had any influence with Manley about his drinking. I said, "None." He said that if he didn't do better he'd have to let him go. I said whatever you see fit to do is alright with me. I couldn't beg him to keep Manley on when I knew how he was doing. Liquor makes a person do things he wouldn't do if he were sober. When Manley drank, everything became rosy. He was never abusive!.

It was no use to talk to him about his drinking when he was drinking. When he was sober he was so nice I just couldn't approach the subject. I just endured. Once while Manley was working for the railroad we got passes and went to Ellijay for the weekend. He preceded Joe and I to Atlanta and promptly got drunk. He wanted Joe and I to go to the diner for supper with him. Neither of us would go, but he went alone. Joe was about seven years old, old enough to know that his dad was drunk. Joe said lets pack our clothes and go to grandmother's. I said there were reasons we couldn't do that. The four years we were there we moved five times, always close to mother and dad's and usually in the same block, living part time with them.

One time mother gave Manley a talking to. She really bawled him out. Manley said to me its a good thing she's your mother, no one has ever talked to me like she did. I didn't hear the conversation so I don't know what was said. Manley's job with the railroad lasted until Uncle John died December 12, 1937. Marion Harlan, Sr. was promoted to assistant chief. He fired Manley immediately.

Manley had a habit of getting mad at me and not speaking for three days and I would never have the slightest idea what he was mad about. One day he was mad and left for work in a huff without a word. Mother commented on it. I said I've done nothing to make him mad. My conscious is clear so I don't let it bother me. But it did. I didn't want mother to know I was hurt. In later years, a cousin of the Cox family asked if Manley still had these spells of getting mad and not speaking for several days. I said yes. She said they always called them the "Roberts Spells", as members of the Roberts family did this. Manley inherited it from a prior generation, maybe?

When Manley quit drinking, he didn't taper off, he Just quit cold turkey. It was fairly easy to get a job as a pharmacist then, but not easy to find a place to live.

This too became a problem. neighbors were to close, too noisy, etc. We saved nearly enough money to buy the drug store in Ellijay, Georgia in 1949. After thirteen years of drinking and no income, we had lots of catching up to do, to really start over. Once this was accomplished, he gave me diamonds, mink stole, a new car every two years. Always remembered my birthdays and a dozen red roses showed up each anniversary. Our 25th anniversary the red roses came in a silver vase. After he retired and the cost of roses was so outrageous, I said stop buying roses and buy some bushes and I will raise a few. This he did.

On Joe and Pat's 25th anniversary, I took the silver vase and had Manley's and my initials and date engraved an it and had Joe's and Pat's initials and date engraved on it, and mailed it to them. Pat said you'll be sorry, but I didn't know why. Anyway I got the vase back when she divorced Joe but she will eventually get it.

When I married Manley, I was really in love with him. I couldn't see any reason why our life together would be anything but pleasant if not happy. He was attractive in many ways. I used to enjoy seeing him in white flannel trousers and dark jacket, which was the style then in 1926. He belonged to a pressing club and two suits were picked up to be pressed every week. He was immaculate. He had so many good qualities. He was also a college graduate, musically talented. He played the piano for two years for the University of Georgia Glee Club. They all wore full evening attire, white tie and tails and patent leather pumps. I regret not having a picture of him in his full dress. I do have a picture of the whole Glee Club in their full dress. He never forgot a birthday or anniversary. Even when times were hard and little to be had, something showed up. He always remembered his mother's birthday and some of his sisters and one brother, (Clarence).

Manley worked for the Coca-Cola Company for four years in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1921-1923. He got an apartment and invited Pearl, his sister, to visit him for six months. It was a good time for both. They had many amusing stories to tell. This

was one of the many nice things Manley was capable of. I'm not aware of any of her other brothers doing nice things for her, Pearl. He quit his job with Coca-Cola Company saying he'd rather starve in Georgia than be rich in Pennsylvania. When I've been ill, I'd rather have Manley for a nurse than a professional nurse. One time after being in the hospital six weeks with allergies, he gave me shots in the hip with an inch and a half needle for several weeks. He said I dread this, it hurts me more than you. While in Georgia Baptist Hospital, a nurse struck my hipbone with the needle and a knot formed. I told the nurse about it. She said we'll watch it. I came home and the knot became a boil. The local doctor, Dr. John O'Daniel lanced the boil. While opening a can of ether, he spilled it in my face, no bad effects showed up.

Manley was artistic. He painted two pictures in oil but didn't frame them. He gave his sister Berta a dozen hand painted salad or desert plates, (9 in.) for a wedding present. I have never seen any more beautiful. He did not like my pictures from my house, so I disposed of them. Lack of money kept him from buying real nice pictures. So we never realized his dream.

He was a great cook. He cooked pies and cakes as well as the usual main dishes. His macaroni and cheese casserole was superb. I watched him make it a thousand times but never made it as good as he. Those who ate it complimented it highly. He could set a table and serve food with artistic flair.

He never liked my hats, and would buy me one. He bought me a summer white felt, which was a might too small. I wore it to church but sat in the back row, hoping not to be noticed. Another time he bought me a dark blue straw hat with a red rose. One Mother's Day I didn't have a red rose for Joe to wear so I took the rose off the hat so Joe would have a red flower. This served the purpose.

1927,1928 and 1929 DOCTOR CHARLES EDWARD RUSHIN, MD

Dr. Rushin and his wife Julia lived in the apartment second to us. He became my doctor, neighbor and friend. His wife was pregnant at the time and we took daily walks together. She gave birth to a baby girl named Eloise. Dr. Rushin was specializing in obstetrics at the time, later changing to varicose vein surgery. He disliked house calls.

He was my doctor when I became pregnant. He brought my precious son into the world. He was named Joseph Carroll Cox, born July 17, 1929, in Emory Hospital. He was named for two of Manley's class mates. No one has been happy with the Carroll part. Dr. Rushin did my hysterectomy surgery about 1952.

Dr. Rushin had show horses for a hobby and followed a Horse Show circuit in Florida. Mrs. Rushin did not share his enthusiasm for horses. He invited me to go to the Derby one year. Of course I couldn't go, but I sure would have liked to. He probably knew I couldn't when he asked me. Their daughter died, then Mrs. Rushin, then Dr. Rushin died all within a few years time.

SON JOE

Joseph Carroll Cox, born July 17, 1929 in Emory Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia. Dr. C. E. Ruabin was the attending physician. After two weeks in the hospital, my baby and I were transported home in an ambulance. My mother came from Louisville Kentucky and stayed two weeks. After mother left, sister-in-law Lillie Crawford stayed two weeks, then Sara F. Crawford stayed awhile. Sara Frances was real good with the baby. She could get him to sleep and put him in bed without him waking up. I didn't have the touch, as every time I put him down he would wake up and cry. Then we had a colored nurse with Joe for 14 months. Ella Wicker was Joe's nurse. She was so good with him. When Joe was fourteen months old, Manley lost his Job. He pawned my engagement ring, dismissed Joe's nurse and stored our furniture. Joe and I went to my mother and dad's in Louisville to stay indefinitely.

APRIL 17, 1933 GOING HOME TO MOTHER

Mother and dad had to move from La Grange to Louisville, Kentucky, where dad could be closer to work. In going home, the train "The Flamingo" wrecked near Cartersville, Georgia, April 17, 1933. Our coach got a big jolt but stayed on track. The Lord took care of us again. We were delayed 12 hours or longer.

When Joe and I were away from Manley any length of time, we both got homesick. I could handle my homesickness but it hurt to see my little son unhappy. Manley came to see us several times while we were at Mother's. We finally went to Ellijay to Ma Cox's for a visit of two weeks but stayed two years.

Ma Cox and Pearl were always so sweet to us, it was so easy to stay.

While living with Ma Cox, she taught him the ABC's and to count to one hundred. Having another child around was not new to her. All the grandchildren would come and go as they pleased and Ma was always sweet about it.

Finally mother wrote she was ill and needed me. So Joe and I went to Louisville and stayed four years.

We moved so many times. When we lived in Louisville, Joe was in kindergarten and went through the third grade there. When Joe was out front playing with a bunch of children his age and I wanted him to come in, I'd just whistle and he would come in. This is a carry over from Jesse whistling for me. Our neighbor behind us had a son same age as Joe. She would bellow for Charlie. She had a heavy fog horn voice, and you could hear her for blocks. Charlie didn't pay much attention.

We always went to my sister and Weldon's farm at New Castle, Kentucky when possible. Only 35 miles to their farm. These trips were always great. I'd take Joe riding in the pony cart. He liked the animals and all the activity going on. I did too. These became yearly summer vacations. One summer he stayed without me when he was about ten. When he came home he told our neighbor, Mrs. Booker, he had a great time. He said he didn't brush his teeth or take a bath the whole time he was there. Mrs. Booker took him to Mammoth cave with a group. He enjoyed that. She also arranged for Joe's tonsillectomy.

One summer when he visited Jimmy Cox in Milledgeville, they went swimming in a muddy creek. Jimmy had had a tooth extracted and they think he got the polio germ that way. In the meantime, Joe and I had gone to Kentucky to Bernice's. One night I had a nightmare that Joe was terribly ill and being rushed to the hospital. It was awful! When day dawned and I saw Joe was alright, I couldn't be thankful enough. Several days later, I had a letter telling me Jimmy had polio and was rushed to Atlanta Hospital. My nightmare coincided with Jimmy's trip to the hospital.

I can't say enough about the farm. It has always meant so much to Joe and me. It was a haven in insecure times. Bernice and husband Weldon Hill, their two sons, Harlan and Edgar. The boys worked as soon as they could walk almost. There was so much activity going on all the time. Bernice was a good cook. The food was always good. Joe loved the farm and so did I, but its the people who made the farm.

Once when they were building a well, I tried to talk Joe into helping carry some bricks. Joe wasn't interested at all and got a book and bottle of cool-aid, saddled a horse and was going over to a grove of trees where he could have some peace and quiet and read. The blanket Joe had tied to the saddle came loose and frightened the horse. The horse ran back toward the barn and dumped Joe in a cow pile. He just missed a rock pile.

One summer Bernice and I started quilting. This led to the making of many quilts for many years.

FLOOD 1937

There was a flood In Louisville. The Ohio River was on a rampage. Men knocked on our door at 4:00 in the morning saying, "Get up and get out!" I quickly packed a few clothes and was going to mother's apartment. She lived in the same block, but her building was much higher than ours. In the meantime, Marion, Jr. phones and said he was coming after us. So dad, mother, Joe and I went to Uncle John's and Aunt Lizzie's. We were there 10 days or 2 weeks. It took Marion Jr. an hour or more to get us and drive to Uncle John's. Ordinarily it took fifteen minutes.

Manley stayed home, but went to mother's apartment and took two old maids with him. They were our next door neighbors. Their house was lower than ours was. The water came within two inches of our front door. Manley rode up and down the street in a rowboat. Uncle John, Marion, Sr. and Marion, Jr. stayed in a hotel across the street from Union Station. Elizabeth made divinity candy. It was so good I could have eaten the whole batch.

Mother died April 19, 1937. After she died Manley thought a trip would help me feel better and insisted Joe and I go to Jacksonville Beach for two weeks. Edith, Henry and Pearl went too. They stayed only one week. It was so lonely after they

left. The noise from the ocean was very disturbing and I phoned Mrs. Stanton in Hastings, Florida. telling her Joe and I were going home. She insisted she'd come after us to spend a week with her. Dr. and Mrs. Stanton were friends of Manley when he worked as pharmacist in a drug store there for a year after his graduation from University of Georgia. They were such good friends. They had only one son, Gordon, who was killed in a car wreck in front of his house. Both Gordon and his wife Louise were pilots. After he was killed, she flew over the ocean and was never seen again. She left money to cover the 1086 of the plane, etc... People at the airport became very concerned after they realized her gas supply was exhausted. They went to her car and found papers and realized she didn't plan to return. I have a book she wrote. The Story of Deadstick, the Airport Kitten, by Louise Turch Stanton, foreword by Amelia Earhart, illustrations by Louise the author.

After mother died in April, we moved into dad's apartment to take care of him. But soon afterward, dad retires and went to live with his daughter Bernice in New Castle, Kentucky. He died a few months later, burial in La Grange, Kentucky March 12, 1938. We went back to Ellijay to live with Ma Cox. I had intended to go to Florida and find a Job, but Ma Cox and Pearl were so good to us we just stayed. It was easier than branching out into the unknown.

It was during this period Manley started working half a day for Dr. Allred in his drug store. This gave Manley a chance to familiarize himself with the new drugs, etc... Dr. Allred was a religious man. I felt Dr. Allred was the responsible influence in Manley's desire to quit drinking. He conquered this habit and never had another drop. He quit all at once, no tapering off. When I asked the reason for his quitting he wouldn't talk about it.

Manley got a job in several places, each time to a better job. He went to Trion, GA. After he was made manager of the drug department, the tobacco department and fountain, he phoned me to join him and live there. Of course I did. Bessie Watkins (a very dear and close friend) cried when I left. She was afraid Manley would not be able to stay off the liquor and we would be shifted around again. It was such a good set up at Trion.

Trion was a one-man town. There was only one store, a department store, everything under one roof.

We had a seven room house with servants quarters in back, a very low rent, a percentage off for groceries or anything else out of the store. We could have gotten on our feet quicker if we could have stayed there. But it was during the war. Manley lost five young men from the fountain and one from the tobacco department. His assistant druggist had to go into the service also. All of this worked a hardship on Manley. He couldn't even get a good nights sleep as everyone in Trion was accustomed to phoning the druggist anytime during the night for the least thing. One time a lady phoned, said her grandmother was dying but wanted an ice cream cone. So we moved again, to Dallas, Georgia.

It was such a friendly place! I liked it. When we went there, the owner of the store promised to make Manley manager when Boykin went into the service. He did not keep his word and made his father manager, in name only, his father was a farmer and knew nothing about a drug store.

Bob and Vera Lee became our close friends and visited us wherever we moved. When we moved to our new house in Ellijay in 1953, they brought us a bushel of iris, some of which I still have, this being 1991.

We moved again to Marietta, to work for Dr. Atherton as pharmacist. Dr. Atherton had bought an old four-room house for his pharmacist to live in. I cried when I saw it. It was quite a come down from the nice seven room, furnace heated house in Dallas. Dr. Atherton must not have had a very high opinion of his pharmacist. It was really a come down. All of this was during the war and housing was hard to find.

We finally bought a nice house. The people were two months vacating. I was biting my nails! When we painted the interior and moved in and got rid of the fleas in the furnace room. I thought I could relax and enjoy living in Marietta. It wasn't to be. Joe was in high school.

Manley decided he was tired of working inside. He was itching to get on the road again. He took a traveling job with Vyeth Pharmaceutical and was transferred to Macon, Georgia. We stored our furniture again, got a one-room apartment in Macon, as rentals were hard to find. Joe was at Georgia Military College in Milledgeville, Georgia.

Joe and I went to New Castle, Kentucky to visit my sister on the farm during the summer. We always enjoyed being on the farm with Bernice, Weldon, Harlan and Ed Hill. Joe loved it especially when I wasn't along.

While Joe and I were visiting there and enjoying it, Manley had found an upstairs apartment in a nice house and nice section and sent for me to come to Macon and get our furniture out of storage, etc... The place was hot as Haiti. Macon is hot anyway. They did not have air-conditioning then. I hadn't even gotten unpacked when Manley was transferred to Gainesville, FL.

It took Manley seven months to find a place for us to move. When he did, it was in an old airy house, impossible to heat, and in Florida, you do need some heat. Joe enrolled in the University of Florida, first year. The seven-year-old kid upstairs over us really gave us a hard time, noise wise. His mother worked and he with the neighbors three kids ran in and out, upstairs and downstairs, slamming screen doors after each one exited separately.

We found a nice heated apartment. This winter we didn't need the heat as it was warmer than usual. I thought we were settled for a while. I made friends and went to the First Methodist Church. Jim and Carrie Vidal became our close friends. However, Manley told Clint Cole in Ellijay, if the drug store was ever for sale to let him know. The call came. Manley flew to Atlanta, went to Ellijay immediately and bought the store. Well, well, what do you know? Another move was in order. I told Manley I'd stay in Gainesville until Joe graduated seven months later. He said no, that he needed me to help in the store. So I caught a bus out of Gainesville and arrived in Ellijay in an inch of snow. I did go back for Joe's graduation Sept 1949. Jim and Carrie Vidal brought Joe and I back to Ellijay. They visited us several times in Ellijay. Four years later, Manley bought land and built a house. We moved in on April 1st, 1953. I said I hoped I could stay here the rest of the journey. Who knows? There may be more moves.

HELLO ELLIJAY

We've come back to live here for the third time! Hopefully we won't have to move again. Manley bought the drug store February 1, 1949. It was great being back in Ellijay among friends. The church has always meant a great deal to me. Soon as I knew we were coming back I had my church letter mailed ahead. Mr. Cochran, the minister, said he never had received a church letter before the family arrived.

Manley felt he'd really come home. A dream of his for many, many years was fulfilled. He was happier than he'd ever been. We stayed a month with his sister Pearl Cox until we could find a house. We moved into a comfortable house within walking distance of the store. After four years Manley bought fifty acres, five miles from town on Chatsworth Road. Manley built a house and we moved in April 1, 1953. There was much cleaning up to do on the grounds. The old residence and several out buildings and a barn had to be demolished. Manley had trees, shrubs, vines and weeds cut down along the creek in front of the house.

February 1954 was a beautiful, warm month. I decided to burn all the piles of brush along the creek. So I breathed all the poisonous smoke from the honeysuckle, poison oak and sumac. This poison caused me to be hospitalized six weeks. Tests showed I was allergic to 243 of 245 things. I had rice, lamb and pears three meals a day for six weeks, also goat's milk. The food cart parked in front of my hospital room every day. This particular day my tray wasn't on the cart, I asked if my little lamb had gone astray?. After trying many medications which didn't seem to help they put me in a tub of starch water. This gave me more relief than I'd had in weeks. Manley gave me shots for several years. After thirty-six years, I'm still allergic to many things such as milk products, chocolate and chrysanthemums.

After ten years in the store, Manley's health was declining. He sold the store to Dr. Ray Starnes and wife Farrell, September 1960. He couldn't have sold to nicer, finer people. They are very religious and such good citizens. They have two daughters. After Manley sold the store, he continued to open the store early every morning. He liked to get up early and Dr. Starnes didn't. There was a regular bunch of men who stopped in for coffee early every morning on their way to work. These men enjoyed the time together. There were lively conversations I'm sure. Manley had sold several pots of coffee before Dr. Starnes came in.

Manley got shingles in one eye, which destroyed the vision in that eye. There were many trips to doctors and hospitals in Gainesville, GA and Atlanta, GA. During his last trip to our local hospital, the local doctor called in another doctor, a surgeon, who said Manley would choke to death if he didn't have a tracheotomy. With two doctors and five nurses standing around, I couldn't say well let him choke to death. I reluctantly gave permission for the surgery feeling that it was futile because he was too far-gone to have benefited from surgery. The surgeon not only did the tracheotomy but decided one lung was deflated and operated on that. I was not consulted about the lung surgery. He lived several days after that. He died

August 3, 1978. Manley was sick for seven years, the last seven months he was a total invalid. I had no help. The Lord was kind to me, giving me strength to care for him and he didn't have to go to a nursing home.

Pat, my daughter-in-law, came from Illinois two days before he died. Joe was in Venezuela at the time but he flew to Atlanta, GA. Pat started to meet Joe at the airport when a van ran her off the road. She wasn't hurt, but my car was damaged considerably. Joe had to rent a car at the airport to get to Ellijay. Pontiac loaned me a car. The morning Joe left for Chicago, he drove the borrowed car to Logan Funeral home where Ernest Logan was to take him to the airport. Out of habit Joe put the car keys in his pocket. When I went to the car I had no keys. Joe said you can't imagine my feelings when I realized what I had done, when I put the keys out for inspection at the airport. It was days before I got the keys back. Pontiac didn't have an extra key.

After twelve years alone I'm still living in the house Manley built. I run all my errands, go to Sunday school and church, do my grocery shopping, banking and drug store business. I have really slowed down but so thankful to be independent. For how long? No one knows. (As of June 1991)

VIRGINIA 1939 VIRGINIA HOPKINS (JOSEPH) RN

All the nice things I could say about Virginia would not do her justice. She was a most deserving person, a very caring person. While I was living at Ma Cox's, Virginia came there to work for Ma Cox in the summer of 1939. We became such close friends. She was a pleasure to be around. She pampered me, fixed my hair and nails, gave me facials etc... Virginia and I decided to go to typing school at night. This particular day Ma Cox had worked Virginia very hard. One line we were to type many times was, "It's better to wear out than to rush out." We got a big laugh out of that. Virginia's ambition was to be a nurse. She had talked to Manley about it. He in turn talked to his brother Clarence who was a Doctor at Milledgeville State Hospital to see if he could get Virginia into the school of nursing. This was quickly accomplished. Ma Cox never forgave us for helping Virginia to make her dream come true. She graduated from Tate High School, May 1939. Went to Ellijay to live with the Cox family summer of 1939.

She commuted to Jasper High School one day weekly to take a course in preparation for nursing school. She went to Milledgeville State Hospital School of Nursing in September, 1941 and graduated spring of 1944. I went to her graduation. I felt real proud of her.

She went into the US Army Nurse Corp in fall 1944 and was separated from service in spring 1946. She got married September 26, 1946. She has used her nursing profession all through her marriage until retirement. She and her husband have always lived in Binghamton, New York. They have two sons, Tommy, a computer programmer, married with two children, and Vincent, a hospital administrator, married with one son.

Virginia's parents died early in life and she lived with an uncle. We were shocked when she said she was adopting Manley and me for her foster parents. It was great that she thought that much of us. Later, she wrote us she had met the man she wanted to marry. His name was George Edward Joseph, a Lebanese. He is one of the nicest men I've ever known. Virginia informed us we were to announce her engagement, which we did. This caused many raised eyebrows! No one knew of us having a daughter. I didn't either. At that time it was not proper to use the word "foster" daughter in a wedding announcement.

We were living in Macon at the time. It was during the war and linens were scarce. I went to town every day to see if any sheets, pillow cases and towels had come in. I monogrammed a dozen sets of sheets and pillowcases and enjoyed every stitch. I made a brown crepe dress and brown and white small check slip to go with it.

Virginia and I went to Atlanta and bought her wedding gown. We couldn't find a negligee pretty enough. I told her I could make her one prettier than any we saw but couldn't find the white satin. She said she knew her future mother in law could get it in New York, which she did. It was eight yards of lovely white satin. Call it bragging if you want to, but I made her a most beautiful negligee using seven yards and a bed Jacket. I always meant to make one like it for myself but never got around to it.

After the Joseph family came to America they went into business and could get most anything, hence the white satin. Virginia's father in law and his two brothers had a furniture store. They only dealt in the best high priced furniture. When I visited them and toured their store and looked at the price tags, it staggered my imagination. I practically swooned!

George said when they built their house he didn't want any oriental rugs in it. He was brought up on them and was tired of them.

It was great having someone who loved you enough to call you mom, especially a daughter who came into our lives late in life. George and Virginia visited us most of the years after their marriage. They were always a pleasure to have. I just have to enclose a copy of a letter Virginia wrote to Manley while she was in the Army Nurse Corp in 1945 at Battey General Hospital, Rome, Georgia.

June 18, 1945

Dearest Manley,

Today was your "Father's Day". I meant to phone you but that would have been unpatriotic, so I wrote you this note while I'm still on duty.

The purpose of the note is to let you know that I'm thinking of you and remembering just what you have meant to me down through these last five years.

What you have meant to me, the consoling things you have said and done, the very fact that I knew you were betting an me when things didn't go so well made me ever strive to live up to your expectations.

There were times when I thought about marrying, but I wondered if you would be proud of me.

Just because YOU took a great interest in me when no one else cared, you heard and understood my troubles, no matter how minor.

You were there when I needed someone most to lean on. As a whole you are more than "Just a foster daddy". You are everything that makes life for me so beautiful today, because yesterday you gave me the encouragement I needed. see you soon.

Love Virginia
Lt. Virginia Hopkins ANC
June 18, 1945

SON JOE

Joe went to Georgia Military College in Milledgeville, Georgia, for two years and graduated June 3, 1946. Then he went to the University of Georgia to graduate with a BS Degree. After three years in the air force in Puerto Rico, he went to the University of Georgia one year to get a degree in pharmacy.

It was during this time he met Pat, while she was in nurse's training at Grady Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. Joe's dad had bought him a new Pontiac so he kept the road hot between Atlanta and Athens. This nearly bankrupt us, as Joe always wanted more money to take Pat out to eat, etc.

Joe married Patricia Correll December 30, 1954. Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Hamrick and I went to their wedding in Blakely, Georgia. They went to Athens to live until Joe graduated from the University of Georgia June 4, 1956 with a degree in Pharmacy. Mrs. Hamrick took me to the graduation. I didn't know Joe was the only honor student, cum laude, in his class until I read the program.

Manley talked Pat into going back to nursing school at Grady Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. She only had one year to finish. She did not want to do this. She was unhappy being separated from Joe. She gave us a hard time. She was always phoning Joe and he kept the road hot between Ellijay and Atlanta. It's a trial for newly weds to be apart.

Business was dull at the store, so Joe got a job teaching school for several months until Pat finished her schooling.

A couple from St. Petersburg, Florida, came here and interviewed Joe for a job as Pharmacist in their drug store. So off to Florida they went. They didn't like St. Petersburg so they went to Cocoa Beach, Florida. While there, Joe decided he really didn't like serving the public. They had two sons by this time, but despite the odds Joe decided to go back to the University

of Florida for a Ph.D. With this accomplished, he went to work for Abbott Laboratories in Worth Chicago in the research department.

Abbott decided he was "too valuable a man to keep hid in research". These are words from Abbott, not me. So they gave him a job covering fifty-two foreign countries. He was with Abbott fifteen years.

Into every life some rain must fall. And indeed it did. To say I was shocked is putting it mild when Pat phoned that Joe shot himself. I asked if he was dead? She said very much so, he had shot himself in the mouth. I did not have the slightest inkling he had threatened to kill himself several times. Pat said there would be a memorial service on Friday. Joe had requested to be cremated. I went to Chicago for the service. We flew back with his ashes and put them in our burial plot next to his dad, in the City of Ellijay Cemetery, April 29, 1982.

There were several factors leading to his suicide. Drinking was one. Pat divorced Joe and the divorce devastated him. Joe phoned me from Canada to tell me of the divorce. I said I'm not surprised. He also phoned Edith in Atlanta from Canada. Of course Edith was not sympathetic towards Pat as they never liked each other.

Pat moved to a one-bedroom apartment while Joe was out of town, leaving Joe with the two boys and the two dogs. Then Abbott phased out Joe's department. Joe was the 35th man to be dismissed. I am sure all of these things contributed to his act of self-destruction. There are probably other factors I do not know about.

Later there were other departments phased out. Joe's best friend Glen Larson's department was one. A year later Glen got a job back with Abbott in a new department. Joe's younger son, Gus, is now with Abbott. Gus says he's happier than he's ever been. He loves Abbott and says they are wonderful people to work for. They are sending him to school 2 nights a week for 3 years. I feel like Gus has finally got his head on straight. He's still single and 30 years old. He has his own apartment.

Joseph C. Cox Jr. is Joe's elder son. He was nicknamed Sam before he was born and the name has stuck. He's been in the Green Berets, (Special Forces), five years. He's married to Monica Ray Usher. They have two children. Joseph C. Cox III, three years old and a daughter, Kelly Michele Cox, 18 months old.

PAT, JOE'S WIFE

I was so delighted to have a woman in my family when Joe married. It was a new interest in my life. The first year Joe and Pat were married, they went to the woods and cut down a Christmas tree. It touched the ceiling. They decorated it beautifully. Edith, Pearl and Henry came for a traditional Christmas dinner. Turkey and all the trimmings. It was the best Christmas I ever had before or since.

Every time I went to Atlanta, which was often, I would find something for Pat and mail it her. You could always find hundreds of things for women and only one or two things for men. We are still friends, have always gotten along well together. We phone each other often.

Joe was entertained in many countries. He reciprocated when they came to Abbott. Joe and Pat would entertain visitors from foreign Countries. I tried to get then everything that was required to set a pretty table. Pat finally got tired of all this entertaining and told Joe to take them out.

After Joe died, I felt I could not go on living. So I started disposing of my nicer things, either giving then away or selling them. It was mostly given away: 3 diamond rings, 1 diamond pin and earrings, 1 twelve piece set of hand painted china with extras, chop dish, celery, gravy boat, and cake plate, also 8 pieces of beautiful hand painted china in gold with my monogram JCH, given to me by Mrs. Bessie Watkins, painted by her sister Annie Smoke of Bamberg, South Carolina. Have kept two bowls, one for each grandson. I gave away two large silver vegetable dishes, one silver service, silver butter dish, creamer, sugar, salt and pepper, one 12 place setting of sterling flat ware, Virginia Caravel pattern, two silver mint Julep cups, which belonged to mother's family. I drank from one until I married, we used these two every day. Figurines, candlesticks, etc...

Parents so often hurt their children without realizing it. In our case or my case money was usually the cause of hurts and disappointments. There never seemed to be enough cash to give our son what he needed or wanted. For instance, I was always hunting bargains. When Joe was young I bought pants several sizes too big thinking he'd soon grow into them. After

Manley quit drinking and could support us, things took on a new look. It took a while to catch up and get outfitted in new clothes, etc...

After Joe graduated with several degrees, Joe joined the Air Force. He was in Puerto Rico three years. While he was there, Manley bought an old car for Joe and asked him to come home and get it, which he did. When I tried to drive the thing, it was awful I told Manley he'd bought a bunch of junk. It made him mad and he stormed out at me, "What do YOU want me to do? Buy him a Cadillac?" Joe came home and took the car to Puerto Rico, but had to buy a new engine for it.

When Joe got out of the active service he went to the University of Georgia for a degree in pharmacy. One freezing cold night, coming home from Athens, GA, he had car trouble and nearly froze before he got home. So Manley bought him a new Pontiac. I was happy about this. While Joe was in Puerto Rico, Manley sent him an electric fan, which Joe had looked forward to having. It was the size of a dinner plate, much too small for his needs. Another disappointment.

After Joe married, I was always sending him shirts. One particular shirt was so pretty, with French cuffs. Joe thought, "Oh, I have a new shirt to wear today." It was miss-marked. Another disappointment. Another time I sent a turtle neck shirt. The neck was too small for his head, so Pat got that. This is just a sample of my life. Everything I did seem to fall short, very short.

MY NAMESAKE 1975 "JUANITA GRAHAM CREIGHTON"

Juanita's sister Elizabeth Ann Jenkins and husband Tommy, own a motel, The Islander Motel on Grinn's Island on Chesapeake Bay, seventy-five miles from Richmond, Virginia. A guest was registered from Paris, Kentucky. Juanita asked him if he knew Jeff Harlan in Paris? He said yes, he was buried him last week. His wife was still living.

This started Juanita thinking that if she was to get any information on the Harlans, she'd better hurry. Juanita and two sisters went to Paris, to see "Berta", Uncle Jeff's wife. My name was mentioned and Juanita Creighton asked of I was still living? Berta said yes, she's very much alive. Juanita Creighton said I was named for her. She and husband George came to Ellijay to see me right away. This was the fall of 1979. We visited each other several times after that.

May 1980, when I went to Richmond, she and I toured many cemeteries hunting for our ancestors. Juanita, husband George, sister Maxine and I went to Nashville, Tennessee, to see Douglas Harlan and his family. This family of Harlans was quite wealthy. They showed us through their house, which was beautifully furnished. One room was called the coffin room. One owner of the house had seven coffins, one for each member of his family.

Howard Leon Harlan was definitely a "Harlan". He looked so much like my father. They were real nice to us but never followed up our visit. We surely did not make a good impression, we did not ooze wealth.

Our next stop was Louisville, Kentucky, to see Elizabeth Harlan Strickler and daughter Nancy. Elizabeth knows the Harlan history from A to Z. Mary Elizabeth Harlan and Tom Harlan were there. We went to the Oldham County Courthouse in La Grange, Kentucky, and got more information, then to Smithfield, Kentucky, then to Paris, Kentucky to see Jefferies and Sara Harlan. Sara and Jeff served us supper.

I put my head back on the sofa and went to sleep. I was worn out. Sara said, "Nita go upstairs to bed". I said good-bye to Juanita, George and Maxine. This was our parting place.

I enjoyed the two weeks touring cemeteries from Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, though it was tiresome. On one trip George was driving with Juanita in the front seat, Maxine and I in the back. Every now and then Juanita would turn around and say something about the Harlans. I'd punch Maxine and say, "Brace yourself, here she comes again." Juanita has put too much time and money into searching for information about the Harlans. She went to the Harlan Tri-centennial in New Castle, Delaware in August 1987, where the Harlans first arrived in the United States. There were seven hundred sixty Harlans attending.

Juanita started her research at Paris, Kentucky, which led her to Elizabeth Harlan Strickler in Louisville, Kentucky and me in Ellijay, Georgia. She did research in Albermarle, Flurana and Nelson Counties in Virginia, in the courthouses and the libraries. She used the Mormon library in Richmond, Virginia as well as the Virginia State Library. Civil war records and

graves. She also did research in Washington, D.C. at the archives as well as the Library of Congress. She followed the Harlans from Albemarle County to Bath County Virginia where our great, great grandfather James White Harlan was buried in the graveyards of Col. Gatewood. From there to Lewisburg, West Virginia She's been everywhere the Harlans lived from the time they left Virginia, and places they lived before they came to VA. Juanita went to England and Belfast, Northern Ireland to research for her husband's ancestors. She hadn't started on the Harlans at that time. She's really good at researching. She lives it, breathes it, and dreams it. It is in her mind 24 hours a day.

The two summers I visited in Virginia in 1917 and 1918, I didn't know Juanita and her family were not too many miles from where I was visiting. Again I was not interested in hunting up relatives, all I wanted was to have a good time. Uncle Howard Harlan was Juanita's grandfather. When he left Kentucky and went back to Virginia, we drifted apart. Uncle Howard had black hair and eyes and was quite handsome as were his five brothers.

AFTER THOUGHTS

While working for L&N Railroad, when I was invited to something special and didn't have an invitation to spend the night with a friend, I'd go to the YWCA. One such night at the YWCA my room was so tiny, the cot was pushed against the radiator. Of course being from the country my sleeper was too heavy for the occasion. I nearly melted! I couldn't find the radiator's turn off, so I just endured.

One night M. O. Ross took me to the Seelbach Hotel for dinner, then to the theater, which was only a half block away. He insisted on a taxi.

One Easter I received two corsages but never found out who one was from. I played basketball two years in high school as center or forward. Our team was very disappointing as the girls were not interested in practicing regularly. While working in Louisville, I played basketball on a church team for a short time. It was exhausting. One night I thought I was having a heart attack and decided to stop while I was still ahead. I started bowling when it first became acceptable for women to bowl. I liked it.

When I was twenty years old, I could jump over a tennis net. The last time I rode a horse was around the Grand Canyon in Yellowstone Park in 1925.

A radio person was interviewing a celebrity and asked her if she ever considered divorce. Her reply was "no, but murder" many times. I considered divorce many times but couldn't see how that would solve anything. Divorce usually complicates matters and makes them worse. Joe was crazy about his dad. I couldn't deny Joe a dad even though he wasn't always sober. I was not qualified to make a living and educate Joe, so I just endured. I am glad I did, as Manley quit drinking and made us a good living and educated Joe.

While we lived in Louisville, I went to Mother's neighbor Mrs. Booker, who was quite religious. We prayed practically every morning for four years for Manley to quit drinking.

Prayer isn't always answered instantly.