



The CCHS

# Newsletter

Carroll County Historical Society

P. O. Box 1308

Carrollton, GA 30112

SEPTEMBER 2011

## *Carroll County Historical Society's September Meeting at the Carrollton Depot*

The first fall meeting of the Carroll County Historical Society will be held at 6:00 p.m. in the Carrollton Depot on September 22nd. A lot of excitement is in the air about seeing initial improvements and restorations of our beloved depot. Come help us celebrate the depot! Although changes are just beginning, as funds are made available and as contributions grow, we will be seeing more and more of the way our depot looked in its heyday. Giant strides have been made in the passenger sections, and we can see great possibilities in the vast warehouse section.

Blair Trewhitt will give us a tour and speak to us on—well, the DEPOT and the PLANS! Don't miss this meeting. Because there is no electricity, you might bring a hand-fan (funeral-home type), and perhaps a folding chair, and don't forget to pray for cool weather!

There are other Carrollton Depot artifacts in the area and we need to act quickly to secure and preserve them. If you have any railroad memorabilia, the depot is a great place to ensure their preservation and their availability to future generations of the Carroll County community.

Just as valuable as artifacts are the memories and stories that you might bring with you to this meeting to share with the group. They need to be preserved also. Did you know there was a murder in the depot in its early days? Did you know that brides picked up their wedding china on order at the depot? Did you know that the overhead bridge was built by Mr. Croft (of Croft Street) so that his family could get to church on time without having to wait for a train to pass? Did you know that some adventurous kids hopped on the little red caboose at Dixie Street and rode the train to Maple Street?

Come and share the fun, the excitement, and the stories!

*Thursday- September 22nd- 6:00 p.m.*

## I LOST A NICKEL ONE TIME

by Van Jackson  
(as told to Janice Jackson Ivester,  
with a little bit of embellishing)

I lost a nickel one time in these old pines, took me two weeks to find it.

It was the summer of 1926, and my cousin Howard- he was spending the summer with us - and me skipped church that Sunday morning. We just lit out from the house right after breakfast when the rest of 'em was too busy to notice us slipping out. Even Mama, what with the little kids to dress and Sunday dinner and Papa to tend to, didn't see us as we run across the road and down through the south pasture towards the branch. Already the sun was hot that June morning. Everything in the country was still and quiet as our community got ready for church. We could see over to Uncle Rufe's on the next hill and hear a back door slam every once in a while. Howard and me run barefoot down across the pasture, trying to dodge the biggest rocks, til we got in the shelter of the trees that edged the branch; then we relaxed, slowed down to a lazy walk, aimless and easy and so free, with the whole day in front of us, stretched out like all eternity.

"Don't reckon they'll spend any time looking for us, do you?" Howard was still breathing hard and he stole a look back towards where we'd come from; but he wasn't much worried.

"Naw. Mama'll holler for us out back a few times but she'll figure we're long-gone. Too late to git ready by that time anyway." I kicked over a red anthill with my toes and waited to watch the little ants run around trying to figure out what happened to their world.

We walked down along the branch til we got to the fence, crossed there and went up into the big pines, the 'riginal pines as Papa called them. These old long-leaf pines was on the place when Papa got the place from his papa, and on back I guess for years and years. Papa said this spot of land right here had never been cleared since the Indians lived here. He let the sawmillers get timber from time to time, but he always pointed out these 'riginal pines and wouldn't let them be cut.

I remember that morning we hunted arrowheads in the red dirt of the big gully for a while, threw rocks at a bad snake on the bank til he was dead as a door nail, and made some steps in the steep bank of the branch like the steps going down into our well. Where the branch curved at a right angle there was a natural wash hole where after plowing or working all day in the fields we would wash the dirt and tiredness off our bodies. This morning we couldn't resist playing in the water, so we stripped and hung our overalls on the swamp elders that lined the sides of the little branch. Onct we waded around awhile and found where the rocks were, and scared the snakes away, we could have a good time. We whooped and hollered, splashed and played touch-tag til our teeth chattered and all of a sudden Howard got an idea and ran out of the water towards our clothes on the bushes.

I didn't know what he was gonna do til I saw him grab my overalls and sling them up as high as he could into one of them tall pine trees by the branch.

"Howard, what are you doin'? Gimme my clothes!" I tore from the creek too late; my overalls was hanging upside down from the lowest limb, way up out of reach.

"Hey, Howard!" I was dripping wet and jumping from one foot to the other. Howard had his clothes halfway on and was laughing. "Hey, Van, watch out you don't get chiggers all over you! Whatcha gonna do if Aunt Clelia sends Willene to come looking for us? Haw-haw-haw!"

"Aw, Howard, come on! Git 'em down for me, now." I run back into the water to cover myself up. "Howard, if you don't git me my overalls, I'll tell...I'll tell Aunt Exer about you almost burning down the henhouse that time 'cause you was smoking. I'll tell her it was you that killed her best hen 'stead of it just dying. I'll...I'll..." But it wasn't any good. He thought the whole thing was hilarious and I could see they wasn't no way I'd git Howard up that tree for me. I could hide out all day in that water; he'd just go on back home and leave me in the water.

I got out of the water and climbed that old rough tree myself. I was real mad. "All right, you just wait, Howard Hanson. You'll be sorry for this. I'll git you back. You just wait." More guffaws and knee-slapping as he watched me climb that tree without a stitch on.

Don't know how I could have forgotten about that nickel in my overall pocket, but I did. I grabbed 'em and hung 'em over my shoulder and got down out of that tree before I even thought about my nickel. I put my foot in one leg, then my other foot in the other, thinking about the bloody nose Howard would git if I could catch him. He was a safe distance away and still snickering.

"My nickel! My nickel's gone! Oh, guinea! You lost my nickel!" Howard stopped laughing when he saw how really mad I was. He looked around the tree a little while then come over to me. "Are you sure, Van? Check the pockets again." He was a little remorseful, but not as much as he should a been.

We spent the rest of the day hunting around for that nickel, 'til Howard got tired and wanted to go home. Said he was getting hungry too. I was so sick at losing a whole nickel I felt like I couldn't ever eat again.

Next day at dinnertime I lit out again to look for my nickel, and the next day, and the next, ever chanct I got. I never told Mama I'd lost my nickel; she would've said that's what I got for laying out of church, and I already figured that out anyhow.

Like I said, it took me two whole weeks to find that nickel, and it was a long time before I went to the wash hole with Howard again. But I got even with him all right. A couple a weeks later when we was cleaning off the road-banks. . . but, well, it's late, and that's another story.

(Got a Carroll County story? Send it to me at [harold@hi-s.com](mailto:harold@hi-s.com) .)



### Historic Baggage Cart Comes Home

The Friends of the Carrollton Depot has acquired a railway baggage cart which once saw duty in the depot. The cart was carefully restored by Mike Kilgore who then sold it to the FOCD. The Historical Society contributed to the purchase. Blair Trewhitt and Mike Kilgore are shown unloading it and carefully lifting it through the freight room doors.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

- OCTOBER IS GEORGIA ARCHIVES MONTH  
 Feature s include exhibits on  
 Margaret Mitchell  
 The historic Dutch Mill Restaurant in Duluth  
 Frazier's Café Society on Auburn Avenue  
 -and much more. Contact [ga.archivesmonth@gmail.com](mailto:ga.archivesmonth@gmail.com)
- WELCOME NEW MEMBERS TO THE SOCIETY!  
 Stuart and Camille Yahm  
 Joe and Carol McGinnis  
 Dr. Carol Scott
- NEED AN IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS? BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!  
*A Home In Carrollton* by Ben Griffith  
*The Heritage of Carroll County*  
*Sherman's Horsemen* by David Evans  
*Bridging Deep South Rivers* by John Lupold and Thomas French Jr  
 Contact Gwyn Chesnut at [chesnut185aol.com](mailto:chesnut185aol.com)  
 Or call Gwyn at 770-834-3081

## A Message from President Mel Steely

Fall has fallen, our annual picnic at Victory Church was a success and the CCHS is back to regular meetings. The next one will be held Sept. 22nd at the old railroad depot at 6:00 PM in order that we might benefit from the daylight provided due to the lack of electricity in the depot. Blair Trewhitt, depot restorer extraordinaire, will present the program taking us through the various steps of restoration and plans for the future. The CCHS made a \$500 donation to the Friends of the Carrollton Depot to aid in the purchase of an original baggage cart which has been restored.

We are also in the market for someone to take over the Perry House gardening duties so beautifully provided for the last decade by the Civic Women's Club. I want to thank County Board Chairman Bill Chappell, City Manager Casey Coleman and Jeff Price for their assistance in taking down and removing the old fence that bordered the Perry House property behind the house. We depend on them for so much and are grateful for their assistance. We are in the process of wrapping up the business of 2011 and preparing for 2012. We have identified a number of possible programs we think will be of interest to the society and the broader community. If you have any ideas for programs, please contact me or Doug Mabry, our program chairman. I want to welcome our new members and invite you to come and join us. We'd love to have you and think you would find our activities of interest.

### Preview: October Meeting of CCHS

#### *THE RISE, FALL AND REDISCOVERY OF WEST GEORGIA'S "NAPA VALLEY"*

By Doug Mabry

In the 1890's this area of West Georgia and East Alabama was a major grape and wine production area in America, with up to 20,000 acres of grapes here. Details of the program, location and date will appear in the next newsletter.

### *CCHS BOARD MEMBERS FOR 2011*

President	Mel Steely
Vice President	Carolyn Langley
Secretary	Rebecca Fordyce
Treasurer	Meredith Barr
Membership	Susan Vandiver
Newsletter	Janice Ivester
Programs	Doug Mabry
Archives	Gwyn Chesnut
Nominating	Judy Schulenburg

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