



WEST GADSDEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

NEWSLETTER

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SEPTEMBER 2016

PAST EVENTS

MONDAY, JULY 4

WGHS 12th Annual Open House

Although the construction activities at the Dezell House stretched our Board Members to the limit, we had a wonderful turnout at our 12th Annual Open House held July 4. We appreciate all the contributions and loans that we have received from our friends and neighbors. Everyone seemed to enjoy seeing the progress at the Dezell House and, as usual, Coastal Seafood dished up some delicious meals.

UPCOMING EVENTS

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

NATIVE PEOPLE – NATIVE PLANTS

How were plants used as medicine and food in by prehistoric people and early settlers in Florida? Come join us for a presentation by Barbara Hines Clark to find out! Barbara, a Registered Professional Archaeologist who specializes in historic archaeology, will join us this year to impart her knowledge of Southeastern Indian plant gathering and identification. Mark your calendars now and join us at 3:00 at the Patricia Fletcher Vice Meeting Facility at the Greensboro Depot complex. We are sure this is a meeting you will

not want to miss as we always enjoy Barbara's presentations.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Annual Meeting

Is everyone ready for our annual wash pot pilau super? This year's event is scheduled the 2nd Saturday of November. In addition to having an opportunity to view the Greensboro Depot Railroad Museum, you can participate in a silent auction including antiques and collectables. Additionally, we will have the Dezell House open for all to review the recent renovations. The Dezell House will be open 3 PM to 4 PM, and we will begin serving pilau at 5 PM at the Greensboro Depot complex.

The West Gadsden Historical Society invites you to come and enjoy time visiting with your family, friends, and neighbors. We appreciate the tremendous support received each year from our members and guests, and look forward to seeing you again this year.

Support and Give to WGHS

Your membership and gifts support West Gadsden Historical Society's mission to preserve the history of Gadsden County. As WGHS continues to meet the growing demand for collections and programs both online and at the various events held each year, now is the time to partner with us to ensure that future generations may continue to discover Gadsden County's history and heritage.

Our mission relies on your partnership to keep the County's stories alive! Your gift supports everything we do, from education and public events to research and preserving collections.

One of our current needs is that of a 10'x10' or larger shelter tent. In fact, we could use several. Owning our own tents will defray rental fees. If you are interested in donating a tent or funds to help purchase one, please make your tax exempt donation today. Thank you.



You can also support WGHS as you purchase items from AMAZON. Amazon donates 0.5% of the purchase price to West Gadsden Historical Society when you shop @AmazonSmile. <http://smile.amazon.com/ch/20-1294840>

NOTE OF THANKS

We want to thank J. B. Messer of Monticello for the wonderful donation of two railroad crossing (highway) signal bells. Mr. Messer retired from Seaboard Airline, Atlantic Coast Line and CSX railroads. Mr. Messer recently donated the depot passenger bench that currently sits on the loading dock of the Greensboro Depot Railroad Museum.

The bells were used on the SAL RR and probably date from the 1940–1950 period. Mr. Messer acquired them when they were replaced by newer models and would have been sent to a scrap pile. They will be cleaned and restored, if

West Gadsden Historical Society, a small, volunteer, local non-profit with a 501(c)(3) designation, depends solely on the generosity of our members, local businesses and all others interested in the preservation of Gadsden County's history to help us remain financially strong. As always, your donations and membership dues are tax deductible to the fullest extent allowed by law. Your consideration and help will truly be appreciated!

possible, to working condition. We know that you look forward to hearing them, as much as we do, in the near future. Thank you Mr. Messer! We love your railroad treasures!



New Greensboro Depot Railroad Museum Sign

Byron Clark, son of Reuben & Ellen Clark, was born in 1920 and grew up on the old John Clark family farm in Hardaway. Byron had many fond memories of living in western Gadsden County and attending the Hardaway School in 1st Grade and then on to the new consolidated Mt. Pleasant School the next year. It was from there that he met Emily Sunday and they developed a friendship through their high school years and later married in Nov., 1941. Byron and Emily's girls are Nancy, Linda, and Judy.

In 1973, after the girls were married, Byron and Emily sold the farm and moved to Tallahassee, all the while continuing to work at their jobs in Quincy until their retirement in the mid-1980s. After Emily's death, Byron enjoyed living in an assisted living facility for 12 years until his passing in August, 2014. During those years of independent living, Byron enjoyed reminiscing about the "olden days" in Gadsden County – especially those Depression Years and how families kept on making a living on the farm, even though there was not much cash available for shopping and farm expenses. The barter system certainly helped many families – a jar of milk, a pound of butter, a dozen fresh eggs, smoked hams & sausage, fresh vegetables – those items often times paid for basic necessities at the store as well as for doctor and hospital bills.

Hardaway and Greensboro and the surrounding area held a special place with Byron. It was from Greensboro that Dr. Gardner came to the farm to assist with his birth. In his younger years, he attended Flat Creek Baptist Church with his parents, Grandfather John Clintock Clark, and many other family members. It was there that he was baptized in Flat Creek down in the woods across the road from the church. Later he and his parents became very active members of the Hardaway Baptist Church until the church closed in early 1946. Byron, Emily, and the girls then became members of Greensboro Baptist Church and enjoyed all the activities. All 3 girls were baptized there as well as married there.

Emily grew up in Old Mt. Pleasant, about 5 miles north of Hardaway. While she did not go into Greensboro during those years, she told that at about the age of 16 she rode the Apalachicola Northern train from River Junction to Wilma to visit a friend, whose father was employed by the railroad. Emily remembered passing through Hardaway and Greensboro, but did not have any idea that she would marry Byron and live in Hardaway for 32 years.

Byron had many memories of the Greensboro Depot and many of the activities that took place there during his growing up years. When the West Gadsden Historical Society was founded in June 2004, he was one of the charter members that relayed historical details of Western Gadsden County to the Society.

It was with deep loving memories of their parents, that Nancy, Linda, and Judy gave the finances to erect the new sign at the Greensboro Depot Railroad Museum and Patricia Fletcher Vice Meeting Room. The girls cherish the upbringing they had and remember so many wonderful times with parents, grandparents, cousins and friends in Hardaway and Greensboro.

Passing of a Cherished Member

William K. "Buddy" Pitts is truly missed by his family and friends. Buddy was the Historian of Greensboro. If you needed an old photo, identification of a "family place" or just talk Greensboro, Buddy was your man. A charter member of WGHS and past Board Member, he additionally insured that the grounds were mowed and kept pristine. We are honored to now house a large portion of his collection of all things Greensboro. His dedication to the community and town culminated in his becoming the Mayor of Greensboro. We will miss seeing him ride the streets of Greensboro, his ability to never meet a stranger and always making folks feel welcomed to "his" town.

HISTORY LESSON & FEATURE ARTICLE (all in one)

It just seems fittin' to honor Byron Clark's memory with one of his many memories of Gadsden County. We all have our own remembrances of Greensboro, Quincy, farm life and those special things that made up our communities. If we collected them all together, each would be a little bit different and in some cases a lot different. The following is how Byron remembered Greensboro. It is transcribed here, just as he recorded it; read it slowly and remember the wonderful timbre of his voice. Enjoy! If you have a different memory, let us know. If you have a story, we would love for you to share it with us.

MY MEMORIES OF GREENSBORO

By R. Byron Clark
Tallahassee, Florida
(Formerly of Hardaway, Gadsden Co., FL)
2004

I am now 84 years old. In the year and one-half I have been living here at Broadview

Assisted Living in Tallahassee, I have had a lot of time to think about my early days growing up because here I don't have anything to do but eat, sleep, pay my rent and pay my telephone bill. So I do have a lot of time to think and I enjoy reminiscing to myself about the old times that I know. I think I'm gonna try to give a little description of Greensboro as I remember it in the 1920s and 30s.

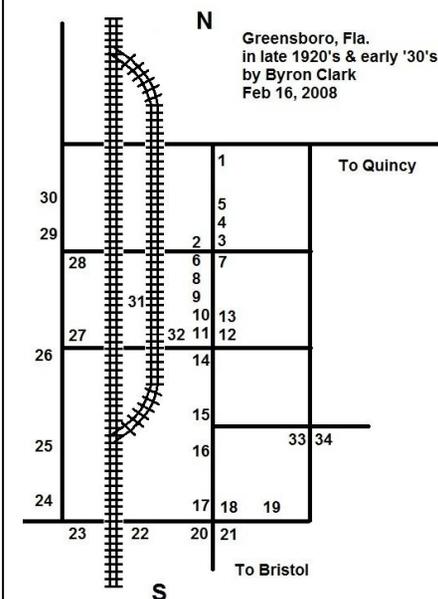
I found a little information that Greensboro began in 1889 as the Alamo Community on the land that was owned by J. W. Green. He was able to secure a post office and it known as Green's. Then the A&N Railroad from River Junction to Apalachicola and Port St. Joe came through in the very early first few years of 1900 and when it did that caused that particular area to start having businesses there – stores began to open up and so forth. They even incorporated the Town of Greensboro in 1907. James A. Dezell was the first mayor. There for some few years, Greensboro had its own electric power plants, seems like two different types, up until 1941 or '42 when Talquin Electric Cooperative began serving the area. They even had a hotel there that was started in 1905 and completed in 1909 which served as a place for the railroad workers to stay and not only that but business people coming into Greensboro and school teachers coming in. I don't know when the Greensboro school itself was first organized, but the building that I always knew and so forth until it burned a few years ago served the community and surrounding communities like Sycamore, Providence, Juniper, and I think Sawdust.

Another item I want to mention is Shepard's Mill which is about a mile and half east of Greensboro on, well it's known now as Highway 12, but we always called it the Quincy Highway from Greensboro, back east it was Quincy Highway and going south it was the Bristol Highway. The information says it was built in 1875 on the Telogia Creek by some unknown person. Then in 1877 J. L. Shepard bought it and continued to operate it until it went on into different ownership over a period of years. That's all I'll talk about the mill right now. I think later on I'll mention something about going there and seeing it in operation.

I'm gonna start with the streets back in those days – I don't know whether the main street had any name, or number to it, or what – but it

These locations and names are as I remember them. A long time has passed since that era & I might need to be corrected on a couple.

1. Gas station & garage
2. Warehouse – Movie theatre owned by a Mr. Strickland
3. Post Office
4. Combination pharmacy & soda fountain
5. Bank
6. Floyd Green's gas station
7. Dwelling house
8. Lee Baker's barber shop
9. Barnett's Store
10. Dr. Gardner's Office
11. Fletcher Company
12. Dwelling house
13. Warehouse owned by Eulie Hopkins
14. Dwelling house
15. Turpentine still & large lot
16. Hope Hines house
17. James Dezell house
18. Unknown house
19. Fate Green house
20. S. W. Anderson house
21. Carl Green house
22. Harry Anderson house
23. Ms. Lovie Ferguson's house
24. Grist mill
25. Lyon Crosby house
26. Hotel
27. J. L. Rowan store
28. Roy Rowan store
29. Dr. Davis house
30. Mrs. Pearl Rowan house
31. AN Depot
32. Fletcher Company warehouse
33. Dr. Gardner house
34. Tommy Green house



started there like I said where there's a definite turn going south toward Bristol or going back east toward Quincy. Right on the corner on the left there was a gas station and a garage. There was garage in the back, not in a back room, but an adjacent building, where there were auto repairs done and also I think to different types of farm machinery. Then on the right was a large vacant lot and on the southeast corner of that lot was a very large, as I recall, warehouse area. I think a Mr. Strickland owned it during my time and I recall that somebody opened up a movie theatre in it. To the left there on the street, on the northeast corner, was the post office. The postmaster was Mr. Olan Brewer. Immediately on the north side of that in the adjoining building was the drug store operated as I recall by Mr. Carl Green, who was also a pharmacist and had the drug store in the back of that building but in the front part was where ice cream and soda drinks, Coca Cola and such as that was sold. He had a couple of little round tables in there with the wire structured chairs which was at that time known as Coca Cola table and chairs and seems like that I remember that Park Smith and George Smith worked in there behind the soda fountain dishing up the sodas and ice cream and so forth. I can remember occasionally when we'd be in Greensboro that Daddy, Mama and myself would go in there and we'd have a little tiny nickel dish of ice cream which was one scoop and a glass of ice water. When anybody got sick and needed a prescription filled that Dr. O. W. Gardner issued, Mr. Green would fill the prescription back there in the pharmacy section. If you needed a prescription or even over the counter medication at off hours, especially on Saturday and Sunday, all you had to do was go to Mr. Green's house and he'd go back down there to the pharmacy, open it up, and issue whatever you were needing.

Immediately on the north side of that as I recall it seems like it was the same building structure was a bank called the Bank of Greensboro. Mr. S. W. Anderson was the president of it and I believe Mr. Phillip Davis was cashiering in there. I even had a small savings account in that bank. I don't recall what year it was, but eventually Mr. Anderson moved that bank to Quincy into what was called the Citizens Bank and Trust Company.

Going along there on what was the southwest corner of that particular intersection was another gas station operated there and I think there was a guy named Floyd Green who operated it. Immediately on the left of the street was a dwelling house there and sometime or other, I have no idea when it was, somebody converted the front part of it into a little hamburger joint.

Going back on the right side of the street the next building was where Lee Baker, the barber, had a shop and he had, as I recall, 2 chairs in there – one that he operated and one that Tess Smith operated.

Immediately to the south of that, still on the right side of the street, was where Mr. Barnett had a dry goods store. I'm not for sure, but I think maybe that he even had a small meat market in there. I remember a young lady clerking in that store by the name of Mary Durant. I'm not for sure, but I think she was a sister to Mrs. Barnett.

Then immediately beyond that, seems like in the same building structure, Dr. O. W. Gardner had his office and I don't recall what hours of the day he had but it was a very small set up. I was carried in there many a time to see Dr. Gardner because I was a sickly little guy in my early childhood days. I've been told that sometimes when some of his patients were real real sick he would take them to his home and have them cared for for a few days.

Then immediately beyond that, still on the right side, was the Fletcher Company building. Fletcher Company had all kinds of dry goods and farm supplies, fertilizers, seeds – you name it, they had it. The old saying was that they sold everything from a horse collar to female underwear! In that store in the dry goods section was Miss Clara Fletcher and her sister, Mrs. Myrtice Howard. Most of their cloth, as I recall, was on what was called bolts – just wrapped up around some kind of soft board or something. You bought the cloth by so many yards and how wide it was, I have no idea, but I believe it could have been about 3 feet wide or something like that. Anyway, you could just get any length you wanted. Of course, women back in those days would sew the clothing – their dresses, clothing for the children and so on like that. For instance like with myself, my Mama would make most of my shirts and so forth like that. Also back in the store part, I remember

Conry Fletcher working there. Alright, Mr. Bertelle was the owner of this Fletcher Company business and his sons all worked in there as they got old enough to be of help. Edward, as I recall, was the oldest. There was a daughter named Helen. I don't recall whether she worked in there any or not, but then there were others like Bert, Hal, Howard, John. Seems like there was one more, but right now I'm blank on it. Back in the office where Mr. Bertelle could be found, Miss Jessie Brewer, who was a sister to the Postmaster, was the bookkeeper back there. Eventually Edward started working in the office part, helping his Daddy with the business because it just kept growing and growing. Doc Rowan also worked; he was what I always considered sorta the outside guy. He looked after things like fertilizers, bulk seeds, and the buying of farm produce and all that kind of stuff. Another person working within the store was Mr. Wesley Butler. Alright, right in front of the store, right on the edge of the street, they had one gas pump where you could buy gasoline. I don't remember, but probably in the twenty-odd cents a gallon and of course they had several different grades of motor oil.

Immediately across the street was a dwelling house there. I'm gonna take you back just a little bit, but on the north side of this dwelling house was a large building, I think something like a garage or warehouse or something. Seems like a Mr. Eulie Hopkins owned it.

Going back and crossing the little street on the south side of Fletcher Company there was a dwelling house there on the corner and there was a large open type lot, but on that lot was a turpentine still. I'm going to try later on to describe something about the turpentine stilling business. On the south side of that, Mr. Hope Hines lived and he owned the turpentine still.

On the south side of him was Mr. Dezell. He had a sawmill. I have no idea where it was; I'm sure it was not there at his house.

Across the street on the east side was a house where Mr. Fate Green lived, who was the tax accessor over in Quincy.

Coming back to the corner of Mr. Dezell's house, right across the little street to the south of him was where Mr. S. W. Anderson lived. On the west side of Mr. S. W. was where Harry Anderson, his son, lived next to the railroad.

Now I'm gonna turn you right onto a little street that was between Mr. Dezell and Mr.

Anderson that went west across the railroad track which was there within a very very short distance. Across the railroad track, it intersected with another street. There on the northwest corner of it was Mr. Ollie Green's gristmill. Mr. Green operated his gristmill with a gasoline engine which could be on good clear still days be heard miles and miles from Greensboro. That's where most of the people would carry their corn to be ground into meal, grist, and baby chick feed. He didn't charge any money, but he charged what was called a toll. This was common among all the grist mills. They would take a certain amount of the corn from your bag before they started grinding and put it over in a bin with their own corn. Eventually when he didn't have much business from people bringing in corn to be ground, then he'd grind that into meal and it would be sold in stores and places like that.

The corn was crushed, ground they called it, between huge huge rocks and somehow or other the mill operator could adjust the distance between the rocks which was a pressure that would grind the meal coarse, or fine, or into what we called the grist consistency or the baby chick consistency. This corn that was ground like that had the full food value of the grain of corn. This day and time the meal that you get and the grist that you get do not have that full value of the grain of corn. Of course, they add a lot of other ingredients to the present day stuff. So it just doesn't taste now like it did in those days. Meal ground like that or either water ground meal, I'll get to that later on – you could have that at your meal and eat a good piece of the baked cornbread with the meats, vegetables, and so on like that and you really didn't need mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks. The grist were eaten at breakfast time and they were full value. You got a lots and lots of calories out of that. Of course, here in the South we were accustomed to using good ole red eye gravy on the grist and/or maybe that good ole homemade butter.

Proceeding north on this particular side street from the gristmill, going north – there in just a short distance was where Mr. Lyon Crosby lived and raised a family. Right on the north side of him was where the Greensboro Hotel was built.

Right across the street on the right was a little store which J. L. Rowan and his wife, Eula Mae Edwards, operated for some years. Finally he

gave it up and started painting and doing carpentry work. He was an excellent painter. That's where his family lived until he died on the job in Panama City. Their children were Buddy Rowan and Yvonne Rowan. In 1950, Eula Mae married Emily's dad, Thomas Edwin Sunday.

Just on the north of his store was another store on the corner of the next intersection. That was where his brother, Roy Rowan, operated a store for awhile.

Going across the intersection on the left was a big 2-story house which was owned by Dr. Davis and just beyond that, still on the left side of the street, was where Mrs. Pearl Rowan, who was the mother to J.L. Roy, Doc, Quinton (who married Julian Clark), and there were some other brothers. Quinton was the only girl in that family. I don't remember what "Miss" Pearl's husband's name was, but that's about as far as I'm gonna take you in a word description. I hope that I haven't confused you too much. If you have that chart that I drew up, you can maybe understand it a little bit better.

I'll revert back a little bit now. Where J.L. Rowan's store and house was there was a street that went east to the main street. It crossed the railroad track and there was a side track also there for the railroad and a depot in between. The depot agent as I recall was a Mr. Chason. There were lots and lots of farm supplies brought in there by train – fertilizers and all kinds of things – and a lot of items shipped out by train. Fletcher Company sold all that general area all kinds of farm supplies and fertilizers and everything. So there was lots of freight brought in there. That was the A&N Railroad from River Junction, going on down to Port St. Joe. Mr. Chason could sell tickets for the passenger train that went down and of course they had the freight train and so on like that.

I just can remember one time being in Greensboro when there was a medicine show there. That's one thing they called it. You may have seen these things in the old time movies. In medicine shows, some guy usually with a more or less covered type wagon pulled by a horse or mule would come into these little rural towns and stop. He'd have different types of entertainment, maybe some kinds of tricks and so forth like that that he'd do. Then he'd start telling you how good his medicine was; it was good for everything that ailed you. The ole

concept of it was that a lot of the base of the medicine was alcohol. Anyway, that would last awhile; they didn't stay around too long. I don't think the people put up with them too much.

I mentioned awhile ago about Shepard's Mill there east of Greensboro that was built on Telogia Creek, but I might add that several miles up that same creek was another gristmill and it was called – I don't really know who started it – but in the early days it was called McKeown's Mill. This one down at Greensboro, Shepard's Mill, of course these water operated mills had to have large ponds of water and when they wanted to grind some meal – I'm just sorta hitting on the basics now – there was some way that the operator could open a gate to the pond of water that would let the water come rushing through and there would be a large large wheel in a horizontal position, as I remember. Down there on the bottom this water would flow against it and start turning this wheel around and the operator controlled the speed of the wheel by the amount of water coming in against it. From that wheel up into the millhouse was a great big shaft and up in the millhouse then of course was the machinery that operated for the grinding of the meal. I think probably a lot of young fellows around Greensboro in those days would down there and go in swimming, not just in the pond itself but as I remember they had an area immediately there below the millhouse where the water came through because there was water flowing through at all times, but not against the wheel. Only against the wheel when the operator wanted to grind some corn. Other than that there was a big ole swimming hole in there where the young fellows could enjoy themselves.

Back in those days there would be gristmills located on streams of water. I think there was one somewhere down in the Sawdust area or Providence area, somewhere down in there. While I'm speaking about this, I can remember my Daddy telling me that on the west side of our property on the creek when he was a little fellow there was gristmill there. He remembered that his Daddy grew some rice and some wheat and they'd take it to this mill and get it ground into meal. When I was an ole growing up boy maybe 12 or 14 years old I remember Daddy taking me down to the creek swamp and he tried to remember because there were no signs of where this old mill place had

been. He tried to remember about where it was because as he said those rocks that ground the corn were embedded somewhere in the bed of that creek. We never did find any indication of it. Of course, we didn't do any probing with metal rods or anything. We did a lot of searching though and found nothing.

A source for information about Gadsden County is the book that was published in 1976 by Miles Kennan Womack, Jr. It's entitled *Gadsden, A Florida County in Word and Picture*. He tells in there to begin with that his information is not 100% accurate and let me say this, all my memory information and so on like that stands to be corrected. In 84 years a lot of things have gotten to where they are kind of foggy in my mind or some times it's not even there (laughing). I like to do such as this not for any glory or recognition on my part, just information that my children, grandchildren, great great great great – no telling how many great grandchildren in the future – or even anybody who might not be a kinship to me, can get a little bit of an idea as to how things were in the old old days. I know when I was growing up I didn't ask very many questions and I can think back now that there was lots and lots of things that I would have liked to have known about but I just didn't find out. It may have been told to me, but I didn't let it soak in.

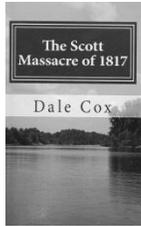
My Daddy would get his farm supplies, whether it was plows or implements for the plows – and so on like that – whatever was needed on the farm to work with or to plant, like seeds or fertilizers and so on like that, he would buy it at Fletcher Company on credit. Now this credit system was on what they called a crop mortgage. Sign a note that you would pay your indebtedness in the fall of the year after you sold the crops. This was the only way that farmers back in those days could operate because there was no such thing as conveniently borrowing money like you do this day and time. Not only our farm supplies, but I guess about every two years Daddy and I would need a new pair of work shoes, brogans we called 'um. Of course, Fletcher Company carried 'um in naturally all different sizes and so on like that. Seems like the main brand back then was Red Bird, but regardless of the brand name, we also would buy our overalls, our jumpers, our work shirts, and things like that there. Of course, now, at the same time, we would go to

Greensboro usually on Saturday afternoon – not every Saturday, but usually on Saturday afternoon – to buy supplies that we would need. Daddy would always have sweet potatoes to sell in the early part of the year – in the spring time and early part of the summer. We'd taken 'um down there and what we call trade 'um out and buy things that we needed and maybe at the same time apply some of it to the crop indebtedness. Also had eggs to sell – carried them. Sometimes Mama would have butter to sell to them there at the store. Back in those old days it was a whole lot of barter system. You carried what you had – got a value for it and bought what the merchant had to sell without having to pass any money.

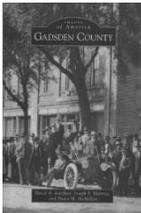
Of course, sometimes Daddy would get to sell some produce like sweet potatoes and cured meat down at River Junction to the F. F. McKeown Store and we traded out there and so on like that.

Saturday afternoon in Greensboro you would see a lot of your friends, a lot of your neighbors, cause that was the time that the farmer had worked all the week and on Saturday morning did little odd jobs, but on Saturday afternoon (with a chuckle) get cleaned up, go to Greensboro to do a little bit of trading that needed to be done. You could see people coming in there, like as an example Subers from over around Providence, Smiths from back around Sycamore, VanLandingshams from Juniper right down the road, and of course a few of us from the Hardaway area. Anyway, you could just park there and watch the people walk by, speak to 'um, talk to 'um, pass the time of day. Granddaddy Clark always went down to Greensboro on Saturday morning to get his shave. Shaved once a week – go on Saturday morning. His daughters, Lovie and Eunice, the old-maids, lived with him – anyway Aunt Lovie could drive – Granddaddy Clark never did learn to drive – never did care for it, but he always looked after his car. Kept the oil checked in it, the water in the radiator, and things like that. When I got old enough to drive – I guess about 14 years of age or something like that – then I started driving him down to Greensboro on Saturday morning to get his shave.

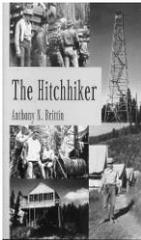
BOOKS & MERCHANDISE
All prices include 7.5% FL Sales Tax



Scott Massacre
\$22.00



Images of Gadsden Co.
\$23.00

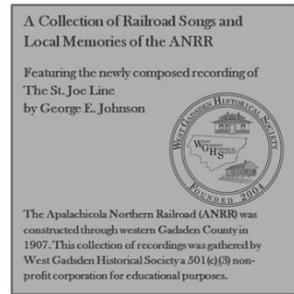
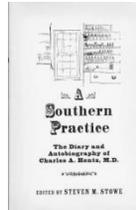


Dr. Hentz Diaries
\$50.00

The Hitchhiker
\$23.00



Gadsden Co. Early History
\$27.00



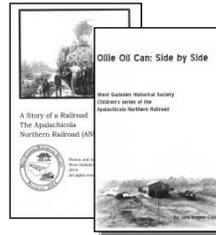
and recorded by local WGHS members and recall memories of the Apalachicola Northern Railroad (ANRR) - \$20.00 DONATION

CHILDRENS BOOKS

A Story of a Railroad – The Apalachicola Northern Railroad

Ollie Oil Can: Side by Side

Sold As a Set \$5.00



WGHS presents this collection of narrative tracks, old railway song recordings and an original song and recording *The St. Joe Line* by Gadsden County's own George E. Johnson. Narrative tracks were performed



Note Cards

Greensboro Depot, Barns, Dezell House or Greensboro School. Sold in sets of 8 - \$10.00



Gadsden: Florida County In Word And Picture – 1976, Miles Kenan Womack Jr. This book sells for \$150-\$185 on the internet; we have 3 copies available for \$100 each. Purchase yours today!

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS
6/18/16 - Present

MEMORIALS

Rosalyn Fletcher Fenn
in memory of
John Allen Smith, Jr.

Lamar & Jane Clark
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