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Recommended Citation:

Jackson, Fannie M. The Jackson Road, *Macedonia Community Collection: Macedonia Community Foundation*. Series 1, Item 5. Valdosta State University Archives and Special Collections. Retrieved from <https://hdl.handle.net/10428/7308>

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The Jackson Road

Fannie Marie

The Jackson Road:

A Folktale and Memoir of Slave Heirs in the Breadbasket of the Confederacy

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All rights reserved. This manuscript traces one family's heritage in Brooks County Georgia from 1818 to the present day. Known as the Breadbasket of the Confederacy, Brooks County's legacy also includes the Mary and Hayes Turner Lynching of 1918. This story gives a glimpse of the people who were eyewitnesses to that event and the impact on their descendants to the present day.

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 978-1-105-34622-4

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Bee said when he was being chased from the Brooks County Courthouse in Quitman, Georgia by members of the Ku Klux Klan in the summer of 1964, his only thought was to run to a place of safety that led away from those of us huddled with fear and foreboding at our home located at 5234 Jackson Road in Morven. The history of lynching in our beloved home was taught along with the King James version of the Bible. Survival strategies were discussed with Sunday dinners and family get togethers. Living black in The Breadbasket of the Confederacy requires distinct skills and mannerisms.

I was 10 years old that year. Puny with pigtails that brushed the tip of my buttocks, I loathed the skin I was in. Most of the kids picked on me for one reason or another. "Skinny girl! Yellow girl! You ol' Jackson girl!" Bee became my refuge. My first memory of Bee is of a tall, slender Amazon, sun burned King. Delicately searching for the youngest, prettiest yellow squash in Momma's field, he has a Polaroid camera affixed around his neck. His red plaid checkered cotton shirt clings to his sweaty maturing teenage frame. My oldest brother, Charlie Milton (Junior) Jackson is there too. He is shirtless. Junior takes off his holey straw hat and wipes his brow. My third brother, Andrew Jackson, IV is helping Momma with the wash barrels and hampers. My oldest sister, Voncell Patricia Jackson (Vance), is steadily bending and grabbing. I'm watching my baby sister, Myrtice Laverne Jackson (Diggs) and my baby brother, Alvin Wayne where they are resting between the newly hoed rows on one of Momma's homemade quilts. Dad is somewhere around Morven or Quitman working out business with the white folks. Throughout "Little Jacksonville", as most folks called our settlement, sundry relatives and friends are performing farm tasks. Right here. In this spot. I'm safe. I'm in Heaven. I want to stay right here; at least until the sun begins to bare down. I begin to breathe erratically. "Scrap. Go in the house to momma." Bee commands me. The family jokes today that they could tell when the sun was almost at high noon. Fannie's asthma attacks in the produce and tobacco fields signaled a welcomed lunch break. I hastily gather up Laverne and Wayne with all their trappings and off we go to the house. My family. 2018 marks 200 years we have situated ourselves in this little patch of Southern soils.

I was born on August 6, 1953 at "The Old Home Place" of the Charlie Milton (Bud) Jackson and Willie Mae Sharp clan of the Jacksons. This was one of the last homes

To my dear Cousin Tommeri Petty-Dixon, I have looked for you all my life! I am so blessed we found each other. Please continue to tell our stories. Always Lonnie Maize December 4, 2020!

built by Jim Wright of the Dry Lake District. Jim Wright was said to have been extremely tall and exhibited a booming, black persona. He owned lots of land where his saw mill was used to build many of the homes in Brooks County in the early 1900's. It was said he controlled much of the farm and construction work in the Wiregrass in the late 1900's.

Before this house was built, Daddy, Momma, and my brothers and Pat lived in an old dark green school bus that Dad and the boys had purchased with nickels and dimes saved from performing work for the white neighbors. Their first home, the "Old Robinson Home" that was located just down the lane from the Romeo Wilson Estate, had burned down. This house was the Rockefeller Estate of the Jackson family. Bee said Jim Wright used his logging equipment and two mules to load the timber and the finest logs from Daddy's forests. A cute little cottage was fashioned for "Bud's" family. We had a living room that also served as daddy and momma's bedroom. A big, old-fashioned pot-bellied stove reigned in the middle of the room and provided heat for daylight hours in the winter and a throne for delectable, delicious concoctions that momma, my grandma, and my aunties and older cousins would produce summer, spring, winter and fall 365 days and sometimes 366 days, 24 hours every day. Of course, we had a front room, (or parlor), as some folks called them. Now you know it was only used for special occasions, like kin folk coming back home from up north. Then, we had two other tiny bedrooms. The boys slept in one bed and sometimes, or most times on the floor, and Trish and I shared the other bed. Laverne slept with Mom and Dad and then Wayne followed. We had a tiny, tiny kitchen that was built just off the ground. It looked like the men folk got tired and just pushed it next to the house and intended to fit it to the rest of the house, but somehow, they never got around to it. Too much farm work on the brain!

Momma, Trish, Laverne and I would shop weekly at the Five and Dime in Quitman or Woolworth's in Valdosta for dainty, linen and lace doilies and pristine bric-a-brac that we would situate just so. Our windows were gracefully adorned with drapes and curtains fashioned by Momma's nimble fingers. Patchwork quilts were gentled across the finest furniture from Patrick's or Town N' Country in Quitman. Our décor was validated with gifts received from S&H stamps, because Momma and Daddy only shopped at Kirby's Department Store for our clothes, shoes and other bodily niceties. Kirby's was for rich people. White or Colored.

Momma said in later years that she just liked the quality of their items. If you paid a good price, your stuff would last longer.

Then, Osby transformed the landscape by hauling little sprigs of green turf from Daddy's woods, and Momma got him to get some pink and white crepe myrtles, then they laid a patchwork of brick that led to the front door. Grandma gave us some fig trees and roses and Uncle Esau built a swing that he fastened to our front porch and we could sit outside and sip lemonade, and Tetley tea, swat a few gnats and flies and holler at cousins passing by.

As a child, I hated the winter times. I had severe asthma back then and it seems that it always came around when Winter appeared. I would be lying in bed at night, stacked up under mountains of quilts and clothes, trying to steal all Trish's heat, and then it would come. Hee-Haw! Hee-Haw! Tightness in chest. Nose can't open. Hurt! Hurt! Momma!!Daddy!! So, Daddy would have to get up and go down the lane past Cousin Shellie Mackey's and Cousin Anna Ward's homes on the Romeo Wilson Estate to get up Grandma and Aunt Doll and they would send him out in the woods and he would get my magic potion and I knew that if I could just hold on until he got back, everything would be all right. We had a holey tin roof and I would look up at the twinkling, shining stars and imagine how beautiful, beautiful Heaven must be. I developed a keen sense of hearing by listening to the symphony of night creatures echoing from Grandma's ancient pond. Daddy would come back home with a garland of herbs that Momma fastened around my neck and a jar of poultice that she rubbed in my chest and all around my nose. Finally, I would drift off to sleep listening to the rhythmic sounds of the wheels on the South Georgia Railroad as the evening run lumbered down to Quitman.

Then, one day my brothers excitedly brushed a coating of white paint across the clapboards of our little cottage and we were royalty. I grew up in the White House. Daddy and Momma owned a lot of land, (to them it was a living), and love (it was required to make the living). The white man held the money.

From the white folks' history, Morven is the oldest community in the Lowndes/Valdosta/Brooks County region. My folks came in with Sion Hall, Hamilton W. Sharpe, W.C. McIntosh and Pliney Sheffield, I.

Read Mrs. Jane Shelton's history of the region. Mrs. Shelton was a beloved History teacher at Valdosta State University. For course work in the 1970's, my brother,

Oglesby Lee (Bee) Jackson, Sr. and my first cousin, Linda Faye Jackson (Troutman), true griots and Master Historians, researched much of this documented history that coincides with oral history from our ancestors. Barely mentioned in white history are the enslaved who built this region. This manuscript is my first attempt to correct that.

Before his death, our late State Representative, Mr. Henry Reaves was working with Bee and I to acknowledge the history of blacks in the Wiregrass Region. With his assistance, The Jackson Road was dedicated in 1991 to honor the sacrifices of our enslaved ancestors.

“When Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States of America from 1829-1837, defeated the Creek Indians in Alabama in 1814 and signed a treaty with 36 Indian chiefs, the Indians gave to the United States government all the lands in present Brooks County. Sion Hall took advantage of the opening of the Coffee Road in the 1820’s. He lived in Irwin County at the time of the 1820 census. He won this land lottery by fighting in the Revolutionary War. General Andrew Jackson became a hero during that conflict, too. Hall and his sixteen-year-old son Enoch had come into the new region to select a home place on the route. They found no whites nor Indians and they “rambled around a while looking for a good spot to settle to build a house and a store”. They determined upon a site, Lot Number 271 in the northeast section of District 12, about two miles north of present Morven in Brooks County. They returned to Telfair County where the senior Hall had a sawmill to complete a timber-cutting operation. Hall then “loaded that sawmill up” as well as mill parts, wagons, and ‘everything else he had to have over here at first, and he made a crossing by ferry, there wasn’t any bridges there then a-tall, just a ferry of logs nailed together”. He brought to Lowndes a “good many” slaves and his horses, for he always had big horses. Sion Hall had some of his slaves “to help him at the sawmill and part of them to clear the land”. With the lumber dressed by the slaves, he built a home on the west side of the Coffee Road at the edge of a big hammock. Once “they fixed that where they could farm,” Hall returned once more to Telfair County for his family and household goods. After Sion Hall “got here, lots of people started coming in, filling it up”. Therefore, he “put in to build a store” in a pine thicket across the road from the house, Hall thus established the first commercial enterprise in the county, and he provided for the needs of newcomers, travelers, and cattle

drovers. Because he had them big horses, he kept two wagons on the road all the time; he sent to Newport and Saint Marks, Florida Territory, to bring the calico, the nails, and the salt that his customers traded for hides, tallow, and beeswax. (Pines and Pioneers, Shelton). Native Americans would come from their villages in Florida and hunted here for hundreds of years. This is where a waylay passage was hewn out by my ancestors or “free labor” as it is currently termed, for travelers on the Coffee Road.” (Shelton).

The home of Honorable Sion Hall was a public inn for many years. Sion eventually sold out to Hamilton W. Sharpe, who had clerked in his store. (Pines, p. 28) “Sharpe’s Store” was built around 1826. The first court of Lowndes County was held at the Hall home.

The 1830 Lowndes population was 2,113 whites, and 335 slaves. 1840, 4,394 whites and 1,117 slaves. 1850, 5,339 whites and 2,355 slaves. In 1858, most of the slave population was cut off into Brooks County where the big slave-owning families lived. (Pines, *ibid*).

Daddy’s People

Grandma said Ben Davis and his brother Isaac came from Haiti. Ben and his brother were medicine men. We have not traced direct white ownership. They were gifted with the knowledge of using natural herbal healing powers. Witchcraft and sorcery were common practices. The census records introduce us to Ben and Isaac Davis around 1818 or thereabouts. Grandma said they came to Morven with Sion Hall and the other white settlers. Their history says that Sion was the grandson of Nancy Jackson Hall, who was the first cousin of President Andrew Jackson. But some folk say they came with Pliney Sheffield from around Thomasville and some say they came with the Rountrees or the McIntosh’s and we begin to wonder, “Which came first, the chicken or the egg?” Anyway, they came.

Grandma said Ben Davis was a short, stocky, black Spiritualist who wore his hair nappy with a long beard and sported a long, black overcoat in summer and winter. Isaac preferred to dress like the white men. They were loved by all. Ben’s daughter, Renee was Grandma’s mother. Renee would someday marry a man named Lee James. His folk lived in the swamps of Florida with the Seminoles and

came out of the woods when “Old Hickory”, President Andrew Jackson, gave up his pursuit of the Seminole tribe.

Grandma said God dispatched a legion of angels to bring her great-grand daddy to the New World. She said that they had been watching over and protecting us Jackson’s through generations. Her great grand- daddy and ‘em hewed out the rutted roads, dug the trenches, cut down the towering pines, sawed the oaks, built the cabins, grew the crops, harvested the foods, served the white settlers, and lived...lived on bended knees. They drove the teams of oxen that plodded through the Wiregrass.

I believe Grandma had to have been at least a hundred years old in 1953. The various census records say she was born around 1871 or somewhere thereabouts. Lord, help me now. You know, the thing I remember most about Grandma is her smile. She’s blackberry brown, barely 100 pounds and walks with a walking stick. She’s got a crème-colored shawl draped around her shoulders where she is stately sitting on her piano bench in her front parlor. Her gnarled fingers are resting on top of her radio. (Was it Philco or RCA?). I can hear snippets of phrases from Martin Luther King. I’m swinging my feet where I sit on her front porch. The steps are about 10 stories high and buttressed with those huge, concrete blocks that must have taken about 10 men or more to put them there. I want her to come out and talk to me, but I know that ain’t gonna’ happen right away. I’m looking at all my cousins playing hopscotch, hide n’ seek, jump rope, and other such fun kid games. It’s not a tobacco day. We just hanging out. My auntie, Onna Mae Rhym got a pan full of biscuits cooking in the oven. There’s a jug of my daddy’s brothers, Uncle Esau’s and Uncle Sim’s cane syrup calling my name. Somebody got some fresh eggs from the hen house and I know I’m gonna’ have some fine eating. It’s around 1964 or ‘65. It is hot in South Georgia. It is hot in America. It is hot in Viet Nam. It is hot in the world. But Grandma got on her shawl.

Grandma said when all that fighting and killing was going on around Morven between 1823 to the mid 1900’s, the Lord wrapped His arms around all her kin folk and formed a hedge around them. Most times when the death angel was pillaging in Morven, a huge, brilliant kaleidoscopic light would suddenly appear throughout the Jackson settlement and colored folks would stop in their tracks and fall to the ground while covering their faces from the effervescent glow. I never thought to ask her what the white folks did. But, we all heard about the

light. Momma said she saw it once! Momma said the earth suddenly glowed with a brilliant blindingly white light. All the field hands froze in fear. There was an eerie silence as the light danced and waltzed around them for some five minutes or more then gently disappeared. Momma said you could be sure the death angel had struck somewhere in the Wiregrass. Even Folks Huxford in his history of Brooks County thought it important to mention about all the strange phenomenon and other signs and symbols that pervaded the Wiregrass in the early 19th century.

Most children hated to be around old folks. But I loved to hang around my grandma and her daughters, my Aunties Doll, Sidney and Evelyn. Grandma talked all the time. She was the keeper of the genealogical bloodlines. "Chile, you cain't court 'dat boy. Dat's your Uncle Diddy's, cousin's Sue Nell's, sister's baby boy". This 55-year trek has shown me that the Lord blessed my grandma to keep a mental running blood stream through seven generations.

Daddy's grandfather's name was Andrew Jackson, I. The Jacksons on Jackson Road in Morven, Georgia treasure the story of Andrew Jackson, I (1845-1908), and his brother, Manson Jackson, who were brought to The Irwin Territory of Thomas, Lowndes, Brooks Counties around 1845 by Pliney Sheffield, I, one of the richest plantation owners in America. Andrew was the youngest brother by a few years. Both brothers would often recount their journey from West Africa through the Middle Passage to dock somewhere in Virginia. Andrew would often recount the feel of walking behind Pliney Sheffield, I as he journeyed to his final earthly destination in Morven and the feel of a Southern breeze as it wafted through his loin cloth. Andrew Jackson, I arose to be a leader in the enslaved territory. After the death of Pliney Sheffield, I, Pliney Sheffield, II inherited Andrew Jackson, I. From their history, Pliney Sheffield, II was a fun loving, *laisse faire* type of person. He was thought to be too lax with his slaves unlike his father who meted out cruel punishments towards the enslaved. See Thomas County archives. The white settlers followed the Natives' love of hunting in this Wiregrass. This whole territory was used as hunting grounds for the Native Creeks, Seminoles, Apalachee Indians and other indigenous peoples. For a comprehensive history of the region the reader is directed to Folks Huxford's series of books on the history of these counties. Of course, Natives and blacks were seldom depicted as human.

During the Civil War, Pliney Sheffield, II and most white men including the Overseers, joined militias to fight for the Confederacy. Oral history and a tribute to "Faithful Slaves" by Huxford salutes "those slaves who carried on during the dark days of the war and did not molest the white women". Oral history said Andrew Jackson, I, was the only slave allowed to own and possess a gun in this Wiregrass area. The white man's story is that during the dark days of the war when Sherman was destroying the Confederacy and the call went out for supplies for the Confederacy, Brooks County's white women rose up and became the number one supplier of goods for the Confederate cause in Georgia. Hence, our home is identified as the Breadbasket of the Confederacy.

Our research on the Sheffield Plantation revealed a portrait of one of the richest Plantation owners in America. The white history details an honorable, Southern plantation family who was known for its riches, acres and acres of hunting ground and slaves. In 1850 Thomas County, Pliney Sheffield was 62 years old. He had a wife named Mary who was also 62. Elisa was 18; Julia 16; Pliny, II was 12, and John was 3. I read that in 1860 there were 8 million whites who lived in the South; 383,637 owned slaves; of that number 2,292 had more than 100. Pliney Sheffield was of that number. In Thomasville Circuit Court Archives there is detailed an incident that occurred on the Sheffield Plantation. Pliny I had one of his slaves beaten, chained to a tree and left to be tormented like a dog. It was deemed heinous treatment of an enslaved person even by then local standards.

My formative years were fixated on the Jacksons. The Jackson name was whispered, revered, despised, vilified. It just depended upon the originator of the conversation. Along with the Jackson name was one Romeo Wilson, Sr. Romeo Wilson, Sr. was an enslaved man with mixed white and Creek parents. The US Census Records denoted Romeo and most of his descendants as Mulatto. Mixed Negro. It was important that a hint of black blood be revealed to the unsuspecting. Romeo Wilson's sister, Sidney Wilson, procreated and then married Andrew Jackson, I, before the end of slavery. Andrew Jackson, I and Romeo Wilson, I acquired much land in District 12 after the Civil War. Many of their descendants still live in this region today. There are other families living in Brooks and Lowndes and Thomas counties with the same or similar stories. Oh! To hear them.



This is a portrait of Andrew Jackson, I, the enslaved man brought from West Africa to The Irwin Territory around 1845 by Pliney Sheffield, I. He was about 6 or 9. He had an older brother named Manson. On the left is Andrew's daughter, Cherry (b.1885 married Aaron Miller); Olivia (b.1882 married Sam Ward). Andrew Jackson, I was married to Sidney Wilson, the sister of Romeo Wilson, I.

All of Folks Huxford Histories are dedicated to those gallant white invaders who drove out the Natives and settled this region. In reading his history, my ancestors' stories became a living ember that refused to be snuffed out. I'm so thankful to be breathing to pass this manuscript along to the universe.

Sidney Wilson Jackson, the wife of Andrew Jackson, I was a Creek Indian woman. Her ancestors lived in the "Tallasse" country before the white settlers began to push through. This is the fertile crescent of the deep South. It is an area brimming with streams of succulent fish, acres of virgin pine, and forests filled with enticing wild game and tempting bounty. I visualize Sidney and her mother as they walk

through a village in the Tallassee country. Sidney has long, black, silky hair, golden skin. Momma said she was well known for her beauty.

Sidney Wilson's village is destined for extinction. As the white settlers moved in, tensions grew, tempers flared, people just couldn't get along. "Most accounts indicate there had been down through the years since the whites settled, some degree of friendliness between the two races in a general way, though the whites well knew the red-skins' proclivities in sneaking, plundering and stealing. Huxford said these Indians were not rogues as we understand the term today; but their standards and degree of civilization, their concepts and understanding. took whatever they wanted. hogs...cows...stealing out of the fields...settlers want them deported out west...dreaded job...arson...murder of General William McIntosh, half-breed chief, and his family, at his home...1835. war spirit developed among Creeks...Seminoles still on warpath down in Florida...Creeks and Seminoles. not friendly with each other for years. began to unite against common perceived enemy...

Article...The Valdosta Times...Hon. J.P. Prescott first major crime by the Indians in the territory that was then Lowndes County...late in 1835...George Overstreet's family killed. took all clothes. burned down house...Overstreet not home...came back...Ashes and tears...Settlers banded together...lived together...made forts. made it through winter of 1835-36.

"Roanoke" May 15, 1836 in Stewart County, on the Chattahoochee River...Daylight. Horde of Indian warriors...burning houses. men, women, children. killed without mercy...scalped...news spread throughout Southern Georgia. Creeks now on warpath...trying to make way from over in Alabama through Southwest Georgia to Florida, there to join the Seminoles in their war. "If they had made their move without committing any attacks... they would have been able to effect a union with the Seminoles which, had it taken place, would have meant most disastrous results for the whites. However, their attacks alerted every settler over South Georgia. The Indians had along their wives and children and "plunder" lost most of their women and children by death or capture. most of plunder or possessions such as horses and ponies, and finally only isolated, scattered

remnants of the great army of warriors who set out from Alabama, ever reached Florida.”

Lowndes County word spread. 2000 of the Creeks making way to Florida...expected to pass through Lowndes. Col. Henry Blair, commanding the 81st Regiment, Georgia militia, at the time, wrote the Governor...June 13, 1836 (letter post-marked “Sharpe’s Store, June 13th”) body of Creeks...2000...making way from Chattahoochee River...SEND HELP...militias formed. Chickasawhatchee. turning point...Indians frustrated in march towards Florida...seriously crippled. lost horses. saddles, rifles, etc. Made way as best they could. Took out of way routes by ponds, swamps, etc. and going in south, southwest and southeast directions. seen lurking about in portions of Lowndes County now in the counties of Berrien, Cook, Lanier, Colquitt and Brooks.

Battle of Brushy Creek...greater number of men lived in Brooks County, Cook, Berrien. July 19, 1836. fork of Big Warrior Creek and Little River...Company of thirty-one men...under command of Captain Hamilton W. Sharpe...pursued Indians about three miles. found about sixty warriors and their families...casualties. one killed. Mr. Pennywell Folsom, one wounded. severe fight for two hours. Indians completely routed with a loss of 22 Indians and two Negroes killed...18 women and children taken prisoners. two more whites killed...Governor Schley wrote letter...brave men in the victory at Brushy Creek. Letter dated July 25, 1836...Indians continued to pass...were menace...33 warriors, 35 women and children...taken to Thomasville jail for their safety.

Negroes belonging to Mrs. Rountree’s...captured three hostile women and one girl about 10 or 12. no white men about...white settlers would like to keep. warriors probably lurking about...taken to jail in Thomasville...Federal troops useless...settlers protected themselves. trusted God and not state capital or Washington.

October 12, 1836. letter mailed at Magnum. (now Morven) from Colonel Henry Blair to Governor. could not raise full volunteer company of mounted men...subsequent letter. October 22, 1836...some still lurking. lurking...Sidney Wilson’s progeny...Still lurking in 2018. in Morven, Ga.

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In 1863, the war that was supposed to last a few days is taking a toll on the new world. Pliny Sheffield, II, and practically all the white settlers have gone off to fight. Pliny joined the 50th Regiment, Ga. Infantry and would eventually lose an arm at the Battle of the Wilderness in Virginia in May 1864. When Pliny returned home, he married Mary Reed Hunt of Richmond, Virginia on July 20, 1864 and had to move to Quitman because of the vastness of their land holdings and slave property. My great-granddaddy and them had done a good job of keeping up his plantations. When the war ended, he offered them the "sharecropping" deal, but folks said my great-granddaddy and some of the other Negroes chose to step out on their own. My brother, Osby and my cousin, Faye, said Andrew I worked for Henry Mashburn until he purchased 50 acres from him in 1887 in land lot 333, District 12 for the sum of two hundred fifty dollars. I believe most of the land was stripped from the Pliny II and the Confederates. I do not know how it was transferred to others. I do know my ancestors ending up owning lands they once farmed as enslaved souls.

After the end of the Civil War, Romeo Wilson, I opened a grist mill and country store where he also owned, trained and traded fine horses. This area was a prominent destination for the "scalawags and carpetbaggers" who were fanatically despised by Southern whites. Most of the homes on the Jackson Road offered comfort and rest to these "scums of the earth." The well currently located near our ancestral home has always been called "Sidney's Well" in honor of Sidney Wilson's heritage.

The Reconstructionist Period in the region was fraught with turbulence. The KKK was the established rule of law here. Most of the former Confederates were members. Rev. W. F. Wade of Valdosta, a prominent black historian, researched and documented the US Colored Troops stationed in Valdosta from 1865-1866. We have not searched archival records to say, "See. In Morven. Right there. The US Colored Troops were stationed here also." Garrisons of Federal troops had to be deployed to this region because of the overwhelming amount of free

previously enslaved people. From oral history, in Morven a garrison of US Troops were stationed on the current Jackson Road.

The Reconstructionist Period also presented opportunities for free black males to participate in voting. The former Confederates and the newly named KKK, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, fought the participation of the blacks at all costs. Brooks County was the ferment of dissent. The elections of 1870 and 1872 were bitter war zones. At the October election of 1872 at the Brooks County courthouse, the Honorable J. H. Hunter, a prominent white politician, was stabbed to death. Nick Thompson and Ben Jordan were indicted for his murder. Nick Thompson was hanged December 17, 1875. For many years, after the enslaved were hanged, their bodies were taken and dumped at "The Nigger Branch." High schoolers recently renamed it "The Pride Branch." (2017)

My deceased friend and Brother Julius Bradford Lane, a Korean War Veteran who lived in the Dixie region took me to the branch. At that time, it was just a narrow, wooden crossing. Julius said back in the day after the colored folks were hanged at the Court House or any good hanging tree, their bodies were cut down then thrown to the alligators in The Nigger Branch. When the white folks had gone, relatives would jump into the alligator infested waters and wrestle an arm, leg, torso, or whatever could be harvested for burial.

This event triggered our first great family migration from Brooks County. From Huxford: On last Tuesday morning a party of about twenty-five Negroes composed of men, women and children, passed through Quitman on their way to Florida to make that state their home in the future. Most of them were from the upper part of the county and some of them were very intelligent looking Negroes. The Quitman Reporter (issue November 25, 1875) reports that the colored people were greatly dissatisfied and unsettled and that great numbers of them were leaving Brooks County.

Quitman Banner. Read it sometime. It's on film at the Brooks county library.

May 10, 1898 Morven Voter Registration list; Mansen Jackson-53, farmer; Josh Jenkins-66 farmer; from Dry Lake district; Robert Jackson-26 farmer. 1870's-

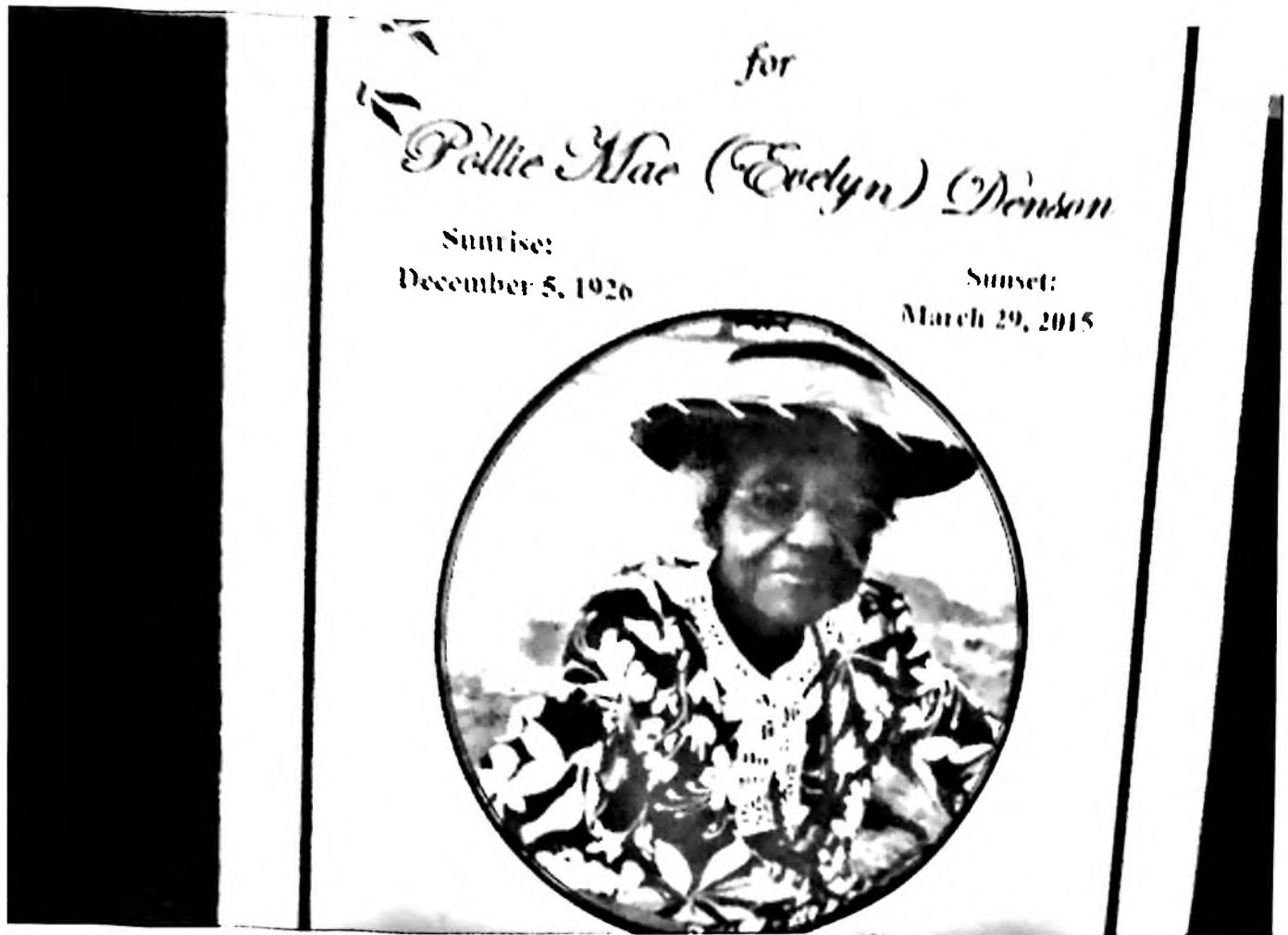
1890's, Pliney Sheffield having 4th of July celebration with Negroes. Frederick R. Fildes, editor and publisher of Quitman Banner- (Tsk! Tsk!) Frederick R. Fildes articles in the Quitman Banner displayed an extreme hatred for people of color.

After the end of the Civil War, Andrew Jackson I worked for Henry Mashburn then purchased 50 acres from him in 1887 in land lot 333, District 12 for the sum of two hundred fifty dollars. Most of the slaves had a little somethin' somethin' after the war. They began to build what has been termed "Shotgun houses." Andrew Jackson I's first home that was built sometime after his purchase in 1887 suspiciously burned down. My aunt, Pollie Mae (Evelyn) Jackson Denson (12-5-1926/3-29-2015) inherited this parcel and it was said at her memorial services that she had never mortgaged the property.





Dear Auntie Pollie Mae Evelyn Jackson Denson 12-5-26/3-29-15 at our last Jackson Family Reunion 2014.



Being a country girl, you would think I was immune to things like frogs, lizards, rats and snakes. I was afraid of a gnat. Aunt Evelyn and 'em tried to show me how to get rid of an evil spirit. "Those demons and snakes and coons gon' run when you do this." More shoulders to lean on. More heartbreaks to share.

One time, Daddy drove Aunt Evelyn, her sisters, Aunt Doll, Aunt Sidney and me to Donaldsonville to see a relative of Dr. Buzzard. Dr. Buzzard was a well-known and highly sought out root doctor. People would travel from around the world to get potions, and blessings and healings. Today, as I write this manuscript, about the only thing I remember about that trip is the lying and tales my Aunties were

producing with precision tongue twisting. Many people in my family believed in roots and spells. All these things were brought back to my memory sometime around 1993 where I lived with my Gullah Geechee husband in North Charleston, SC. 20 years of frustration, desperation, disappointment; I could see it in his countenance. With tears rolling down his charcoal cheeks, he said, "I would kill your ass, but I'm too afraid you'll come back!" Nothing like reality to bring sobriety. That little pouch my Aunties gave me to pin in my bra disappeared to the nether world shortly after they gave it to me.

Ben Davis, Aunt Evelyn's maternal great grandfather, taught the women folk midwifery and herbal healing. Aunt Evelyn said that there was a belief that God gifted midwives with the power to read the souls of the birth canals. The midwives could see how many children would be birthed from a uterus. They could see sickness, deformity, death. Ben Davis passed down his medicinal arsenal and midwifery skills to Andrew I's, daughter, Cherry. Aunt Cherry passed her skills down to my Dad's mother, Grandma Polly.

Great Aunt Cherry was a big-boned, high yellow, muscular behemoth. They said most of the women folks in the Wiregrass drove the oxen and mule teams and hunted and killed, but none could out do Aunt Cherry. Aunt Cherry also raised the best red hens, and brooders that laid the finest eggs in the Wiregrass and folks would come from miles around to trade with her.

When granddaddy Andrew Jackson II and Grandma Polly Jackson decided to get married, Aunt Cherry penned up her prize chickens and fed them with a special concoction so the pies and cakes, and cornbread and dressing and other delicacies would be "Anointed". Well, it seems a great black bear that occasionally perused the Morven area, got wind of Aunt Cherry's hens and took it upon his self to taste the goods. Mind now. The bear knew about Aunt Cherry's reputation. But they say, he had stalked and waited outside Aunt Cherry's hen house for about two weeks, until he just couldn't take it no more. Finally, one night about 2:30 in the morning, he tipped up to the hen house and grabbed a couple of Aunt Cherry's prize hens. The hens commenced to squawking and hollering for Aunt Cherry and Aunt Cherry jumped up out of her bed, grabbed a pruning fork and headed for the

hen house. The hens were just a screaming and hollering and telling Bear that Aunt Cherry was gonna' get him. Bear started to run out of the hen house and met Aunt Cherry dead on.

"Ah!h!h!" Bear screamed and dropped the hens. Aunt Cherry reared back with the pruning fork and struck Bear around the shoulders. Bear knocked down Aunt Cherry and took out to running and screaming through Morven, "Help me! Help me! Somebody. Help me!" he hollered.

Well by this time, Aunt Cherry up and running after Bear and everybody up and trying to get out of the way. Folks banged their doors and bolted the windows and Bear kept a screaming and hollering. But finally, Aunt Cherry caught up to Bear and grabbed him around the neck and commenced to pounding and beating the sense out of him.

"Please. Please. Aunt Cherry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I know I ain't had no business messing with your hens, but you know you got the best hens in the land and I just couldn't hold myself no more. Let me go, Aunt Cherry. I promise I won't come back no more and mess with your hens." Aunt Cherry used the pruning hook as a fillet knife on bear.

Well certain folk took exception to all the racket Bear and Aunt Cherry made in the neighborhood, so the high sheriff came out and arrested her for disturbing the peace. She almost missed the wedding. Bear gracefully adorned Aunt Cherry's hearth for many years.

Around 1878, Andrew Jackson, I built a big, fine home on Jackson Road at the site of Sidney's Well for his son, Andrew Jackson, II and his bride, Pollie Mae James. This home sheltered generations.

Andrew Jackson, I and Pliney Sheffield, II, threw a big, fancy wedding for Grandma and Andrew II. It was March 14, 1907. (Now they say, Andrew II had it built for another woman, but she didn't want granddaddy, so he married Grandma). (They also say white folks didn't take too kindly to Grandma marrying him cause

Grandma was “special” to all the white folks and they didn’t think Andrew II was worthy of “Aunt Polly”). Anyway, they got married.

Grandma’s house was the top of the line back in the day. Let’s see now. It had a huge kitchen with a sloping back porch and a dining area that had a café bench. You could seat the whole community in there and it had these bar type things where Aunt Onna Mae could serve you up restaurant style. Grandma had a fancy wooden stove. I think it had about four burners and if memory serves me correctly, I believe it was much larger than momma’s. (God knows, I’m telling all my secrets, but back in the day Aunt Onna Mae always, usually had something good to eat on the stove. A body could walk in the house and get your fill and traipse off to Wonderland). Thank you, Father. Then, you had 3 other huge bedrooms and a living room with a fireplace and a front room with a fireplace. That was Grandma’s room. It was where she kept her piano, and you better believe, you didn’t mess with Grandma’s piano. Matter of fact, practically every post-slavery home owned a piano. Cousins Anna Golden Ward, and her sister, Shellie Golden McKay, and their sister, Ruby Golden, and Cousin Louvenia Harrison McCall. I believe cousin Louvenia taught most of the folks in the community about music and singing. Somebody said she learned it from Andrew’s daughter, Cora. I know you know about the slave history in America, but I’m just telling you how it came down to us. Most slaves were not allowed to learn to read and write and but most of my enslaved ancestors learned it. They learned to speak the new foreign language. They wrote music. They studied the Bible. They lived. They survived. Now, cousin Ruby Golden taught my momma and Osby and Charlie and Willie Joe them back in the day. That was when they had to walk barefooted to school. I believe school was held at the old Macedonia Baptist church that was torn down in the 1940’s. It was back up in the woods from the Old Slave and Indian cemetery down from today’s Macedonia Baptist church. Back then, school was mostly held to coincide with the farm season. Farming came first and then education. I heard them talk about Ol’ Elizabeth school and I can’t remember all the names of the colored schools in Brooks county. Everybody had to walk to school. They used Cousin Romeo Wilson’s wagons, then Cousin Anna Ward’s, then Daddy and Cousin Josh Jenkins bought a couple old Chevy trucks, then colored folks finally got some buses.

After Andrew I died in 1908, his daughter, Olivia successfully sued J. M. Simens to regain title to his lands. Olivia was successful in producing receipts that proved Andrew I had paid said monies to James Simens.

Will of Andrew Jackson-Deceased.

State of Georgia. } Last Will and Testament of Andrew Jackson, Sr.
County of Brooks }

I, Andrew Jackson of said State and County, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make this my last Will and Testament:

1st:-

I wish my Executor as soon as possible after my death to pay my debts.

2d:-

I give and bequeath to my beloved daughter, Cherry Miller and my Grandson Milton Mc Call, my home place consisting of Fifty Acres more or less, to be equally divided between them.

3rd:-

I give to my beloved children Sarah Robinson, Andrew Jackson Jr, Effie Johnson, and Olivia Jackson, my Simons place consisting of One Hundred acres of land more or less, this to be divided equally between them.

4th:-

I give my Male Horse colored named Fannie about six years old to my son Andrew Jackson Jr, I give my bay pony horse named Lundy to my Grandson Milton Mc Call, my other horses, all cattle hogs chickens wagons mangles and all other personalty to be divided equally between Sarah Robinson, Effie Johnson, Andrew Jackson Jr, and Milton Mc Call, the Executrix her after named to make the division provided in item 4.

5th:-

I do hereby appoint and nominate my daughter Olivia Jackson, Executrix of this my Will, and especially provide that she shall give no bond, and not be returned of her estate as such Executrix to the Court of Ordinary.

6th:-

I hereby appoint Olivia Jackson, Trustee of the property of my Grandson, Milton Mc Call and give her complete control and authority to manage and control said property, until he reaches his majority, and especially call her from making any return or giving bond as such Trustee.

7th:-

I give the following children to wit, Herbert Mc Call, Vance Mc Call, George Fulton McCall, Ida Lee McCall, N. J. Jackson, Roscoe Jackson, and Willie Jackson, Ten Dollars each. This amount to be paid to Georgia Bonds for Jackson children, and Jany Taylor for the McCall children.

WILL of Andrew Jackson Continued.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this the 7th day of April
his
Andrew ^X_{MAF} Jackson.

Signed and published by Andrew Jackson as his LAST WILL and TESTAMENT, in
of the undersigned, who subscribe our names hereto as witnesses, at the ins
and request of said testator, and in his presence, and in the presence of e.
This the 7th day of April 1905.

B. K. Monroe,

Romeo Wilson,

Phillip Ward.



J. M. Simmons to Andrew Jackson.

Georgia, Brooks County.

Whereas on the 15th day of January, 1897 J.M. Simmons executed to Andrew Jackson his bond in the sum of \$2000.00 to convey to said Andrew Jackson one hundred acres of land in the north west corner of lot three hundred and thirteen (313) in the 12th district of Brooks County, Georgia, upon the payment of said Andrew Jackson to said Simmons of three notes for the following sums and due respectfully, as follows; to wit: \$165.67 due November 1st, 1896 \$193.30 due November 1st, 1897, one for \$203.33 due November 1st, 1897, and whereas the said Andrew Jackson died without having paid the above stated sums, and whereas said sums since the death of said Jackson have been paid by his said executrix, and whereas at the July Term of the Court of Ordinary of Brooks county, 1910, Olivia Ward formerly Olivia Jackson the qualified executrix of the last will and testament of Andrew Jackson deceased, filed her petition with said Ordinary asking him to make the said James Simmons take title to the land above described and whereas said petition was duly served and on the 2nd day of May, 1910 said Ordinary required the said J.M. Simmons to make a deed to the following named heirs of said Andrew Jackson, to wit: Olivia Ward, Andrew Jackson, Jr., Sarah Robinson, Nffie Johnson, Milton McCall, Cherry Miller, Beopie Jackson, Willie Jackson, Hubert McCall, Hower McCall, Charlie Miller, Milton McCall and M.J. Jackson, said part as being all the heirs of said Andrew Jackson, deceased.

Therefore the said J.M. Simmons in consideration of the payment of the above cited notes and in consideration of the order granted by said Ordinary, and in compliance with said bond for title does hereby bargain, sell and convey unto the above named parties as the heirs at law of Andrew Jackson deceased one hundred acres (100) of land in the northwest corner of lot of land three hundred and thirteen (313) in the 12th land district of Brooks county, Georgia. This conveyance is made in compliance with said bond and said order and is made subject to any disposition that may have been made of the above described land by said Andrew Jackson in his will.

In witness whereof the said James M. Simmons has hereto set his hand and affixed his seal this 12th day of September, 1910.

J. M. Simmons (I.S.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of,

N. A. Branner,

J. I. Simmons N.P. E.O.J.P.

Recorded June 20th, 1911.



The current home of Simmie F. Jackson, Jr. located at 5307 Jackson Road. This is where the original home of Andrew Jackson, I and II was built in the 1870's. The well in front of this house is called "Sidney's Well" to honor Sidney Wilson Jackson, the Creek/white wife of Andrew Jackson, I. "Sidney's Well" was a well-known watering spot for the Wiregrass inhabitants from the 1800's through the 1980's when it ceased to produce the sweet well water.

When word got out in the late 1990's that the Jackson's were officially "compiling" their history, Miss Marie Spencer Wilson made it over to my momma's house to talk to me. This was a little bit before she was admitted to a nursing home. As a child, Miss Marie Wilson and my mother taught me every word that I learned. Every Shakespeare. Every Flaubert. Dante. Miss Wilson would confiscate treasured remnants from the white schools and give them to daddy when he drove the school bus to pick us up from Morven Rosenwald School. Daddy would give them to me and I would sneak them home.

Well anyway. The reason Miss Wilson came to see me, she wanted to tell me to be sure to tell you that Andrew Jackson I, nor his brother Manson were from around here. They were foreigners. It was important to her that we knew this. She said Andrew I and Manson were highly outspoken people. "You know. Kinda like you, Fannie." She smirked. But Manson was a dapper. He could truly boogie and he loved hanging out at juke joints. Miss Wilson said she would always remember that one time about an incident with Manson and Aunt Jemima Miller, Manson's wife. It seems Aunt Jemima had pretty much had it with Manson's clubbing and pole-cattin' ways so she determined to put a stop to it. One night, Manson was out at the club having a good time and dancing around on a table. Aunt Jemima stormed in holding a big old walking stick. She grabbed Manson around his ankles and sent that colored man a flyin' through the air. He was knocked unconscious and when he came to, Aunt Jemima told him that the Lord had lifted him up and sent a revelation for him to stay home. Miss Wilson said it was such a shock to everybody on account of Aunt Jemima being the gentile sort of woman. After that, they didn't hear too much more about Manson out clubbing.

Grandma and Daddy never met a body that was not a cousin. They always told us about our kin that had left Morven. Huxford talked about the "prominent looking Negroes" from the Northern part of Brooks who up and left between 1870-1880. They loaded up their wagons, and mules, and oxen, and struck out for higher ground. The circumstances surrounding the Wade murder and Thompson hanging took its toll. Some ended up around Florida.

They say Ben Davis' daughter, Rinda (Ridney, Renee), Grandma Jackson's mother was a fire eater. Health care for the enslaved in the Wiregrass was a treasured tool for survival. These skills were passed to generations before the white people absorbed every secret and tool of the trade.

Sidney Wilson Jackson and Romeo Wilson, I, had a sister named Cherry. (Not Andrew I's Cherry). Cherry's daughter, Cora, who was born in 1877, or thereabouts, married one Festus Bailey I, who was from North Carolina. He was rumored to have been from a free family.

Festus Bailey, I, like so many other fortune hunters following the turpentine trade, came to Morven sometime after the end of slavery. He was rich when he came and continued to amass a fortune from the turpentine stills he owned in Brooks, Thomas, Lowndes, and Colquitt counties. Festus and Cora E. McLeod married December 6, 1899. Festus Bailey's mother was Betty Bailey-a first cousin of Harriet Bailey-the mother of Frederick Augustus Bailey Douglas.

We all proudly gloated that Frederick Augustus Bailey Douglas was our cousin. There was a portrait of Booker T. Washington, Andrew Jackson I and Frederick Douglas that once hanged at the old Booker T. Washington Elementary School in Quitman. I have researched how these three could have been together to pose for a portrait. My quest continues. However; I did surmise that it could have been September 18, 1895 when Booker T. Washington delivered his famous "Atlanta Compromise" speech at the Cotton States and International Exposition or the preceding two years when he spoke at the international meeting of Christian Workers. We were told Andrew I, Romeo Wilson I, Festus Bailey and others participated in state and national politics. Momma said folks kept burning down Festus Bailey's property and sabotaging his businesses. His family eventually moved away some time in the 1900's. He had a son named Hector who went on to become Ambassador to Africa, Nairobi, and Ethiopia. Momma also said that as late as the early 1980's they still owned a piece of Brooks county. It's located in Quitman down Toilet Tissue Road way, at the bend in the curve where the road forks and you go over by Veteran's stadium. You got some new houses built there now. They have descendants in Albany, Georgia.

Romeo Wilson's daughters, Shellie Golden McKay and Ruby Golden were the community teachers. Cousin Louvenia Harrison McCall, the wife of Milton McCall taught music and singing. Somebody said she learned it from Andrew's daughter, Cora. As a child, other than my family the only folks I socialized with were members of the old Laurel Street Church of Christ. The first new people I remember was when Osby and Charlie took me and Trish with them at Show N' Tell day to the old Morven Rosenwald School. I remember it was very, very cold. The school was an old wooden building and I don't remember if they had a fire in the pot-bellied. I just remember feeling cold. Then I remember...the kids...the whispers...such pretty girls...such long hair...Red bone...yellow girl...one's dark...

But, oh!! when I started school in 1959 at Morven Rosenwald Elementary School what a treat. We had a brand new red-brick building and we had flushing toilets and running water. And Oh!! Miss Wilson-Literature. Reading. Miss Neloms. Dance group. Plays. Elvis Presley. Dreams Come True in Blue Hawaii". The Beatles. "I Want to Hold Your Hand-d-d-d-d! I Want to Hold Your Hand!" But, the crème-de-la-crème was Miss Eddie Joe Brooks. Miss Eddie Joe Brooks was our Beethoven and Marion Anderson. Miss Brooks would travel from school to school throughout Brooks county and the South-I believe-and she taught everybody about singing and making music and how to sing from notes and she could hear the smallest little bullfrog creek. "I hear you over there, Fannie. Try to sing like your Sister." Nope. Never made it. That ain't my calling in life. But oh! How I enjoyed the chorus and traveling around in our white robes and pretending to sing. "Mine eyes have seen the Glory." "Bess...I...love you, Bess...you is my woman now..." "Sing!" Miss Brooks would point her honey colored fingers at you. "Sing now. Sing". And... "Oh. I wish I was in the land of cotton." "Sing...Sing...Y'all Sang!" "Look away! Look away!"



This is a portrait of my mother's maternal grandfather, Burdell (Bordell Thompson b. 1850 d. 1950) and his wife Mary Inman.

In early 1994, I learned about these people. I had returned from living in North Charleston, SC with my future Gullah Geechee ex-husband to nurse my mom through suspect lung cancer. The business plan was for me to establish a Personal Care Home in my sister Laverne's vacant mobile home that was next to Mom's home, become self-sufficient, care for Mom and live happily ever after. My only son, Andre' Tyrone Gibbs, Jr. was with me. My daughter, Dakita Nicole had withdrawn in eleventh grade from Summerville High School in Summerville, SC. to go live with her father, Etheridge Eugene Williams in Atlanta.

The spots on Mom's lungs were not cancerous. A Pakistani oncologist theorized that the technique of holding poisonous tobacco seeds and tobacco leaves against a wet chest had created her condition. Mom began to quickly heal and bounce

back. The business plan was not producing the desired and needed results; Income. Mom's brilliant and conciliatory idea was to send me back to North Charleston, SC to continue a 17- year dysfunctional marital relationship.

To say I was pissed is mildly stated. Livid, I snatched mom's car keys from her key rack. That in and of itself was an act of defiance. I jumped in Mom's car and flew to Blockbuster in Valdosta to rent Color Purple. I had left my bootleg in N. Charleston. Color Purple is my ultimate #liftmeuptakemeawayfromlife remedy. I bought some popcorn and miscellaneous other goodies. When I returned home, Mom was still in her favorite chair, rocking and watching something on tv. Probably Law and Order. I stood in front of Mom's tv, popped in my movie on her VCR, gathered my goodies and sat next to Mom in the other rocking chair.

Celie and Mister and Oprah danced on the screen. Oh! How I was enjoying my movie! Suddenly, my Mom began to scream and holler.

"That's the way it was! That's the way it was!" Mom fell to the floor on her knees. I jumped up. The popcorn flew in all directions. I was scared shitless. What the hell have I done now? Lord. My brothers and sisters are going to kill me. I have hurt Momma.

I knelt down to her. "Momma! Momma? Momma? What's wrong? What's wrong?" I was stroking her silky, wash and wear hair. I was holding her close. It felt so good! "Momma?" Finally, mom was spent. We got up. She grabbed her car keys. "Come on!"

Momma drove us to Macedonia Cemetery. There is a Slave/Indian burial ground back up in the woods currently landlocked by white land owners. We were at the part on the church grounds. Mom walked quietly around.

"This is your cousin, Bud. Here's his brother Cunnie. There's MC."

I began to feel guilty. I knew every Jackson buried at Macedonia Cemetery. I never thought about Momma's people much. There were a few like Aunt Sarah Dasher Grant and Aunt Primer Lee and her husband, Young Rhym. Nathan, Boot,

Yearby. Uncle Redner Thompson, his wife, Maurice Green and all their children in Jacksonville, Florida; I couldn't remember many others.

Then, Momma stopped underneath a flowering Magnolia tree and began to brush embers and debris from a tombstone. "This is Poppa and here's Momma."

I was paralyzed. Poppa? Momma?

"Momma, who is Poppa and Momma?" Momma looked at me as if she thought I was slap crazy.

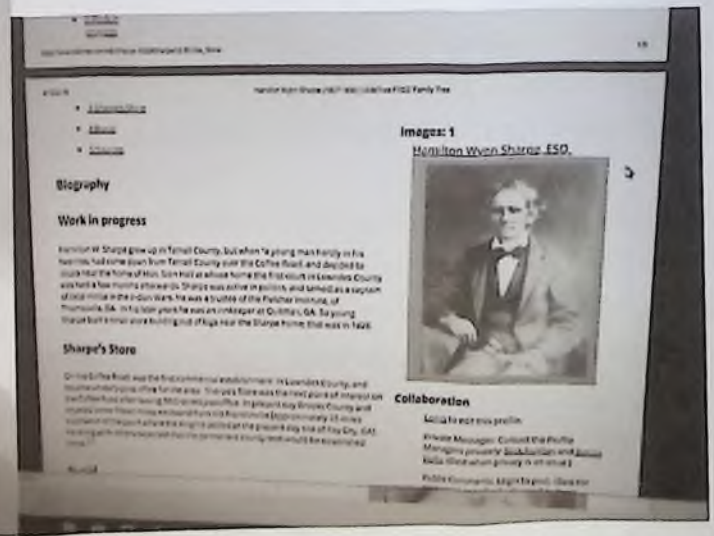
"Fannie you know Poppa and Momma are my granddaddy and grand momma. They the ones who raised me.!"

I walked over to the headstones. I read Bordell Thompson 1850-1950. "Momma. This man died in 1950. I was not born until 1953. My mom stared at me as if that was her first time seeing me.

Bordell Thompson was a Mulatto of white and Indian descent. Momma said he held to most of his Native traditions throughout his journey on earth. He was enslaved by the McIntosh family. Post the Civil War, colored people compared plantation masters based upon perceived riches and other codes of conduct. It was a privilege to be a Pliney Sheffield slave. The McIntosh's were semi acceptable. Most others were considered scumbags.

After slavery, Momma said Bordell and Mary lived in a huge Antebellum shotgun home across from today's Macedonia Baptist Church and Jake Bradford home on the Jackson Road. It was one of the refuge houses for the Northerners who came to assist the freed slaves with various issues. Their daughter, Eula Mae, was mother's mother. Eula Mae was a gifted and brilliant pianist. She had planned to go to college to become a teacher. As a teenager, Eula Mae became pregnant by Willis Sharp and ran away to Dania, Florida with one Andrew Ryals where she gave birth to my mom in 1925. Willis Sharp(e) was a Mulatto who is said to have been born from the lineage of the Honorable Hamilton W. Sharpe. Willis Sharpe's grandmother, Rachael was an enslaved servant whose family helped to build and sustain "Sharpe's Store." Thousands of Sharpe descendants share this heritage.

Then Eula Mae had a son named Roy Chester Ryals in 1926. She returned to Morven where she was raped by a white, Methodist preacher and had my Aunt Alberta in 1930. Momma said Eula Mae and her children were mocked and tormented by some folks in the Wiregrass. When people would walk or ride in wagons up and down the Jackson Road, they would sometimes throw rocks and sticks at Eula Mae and her children. Aunt Alberta's whiteness was shameful and unforgiving. Eula Mae began retreating to underneath a huge bed with her children. Momma said she would read the Bible and many stories to them there. Eventually, Eula Mae married Andrew Ryals and escaped back to Dania. Momma said unspeakable things happened in Florida. They lived in some old shack in the middle of a cornfield. She said one day she saw her daddy, Willis Sharp and her Uncle Young Rhym beckoning her to a window. She went to the window and they snatched her away from her mom and brother and sister. Mom would always remember running with her daddy and uncle through the cornfield. She never saw her mom alive again.





Top left: Willis Sharp, my mother's father. Willis and Sarah Dasher Grant were children of Mamie Sharpe. Top right: a portrait of Hamilton W. Sharpe. Bottom Left: Redner and Myrtice Lee Green Thompson. Redner was the son of Bordell and Mary Inman Thompson. Right: Alberta Thompson Tisdale, the daughter of Eula Mae Thompson and sister to Willie Mae Sharp Jackson.



Otto (Obee/OB Spencer b.1910 Mulatto son of OB Spencer, Sr. (b. 1871) and Lillie Baker (b1892) and his wife, Ruby Lee Green share stories of the Brooks County Wiregrass in 1995. Left is my first cousin, Brenda Tisdale (Johnson) the daughter of Aunt Alberta Thompson Tisdale. Cousin OB shared how Andrew Jackson, II and Cousin OB's father, Otto Spencer planted the first tobacco in Morven in 1907. The seeds were handled like delicate flecks of gold, then sprinkled on the fertile loamy soils where they blossomed to sturdy plants that were then transferred to rows and rows of precious commodities. Cousin Ruby told the story of Eula Mae and her white baby and how they would scurry in the house when folks would travel up and down Jackson Road. Later, Cousin OB told how the grown ups were running around through the woods and fields and gathering up children and the sick to escape the lynch party of 1918. He said some of them were hiding in a corn field where the posse had Mary Turner hung upside down. "Dem white folks were drunk as skunks. One of 'em said, "Who gon' gut this sow?" He said the

Butcher came out. "I will. I got this bitch!" The Butcher stuck a Bowie knife in Mary's stomach and slit her from top to bottom. Mary's blood and fluids splattered all over him. The baby was dangling and whimpering by the umbilical cord when he cut it loose and the baby fell to the ground. The Butcher then danced and stumped on it like a mad bull. Someone threw gasoline on Mary and lit a match.



Top left- Sarah Dasher Grant and Joe Nathan "Boot" Yearby- descendants of Mamie Sharpe at a "Yak!Yak! Festival

Sarah Lee Dasher Grant, wife of Berry Grant and daughter of Mamie Sharp Dasher and Man Dasher and Joe Nathan "Boot" Yearby telling "Tall Tales and Outright Lies" at a "Yak! Yak! Festival I held in Morven around 1994.

Mom said the whites continually tried to get Bordell to purchase or lay claim to this land, but he did not believe land was something a person could own. Mom said he never bathed but he never stank. She said he was a kind, gentle soul. Mary was a buck and wine maker. Momma said she couldn't make a profit because she and her kin were always consuming the product. Bordell was well off. Mom said

he would give his money to his white neighbors for safe keeping. When he died in 1950, people were all over his property with hoes, shovels, sticks and bear hands, digging for earthly treasures. She later gave me an old white serving platter. "This is all I got from Poppa and I want you to have it."

"Bordell's Platter"





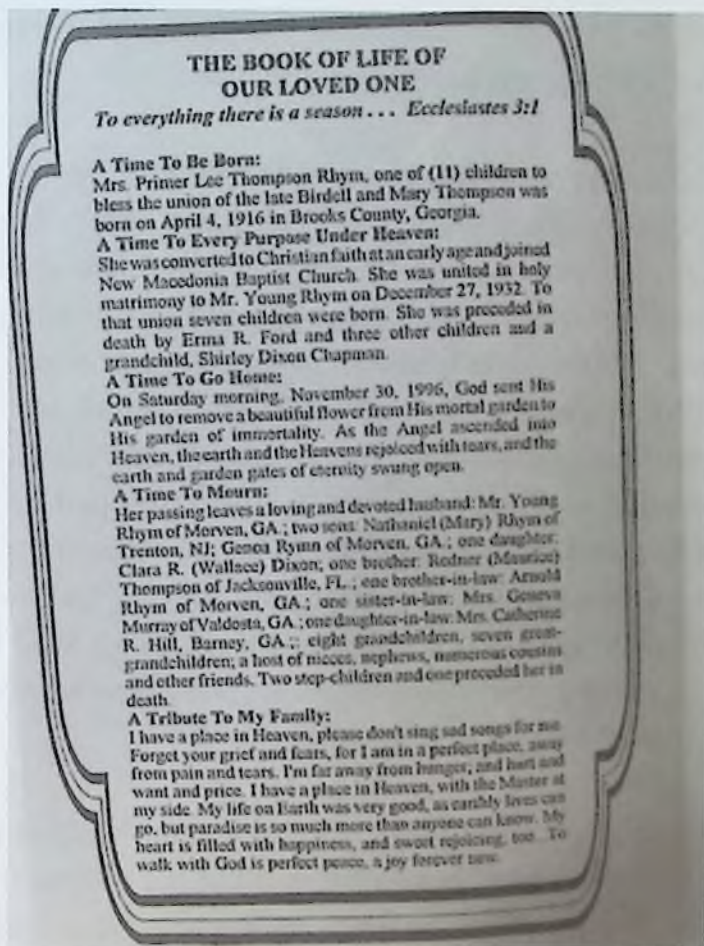
Top left: Della Mae Gilbert and Esau Jackson, Redner Thompson (Bordell Thompson's son) and Maurice Green, Top right, Young Rhym; Middle, Willie Mae Sharp Jackson, Voncell Patricia Jackson Vance, and Charlie Milton (Bud) Jackson, Sr. at Pat's graduation from Valdosta State University. Pat was among the first blacks and the first family member to graduate from Valdosta State University. She was also the first Black female to enter a Miss Valdosta State University pageant. She sang Roberta Flacks's "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." Also, through the friendship between my dad and Mr. JH Wells, Brooks County Superintendent, Pat was the first non-education major to be allowed to take education courses at VSU.; Middle, Wentley and Eunice Rogers McCall (Wentley is a descendant of Andrew Jackson I. Eunice Rogers McCall is a daughter of Lucious Rogers and Anna Gay who was a relative of Mary Turner), Cousin Genevieve Green (Mutt) and her sister Maurice Green, the sister of Ruby Green Spencer); Bottom; Mr. Arnold Rhym, (brother of Primus Rhym), OB Spencer and Ruby Green.

Momma said Uncle Young Rhym should have been a millionaire. His moonshine traveled up and down the Southern Seaboard and was served in the finest homes. He had a special relationship with the governmental officials. Bee said he also had a mule named Moonshine. Ol' Moonshine was a haughty beast of burden. He was treated like a king and walked around like he owned the Wiregrass. He was Uncle Young's tester. He told him when to add more potash, rats, possums and such.

I remember our first snow in Morven in 1960. Uncle Young chauffeured our granddaddy, Willis Sharpe over to our house in a big, black shiny limousine. He called me and Trish over to the car and told us, "This is your granddaddy."

I remember thinking, "What are you talking about?" Willis Sharp was white. Almost as white as the snow. He gave us a huge candy cane and he and Momma embraced and huddled in conversation. Uncle Young scooped up handfuls of the white snow in his massive black hands and made us a snowman. He even wrapped a scarf around it and put a pepper mint stick in his hands. Uncle Young disappeared in and out of my life like a Jack-in-the-box. I was married and divorced when I learned that Uncle Young had been accused of shortchanging his

business partners and spent many years on the chain gang. Uncle Young was married to Bordell and Mary Inman's daughter, Aunt Primer Lee.



Aunt Primer Lee became my spiritual counselor during my turbulent return home in February 1994. I was her gal. She was always filled with joy and laughter. I couldn't understand the source of her joy. One granddaughter died tragically from a shotgun wound and one daughter suddenly died.

When Mom and I were at war, I would sneak away and drive 2.7 miles up the Jackson Road, turn left on Coffee, travel about 3 miles and turn left onto the rugged, rutted, narrow Rhym Lane. There it was over there on the left. Aunt Primer's little dark red Jim Walter Home. It was a glorious, joyous occasion for our community when Aunt Primer's home was built. The door was always open. Aunt Primer usually had pound cake waiting for me. She never asked questions.

“Come on in gal! How’s my baby?” She would hold me to her ancient, blackened bosom and tenderly stroke my freshly permed hair.

“Fannie. This ain’t nothing. Ain’t nothing too hard for God!”

Sometimes we would sit for hours. She said Momma and I reminded her of her brothers Uncle Bud and Uncle Cooney. They were deaf and dumb. Well. That’s what people called them back then. Uncle Bud and Uncle Cooney were skilled artisans. They could whittle anything from wood. I have one of the last wooden stools Uncle Bud made for Mom. I can mentally see them and momma and Aunt Primer Lee now, gesturing and smiling and articulating with their hands and fingers. Aunt Primer said they were always fighting but let somebody try to come between them. They also had a seizure disorder. One day Uncle Bud just dropped dead. She said they had Uncle Bud laid out on the dead board and were having his funeral, when suddenly, Uncle Bud yarned, stretched and sat up. Colored folk took out to running and so Uncle Bud jumped up and went to running too. He finally caught up to Uncle Cooney and asked him what everybody was running from. Uncle Cooney said, “You. We thought you was dead.”

November 30, 1996 Mom and I were in Jacksonville, North Carolina visiting my baby brother, Alvin Wayne Jackson who had settled there after his tour with the United States Marines in Dessert Storm. We were enjoying a sumptuous pot of crab gumbo made by his wife, Janice White a native of Pelham, Georgia, when we received the call. Aunt Primer had crossed over.

Mom was shocked. “I thought she was getting better!”

Before we had left Morven, we had visited Aunt Primer Lee at the Brooks County Hospital.

Aunt Primer was sitting up and talking and laughing with Mom. “We sho’ look like that Mary Inman. Don’t we?” They shared little girl chit chats. I gazed at Aunt Primer. There was a glow around her. The call was an affirmation to me. I was so thankful, we had said bye, bye. Aunt Primer Lee’s husband, Young Rhym had a

brother named Arnold Rhym. They were sons of the enslaved man, Primus Rhym who was also enslaved by Pliney Sheffield I and helped to build the “Breadbasket of the Confederacy.” They were also eye witnesses to the Brooks and Lowndes lynchings of May 1918.



Top left; Myrtice Laverne Jackson and Simmie Frank Jackson, Jr. posing in front of the ancestral home of Andrew Jackson, I then Andrew Jackson, II and his wife Grandma Pollie Mae James Jackson. The rite of passage on the farm was learning to drive a tractor. Middle; My brothers, Alvin Wayne Jackson and Andrew Jackson, IV and our cousin, Erick Allen loading a bulk tobacco barn. Right; Simmie Frank Jackson, Jr.; Middle, Andrew Jackson, IV wires our house for electricity for the first time at 5234 Jackson Road under the direction of Mr. Ira Hicks, a gifted and talented teacher at our old Washington Street High School; Middle, members of the last segregated class of 1971 at Brooks County High School. Bottom left, my son, Andre' Tyrone Gibbs, Jr. (Abdullah Ibraheem) and my deceased nephew, Derrick Kinsley Vance who was killed by a black Birmingham policeman in 2006. Derrick was my sister Voncell Patricia Jackson Vance's only son. Right, my brother Osby (Bee) Oglesby Lee Jackson, Sr in front of our first home built in 1953. Bottom; my Dad, my sister Pat and I at our first snow in Morven 1960.

Today, I'm amused. The first week in September of 2000, Mom's Primary Care Physician had closed Mom's Book of Life. I'm calling in Hospice. Wheelchair. Supplies. Momma.

"I don't know what you think you're doing. Fannie you will not be pushing me around in a wheelchair!"

Yeah. Yeah. Sure. You're right mom. I tick off my list. My brothers and my nephew get mom settled back in her bed. Pat and my Aunt Onna Mae and I begin shift work with Momma. Hospice delivers the wheelchair and I place it in the laundry room. That was a Friday. We're all laughing and talking. Pat and Onna Mae try to reposition mom. Mom grabs Pat around her collar and almost chokes her.

"Momma! Momma! You got to let me go! I can't breathe Momma!"

Momma said, "I been wantin' to choke you like that!"

We all holler. Sunday night, September 13, 2000 my daughter Dakita, sweeps in from nowhere! "What? The Army let you escape!"

I had not called her. I'm rocking in Momma's chair. Exhausted. My daughter. "Momma. Go lay down in the bed and rest. I got Grandma." I head to my bedroom. It is adjacent to Mom's. I hear them talking. Laughing. I'm floating. I hear Dakita again. "Aunt Pat, I got Grandma. Go lay down and get some rest." I hear my daughter singing "Mansion. Robe and Crown." She comes and touches me gently on my shoulder. "Momma. Grandmother changing."

I don't move. I have my eyes tightly closed. I'm gripping my sheets. Mom had prepared her DNR. "Fannie. You better do me up right!" Last words. I'm breathing deeply. I'm trying not to have an asthma attack. My daughter comes to me with tears flowing from her puffy cheeks. "Momma. Grand momma gone!" I jump up. I run to her bedside. I look at her with my hands on my hips. "Yep!" I run to Pat. "Pat, Momma done left us!" Pat screams, "Nah! Marie! Nah!"

I'm calling folks. I'm pissed. Momma always got the last damn word. "Do me up right!" The hell.

Pain. I remember Ol' Fannie. Ol' Fannie was Daddy's big red brood, sow. Now I don't know who came first, me or Ol' Fannie. I'll have to ask Charlie and Osby about that. But Ol' Fannie ruled the hog pen. Remember now. I hated having to clean out the chicken coop and feed the hogs and water the trough for the cows. When it was my time to feed Ol' Fannie and clean out the slop pen, I don't remember if I was wearing shoes or not. If I was, they had to have been something like paper sneakers. So, I'm trying to feed Ol' Fannie and she steps on my toes. Yes. How vividly, I remember that pain. Come to think of it Ol' Fannie was probably trying to tell me to put on some shoes. "Fannie, don't you know if you walk around out here in this hog mess you gon' get tape worms?" Yes. I remember Ol' Fannie. Grief...the death of JFK...Grief and pain...Dr. King's assassination. Grandma's death the same month one year later...April 1969.

September 11, 2001. Derrick Kinsley Vance, Pat's only child at home with me in Morven. I'm recovering from colon surgery. D gets up to get me some water. I'm watching the Today Show. "They bombing us, Auntie!! They bombing us". D rushes over to Valdosta Tech to get my son.

January 2003 found me in solitary confinement at our little cottage in Morven. Thirteen-degree weather was urgently pounding my doors. The weather man said that it had been about forty years since God had turned down the thermostat that low in South Georgia. Thirteen degrees conjures images of Eskimos bundled in hooded fur coats, skiers gliding down the Scandinavian Alps, Caucasians with long, pointed noses, blonde hair and primed lips, my sister-in-law strutting around in her mink coat and hat and matching gloves and boots. Why, I don't believe that I have never even known anyone who lived in thirteen-degree weather.

Well, there I was at the Old Home Place. Just me, my demons and Old Man Winter knocking at the door. I had used up all the propane during the Christmas holidays because I wanted the home place to be nice and toasty for my upper and middle-income, out of state, brothers and sisters. You know how it is. Propane man won't bring out any more propane because my last check bounced. Would you believe he came out to turn off what was left in my propane tank. But, when he saw the gauge hovering around 1%, he compassionately said, "Cash only from now on". Yep. Broke. No car. No heat. Happy New Year to you too!

Thank God, the electricity was still on. Just barely. My momma had provided an electric blanket for every bed in her house, but I had always had a fear of getting fried in one. I think it had something to do with all the sermons I heard as a child about sinners burning in hell. Last time I checked, I still wore a tail most times underneath my clothes. So, I had already given momma's electric blankets to the homeless shelter in Valdosta. But, I was rummaging around in the Eleanor Roosevelt Suite; (new addition in the late 1960's for Trish, then my baby sister, Laverne, then special guests, homeless, destitute, sick and shut-in), and I found one. Praise the Lord! Thank you, Jesus!

So, I took one of my Xanax, one of my Elavils, some Nyquil, put on practically all the clothes I own, two of Momma's Glamour girl wigs, gloves and a hood and plunged underneath the toasty covers. I drifted off to a mellow, God is good and ain't living alone fun, and I can do this, and I can make it on my own, and I am tuff, I am strong, and I am woman, and...and..it must have been around 4:16 AM that I heard a swishingggg...swirlingggg...sound. Then, I felt the room jiggle with little

miniature tremors. And something was tickling my nose and caressing my cheekbones, so I cracked open one eye and I could make out the shape of something that looked like a translucent snowman and he was tipping around the room, and then he started doing the twist, the mashed potatoes, the Bankhead Bounce, and some of them dances ain't even had no names. When I stuck out my tongue at him and tried to pull it back in, icicles were hanging from the tip. Then, he snatched all my clothes and cover away, knocked out the electricity, and I felt it. I really felt the precise moment that the temperature dipped to thirteen degrees. It's really true what they say about near death experiences. Your life really does flash before you. Now who would finish the history of the Jackson Road? Would anybody care?

But, the straw that cut the hump off the camel's back and chopped off his legs, was finding out a few days later, on February 4, 2003, that the United States Department of Treasury would be keeping that two thousand seven-hundred-dollar income tax refund that I thought would take me at least through the summer. So what if I have owed it for twenty-six years? I thought, it's not like a twenty-two-hundred-dollar loan is going to bankrupt the US Government.

Grandma Pollie and granddaddy Andrew II had Aunt Olivia shortly after they got married. Aunt Olivia was a high yellow woman with big, big bosoms where she kept all her monies and trinkets and she used to have a little store in grandma's house and Osby and Charlie and Willie Joe them used to sneak in there and "liberate" ike-mikes, and moon pies, and Ne-Hi's and such stuff as that. She was a strictly business-no nonsense kind of woman. She married Joe Albritton and moved up north to Delaware. I think that's where she passed over this earth. Then they had Uncle Son, Andrew III in 1913. Then Grandma and granddaddy had Oglesby, Frank and another Manson, but they died shortly after birth. Aunt Sidney was born in 1911. She married a man named Jack Alexander. My Aunt Sidney was a pistol and if you rubbed her the wrong way, she would show you one, too. Momma said I was most like her. "Y'all some true Jacksons." Aunt Doll-Effie Mae Erma Cherry Rosa Lee was born in 1917. Aunt Doll didn't have children of her own, so she adopted all of us and took care of Grandma until she passed over.

Grandma said when they heard what had happened with Sidney Johnson killing Hoke Smith and injuring his wife, and the white folks on a killing rampage, she and granddaddy harnessed their horse and jumped in the buggy to go up around Barney way to see if they could stop the lynching and killing and to rescue precious kindred who were in harm's way. They came up to the white citizen's roadblock and somebody snatched her from the buggy. They were looking for a pregnant colored woman. But God said, "No". Grandma said Poppa Ben's light shrouded their buggy and opened the mouth of Mr. Lawson, a prominent white neighbor. He said, "That ain't them. That's just Aunt Polly and Uncle Andy. Let em' through".

They rode on up to Barney and brought back as many pregnant kin and women as they could find. They had Mary safe for a while, but she was so enraged about the murder of Hayes that she slipped away to "swear out a warrant." She was captured and slaughtered by the party on May 19, 1918. History has documented 13 to 16 souls who were slaughtered during that week of terror. Our research documents hundreds of missing family and friends. Some were lucky to move away. That too, was an act of defiance. The white people threatened to capture and kill anyone who dared attempt to leave Brooks and Lowndes.

January 1, 1919, Grandma birthed my father, Charlie Milton (Bud-The Greatest Trojan) Jackson. They had Uncle Esau in 1921. He married Della Mae Gilbert. Then they had Aunt Evelyn who married Earnest Denson and Uncle Sim who married Onna Mae Rhym.

Growing up, after we had finished tobacco season, daddy and Uncle Esau and Uncle Sim and them would load us all up on the trucks and in cars and we would head down to Fernandina Beach. We were among the first coloreds, Negroes, blacks, to go there. Then, I think they closed Fernandina Beach and we started going down to Jacksonville Beach. We would have soo-o-o much fun. We spent time with all our cousins. Uncle Redner Thompson and Aunt Maurice Lee Green, (Cousin Ruby Spencer's sister) and Cousin Morris and, Flora and Alphonso and Lord, help me to remember.

Ain't much to say about my Daddy. He drove school bus for some thirty- six years for Brooks County Schools. He was a farmer. Many days, he would stop his bus and purchase cookies, pies, Nehi's and Spam for the kids on his route. He, Momma and I would collect clothes and food and share them throughout the Morven settlement. He loved Westerns and boxing. No one disturbed him when he was watching Dusty Rhodes and Ric Flair and the miscellaneous brew of characters that entertained millions as part of the National Wrestling Alliance and World Championship Wrestling. He was a fine dresser on Sundays and Community Meeting and School Activities Days. He could not read or write, but he knew every visual sign in the world. He wore overalls and brogans almost every day. Some folks called him dumb. Uncle Tom. When the local whites could not prevent integration in 1971, there was much discussion about who would drive the white girls. A relative of the same man that rescued Grandma came and told Daddy that the white men had decided that Daddy was the only colored man they trusted to be around the white girls. Daddy was the lead driver for the Washington Street High School Wildcats then integration brought the name change to Brooks County High School Trojans in 1971.

I never heard my daddy curse. You never wanted to see him mad though. Of course, I idolized him. During our bonding years between 1994-2000, Momma told me all about him. Somewhere in the family, there is a picture of him about six years old, dressed in a white Christening gown and sporting long, flowing black locks. Momma said Daddy used to dance and act as a go-between for all the family who made moonshine and buck. Daddy was a boxer. A fighter. Momma said he was the one who beat up on any and everybody who dared mess with his kinfolks. There's a whole lotta' Jacksons. Anyone who ever worked on Jackson Farms became a relative. I couldn't fathom that Daddy. He could take a tongue lashing. Folks would call him Boy. Nigger. Stupid. Ignorant. Many days I wanted to grab Daddy's shotgun and blow folks to hades. But Daddy would just smile. He had a big grin. He had pearly white teeth. His cheeks were burnished charcoal and I would scratch his scalp and use his Old Spice shaving mug to make his skin smooth and shiny. I would clip his toe nails and make him Hot Tetley Tea or a strong mug of black coffee. "Fannie. You got to love folks. You got to love them."

Growing up in "Little Jacksonville", I never thought to ask why we were not allowed to go beyond "The big house on the left at the end of Jackson Road." I was the one always questioning authority, but I never questioned that. It was understood. The house was a big, old white structure with multiple rooms and gigantic ceilings. It was occupied by several families during my lifetime. When the last family ancestor passed, packs of wild dogs used it for shelter. Momma said, "That's where that man lived that killed Mary Turner." A street in Morven is named in his honor. His family still lives here. Then too, Walter White in his work with the NAACP had revealed the names of suspect perpetrators back in 1920. He gave them to Governor Hugh Dorsey. They were sent to President Woodrow Wilson. The cry for justice is not ephemeral. It has no similarity to the Mimosa Pudica. It is perpetual. As perpetual as the souls whose ancestors built this Wiregrass and whose blood runs throughout the world. It is a number no man can number.

Bee did not tell us how he escaped a possible lynching until 1991 at Macedonia Baptist Church. Bee said while he and our cousin, Willie Joe Jackson and many other black boys were working at the Dairy Co in Quitman, Georgia in that Summer of 1964, leaflets appeared about a "Citizen's Meeting" at the Brooks County Courthouse. Being citizens and Bee possibly pursuing a career in law, they decided to saunter down to the meeting. A sea of angry white faces greeted them. One of our neighbors was up screaming, "Niggers this and Niggers that. We'll burn down every damn school in Brooks County before we allow a Nigger to set foot in 'em!" Willie Joe said he figured out early that, "dis Nigger in the wrong damn place." But Bee. Bee is our family "Peace Maker, Counselor, Historian, Advocate." Well. He was also one of the first black men I knew who became a member of the NRA. But. That's a story for another vignette. Bee said he attempted to calm the crowd and open up a dialogue of "Can't we all just get along!" A Bowie knife deftly sliced the white t-shirt he was wearing. Bee said he dashed back through the doors of the courthouse. He ran so fast, he left his heavy rubber boots that were a part of the uniform to work at the Dairy Co. He visualized all the stored lynchings of our youth. Will Thompson. Mary and Hayes Turner and all the hundreds slaughtered. He was determined not to lead the posse to Jackson Road. He ran down to our "Soda Shoppe" that was a block from the Court House and operated by Mrs. Louise

Newsome. Back in the day, "The Soda Shoppe" was about the only place the Jackson girls visited alone. You could put a dime or two in the Juke Box and boogie a little bit with the Motown Sound. Mrs. Louise served up the best hamburgers in the South. During her lifetime, we never knew the debt we owed her.

Bee said Mrs. Newsome put him in the trunk of her car and proceeded down Washington Street where they came up to the roadblock. Being a well-respected and prominent Brooks Countian, they allowed her through without checking the trunk. When she came to the edge of the Okapilco Creek, she let Bee out and told him, "Bee. This is as far as I can go. You run on home now to your Momma and Daddy." Bee ran through the alligator-infested swamps of the Okapilco Creek. Home was not his destination. He ran down to Mrs. Mable Gilbert's home. Mrs. Mabel was the mother of our Aunt Della Mae Gilbert Jackson and Willie Joe's grandmother. Mrs. Mabel fixed him a couple syrup biscuits, placed them in a brown paper bag and led him to an ancient forest bed. There, Bee climbed the tallest tree where he hovered for hours. Bee said eventually, he heard men's voices calling for him to come out but he thought it might have been a trick of the Klaners.

Finally, he heard Momma's voice, "Bee? Bee?" He climbed down and collapsed in momma's arms. There was agitation in the community. The "Citizens" were still looking for "those colored boys." Bee and Willie Joe recognized many of the "Citizens." Colored folks began to gather up supplies and money to send "The Dairy Co Boys" up North. Bee said he was prepared to flee but Momma came to them.

Momma said, "Boys. It's y'all life and you do as you see fit. But I tell you this. If you run now, Brooks County will never be safe for colored folks."

Bee and "The Dairy Co Boys" returned to work at the Dairy Co. Bee said his supervisor called him in. "Yeah. I got 'dese here boots you left."

Bee said some kind of arrangement was made where instead of going to jail for disturbing the peace, all of the "Dairy Co Boys" became members of the United

States Armed Forces. Bee served time during the Viet Nam era in the Dominican Conflict. Most of the Dairy Co Boys served in Viet Nam.

Bee told me while he and his wife Sarah were shopping in Valdosta sometime around the late 1990's, they saw his ex-supervisor. The supervisor grasped his hand and gave him a hearty handshake. "So good to see you, Bee!"

I asked him if he didn't feel like punching him out or cursing him out. He said no. "Why would you think I would feel that way?"

I absorb that every day now. Everyday. I have held Bee in my heart. It is the heart of all my brothers and sisters. It is the heart of all my family. It is the heart of my ancestors. It is the heart of survival. In some way shape, form, fashion; everyday I'm Bee. I'm running through the alligator infested waters of the Okapilco Creek. I'm Grandma Pollie. "Over here, Mary! Over here! Here's safety. Rest over here!" I'm also more Mary than anything. I scream and cry for justice. Sometimes, I find it on hot, steamy Southern days when the AC pumps out cooling breezes. Sometimes, I find it in strangers. Clothing me. Feeding me. Loving me when I cannot love myself.

As I entered the half-century of my journey on this side of life, I began to play a mental game. Like how far back can I remember? My first steps. Momma. Grandma and all my aunties and cousins. "Hot Fannie. See. hot...don't touch stove...food hot. Fear...Snake Fannie...Kill snake Fannie...See, pick up big stick, hit snake on head." Nah! No way! Fannie runs! Joy! Laughter! Getting off the school bus in the wintertime and walking into our toasty cottage, seeing a pan of teacakes and cabbage and neck bones beckoning on the pot-bellied...Momma sewing something. Making clothes for us from the flour sacks. Daddy, Uncle Esau. My Uncle Zeke...Dancing to the Lindsey Lou...menfolk somewhere hunting, fishing...bringing home the bacon. My brothers somewhere in the fields. Uncle Sim. Roping and branding. Teaching my brothers and cousins how to tame horses. The menfolk out Mud lugging. Sanding. We couldn't remember the name. It's when all the men would use nets to clean out fish ponds. It was a community event; something similar to the Fourth of July. The men proudly showcasing the

full net of fish. Uncle Esau and Daddy separating them in piles. Uncle Sim was blindfolded and made to turn around.

“Whose pile is this?” someone asked.

“Bud.” Uncle Sim answered.

“Whose pile is this?”

“Esau.”

And on it went until the pile was depleted.

The women would have pots of pork brewing for homemade sausage, Brunswick Stew, souse, smoked hams. Prized jars of freshly canned vegetables were paraded and sampled.

When Dad died suddenly from a stroke in August of 1982, a prominent white man came to my mom and asked her if she would have his memorial in The Morven School. This was a first for Morven. This was the same school they threatened to “burn down before they would allow a Nigger to set foot in it!” It is constantly used today for community events and funerals. Morven City Hall and the Police Department are located here. My baby sister, Myrtice Laverne Jackson Diggs taught Elementary School there for many years. The surviving members of the Morven Alumni Association just recently decided in May of 2018 to stop formal meetings there and opted to meet at restaurants, homes or other locations. It is a Morven Landmark.

Just recently, I asked Bee why he never revealed the names of those involved and why he has protected all of them. The last known white eye witness that our family protected, died in the 1990’s. Bee and AJ attended his funeral. “He protected my grandmother in May of 1918. He also stopped the bloodletting by threatening to bring in the Northern Invaders “like they were here during the War!” Bee said. That’s the least I could do.

Practically all the descendants of every black family listed in the 1870 US Census in Brooks, Lowndes and Thomas Counties can trace their American roots to someone who was lynched in 1918. Mary's is the most heinous. Mary was a mother. Not forgotten by any of us are the souls who were innocently slaughtered that year. Never forgotten is the tiny soul who was smashed underneath the feet of a demonic heathen. You can easily find the names of the alleged perpetrators through various documents. Google. I find myself, once again, leaning on Bee's judgements. Vengeance is mine saith the Lord. I fear Him.



My first cousin, Willie Joe "Slim"

"Gator Tail" Jackson.

The Dairy Co boys were young, handsome, black and they had money. Willie Joe said this is the way it went down. Back then, after they finished the white man's

crops, colored folk then worked their farms. Daddy and Uncle Esau them worked for several white farmers. On one particularly hot...hot...hot day during peach season when everybody was quite thirsty, the white foreman refused to let them get any water. "Y'all better git back to 'dem peaches!" So, everybody grumbling...Dr. King and his crew marching...civil rights. Grumbling. Thirsty. Hot. Willie Joe said, "If y'all go with me, we'll walk out of here." Much...Much...Much discussion. Money must go to parents...White man will be mad...Beatings from daddy...White man will be mad...HOT! HOT! HOT! So, Willie Joe threw down his peach bucket and proceeded to walk out of the peach field. Others slowly followed. Next day...Realization...No money...Need job. Went down to Dairy Co in Quitman. Grandma's angels dispatched...Willie Joe hired. Brought in rest of family. The Dairy Co boys enjoyed great popularity. They were dressed in the finest Levi's, courtesy of Aunt Onna Mae, from the old Oberman plant-now called Levi's. They came in beautiful fashion colors like yellow, white, baby blue and cranberry. And the Dairy Co boys wore them with style and aplomb. So, economic opportunity had come to Morven by way of a peach field.

I don't visit Alabama as much as I once did. Sometimes when we're driving pass the Waffle House, I can feel D's presence. I see his smiling face and I remember the good times and the joy and the laughter and trying to keep him from hurt, harm and danger and I say, Lord, you promised that you would never put more on your children than they can bare. I look up and I say Lord, it's getting' pretty heavy round bout' now. See. Lord. See. Here it is. It's back up against my collar bone and I need for you to pull it out. Jesus. It hurts so bad. And then, I remember Mary Turner. They say sometimes now when you pass by where Mary was lynched, you can hear the tender cries of one of God's little angels. Some say they used to see the ground turning and churning from the worms suckling on human flesh at the Hanging Tree in Morven. Every day, I see Bee running from the Brooks County Court House. Then, I remember Grandma, and I remember Aunt Doll and I remember Uncle Son, and I remember Uncle Esau, and I remember Momma and Daddy and I can hear them...Love your enemies...Pray for those who spitefully...Bless and not curse...And I say, Lord, bless the shooter and bless his family and bless his children and bless his momma and daddy and bless the Bessemer Police Department and bless the Jefferson County government and bless

all law abiding citizens everywhere and bless my family and Bless the Lowndes/Valdosta/Brooks Metro region, bless Georgia and God, please continue to bless America.



I want the whole world to know that I am proud-no, I am blessed to have come from a place where we begin and end our sentences with prepositions. Sometimes the participles dangle and every now and then, I still sing 'Dixie'.



Christel Wilfork and daughter Dot enjoying a Peach Festival.

Hero honored

By Carol Crane

Nov. 22, 2006 on the grounds of the Quitman Courthouse. Sergeant Major Commander Henry C. Banks, Sr. was given a proclamation declaring Nov. 22 as Sgt. Major Commander Henry C. Banks Sr. Day in Quitman.

After the ceremony, Sgt. Major Banks told how, at the age of 14 he joined the

Marines, only to be sent home two years later when his true age was discovered.

Realizing the importance of knowledge, Sgt. Major Banks completed high school and with diploma in hand, hitch-hiked from Quitman to Valdosta.

That fateful day would result in 61 years of service to his country including a distinguished career as an airborne paratrooper.

To show appreciation to Sgt. Maj. Banks, it is important to list the valiant units in which he served.

- 24th Infantry Regiment
- 508 Airborne Regiment
- Combat Team
- 187th Regimental Combat Team
- 173rd Airborne Brigade
- 677 Special Forces
- 6th Special Forces Group

- Longrange Reconnaissance 7th Division
 - 82nd Airborne Division
- Sgt. Major Banks was held captive by the North Koreans, spending 33 months as a POW. An 82nd Airborne Ranger, Billie Green Here, Commander of the Special Forces, Sgt. Major Banks completed three tours in Vietnam, taught survival and evading tactics at Ft.

Bragg, was wounded while serving his country, earning Sgt. Major Commander Banks the following medals, ribbons and citations:

- National Defense Medal
- Good Conduct Medal
- Bronze Star with V
- Silver Star with V
- Vietnam Cross For Gallantry
- Vietnam Expedition Ribbon

See HERO Page 7



Sgt. Major Banks (left), Oglesby L. Jackson, Sr.



The Quitman Free Press December 6, 2006 Page 7

HERO

Continued from Front

- Vietnam Ribbons
- United Nations Ribbon
- Dominican Republic Ribbon
- Korean Ribbon
- POW North Korea 33 months
- Purple Heart Medal/Ribbon

medals and ribbons.

Sgt. Major Banks and wife Delores reside in North Carolina where Sgt. Major Banks continues to serve his country and fellow veterans as a Retiree Service Officer.

Sgt. Major Banks had this to say, "Freedom is not free and there's a price to pay for it. I'm proud of the U.S. Government. I'm proud to be an American Veteran."

Henry Cordoza Banks, son of Rinda James and nephew of Grandma Pollie Mae James



Clan Willie Mae & Charlie Milton (Bud-The Greatest Trojan) Jackson, Sr.



Artistic interpretation by Jerry N. Williams



November 11, 2016 Mr. W. F. Wade at Valdosta Slave Monument. He is wearing a uniform of Company G 103 Regiment of U.S. Colored Infantry who were stationed in Lowndes and Morven and other areas that had large enslaved populations after the Civil War. Photo courtesy of George Boston Rhynes, a well-known Historian and Activist whose roots run deep in Brooks. See his works on You Tube.



A

Aunt Della Mae makes a mango salad at our Jackson Family Reunion of 2014.



AJ wires our home under Mr. Ira G. Hicks, a renowned Fort Valley State University and Georgia Professor. On May 24-25, 2018 Bee attended an event in Fort Valley to commemorate the successes of the National Farmers Association, the Future Farmers of America and the role Mr. Ira Hicks contributed. Mr. Hicks has shared 90 years of his valuable knowledge and skills in the building and founding of America.



Brooks Counties' first black Commissioner in 1993, and Viet Nam Purple Heart recipient and graduate of Washington Street High School, Mr. James Henry Maxwell whose families' roots are traced to 1800 Irwin Territory and Mr. Rashaad Richey a popular talk show host of WAOK in Atlanta. In his last day as Political Director of Georgia Democratic Party, Mr. Richey came to Brooks County to perform Voter Training and Engagement in Quitman at the height of The Quitman 10-2 Prosecution between the years of 2010-2017. Mr. Maxwell and the late State Representative Henry Reaves made the headlines of The Night Show with Johnnie Carson when Mr. Reaves called Georgia politicians, "A bunch of Jackasses." Mr. Reaves also physically assaulted Commissioner Maxwell at a meeting of the Brooks County Commissioners over a voting issue. A fellow white citizen had to convince Mr. Reaves not to hit Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell said he didn't even think about responding violently. Mr. Maxwell and his wife, China wear many hats in the Brooks County Community.

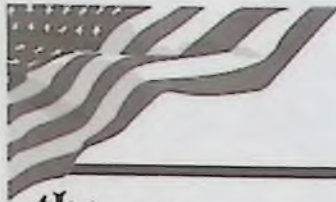


Quitman's first black and female Mayor, Nancy Whitfield Dennard (2nd from left) and members of Red Neck Party, myself and Mr. James Maxwell at a Voter Outreach summit in Brunswick. Mayor Nancy Whitfield Dennard formulated the absentee ballot strategy to engage disenfranchised and inactive voters in Brooks County around 2008. In 2010, the strategies' success led to the displacement of formerly all-white male Board of Education representation to majority minority. This was the impetus behind the unjustified persecution and prosecution of what evolved to another American tragedy known as the Quitman 10+2. Various news media eventually joined the melee to report on the developments, but none were as diligent and thorough as Brooks Counties' own George Boston Rhynes. See him on You Tube or Google.



Descendants of Andrew Jackson I and Sidney Wilson's daughter Letitia (Latisha) who married John Wesley McCall 12-23-1886. Elinda Gorman and husband Dr. Gorman

Latisha and John Wesley's daughter Illa Lee married Joshua Jenkins.



**Dr. M.L. King, Jr.
Commemorative
Celebration**
See Page 2

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Community Calendar

Brooks government meeting dates

Brooks Co. Commission:
First Monday of the month, 5
p.m., County Office Building
Quitman City Council:
First Tuesday, 7 p.m., City Hall
Morven City Council:
Third Tuesday, 6 p.m., City
Hall
Barwick City Council: 3rd
Tuesday, 7 p.m., City Hall
Brooks Co. School Board:
2nd Tuesday, 6 p.m., Wells
Center
Board of Elections: 3rd
Tuesday, 5:30 p.m., County
Office Building

American Legion Post members sought

The newly formed Quitman Brooks County American Legion Post is seeking new and existing members from all wars and branches of service. Call William Holliman at 470-265-5880 for more information.

Delta Innovative 2018 School Graduation

The ceremony for Delta Innovative School graduation is Tuesday, May 22, 6 p.m. (doors close at 5:55 p.m.) at the J.H. Wells Center.

BCHS '18 Graduation

The ceremony for Brooks



Brooks Co. High School Honor Grads

Principal Chris Chastain proudly announces the 2018 Brooks County High School graduates. Honor graduates include: Hanna McCambridge, Evelyn Hernandez, Hoa Le, Robert Edmondson, Jeannio Williams, Madison Sapp, Ana Mexquital, Adriana Little, Jamaya Shollon, Sorority Proffitt, Brozina Priest, Riley Pritchard, Claudia Santos-Hernandez, May Lyn Kemp, Jimmy Hall, Marvin Kemp, Austin Bruce, Keshona Chappell, Erin Mobley, Makenna Wince, Emily Griffin, Charles Perry, Brianna Hookerbury, Jasmine Williams, Jermaino Ghos, Makayla Brown, Javier Duarte, Dalton Kemp, Mirna Lopez, Margo Modley, Laron Whitlock, and Alcia Grisson.



L-R: Brooks County Communication officers Alexis Dugans, Mos Johnson, Latoya Hampton, Angela Bryant, Yolanda Bell, Laura Booker and Carey Kelly save lives.

Communication appreciation emphasis remembers heroes

**By Bonnell Holmes
Editor**
Inside the inner sanctum of the Brooks County 911 Center sits tower-like machines with plugs, gadgets, blinking lights and earphones. Several communication officers (dispatchers) spring into action when a call comes through...
A man thinks he is having a heart attack. He calls his son, but not 911. The son calls 911. The man knows where he is but not the physical address. It is on a plantation somewhere in the county off a dirt road. The son doesn't know the whereabouts of his father. The officers start asking questions. Director Mike Smith comes into the room and helps them determine the location. All work as a team and each feels the burden of the stricken man.

...ation, an ambulance is sent in the general direction of the victim. The officers keep the communication line open for more directions. Finally, the man's location is determined and the EMTs (Emergency Medical Technicians) arrive to help and transport him to the hospital.
"These dispatchers saved that man's life. They never get credit, but they are the first contact in an emergency. The caller's emotions are high and he/she is very upset. The dispatchers have to find out where the caller is to send help," said 911 Director Mike Smith.
An emergency call can be very emotional and stressful and time is so important. A life may be at stake, according to Laura Booker, 911 Operation Su-

...ommunication officers work day and night. Calls come through 911 for all types of emergencies involving fires, car wrecks, robberies and domestic violence. Sometimes lonely people call just because they want to talk to someone. The dispatchers are kind to these callers but try not to keep them on the line for very long.
"The communication officers have a nice physical facility in which to work but they are under stress and must deal with raw emotion with people's lives on the line. They are our silent heroes," said Director Smith.
Last week was Communication Appreciation Week and the Brooks County Fire Department honored the communication officers and others with a cook-out. Held off to Brooks County's silent

Police crack-down on texting and driving

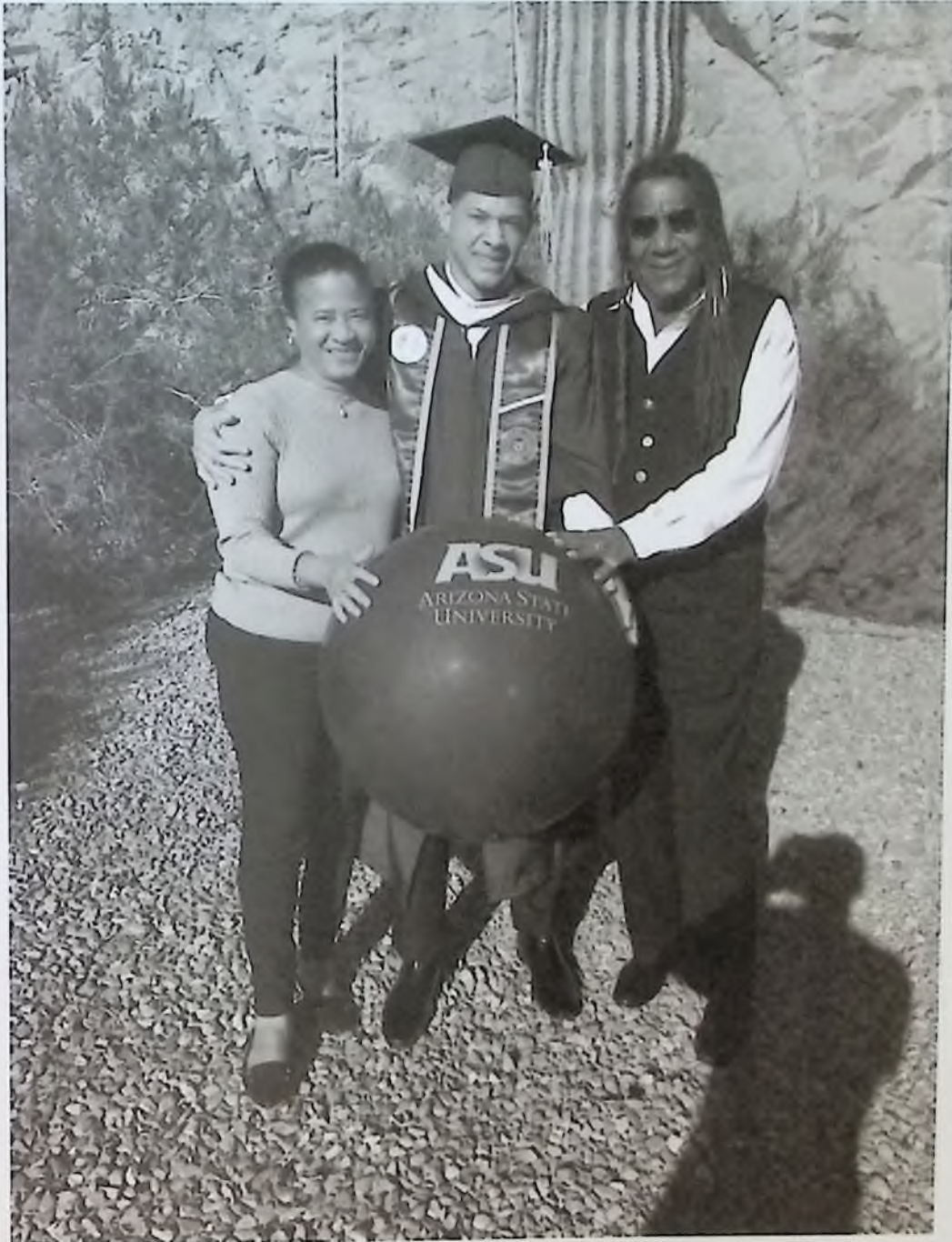
Police Chief Calvin Troy advises citizens to pull over while driving to text on their cell phones. Drivers will receive a citation for texting and driving.
"It is common and an everyday activity for people to send a text and it doesn't seem dangerous. However, when you are doing it behind the wheel, there is a litany of

factors at play.
"Driving is a privilege because of the inherent risk and responsibility we all need to assume out on the road. When you choose to text and drive, you are threatening every single driver around you and placing more value on the text message than yourself and your fellow drivers," said Chief Troy.



Old Morven depot burns

The old Morven train depot, built in 1900, burned last week. Brooks County firefighters extinguished the blaze. Cause



Willie Joe and wife and son.



Andrew AJ IV and Delois Baker Jackson

Comment [A]:



Charlie and Josephine Ausgood



Members of Washington Street High School Class of 1969 Ester Morrison, Eddie Lee Thomas and Frances Jackson Mathis. This is Eddie Lee's photo I copied from FB.



My cousin Antwane Nelson at the Slave/Indian Cemetery currently landlocked at Macedonia Cemetery. Tomb stone of Andrew Jackson I.



My new- found cousin Cheryl Taylor Oliver from East Orange, New Jersey. Photo copied from FB. Cheryl is an extremely gifted and talented Historian from the Primus Rhym and Mamie Sharpe ancestry. See her works on Brooks County Georgia African American Genealogy. Cheryl has worked with PBS and Universities for the past 30 years on our Brooks County history and culture. We are keeping a promise to the ancestors; "Never forget us!"

Clan Simmie Frank, Sr. and Onna Mae Rhym.



Kids at play enjoying land once farmed by enslaved ancestors.



ment [A]:

Mr. Robert C. Marshall, Mrs. Florence Butts and members of the former Washington Street High School Class of 1969. Photo courtesy of Eddie and Ester.

Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Butts guided Brooks County during integration in 1971. They have been vocal Community Activists throughout their lifetimes. Mr. Marshall was also integral in saving the Brooks County Democratic Committee when all the white members defected to the Republican Party around 2006-08. Words cannot formulate the debt of gratitude owed to both.



Auntie Onna Mae clowning around.



Sidney Wilson Jackson Tomb stone. 1849-1905



Uncle "Jack" and his clan.







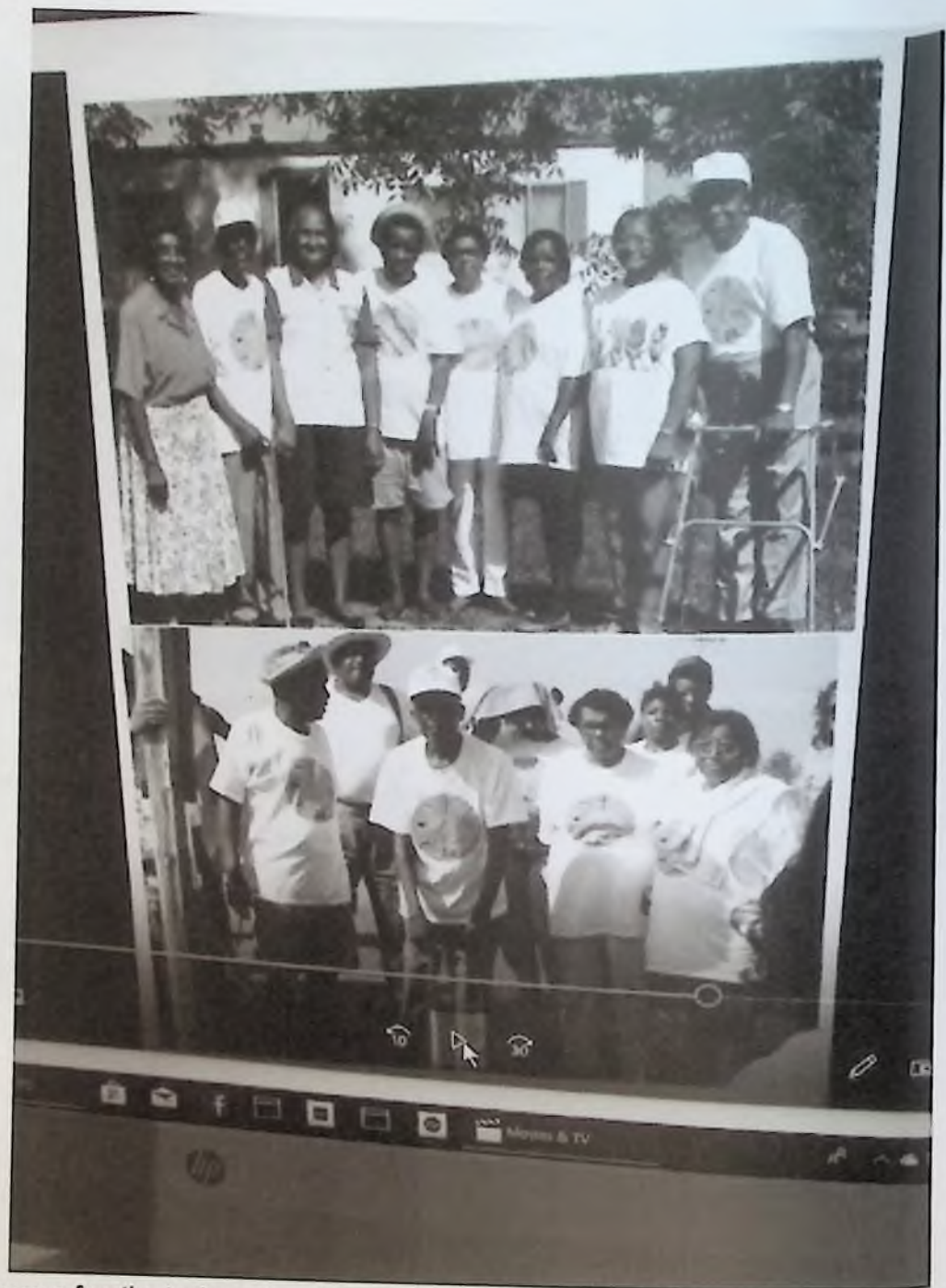
A bevy of beauties Aunt Doll and Aunt Evelyn



True brothers and sisters until the end. Aunt Evelyn, Uncle Simmie and Aunt Doll



Aunt Sidney Marie Jackson Alexander at my marriage to James Leon Gibbs 7-7-1979



When we were a family. Jackson Road dedication 1991



The Morven Crew circa 1960's



Pat and Catherine celebrate 40 years of Delta Sigma Theta at VSU. First line. First black Sorority.



Pat and Cat at Delta's 40th at Valdosta State University



Mrs. Linda Faye Jackson Troutman being sworn in as Morven's first black member of the Board of Education in 2010 and members of Quitman 10 + 2. Google George Boston Rhynes and see You Tube.



Grand wishes to grow up to own and train horses like Romeo Wilson and Uncle Sim



Commissioner James Maxwell and Cody and family at Quitman 10 + 2 swearing in 2010.



Reynolds, Jacksons, Alexanders



Juneteenth at Brooks County Courthouse 2011



Keon continues a Nursing legacy 2018



Mr. Jack Hadley of the Hadley Museum in Thomasville Juneteenth 2012



Ann Henry Kemper of the Buffalo Soldiers Juneteenth 2011



Clan Gilbert and Jackson



Descendants of Esau and Della Mae Gilbert Jackson circa 2018



Esau and Della Mae Gilbert Jackson family



Descendants of Ernest and Pollie Mae (Evelyn) Jackson Denson: Jerry Denson middle right and daughter Yurshema Gray-Flanders middle left



Jerry and Natasha and Clan Jerry Alexander



Jerry Alexander and family.



My son Andre' and Stephanie L. Hall Gibbs (Abdullah and Khadijah Ibraheem)



At

New Macedonia Baptist Church on Jackson Road



Wentley and Eunice McCall home on Clower Road Morven and descendants





Left back-Uncle Esau; front left daughter Shirley, Aunt Primer Lee's daughter "Reebok" Erma Ruth, Ann and Keon at Aunt Primer's house



Our last year growing tobacco with AJ IV driving tractor and me third from left and Jackson Road Dedication in 1991.



sby and Sarah's Golden Wedding Anniversary 2018



Charlie Milton (Junior) Jackson and daughter



Bridgette Kimberlli Wrice



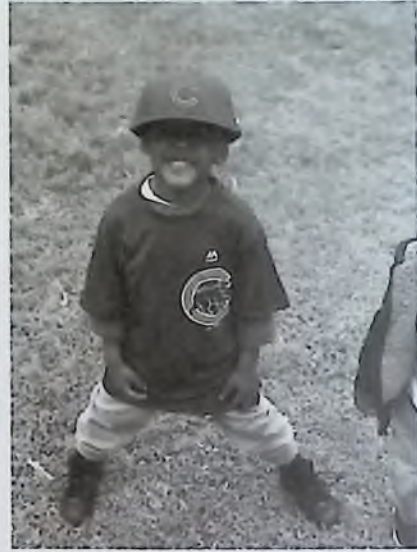
Son Erick



Kimberli's daughter Ebony and

grands













Grands Musa (2017) and Maymunah Marie (2018) Gibbs and Lei' Ani Moore (2018) my first great granddaughter.







Our last campaign. The late State Representative Henry Reaves (b.8-7-1919 d. 4-2-2007), who served in the Georgia House of Representatives from 1963-2001; FannieMarie and Bee. This was a highly contentious campaign that pitted Mr. Reaves against a strong, worthy, black female opponent, Mrs. Alma Williams of Valdosta. Mr. Reaves would emerge victorious. Valdosta policemen offered to protect Bee when he left the Valdosta polling gathering. Bee politely declined the offer.



Andrew Jackson, II- son of Andrew Jackson, I and his wife Pollic (Polly) Mae James (daughter of Lee and Rinda Davis James). Rinda James' father was Ben Davis-a prominent slave of Pliney Sheffield. Lee James' ancestry is traced to the Seminoles of Florida. Andrew Jackson, II was a well-known and talented farmer who planted the first rice and tobacco in Brooks County, GA. (see Quitman Free Press Arcives). Polly Mae James was an extremely gifted herbalist and mid-wife.





The Jackson Road Dedication 1991. This was the first road dedicated to a founding black family in Brooks County. The late State Representative Henry Reaves (b.8-7-919 d.4-2-2007), a prominent farmer, cattleman who served in our legislature from 1963-2001 supported Bee's efforts in recognizing the contributions of blacks to Georgia's founding.



The homestead of Andrew (Jamaal) Jackson V. This is where Romeo Wilson's grist mill operated from 1870 to the early 1900's.

Julius B. Lane, 81



God saw the road was getting rough; the hills were hard to climb. He gently closed his eyes and whispered, "Peace Be Unto Me."

Brother Julius B. Lane, the son of the late Mr. Virgil Lane and Mrs. Minnie DeShazior Lane Wade, was born on May 10, 1932, in Brooks County, Georgia. Julius was the fifth child of six children; four siblings preceded him in death: Lillie Mae, Morris, Johnny and Wilma.



At an early age, he joined Simmon Hill Missionary Baptist Church, Dixie, Georgia, and later moved his membership to various churches in the Brooks County community. His final church membership was with Shumate Street Church of Christ, Quitman, Georgia, where he was a faithful member.

Brother Lane received his early education in the Brooks County School System. After a brief stay in Akron, Ohio, he decided to join the U.S. Army. Following several years in the army he returned back to Quitman to continue his education. Julius received certifications in Brick Masonry and Master Barber. However after being a barber for a few years, he decided to return to farming. He joined in Holy Matrimony to Regina Odoms and to this union no children were born.

On Thursday, October 31, 2013, our Heavenly Father called Brother Julius Lane to his Eternal Rest. He leaves behind one son, Lonnie Norris, one daughter, Bernice Lane, and one son, Lonnie Norris.

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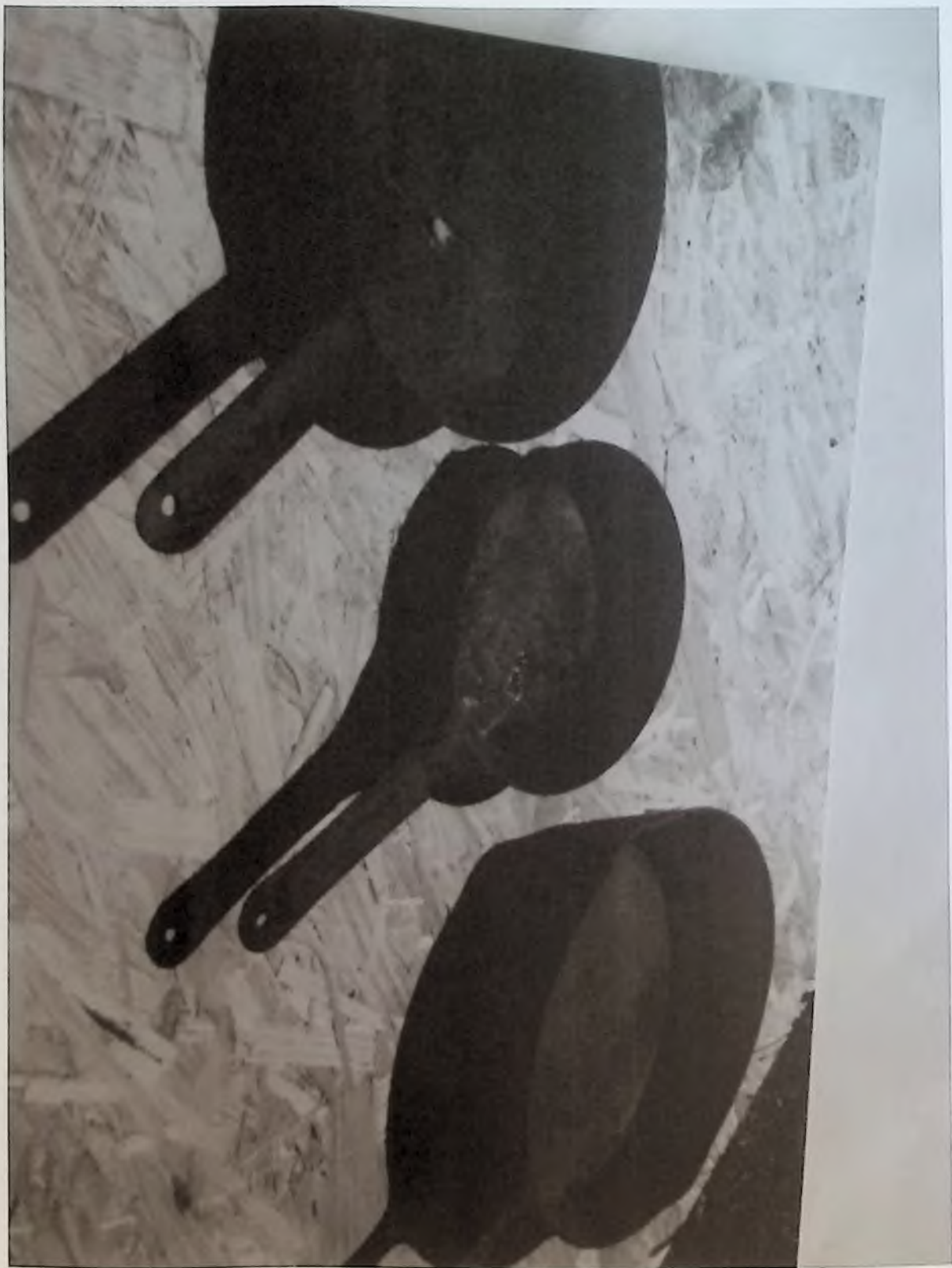
CH
Reverem
Beulah
A. Mays S
a.m. and 3
Mark MBC

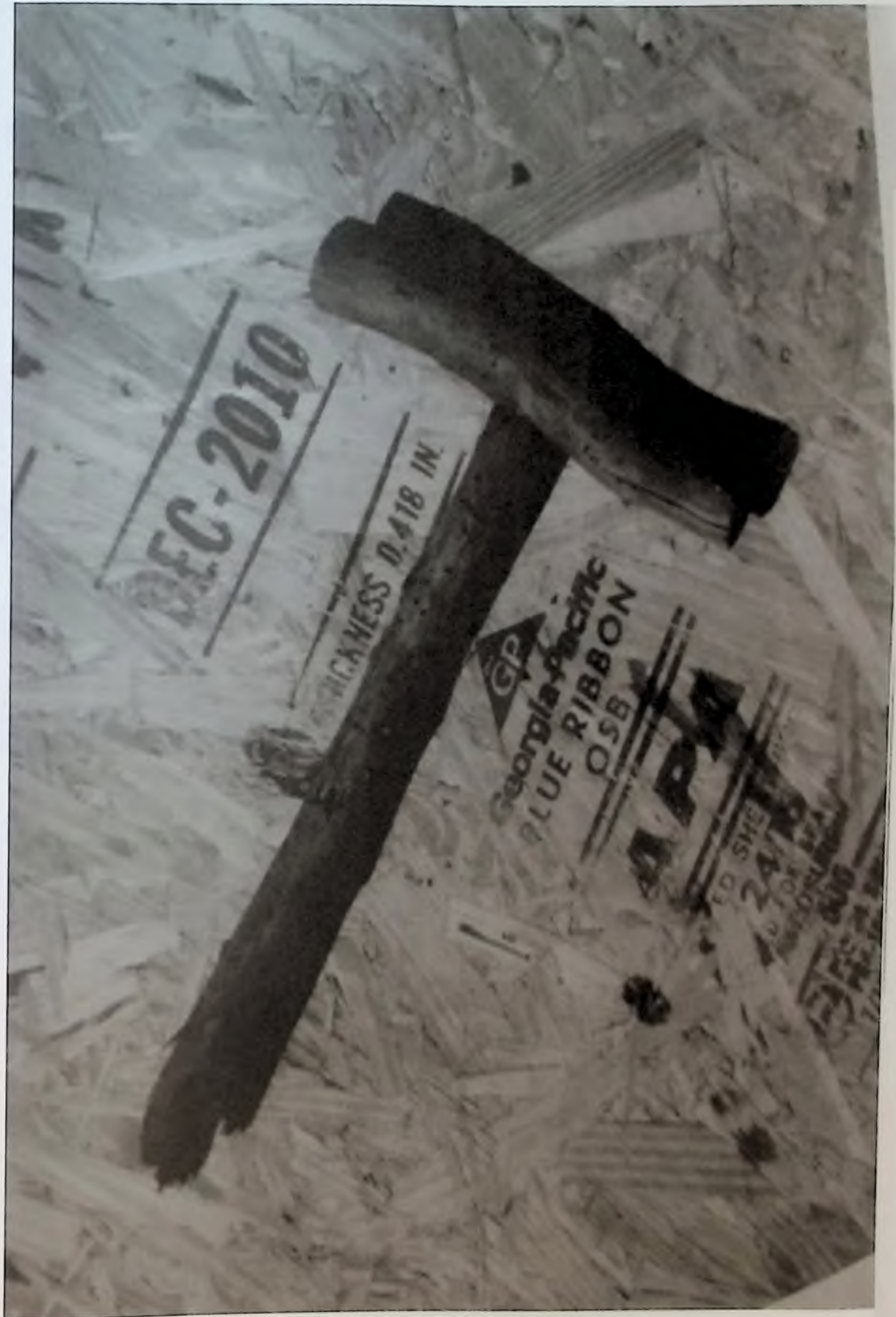


Collections of Oglesby Lee Jackson, Sr.











Andre' Tyrone Gibbs, Sr. (Abdullah Ibraheem) and his family.







Farita Davis daughter of Earnestine Alexander and Frank Davis another family Historian and gifted story teller. Look for Farita's book soon.



Jantorian and Pat and bottom Jordyn daughters of Wayne and Janice









Pauleatha Diggs (daughter of Paul and Myrtice Laverne) is white-coated at Vanderbilt in 2017.



MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

January 15, 1929 - April 4, 1968

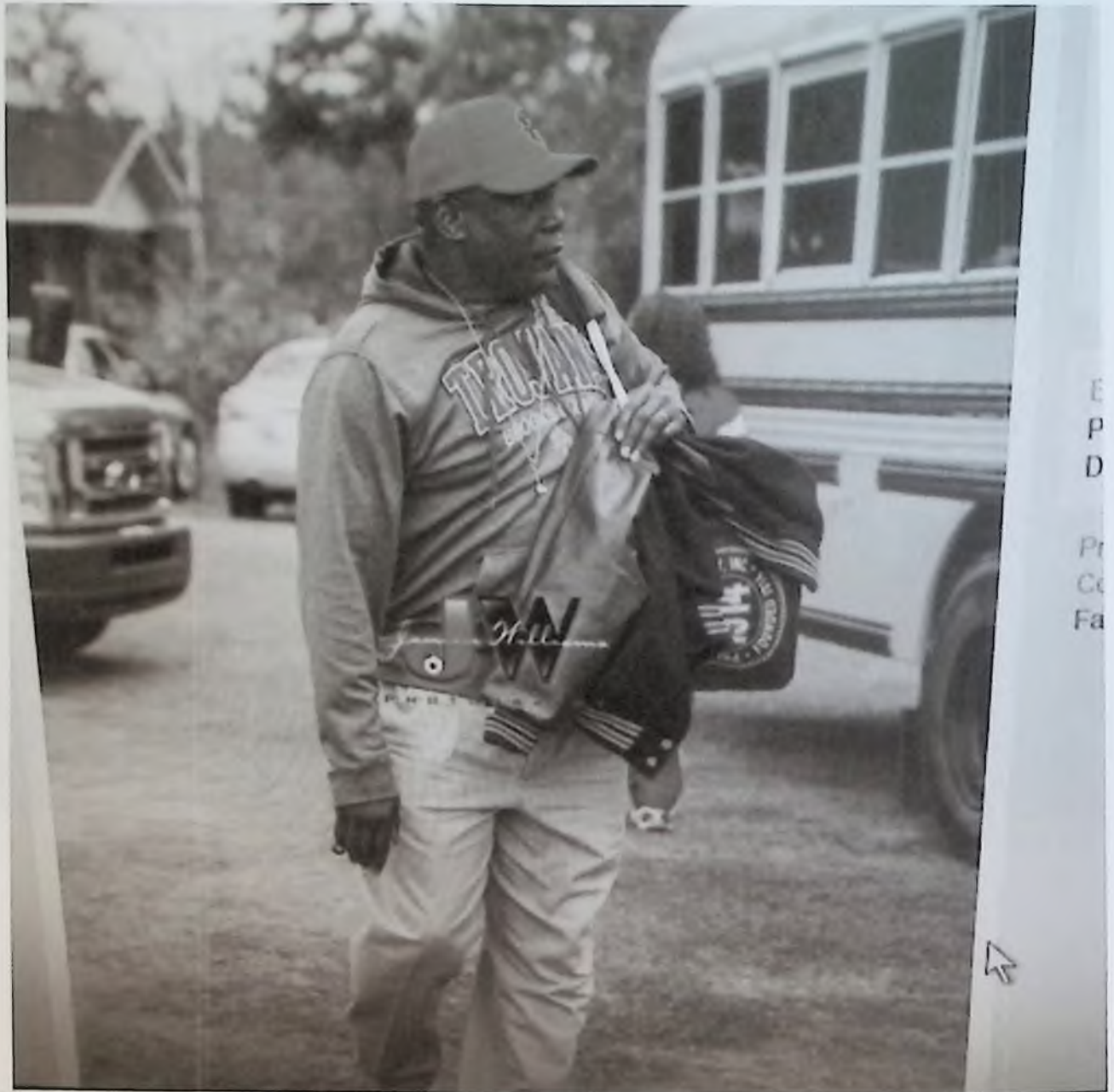
There is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.



Alphonso and Flora Thompson and Jacksonville, Florida family in the 1960's



The Morven Boys



E
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D

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Co
Fa

Coach Maurice Freeman of the Brooks County High School Class of 1982. Coach Freeman presented his touch down scoring football to the Charlie (Bud-Greatest Trojan) family in September 1982.



Mr. Eddie Wilson and his daughter Sarah Wilson Jackson. Mr. Wilson was a pioneer of Lowndes County. Details in by next project-The Lowndes County Connections



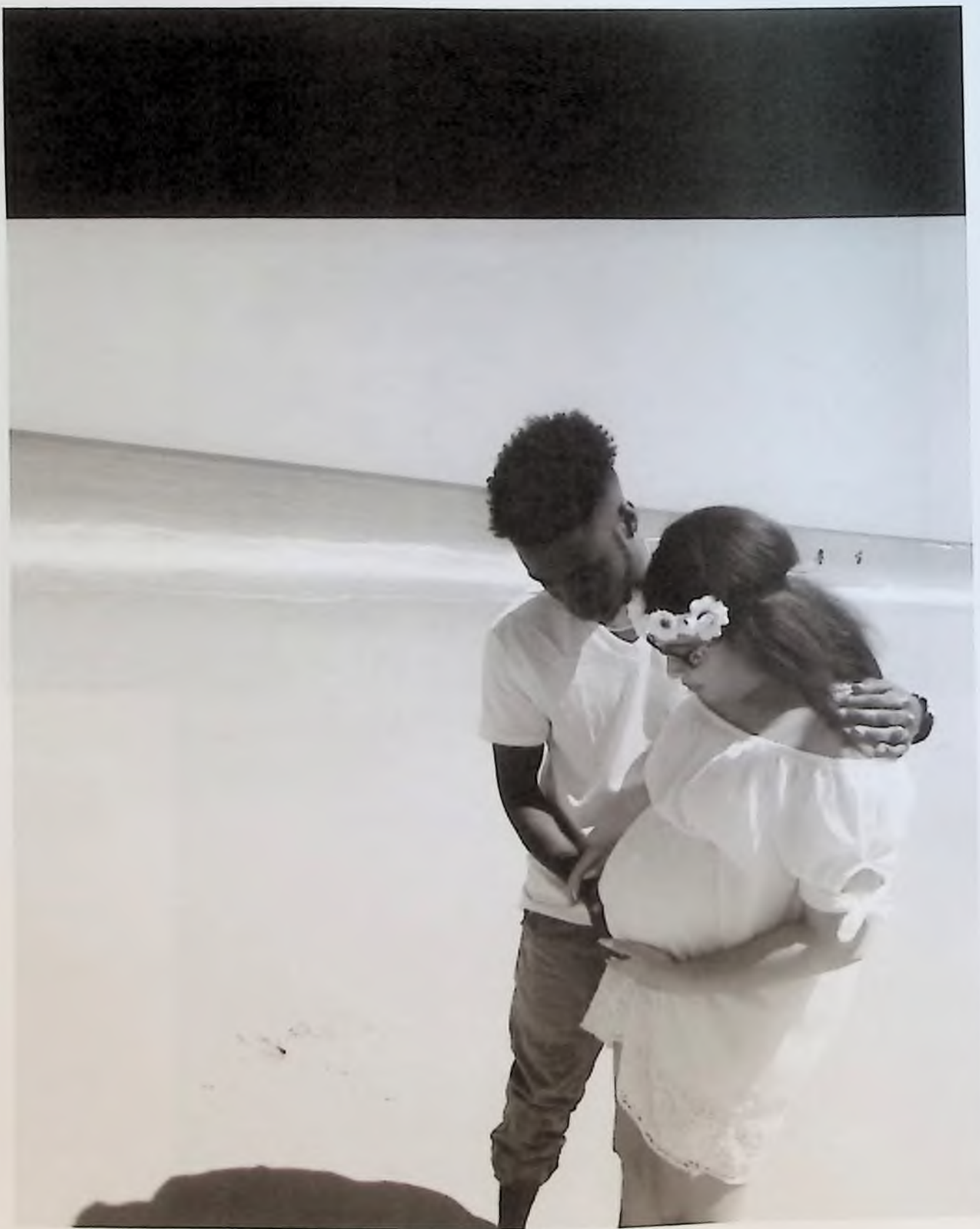
Khadijah and Musa



Paul and Myrtice Laverne Diggs at Laverne's retirement for teaching.









The Great Dames Mrs. Pollie Mae Evelyn Jackson Denson and Mrs. Earnestine Alexander Davis to be continued. On a recent visit to my home, Cousin Earnestine said, "Don't speak about Newt Gingrich. Gingrich did great things for our area!" She was referring to DC, Maryland. That's a political lol to be continued by this Liberal Independent sometimes Democratic voter. I'm headed your way Cousin!







AT&T



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My newly discovered Cousin CaSaundra Howell, daughter of Janice Howell and descendant of Andrew I and Sidney Wilson Jackson. CaSaundra has continued her great-grandmother's (Lavannia Harrison McCall) legacy of teaching.



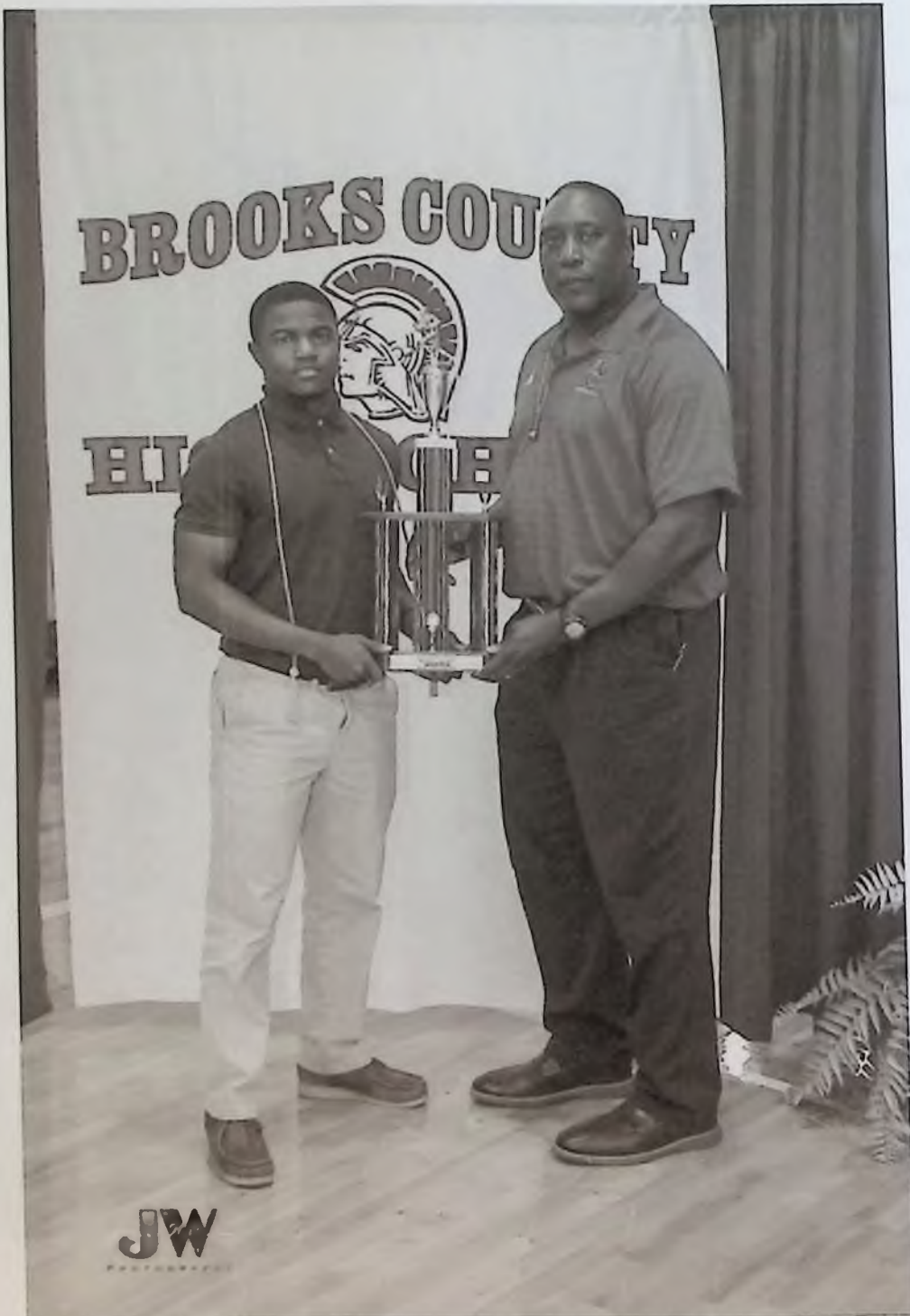
Cou

sin Casaundra-a descendant of Milton and Luvennia (Lavannia) Harrison McCall



Andrew Jamaal Jackson V, VI





The Charlie Milton (Bud-Greatest Trojan) Jackson Award



George and Mattie Pearl (McCall) Ward



George

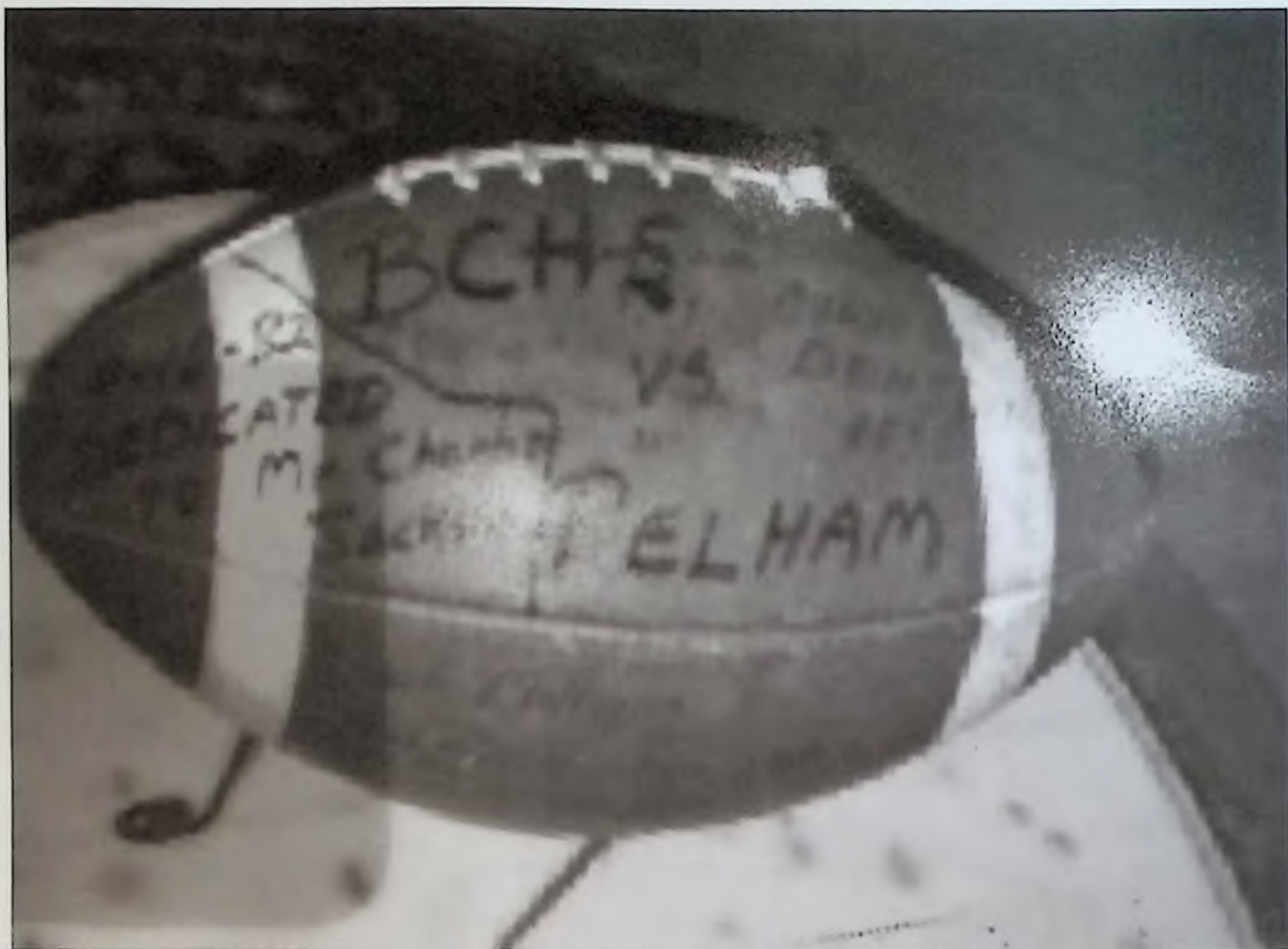
Boston

Rhynes

Community

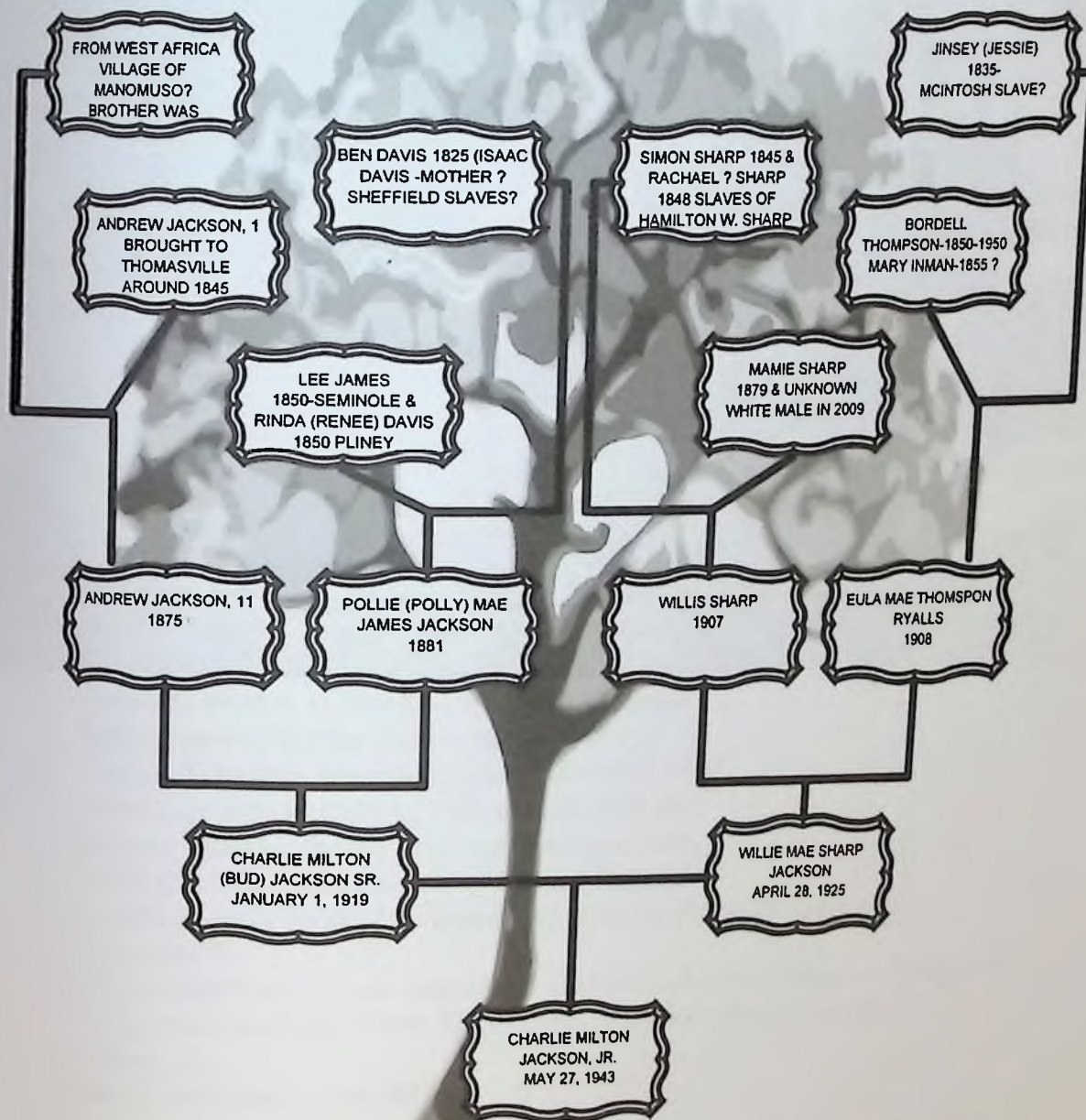
Activist/Historian





The football Coach Maurice Freeman presented to the Charlie-Greatest Trojan Jackson family September 1982. Longest thrown touch down in high school history.

My Family Tree



Courtesy of About Genealogy
<http://genealogy.about.com>



DESCENDANTS OF ANDREW JACKSON, I-brought to Irwin County around 1845 from West Africa(village name Manumuso?) together with his brother Manson (Mansen) by Pliney Sheffield, I. Both brothers were youngsters around 11- 16 years old.

Andrew married a Creek Indian woman named Sidney Wilson born in 1847 GA as a slave of Pliney Sheffield, I. Sidney's brother was Romeo Wilson, I and sister, Cherry Wilson all listed as Mulattos in government records.

July 1, 1870 and 1880 Brooks County GA census:

Jackson, Andrew I, 1845 (VA)

Sidney Wilson 1847 (GA)

Living in household with Andrew and Sidney:

MALES

FEMALES

Monroe- born 1848 ?

Letitia-born 1866

Willie-5 months old

Sarah-born 1869

1880 Brooks

Charles-born in 1873

Esterite-born in 1877

Andrew, Jr- born 1875

Olivia-born in 1882

Manson (2 months old in April

Cherry-born in 1885

Monroe's history being developed and studied.

William married Ella Travis 10-23-1907

Charles (Charlie) married Julia Pollard 8-7-1907

Andrew Jr. married Polly Mae James 3-14-1907

Manson's history being developed and studied.

Letitia (Latisha) married John Wesley McCall

Sarah's history being developed and studied. (Married Sumpton

Robinson??)

Efferite married Hiram Johnson 3-17-1906 and J.B. Spencer 4-16-1911.

Olivia married Sam Ward 12-31-1908. (Married after the death of

Andrew, I)

Cherry married Aaron Miller.

**Descendants of Andrew, I and Sidney Wilson's daughter Letitia
(Latisa) who married John Wesley McCall in 12-23-1886:**

Males	Females
Herbert	Illa Lee (married Joshua Jen)
Homer (married Rachael Yearby)	Sarah?????
George Fulton (married Georgia A. Williams)	
Milton (married Lavannia Harrison (6-6-1921))	
Homer and Rachael's Children:	
1. Wentley married Eunice Rogers daughter of Lucious Rogers and Anna Gay (Thomas County)??? Hayes & Mary Turner in **John Wheeler Turner and Charlotte Gay Turner	
Wentley and Eunice Children;	
Elijah	Mattie Pearl
Roger	Eloise
Herbert	
George	
Walter	
Charlie Frank	
2. Solomon	
3. Jonas	
4. Tisha (Baker)	
5. Louise (Turner)	
6. Velma (Davis)	
2. Milton and Lavannia's Children:	
1. Milton, Jr.	
2. Wilma (married Isaiah Howell)	
Isaiah	Betty
Israel	Ethel
Cleveland	Janice
Sammie	

3. Doris 4. Morris-Brenda

Illa Lee (Born 12-26-1892 d 5-14-1972 and Joshua Jenkins Children:

1. Thelma
2. Lillie B. (Stevens)
3. Cordia (Walker)
4. Retha (Stevens)
5. Inez (Smith)
6. Dorothy (Hines)
7. Robert F.
8. Benton Harbor
9. Joshua Jenkins, Jr.
10. Herbert Jenkins, Jr.
11. Willie J. Jenkins

Sidney Marie and Jack Alexander's Children:

1. Jack (Bob)

2. Kirvy

3. Willie James

4. Ernestine

1. Rita

2. Kirvy

2. Kirvy

3. Willie James

4. Ernestine

1. Rita

2. Kirvy

5. Jerry (married Maxine Reynolds)

1. Tasha

Simmie Frank and Onna Mae Rhym's Children:

1. Diane (Mack Smith)

1. Kim

2. Shonda

3. William Mack Smith, Jr

4. Taffany

2. Linda Fay(Terry Troutman)

1. Jason

2. Andy

3. Shannon

3. Brenda Laverne (Travis

2.

4. Vivian Andrea (1.

2.

5. Gail Denise (Ernest Hewitt)

1. Ernest (

6. Simmie Frank (Gina

1. Simeon (

Polly Mae Evelyn and Ernest Denson's Children:

1. Jerry Donald (Marion)
2. Ernest Charles
3. Jean Carolyn
 1. Carl
 - 2.
4. Yolanda Denise
5. Sandra Yvonne
 1. Karin

Other Family Members:

Peter Jackson was the son of Andrew Jackson, II and Mamie Sharp (Willie Mae Sharp's Grandmother (Willis Sharp was Willie Mae's Father); Peter Jackson's children were P.J (Peter) who married Emma Willis and Willis Jackson- the famous Trumpet player.

M.J. Jackson b. 1893 married Mattie McCloud (b. 1898 or 1900) daughter of William McCloud and Lulla Hosendolph. She died on 6-26-1927 and is buried at Macedonia. Their children were Alma born 1918 and Lawton b 1920.

Polly Mae James always called Frank Ward the son of Andrew Jackson, II.

Andrew Jackson's brother Manson married Miriam Miller the mother of Lucy Joyce and grandmother of Owen Miller of Morven.

Andrew and Agnes

1. Hueston Jackson

Charlie and Willie Mae Sharp's Children:

1. Charlie Jr (married Josephine Ausgood)
2. Oglesby L., Sr (married Sarah Wilson)
3. Andrew ,IV (married Deloris Baker)
4. Voncell Patricia (married Harry Vance)
5. Fannie Marie (married James Gibbs)
6. Myrtice Laverne (married Paul Diggs)
7. Alvin Wayne (married Janice White)

Esau and Della Mae Gilbert's Children:

1. Willie Joe (Alice)
2. Evelyn
3. John Harvey (Esther)
4. Frances
5. Larry Don
6. Shirley Ann

Sidney Marie and Jack Alexander's Children:

1. Jack (Bob)
2. Kirvy
3. Willie James
4. Ernestine
5. Jerry (married Maxine Reynolds)

Simmie Frank and Onna Mae Rhym's Children:

1. Diane (Mack Smith)
2. Linda Fay(Terry Troutman)
3. Brenda Laverne
4. Vivian Andrea
5. Gail Denise (Ernest Hewitt)
6. Simmie Frank (Gina)
7. Esther Ann (Bobby Reynolds)
8. Robin Elaine
9. Darryl Bernard

1. Jerry Donald (Marion)
2. Jean Carolyn
3. Yolanda Denise
4. Sandra Yvonne

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******* ANYONE WITH INFORMATION AND ADDRESSES OR PHONE NUMBERS OF MISSING FAMILY MEMBERS OR FIND INCORRECT OR MISSING INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT US.*******



Jerry Nathaniel Williams and Musa Gibbs 2018



Mrs. Eddye Joe Brooks, gifted Music Instructor of Brooks County GA



The Wentley and Eunice McCall family



Siggy- daughter of Earnestine (Alexander) and Frank Davis



Joe & Keren Rountree



Aunt Evelyn and Keren's Mom Sandra Denson





My sister Pat, Aunt Della Mae, my daughter Dakita and her daughter Niche'



AJ at a tobacco auction in Hahira, Georgia. I distinctly remember the day I took this photo. Momma had fixed AJ a plate and I carried it to him. Late 1970's

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Grant, Donald L. The Way It Was in the South-The Black Experience in Georgia.

The History of the Black Community of Thomas County 1827-1909 by Harold Henry Spangler, Jr.



This mini work traces the Andrew Jackson I and Romeo Wilson I families and their descendants from 1818 to 2018 in Brooks County Georgia. Included here are the previously untold stories of eyewitness testimonies to the Mary and Hazel Turner lynching tragedies of May 1918. Andrew Jackson, an enslaved man of West African descent and his wife Sidney Wilson and her brother Romeo Wilson, Natives of mixed Creek and white ancestry helped to make "The Breadbasket of the Confederacy."

ID: 22987209
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ISBN 978-1-387-85733-3



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