

mother was along. You can't have no good times when the mother is present. Your mouth just won't work.

MOSSY DALE

(8-14-41)

Homecoming at Greenbrier church last Sunday was a great event to all who call that church home.

The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kingman, had the program well in hand and everything moved along nicely. The social feature was wonderful. So many people clasping hands for the first time in many years and so many expressions, "I don't believe you know me."

The dinner can't be described. As to variety and quantity it surpassed anything that I have ever seen in the White House.

The after dinner speeches by Mr. Kingman, Mrs. Pope Brooks, Mrs. Ligon, the Misses Curlee and Miss Lyles were enjoyed by all. Old Camak tried to say something but got balled up as usual. He never could tell whether he was an after dinner speaker or a fore dinner speaker.

With the benediction a glorious and enjoyable day was numbered with the past.

Will Robinson and family of Arkansas are visiting relatives and old friends in Fairfield. Will is a brother of Sam Robinson of Monticello and a twin brother of G. A. Robinson. His many friends in his old state wish for him a pleasant stay among us and hope that he and his fine family may come again soon. He gets The Herald at his home.

Will is an uncle of that great and good man, Roy Robinson of Winnsboro. (I wonder if the peaches are all gone.)

MOSSY DALE

(8-28-41)

W. M. Estes, Hub Castles, Muck Robertson and W. E. Stewart started to one of the beaches. After they had gone many miles they found that they had left the checker board, so they cast lots to see who was sober enough to go back for it. But alas the one who returned for it stopped at a beer stand, therefore the board did not appear. After a long wait the party proceeded to a small lake near Sumter

and struck camp. They reported that the ocean was not as large as they had heard it was.

Sarah Lou Robertson of Greenville visited Muck and Blanche last week.

Dr. Bryson has found his calling at last. He was down here squirting something in dogs. *rabies vaccinations?*



MOSSY DALE

(9-11-41)

There was a lot in last Herald about Whitney's gin, cotton seed and Means, Johnston, Egyptian grass, and Prof. Brown's statement that South Carolina paid Whitney \$30,000 for the right to use his gin patent.

If such a transaction was ever made would there not be a record of it somewhere, and if the rumor is true what did the state do with it! Mr. Baxter of Ridgeway told Mr. Palmer that there was some such transaction.

Governor Means of Fairfield and not Mr. Johnston of Alabama imported the Means grass seed from Egypt, therefore the name Means or Egyptian grass.

Mr. Tom Anderson who owned and lived in the old Kincaid home had a letter from a man in the West asking him if he, Mr. Anderson, could ship him 4 bushels of Means grass seed. Mr. Anderson wrote him that he could take his hands down on the bottoms and soon strip 4 bushels of seed but would not, regardless of price. Said that he did not want his posterity cursed when he was in his grave.

10¢ per bushel was the ruling price for cotton seed until 1872, when the price advanced to 25¢ per 30 lbs.

The averaged oat crop was increased 50 per cent by the use of about 25 bushels of cotton seed per acre and put in the ground green there was nothing better for corn, but unless put in very early the ammonia from decaying seed would injure the stand of cotton.

Mrs. Joe Mercer (Matty Curlee) and daughter of Columbia visited in Mossy Dale Sunday.

Ernest Blair asked a girl to kiss him. She said, take it if you can. They went in holts. After a hard struggle he kissed her. She said it was not fair, that her foot slipped—let us try it over.

MOSSY DALE

(9-25-41)

It was my pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roof in town the other day. Mrs. Ruff is a noble good woman. She was so nice to my boy when he was carrying the mail. Thomas sold something less than 1,000 calves some time ago—but never gave his preacher 10¢ of the money. He don't act like he got a preacher.

As bad a man as Roy Robinson is I believe he would have given his preacher as much as \$1.00 out of all that money.

Ernest Blair was seen prowling around my place while we had gone to see the soldiers, and when my wife called up the chickens there were three absent, but of course those three might have been caught in a tight place and become converts to Nazism and joined themselves to the birds of prey—which is the only way out some times.

I believe that I have some cotton that 40 acres will make a bale. That is no worse than Sam Broom's wheat crop—he sowed 2 bushels and made 1 bushel; said it was a poor turnout but didn't know what he would have done without it.

MOSSY DALE

(10-2-41)

The only way that I can tell Mr. Bert Brice from that ill-favored Dove is Dove is minus a tooth in front, and his nose is so hawk-billed that he can't drink out of a gourd, and his feet are so long that he has to back up to a door to ring the bell. The conclusion of the whole matter is Mr. Dove is a hard looking disciple and is very much like Mr. Brice in many ways.

I was honored with a call a few days ago by the wife of Maj. Gen. Henry D. Russell and a Mrs. Hemphill. Mrs. Russell knew more about the Camak generations than any one else in the world. She said there was a Milton Camak. I said, yes, there is his grave right over there on the Jim Smith place. He was found dead at Dry Branch 125 years ago. When she mentioned Milton Camak I moved my chair a little way from her for I was convinced that she was a spirit from some distant clime.

file: fairfield history / new file Johnson Grass Tradition

General Practitioner