

To P.S.
1909

THE JOHNSON FAMILY

Fred Johnson was born in 1860 in Stockholm, Sweden. He wanted to come to America and when he was yet a young man, he came over to join his uncle, who owned a dairy farm near Cumberland, Barron County, Wisconsin. It was dairy country and many Swedes had settled nearby. Fred was an energetic, hard-working person and he learned to love his new country.

A Swedish girl, also from Wisconsin, had gone into Nurses Training at a little Sanitarium in Battle Creek, over in Michigan. After she graduated, she met Fred Johnson and they were married. She was Amanda Anderson, also from Stockholm, Sweden. Amanda had become a staunch Seventh-Day Adventist convert while she was attending nursing school at Battle Creek.

An interesting aside: two doctors at the sanitarium at Battle Creek were Dr. Kellogg and Dr. Post. They were Adventist and had started with a small institution at Battle Creek and their hospital became known for their health-teaching practices. They invented a way to cook grain, roll it into flakes to dry so it could be stored and eaten as a prepared cereal. They made the first corn-flakes to be eaten as a health food by their patients. This dry cereal became so in demand that they went into the business of packaging and selling dry cereal. Later, when their partnership was dissolved, Dr. Post and Dr. Kellogg each started their own cereal companies, which became known all over the world.

Fred Johnson was a Presbyterian, but when he married Amanda, she converted him to the Adventist doctrine. All their children were reared as Adventists.

Amanda and Fred Johnson had eight children born in Wisconsin. Their firstborn, a son named Erin, died when he was two years old. Later, Amanda and two of the other children, Mae and Rueben, became ill with pneumonia. Amanda and Mae both died and were buried in the same grave. Little Rueben recovered.

After Amanda died, Fred wanted to get away from the cold, northern climate. He, on impulse, made up his mind to go to San Francisco, where he had heard that the weather was always warm. He had his own dairy by then, and he crated up all his equipment, put it on a train to be shipped to San Francisco. He had two handsome teams of Percheron horses. They were beautiful dappled-gray, thick-bodied big horses, bred for strength, used to pull heavy loads. Fred loved his horses, but sold one pair and shipped the other to California.

About this time, Fred got word from his sister's husband, down in Mississippi, that she was very ill. If he wanted to see her again he must come right away.

Fred's sister had come from Stockholm to visit sometime earlier and had married a Mr. Case, who was paymaster for the Graffenried Lumber Company. Case had been transferred to the South as the lumber business grew in the early 1900's. They were living in Meridian, Mississippi, when Case sent for Fred Johnson.

With all his dairy equipment already on its way to San Francisco, Fred gathered up his children and went to Mississippi to visit his dying sister.

It was in 1909 when the Johnson family arrived in Meridian. It was late in the year and yet the weather was still warm. It had already begun to snow when they left Wisconsin. Fred Johnson was impressed; he decided to stay in Mississippi.

Johnson got in touch with an agent who sold land, told him what kind of a farm he wanted. Mr. J. W. Gaston, who had bought the land in Pine Springs that had belonged to Caswell R. Wolfe in Sections 4 and 5, said he had just what Fred was looking for. Fred took a big bite out of his savings and bought Cas Wolfe's place. He notified the railroad to have his things shipped from San Francisco to Meridian, Miss. (Bought the land Dec. 13, 1909)

Fred moved his family into the log house that was on the place. It was an old house but still sturdy, and the logs had been covered with wide planking to close off any drafts between the cracks.

When Fred Johnson went to look over his new farm, he must have realized that he had made a great mistake. The once fertile fields had been worn out with farming, most of the top-soil had washed away. There were no great fields where hay could be grown for cattle, but only little patches of field scattered on the hilltops that were big enough to have cotton or corn patches. Too much of the land was in steep, wooded hills that was poor pastureland for a herd of dairy-cows. The small fields that were there had grown up in Sassafras, Sweetgums and Pine Tree saplings and would have to be cleared again of the brush before it could be tilled. (Mr. Cass Wolfe had been ill for several years and unable to farm.)

By this time, Fred had invested all his cash and they had to stay.

*Correction - Johnson was married to 2nd wife when he
 come to miss. - It had been her idea to move to calif.
 Fred was well to do farmer in Wis.*

But then Fred, the optimist, took over. With his energy and capacity for work, he would get busy and clear the land with his sons to help. He could chop and they could ^{pile the} ~~work~~ ^{wood} together and get the old place back into shape. Next year the boys would be bigger and they could start to plow and he could get a job and work for wages. But what he needed was another wife to look after the ^{home and the} small children. He started writing letters back to Stockholm.

Before long, Fred Johnson left on a trip to Sweden. He came back with a bride, the young Huldah Anderson, little sister of his beloved dead wife, Amanda. ~~She~~ ^{She} and his ~~oldest~~ ^{oldest} daughter, Ruth, were about the same age, but she was strong and he had hopes that she would be a good farm wife.

It was hard for the children and Huldah to adjust to each other. She was more like another sister rather than ~~another~~ mother that they had been needing. To Huldah, being a farmer's wife was nothing like the young dreams that she had of what living in America would be like. And then the babies started coming, and she was far away from home and her own mother. The Pine Springs ladies were kind, but she spoke only Swedish and it made it rather hard for them to be friends. If she only had someone to talk to!

Fred farmed, but he also had an outside job to make money. He ~~worked~~ ^{worked} under Mr. C.P. Renfro for the spoke mill that was over at Suqualena. - the mill that turned spokes for buggy and wagon wheels. They worked together. Mr. Renfro would investigate timber, ~~make~~ ^{make} the deal and purchase the wood. He was the timber buyer. Fred took care of the other arrangements; the cutting crews and the cutting, whether to cut certain areas, what kinds of stumps to cut. If the bill called for ~~Oak~~ ^{Oak} - White Oak - and the ^{other} order was for ~~other kinds~~ ^{other} Fred filled the orders.

Spokes was the big deal in timber besides the lumber. They used Oak and Hickory for spokes. They didn't use Pine; Pine went into houses. The White Oak and some Chestnut went into the making of the wagon bodies. ~~They used the~~ ^{They used the} Red Oak and White Oak ~~that~~ ^{that} made the best spokes. It was cleaner, having less knots ~~and stuff like that~~ ^{and} was easier handled.

The Johnson children all started to the Pine Springs School and they became an accepted part of the community life. Fred was an agreeable fellow ^{made friends} and got along well with all except Mr. Kirby Smith.

Mr. Smith bought some land in the ~~edge~~ ^{edge} of the Okatibbee Swamp which was over behind the Johnson place. He ran some cattle on his land and he would drive his wagon over there to take feed or to otherwise tend them. The only problem was that as he crossed the Johnson farm, he didn't go around the edge, but would cut straight across the fields and corn patches with his team and wagon. Fred would get upset about this, but he seemed to be a little afraid of Kirby Smith. Smith was known to have a quick temper and sometimes was a might handy with his fists. Adolph and David Johnson, the two oldest sons that did most of the plowing, would become boiling mad, but of course they couldn't do anything about it. Fred never did ask Kirby to stop crossing his fields. He just didn't want any trouble with any of his neighbors.

Everyone in Pine Springs went to church at the old Union Church that Sam H. Bozeman had built. The Holiness, Methodists, Baptist, Adventist, everybody in the community went to church. The The Johnsons, Seventh-Day Adventists, observed Saturday as their Sabbath, but they went to church with the rest of the folks on Sunday. Sometimes, for a short period, maybe a week-end, Fred Johnson would get a minister there from the Adventist Church in Meridian, and some of the community would attend. The Theads and Smiths were 'leaners' toward the Adventist faith, but they never did profess it.

Fred Johnson told his friends about a different kind of turnip that they grew up north. He thought they were much better tasting than the popular Purple Top variety grown in the south, and they kept better through the winter. He got hungry for the yellow type that he had eaten in Wisconsin, and he wrote back and had two railroad cars of them shipped to Meridian. He had all the Rutabegas he could eat, and sold the rest about Pine Springs and Meridian. It was said that he introduced Rutabegas to ^{part of the} the south.

Supervising the cutting of wood for wages through the week, Fred sometimes took his older boys out on Sundays to cut spokes to ~~sell~~ ^{sell} to the mill to make ~~some~~ ^{some} money for himself. One Sunday he and his boys were out cutting wood and felled a big Oak. The tree fell, snapping off a big branch which flew out and hit Fred on the head, killing him instantly. The family was devastated. He was always so full of energy and optimism that it was hard for them to grasp that he was gone.

Huldah had four small children, and her sister's older children as well to think about supporting. She was then a very young adult. She left the babies with the older children

and got a job at a cotton mill in Meridian. They didn't pay very well and she saw that she couldn't make enough for them even to get by. She felt that she hadn't had anything but trouble since coming to this new land, and she wanted to go home to her family. She wrote home about her problems and they sent money for her and her four small children to return to Sweden. She packed up and left, leaving Amanda's children to fend for themselves.

The girls, Ruth and Martha, were already gone off to school, each taking nurses training. The Long-Bell Lumber Company paid Ruth's way, and in exchange she worked for them in their dispensary in Purdue, Mississippi. Martha had a harder time, but she graduated and then worked her way through the Chicago School of Nursing and earned a degree.

The four boys, Adolph, David, Rueben and Joe were left at home to take care of themselves. Adolph, the oldest, was about sixteen and Joe, the youngest, was twelve. They had two wagons and hauled spokes to the mill at Suqualena. They had a vegetable garden and a corn crop, but it was all hard work for the young boys.

None of the Johnson boys ever forgot the thoughtfulness and kindness shown them by all the neighbors of Pine Springs. The community knew that the orphans were having a bad time and helped out in all kinds of ways. They were given odd jobs here and there to earn money, and knowing they had nobody to cook for them, so many times the ladies of the community would invite them all over for a big meal, sending food home with them when they left. Sometimes a neighbor would bake a cake and take them for a treat. They were watched over and cared for by their good neighbors. That's the way Pine Springs was; it looked after its own. They might fight and bicker and 'fall out' with each other, but they all stood together whenever some family had trouble and needed help.

The Johnson boys were musical and played some instruments. Adolph and David played the trombone, Rueben the Violin and trumpet, Joe played the trumpet and sang like an angel. Their music was much in demand at the Pine Springs Union Church and the Baptist Fellowship Church above Pine Springs. They also sang together to provide special music at the churches. *(Rep. returned from Sweden in 1920.)*

The oldest son, Adolph, was the last to leave home. The other boys had already gone off to go on to school (two supported themselves while they became medical doctors) and the youngest, Joe, had a brief unsuccessful marriage before leaving home to work elsewhere. Adolph married Jerusha Mae Spears, a local girl, and they worked on the farm and saved all the money they could before they left to go to college in Tennessee. Adolph earned a Doctorate in Agriculture and Jerusha became a Dietitian.

The old Johnson farm stood vacant for several years before Martha, the next oldest daughter, returned to live there alone. Ruth had become a missionary for the Adventist Church and was sent to Africa. She returned for a year every seven years and would come back to Pine Springs to visit.

Sr. Rueben Johnson still owns the old Johnson farm. It has not been used for years and has all grown up in Pine timber. The old house has long since rotted away and fallen down. Part of the farm was purchased by the U.S. Government when Okatibbee Reservoir was built in 1960's.

Learned Music @ College

*Kids went to PFAA School @ Madison, Tenn slept in Living Room on pallet of Teacher
Pine Forest Academy + School
Madison College + Academy*

*When went, Adolph, the oldest, weighed 108, Rueben, youngest, weighed 52
Ruth was there going to school to become R.N.*

Ruth's grad. - was only 1 with money - built Johnson house with Hosp. in mind, but then went to Africa as SDA Church missioner

Martha worked @ Philadelphia @ Lumber Co - later lived @ Nashville.

THE CHILDREN OF FRED JOHNSON

A. CHILDREN OF 1st MARRIAGE TO AMANDA ANDERSON:

I. ERIN JOHNSON

Born: 1892, Cumberland, Wisconsin
Died young, two years old.

Died: Wisconsin, 1894

II. MAE JOHNSON

Born: 1894, Cumberland, Wisc.
She got pneumonia with her mother, died at the same time,

Died: 1908, Wisconsin.

III. RUTH AMANDA JOHNSON, R.N.

Born: 1896, Cumberland, Wisconsin
Married: Did not marry.

Died: 196_, Pine Forest, Lauderdale Co.

About 14 when her mother died, she 'mothered' the rest of the Johnson children. When her father re-married, her step-mother was about her same age, and it was hard for her to take orders from someone so young.

Ruth was sent to nursing school by the *Long-Bell* Lumber Company, ^{of Pudding, ms.} and when she graduated, she went to work for them at their first aid station. Later she became a missionary for the Seventh Day Adventist Church and was sent to Africa. She spent most of her life as a missionary until her health gave way and she returned to Mississippi. She stayed at Pine Forest Saniterium (near Chunky, Lauderdale County) near her brothers Adolph and Ruebin. They gave her a little cabin on the campus of Pine Forest Academy (a SDA school) and there she stayed until she died in 1960's.

IV. MARTHA JOHNSON, B.S.N.

Born: 1898, Cumberland, Wisconsin
Married: Did not marry.

Died: 196_, Pine Forest, Lauderdale Co, Ms.

Graduated from Pine Springs school; then from the Normal Institute for Nurses Training. She received her degree in nursing from the Chicago School of Nursing.

Returned to Pine Springs for health reasons and lived alone in the old Johnson home for several years. The last years she lived near Pine Forest Sanitarium.

V. CARL ADOLPH JOHNSON, Ph.D.

Born: 1900, Cumberland, Wisconsin
Married: JERUSHA MAE SPEARS, eldest child of William and Josie (Drake) Spears, who farmed a while in Pine Springs.

Died: 197_, Pine Forest, Lauderdale Co, Ms.

The oldest (living) son, Adolph was in charge of running the Pine Springs farm while his dad worked for the lumber company. After his dad died, Adolph tried to keep the family together until they could all get through school. He married Jerusha, a local girl, about 1930 and they farmed the old Johnson place, scrimped and saved until he could go on to get a higher education.

While living in Pine Springs, Adolph and Jerusha, not being near a SDA church, were active in the Pine Springs Methodist Church, where they played a large part, working with the children of the community in the Methodist Epworth League.

After practically living on the peanuts they grew for two years, they left together for Madison College, a SDA college in Tennessee. They worked their way through school, but Adolph finally earned a Ph.D in Agriculture, Jerusha became a Licensed Dietitian.

They had a dream of running a religious high school that was associated with a Sanitarium, where youngsters could support themselves by working while they attended school. They had an opportunity to get land near Chunky, Mississippi, in the southwest corner of Lauderdale County. With very little money, but much enthusiasm and faith, they began to build a sanitarium in the tall Pine trees that was on the old farm they had acquired. Their first students came, mostly children of parents in the SDA Church, and other members of their faith volunteered their work, and they cut their own lumber and built a two-floor wood structure for a hospital. The students helped with all the phases of building, from cutting the trees, working the sawmill, laying the foundation, putting up the building from floor to roof. Adolph and whatever volunteer carpenters could be found taught the youngsters as they went.

*PPA Founded
1936 - had
Adolph and Jerusha
went to
College
1928
Ret. to P.S.
To get more
money.*

Adolph's younger brother, Reuben, became a doctor and brought his wife to live at Pine Forest. Reuben took care of the patients at the Sanitarium, who supplied most of the money they needed to buy things that they could not make or grow for themselves. The students worked in the Sanitarium where they learned to be hospital aides and orderlies. The boys ran the dairy and grew vegetables on the farm. They all worked in a small cannery and bakery they built on the grounds, all work being done in a teaching atmosphere. Instead of receiving pay, the students got credit for the hours work they had put in, which applied toward their room, board and tuition.

The school thrived for a number of years and grew to include a boys and a girls dormitory, a chapel, classrooms, barn, dairy, farm with tractors and other equipment, all in addition to the hospital.

Adolph, whom all called Prof, with his positive attitude and cheerfulness, was loved by all. He enjoyed working with the youths. He taught science in school, among other things, and he had a homespun way of teaching that made them remember what they learned.

The school and Sanitarium are still in operation, though it has lost some of the vitality that it had in its growing years. Prof died in the 1970's and somehow it is not the same without him. The Sanitarium still operates, now more as a nursing home, and gives good care to invalids. The students are still there, but not as many. The U.S. Government "regulations" came and now the students are not allowed to work their way, and the school has to pay them in cash instead of credits toward their upkeep.

Prof. worked at Pine Forest until his health gave way. He died there in the 1970's and was buried at the school's private cemetery.

Children:

1. SHARON JOHNSON 1950- , m. Frank Lee Holland. Mr. Holland is currently working in Tennessee as a hospital administrator.

VI. DAVID FERDINAND JOHNSON, M.D.

Born: 1902, Cumberland, Wisc.

Died: 1960's, Pine Forest, Lauderdale Co.

Married: Esther Elizabeth Bazzani, R.N.

David was just a little fella when the Johnson's moved to Mississippi. He went to school at Pine Springs, but was able to graduate from high school at Center Hill. He attended medical school at Loma Linda University in California where he became a psychiatrist. He was drafted into the Army Medical Corps in World War II, where he was a Captain. He was in a M.A.S.H. unit in the "Battle of the Bulge" in Belgium. He met and married Esther Elizabeth Bazzani, a Registered Nurse. After the war, he returned and they made their home in Tennessee where he had a private psychiatric practice.

They had no children of their own, but adopted three children that had come to them in various ways (one left on someone's doorstep, two more from a widow with terminal T.B.).

In 1950's, David found that he didn't have much longer to live. They returned to Mississippi where they built a beautiful home on land near Pine Forest. Esther had developed a wasting disease and was first on crutches, then confined to a wheel chair. A lady with great spirit, she worked as Director of Nurses and taught the students, all from her wheel chair. She was loved and admired by all. Their children got their high school education from the PFA School.

David died in the 1960's and was buried at Pine Forest Cemetery. The children graduated and scattered, Esther returned to California, her home, where she is living in a nursing home.

Children: (Adopted)

1. ARTHUR JOHNSON
2. STANLEY JOHNSON
- 3.

VII. RUEBEN LEON JOHNSON, M.D.

Born: 1904, Cumberland, Wisconsin

Died:

Married: (1) ELIZABETH "BETTY" NICHOLSON, of Jonesville, Ohio.

Was very young when Johnson family moved to Mississippi. The Johnson's always spoke Swedish at home and Reuben could not speak English when he started to school at Pine Springs. The other pupils called him "Swede". He was a bright little boy but made failing grades until his father found out that he didn't understand what the teacher was saying. He taught the young boy English and he started to make good marks.

Rueben was still young when his father married again, and it fell his task to baby-sit with his younger half-brother and sister. He had always gone to his big sister, Ruth, when he needed mothering, and he never did feel very close to the young bride his father brought home. He was about half afraid of his step-mother. He remembers putting baby Rena Mae into a rocking chair, propped her up with pillows, and trying to rock her to sleep and keep her quiet. The more she tried to cry, the faster he would rock. He was afraid of what his new mother would do if he let the baby cry.

He was about 12 when his father was killed, and he never forgot the kindly neighbors in Pine Springs that looked after the orphaned children. He always thought that Mrs. Lizzie (Love) Smith, the closest neighbor, was a saint. She always had kind words for him and gave him tea-cakes when he went to their house. Other neighbors would often bake two cakes when they made one for their families, taking the Johnson children the extra cake. Joel New, another neighbor, always treated the boys with kindness, as he did his own sons, and hired the boys to work in his fields at times to let them earn extra money. Mrs. Edna (White) Wilson often invited them all over for dinner and gave them a good feed, and the Townsends down the road were especially helpful. Dr. Johnson said the whole neighborhood of Pine Springs looked out after each other, offering help in times of sickness or other need.

After Rueben finished at Pine Springs school, he went to the Nashville Agriculture and Normal Institute, working his way through, and graduating there. He then went to Loma Linda University in California and became a medical doctor, specializing in general practice.

Rueben and Betty returned to Mississippi where Rueben practiced medicine at Pine Forest Sanitarium. He took care of medical patients at the small hospital, did minor surgery there and delivered many babies. If his patients were very ill or required major surgery, he was on the staff and admitted them to the larger Meridian hospitals. He was a good surgeon.

After Prof. died and Rueben was getting older, he took over the leadership of the school at Pine Forest and cut back on his private practice. He continued to see patient but stopped taking obstetric or surgical patients. He did work one day a week at the Mattie Hersee Hospital in Meridian. More and more he worked long hours; the mornings in the PFA Clinic, seeing patients, the afternoons more than likely on a tractor, helping raise vegetables for the school. He was always going, always doing.

When Betty died in 1985, Rueben stopped taking new patients. For several years he only sees his old friends, more especially his old friends that he grew up with in Pine Springs, and those patients that have relied on him for years. He is still working at Pine Forest, but in semi-retirement.

Children:

1. BARBARA ANN JOHNSON 1944- , m. James Shilling
2. CAROLYN FAYE JOHNSON 1947- , m. Wayne Allen, Jr.

VIII. JOSEPH ^{ANDERSON} "JOE" JOHNSON

Born: 1904, Cumberland, Wisconsin Died: 1987, while in Mexico

Married: (1) EDNA KINARD, 1931, Lauderdale Co. She was dau. of Samuel D. and Laura C. (Jones) Kinerd, both of Pine Springs. Divorced. Joe married twice more, had three children from second marriage, names unknown.

Was about five years old when family moved to Mississippi. He was energetic with an out-going personality, made a good salesman. Married ~~late~~ in the 1930's, he and Edna lived on the old Johnson farm, where they, like everyone else, had a hard time of it during the depression of the early 30's. Joe had a beautiful tenor voice and with J. D. Jones, Edna's maternal uncle, singing a deep bass, sang the old loved religious songs at Pine Springs Church. There has seldom been such beautiful singing at the old church since.

With his selling, Joe started running with a 'wild' crowd and his marriage to Edna Kinard broke up. She went home and Joe left for parts unknown and Pine Springs didn't hear from him for years. He had married again (twice) and never did return to the community. Some say that he lived in Mobile, Ala.

Children: (From 1st marriage; had three more from 2nd marriage, names unknown.)

1. RUTH AMANDA JOHNSON 1932- , m. Jack T. Ethridge, 1953, both teach school in La.
2. LAURA ALICE JOHNSON 1935- , m. George Marshall, 1964, live in Irving, Fla.

B. CHILDREN OF 2ND MARRIAGE TO HULDAH ANDERSON:

IX. REX BENJAMEN JOHNSON

Born: 1911, Pine Springs, Mississippi Died:
Married: Mary Hill of Tennessee

Was born in Pine Springs, was quite small when his father died. His mother took him back to Stockholm with her when she left America in 1918, but Rex never did like it there. He wanted to return to Mississippi and live with his big brothers.

He wanted to return so badly that finally Huldah gave in and contacted a travel agency to make arrangements for his trip home. Young Rex, after two years in Sweden, could not speak English, so Huldah pinned a tag to his coat that told who he was and who to get in touch with in case of need, and put him on a boat for America. This was about 1920. He made the trip alone. The stewards on the boat saw that he knew where to eat and sleep. He had stayed out in the sun a lot and being fair-skinned, his nose had blistered terribly.

Arriving in New York, the travel agency met the boat and put him on a train for Mississippi. The bigger Johnson brothers met him at the station in Meridian and took him out home to Pine Springs. He was nine years old, and happy to be home. He enjoyed farming and he studied Horticulure. He received a Degree in Horticulure at LSU in Baton Rouge, La. He taught in Missouri and then at Washington State.

Children: None. *Had MS in agriculture
NAME* UNKNOWN BY THIS WRITER*

X. RENA MAE JOHNSON

Born: 1912, Pine Springs Died: About 1936, Stockholm, Sweden.
Returned to Stockholm, Sweden with her mother. Did not marry.

XI. FREDERICK "FRED" LEE JOHNSON

Born: 1914, Pine Springs, Mississippi Died: P
Returned to Stockholm, Sweden with his mother.

XII. BERT JOHNSON

1916, Pine Springs, Mississippi Died: A
Returned to Sweden with his mother.



Miss
Martha
Johnson, R.N.



J.B. PERKINS of OKTAWAH Co. Sold BEN JOHNSON of Lauderdale Co.
1-26x80 LOT, FRONTING 26' ON SIDNEY ST, Meridian for \$600

BEN JOHNSON, BLACK

Nov. 25, 1882:

UNTIL 1900 there were NO WHITE BARBERS IN MERIDIAN.

1882 - HAD BARBER SHOP ON COMMERCE ST. (NOW 5th) IN MERIDIAN.
LIVED AT 2705 11th ST. (CITY DIRECTORY)

APRIL, 1882 Bought 480 ACRES FROM E. G. GIBBENS of Pine Springs for \$1550.
[Sec. 3, 10, 9 IN PINE SPRINGS] INCLUDED IN DEED
1 GIN HEAD
2 RUBBER BANDS } NOW IN GIN HOUSE ON PLACE

Oct. 1886 Bought 40 ac From V & M RR - SW 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec 10.

1888 - B. JOHNSON, BLACK - HAD STORE ON CORNER OF 5th ST & 23 AVE - general merchandising
LIVED ON 11th STREET STILL
T. (P?) W. JOHNSON, BLACK, BARBER AT 2219 4th ST.

Dec 17, 1890 B. JOHNSON Sold LAUENIA A. (LOVE) PACE (MRS. ANDREW P. PACE)
(GC) 80 ACRES - W 1/2 NE 1/4, SEC 9.

1892 TAX ROLL:						
B. JOHNSON -	part (56 ac) SE 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SW 1/4	3-7-15	\$168	56 ac	PINE SPRINGS 37 1/2 ac worth \$1074.20	
	E 1/2 NE 1/4	9-7-15	\$200	80		
	part NW 1/4 (1/2 ac), N 1/2 SW 1/4	10-7-15	\$706.50	235 1/2		

Also owned: 320 AC IN Sec 20, T-7, R-16
160 AC IN Sec 30, T-7, R-16
80 AC IN Sec 32, T-7, R-16

37 1/2
80
115'

Also owned: Lots 9-12, Block 16, Ball's Survey IN MERIDIAN

Dec. 14, 1892 Sold All PINE SPRINGS FARM to CHARLEY RUBUSH.

AAA

Dr. Reuben Johnson on Pine Springs
1900-1930

I asked Dr. Johnson about the Wolfe family, from whom his father had bought their Pine Springs farm.

FRIBERG

"There was some Wolfes that lived in Meridian - and this lady married a fellow named Freeberg. Freeberg used to be the old city mason. He used to put in all the masonry in the streets of Meridian. You'd see old J. H. Freberg, - or something like that. Freberg. You still see his name on the sidewalks.

How did the folks of Pine Springs used to settle their disputes?

Well, L. L. Ratcliff was serving as the Justice of the Peace, and I think someone else...I can't remember. People who had arguments and disputes - or they'd trespass on another one's property - or maybe the animals would go in and eat 'em up, you know, get out of the fence and so they'd settle a lot of those minor problems and sometimes people would get angry with each other and they'd have fist fights. They never did use a gun - the only one that used a gun was Joe Smith and Abraham Byrd and Thead - they were the only ones... Well, there was a colored fellow, but he was up in Trusselltown, the Snowden area up there. It was an accident - he did it by accident. He was a good negro but they told him to leave and he left.

Did you ever hear of a negro being hung just up the road here?

I heard about that, but I knew that they did that. They did that at Chunky, too. It was right after, this man that told me about it, said that it happened right after emancipation there was a fellow Hawkins - and they could dn't do a thing with them - and so they killed them - about three swung - and then the negroes settled down or got out of there. It calmed them down. I've seen a few Ku Kluxes dressed, as a kid, but all I knew was that they were a dangerous people. That fellow I knew about - I never did...

The old community fathers, they acted as a jury.. or added their comments and their suggestions. They tried to iron out the differences as brother to brother relationship. They had two choices - they could try to settle it themselves out of court or take it to court and have it settled that way. But most of the people in this community didn't do that. They would fist fight and have their differences and they'd either stay away from each other or... Old Kirb Smith was one hard head. My father was actually scared of that screw-ball. My father was a calm character, didn't want any problems. Smith kept on going through our farm with his horse and wagon. He didn't care! My father would say, "Well now, listen - This is a FIELD!" But he couldn't do anything with him. He'd go to his property down in the Okatibbee Swamps and when he'd take his cattle down in there his cattle would get out and they'd eat your crop. They'd just help themself to the corn or whatnot and old Smith, he wouldn't do anything about it. I guess he thought that he had squatter's rights in that area or something or other. He was the only one that gave my father any kind of a problem. (Grandma Tort???) bought the land over in there - before that time Smith owned it and I reckon he pretty much thought that he had spoiler's rights and he could do anything he wanted to over there.

Did Kirb ever go to church?

Every once in a while he would go when there was what they called a protracted meeting. I reckon that just indicates a long meeting. They call them revivals now.

In the old Union Church, all - the Holliness, Methodists, Baptist, Adventist - everybody in the community - went to church. We went on Sunday - but when we would have a service that would only be for a short period of time - maybe a week-end or something like that - my father would get a minister there from the Adventist Church down there and the Theads and the Smiths would go to it. I think they were leaners towards the Sabbath. They never did profess it. I know that as a boy, as a kid, my relationship with Kirby's wife - she was a dear old soul. But she couldn't do anything with Kirby. She would stay out of his way but my father went on ahead and gave in to him.

Father had an outside business. He became paymaster and also checking up on forest and things like that wherever people had tember to sell. He would help, but us boys ran the farm.

My father was a dairyman from Wisconsin. We had come south in 1904 to see a sick aunt, his sister, that lived in Meridian. She was dying and so he came down here to see her and brought the family. It was that time that he was approached by a slaesman who was wanting to sell the old Wolfe place. At that time they didn't have anything but red clay hills and he didn't know... It wasn't cleared. It hadn't been used for several years and the ffields had grown up in sweet-gum sprouts, sasafrass and brambles. The timber was there, but the farm land was just in little patches. The cleared land was covered with this other undergrowth. There just wasn't any of it productive. He didn't know land from ??? He had bought it from a salesman Wolfe had turned it over to to sell.

It had an old log house on it over there where some OLD Pine trees stood. Over there where it was northwest of the house we built up on the hill. The old house had been re-surfaced with lumber. The old log framing inside was still there. I think Wolfe had built that house. It was an old, old house.

My father didn't build another house. He was killed in 1916. He was hit by a limb. We stayed around, sort of boys and kids, and we sort of hired out and stayed with the News and the Townsends and others over the whole place. Our oldest brothers, Adolph and David, stayed at the old home place. They picked up some work at the sawmills and things like that. But we went to Madison in the winter of 1919. And so we were living on the old farm during the World War I. Before that time we were here.

Did Ratcliff own the store when you first moved here?

I think so. I think it was Ratcliff. I'm pretty sure it was.

We were on Bailey, Route 1, and the postman came around. I think Thames Gun was the postman. Before that it was Sam Bailey.

We had 2 or 3 doctors. It was two doctors that had circuits. Old man Dr. Dee Pace was one of them. I can't think of the other one. They had their circuits. They'd just go around through the community and then they'd come back. They were the old circuit-riding phsycians. Pill totin' doctors. They took their medical kit and thanks to the horses they'd ride. If you need a doctor in between times you could call and they would come, but wvery three or four months they'd make a trip. Same way with the dentist. The dentist would make a circuit. The dentist had an old machine and they had to get someone to help or they'd generally do it themself. They had what looked like about half an old sewing machine. It sttod up on a pedistal and it had a little grinder on it and he would work it with his foot, the treadle. The thing stood up about to his shoulders, I'd say. He would drill and put in amalgum or cement fëllings of a sort. He never did put in gold but some sort of cheap filling.

I think Franklin was one of the doctors that made their rounds every so often. Ordinarily, they'd go out and find these people who were puny and what not and they'd give them their potions and move on. They'd give them a dose of Calamel or a dose of salts; Calamel was the name that they used mose.

Now, Dr. Pace went to school at the Univ rsity of Tennessee at Memphis, but most of these old doctors were apprenticed doctors. All they had to do was go with a certified doctor that had a license for three years and be his associate and then as an apprentice he could take an examination and become an apprentice phsycian. From there on he did just about anything the other doctor did, only he wasn't that qualified. As a general rule, when I went to Tennessee, there was about 4 of these old apprentice doctors still in the community practicing. Hardly any of the doctors would have anything to do with them.....

When I went into Tennessee in 1938 they were still practicing. I think Dr. Wilson and Dr. McDonald went to school. I'm sure Dr. Pace went to school at Memphis. I think Wilson went to Rush University. I think Rush University started a school in a little bungalow. They weren't any kin to the Rush here. There weren't too many schools in the early days. Before 1800 there were very few medical schools. I know that Battle Creek College and Battle Creek Sanitarium & Hospital - they were the fore-runners of all the health programs. in the United States. People from all over the world went to Battle Creek for medical care with old Dr. Kellogg. They started with a small institution.

Pine Springs School. I think about a year after I started to school there was only a little two-room school till they added a third room and connected all three rooms with a porch. They added rooms to the ends - one on the west side and then on the east side. They were of split heart pine. There was an old graveyard there when I went to school. Antd there was the old Union Church. As far as I know, that had never had any paint on it. It was made of heart pine and it just wouldn't take paint. That was the reason so many houses around here weren't painted. They just wouldn't take paint. It was an expense

plus the paint just wouldn't stay when they put it on. You have to shellac it - and shellac wasn't being used at that time. They didn't know anything about it. They'd put calcomine and things like that on - or whitewash - - and it would wash off. All the houses were frame and it was good pine, rich pine, in most of these old unpainted houses. Jim Thead's old house never had paint - and yet it was a lovely house. There were a lot of houses that never were painted. The rich timber they had then just wouldn't take paint.

There was a house-place up here on top of the hill directly across from where Olean Thead lived. Who lived there?

There used to be a little old two-roomed house back in there made out of just boards, and had a little old fireplace. I think it belonged to the old Wolfe place. There was a couple of old houses on our place and my father would let transients stay in. Most of them would have a great big old fireplace and I suspect they'd be 4 or 5 feet across the front of it. They'd be made out of mud or old brick and what-not. People would cook on the fireplace. Most of it was old adobe mud and straw.

My dad - for a long time - had all kind of people who were transients. They wouldn't be going anywhere in particular - they's just be looking for a place to settle. They wanted someplace where they could settle and do share-cropping. Most of them didn't havv any team and depended upon the farmers that owned the property to furnish them mule and a wagon and a cow and a place to stay.

The small farms around here didn't have much way to get money except from corn and cotton. There wasn't mush outlet for vegetables and produce unless you could get it to Meridian and peddle it on he street.

To most people cotton was the staple crop. That was all they'd have. The best of the farms in the community - about three bales was all they could get out of their cotton crop. Then the bole weavel, dry weather - bad weather didn't do any good. If you made 4 bales of cotton, you were sittin' on TOP! If you got \$50 for a bale or if you got \$200 for your cotton crop, why then you were doing pretty good!

But people would put on 1 pair of shoes - they'd have one pair for Sunday and one for work. Most of the boys and girls never wore shoes in the summer months - or in the spring or in the fall. I don't know that your Aunt Lorena ever went bare-footed, but I suspect she did. All those gals. Well, there was a time when they began to say, Well, you're too big to go vare-footed any more - You've got to put on shows and stockings. I've seen big grown boys go to church barefooted. That was a common thing. You would have to be pretty close to the age when you were ready to take on family life before you put on shoes, you know.

So, as a general rule, the community was a home of self-sustaining, but they lived on what they needed for spending from their cotton. If they had lumber - timber - for sale, these big sawmill concerns would have these old log wagons. Have you ever seen any of these log wagons? They'd have about 8 or 10 yokes of oxen pulling a great big load of lumber. The wheels were little squatty things, not very big around but they had wide steel tires on them so they wouldn't sink into the mud so bad. They were near the earth so they could load them easier. They had to load them either by getting the logs onto a skid on a bank so they could load them onto the log wagon or they would have a chain they'd use to pull them up onto the wagon with a team of oxen

The lumbering business, the individual who had good virgin timber.... But they were picking up the best timber. There would be logs probable $2\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 feet in diameter. Those virgin pines were great big old huge logs.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company had a great mill up in Purdue, Mississippi. My sister was to be a nurse of that mill when she got out of her third year of nurses' training. Whe went there to be the nurse of that big concern. They had little old trains - little dummies - and these trains would go down into the swamps to carry the big logs out where they couldn't get to them with the wagons. That's the way they would get those big logs to the mill. They had on from up there at Little Rock that was used to carry them.

There would be from 150 to 200 men that would cut those virgin timbers and all these were hauled by log wagons - ox drawn. There wasn't any trucks and mules weren't strong enough. There just wasn't any trucks. We didn't see any trucks in this area until quite late. It was 1918 before we saw trucks coming into this country. The big lumber companies got most of the big virgin timbers and then a lot of little s w Mills came in to log the smaller stuff. Then there were little sawmills everywhere. They had one down at Lowe's , they had one over here at our farm. Mr. Kirb had one down on his place. There was one came in over here at New's down near where he had a big old hog lot.

They came in and cut his logs. The mills would come in where there was timber to be cut. It was easier to move the mills than haul the timber.

It took a long time and it took a lot of wagons to move logs. Those old struggling beasts - you'd see them weaving and wobbling and it would look like it would take forever and a day but then they'd get down the road. They had a point centrally located down here on the old Lowe place. They'd cut timber all over Suqualena and this area. After they quit, that's when the little mills came and picked up the smaller timber. That was trees probably a foot and a half in diameter. The big companies wouldn't fool with these small trees - they were nothing, as far as the timbermen were concerned.

The old roads would be so hashed up with these log wagons that they stayed deep rutted all the time. These old roads out here would just be - a BRANCH through there. The only way those log wagons could get in there would be to corogate the road with lumber, old sorry lumber from the sawmill. I saw that in several areas between here and the Bozeman hill. It wasn't what they call the Bozeman Hill now. The Bozeman Hill used to be north of there. The Bozeman Hill is paved now and makes several turns before it gets to the top, but it used to go around north of that hill and it was clay and you had to have two or three teams to get your wagon up. My daddy had us, David, Adolph and I, working and hauling timber. He was sort of a foreman and paymaster for the timber companies and later for the spoke mill.

My brothers hauled spokes and so did several others that lived around here. I think maybe Jake Smith hauled spokes for a while - I'm not too certain. But anyhow, there was several people who hauled. We had two wagons on the road with spokes. They had to haul those carzy spokes to Suqualena. Sometimes there was hickory spokes that they were turning out, the buggy spokes. The small thin spokes, not for wagons. Those went to Meridian. The others went to Suqualena. Suqualena had a large spoke mill as well as a large lumber mill concern before the spoke mill came in. It was some Meridian concern that owned the spoke mill when it came to Pine Springs. C.P. Renfroe was the individual my father worked under. They worked together. Renfroe was the man that ordinarily did any investigating, made the deal and purchased the wood. He was the timber buyer. My father took care of the other arrangements; the cutting crews and the cutting, whether to cut certain areas, what kinds of stumps to cut. If the bill was calling for oak - white oak - and the other was for other kinds, he filled the orders.

Well, there were so many things that were happening in the lumber business. That was one of the areas that most of the people got some of their income. Selling lumber and selling timber for spokes. Spokes was the big deal besides the lumber. All the wagons and buggies were requiring that kind of stuff. They used oak and hickory for spokes. They didn't use Pine. Pine went into the houses. The White Oak and some Chestnut went into the making of the wagon bodies. They had the Red Oak and White Oak that made the best spokes. It was cleaner, having less knots and stuff like that. It was easier handled.

It must have been somewhere about 1916 when Mr. Ratcliff put in a grist-mill down next to his store. Before that, folks either took their corn into Meridian or over to Bailey to be ground. They had a Cotton gin at the Lowe place and a cotton gin at the Bailey place. There was a gin at the old Lockhart place. Then there was a cotton gin over at John White's. I think the gin at Bailey was the last real functioning mill near here. Gins by that time took care of a larger territory as folks could haul it better and it was a bigger farming area over that way.

People here, due to the hills, formed more in smaller patches, no great big fields. Here was a lot of hill land. Suqualena had a little bigger fields than we did - they were flat. Here there was a lot of patch farming.

The Pine Springs Community and Activities

As one who had the privilege of sharing and enjoying the wonderful community fellowship, and good-will of the Pine Springs Neighborhood, and surrounding community some seventy years of its past, it would seem as though we were in review, of the early days of Pioneer history of America.

The remembrance of those passing years, makes one feel a bit responsible to the younger generation, who never knew or heard of the sweet pioneering spirit of the forefathers of Pine Springs, who left a rich heritage of remembrance.

Caught up with the striving and doings of a more modern and progressive society, with concepts quite foreign to that of the earlier fathers, who were seemingly content and happy with the less assertive bit of living; enjoying a fellowship that far outweighed the striving of the present generation. One that has become oriented to the present day attractions of recreation and entertainment.

The material that seemed to propel them, in meeting the demands of their needs, wishes and wants, are failing to pause for a moment in reflection and meditation of the past and their present, and their possible future. They rush by those hallowed grounds, without thought or concern for those about them, and to become a part of the community around them selves.

I would like to introduce you to that friendly fellowship, that was mine to experience, and appreciate more as the years have passed by, as I see the difference of the past and present. We must suggest that the present generation, is not long enough to enjoy the present, and become acquainted with their neighbor, that their past may be remembered with fond recollection.

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There was no way that a passer by, whether known or unknown, could escape the warm welcome, to come aside and rest a spell, or possibly share in a good-home spoon meal, while they wait. A community that has always believed in the old adage. The way to anyone's heart is through the portal of the stomach.

My first introduction into the facilities of learning, where there were no extras or any extravagance. The wood framed, three roomed school building, united by a common porch, where its pupils and student gathered in three lines at the signal of the admission bell.

On the walls of each school room, could be seen hanging the coat, clock, tommets & lunch basket & plates, that served like ^{their} lockers. rooms; - where window lighting permitted, the teacher's desk with those black boards, occupied the windowless area of these rooms.

Those class room recitations in reading and spelling, were much like school games, where the student, out-spelled a out read his or her opponent in getting to the head of his class.

Since there were no state funding for transportation of students, "getting to school," by "hooping," or "shanks horse," was the only way of certainty, whether by a muddy, & dusty road, or the pathway through the woods, pastures, fields or streams.

The spirit of community get-togetherness, in fellowship and good will, could be index by a log-rolling, a forest fire burn-off, - to kill all wintering destructive insects, - the "Bole-wood," or "teed." - The school and church pic-nicks, & plays, all provided recreation and intertainment, along with ice cream supper. and Water-melon Cutting, in their season.

The continued concern for their neighbor, whether in sickness or death, or disability, was always to be witnessed

by a community alive, with ready and willing hands with the necessary equipment to do or perform in any task that needed to be done. The planting of the garden, from and its harvest when needed.

The rebuilding of a home burned-out by fire, and the re-estabishment of that home by the sharing of the unneeded, and unnecessary home furnishings, by those who chose.

To those who mourned, in the death of a loved one, the making of an acceptable casket, and the opening of the grave were but the expressions of a caring neighborhood.

Many of the more interesting activities to be seen in a rural setting, were the road maintenance gang, that made their appearance about twice yearly. Those gray and green striped men called "convicts" - I often wondered as a lad, what you had to do to sport such garments, and why they must be bound by those rattling chains that held them fastened together quite securely, and why they must be "supervised" and "protected" by "armed guards" that displayed their weaponry so openly. These blood-hounds, that they kept near to discourage any attempts at escape. They called them "Chain gangs". They didn't look mean, nor did they look happy. Those road grading machines, pulled by by several teams of mules, - too light for heavy, and too heavy for light, and quite ineffective as road surfacers, but good "dust makers".

The distant hum, and buzz of the saw wheel, and the noise of a falling or thrown plank, the pounding of the old steam engine, and the whistling of whistles, that heralded the beginning, and close of a work day, could be heard in the distance; were as musical instruments to those millers sons.

and the watch of a new day.

These long chains of struggling, weeping oxen, as they pulled at their heavily loaded, wide rimmed wagon, that fairly creaked under the heavy load, that crawled so slowly down these dusty roads. These creatures of burden, yoked with those heavy wooden yokes, that had worn large calluses and bleeding blisters on those poor creature necks, a sickening view to the on-looker. Those yelling drivers, that cracked their long raw-hide whips to stimulate those animals to a greater united pull. All this, to the road side watcher was a thrill, as well as a heart rendering watch, but this in that day was called progress.

The traveling caravans of covered wagons, some 4-6 in a group, on their way to and from their source of supplies, their destination, Meridian. - Grouped together to provide fellowship in travel, and help and assistance to each other in their journey. The mid way of their travel, a 2 day stop over was the old Community School at Pine Springs, that provided protection, and camping facilities for their nights' stay, as they unditched and retired in their covered wagons, for a nights rest, and the beginning of their last day travel homeward.

The Gipsy Caravans, in their wagons, and their migration to their unknown destination, was another way-mark of Community interest. Their corruptive stealing, swapping and selling, and their pronounced blessings on your purse, was a part of the Community "Watch" until these travelers passed on through that area.

The wholesome entertainment of those Neighborhood hunts, with their pack of tracking dogs at their chase, in hard pursuit of their victims, whether Raccoon or Rabbit whether by Night or day, the reports of the gun fire, the silence of dogs in their chase, the blowing of the coon hunters horn, all gave evidence of an enjoyed bit of recreation that had come to its end.

The constant regularity of the gas or steam engines firing or steam escape, at the cotton gin, the great mill grinding of their corn, the chatter of the community store voices, in gossip, or in news exchange, or the telling of some laughable story or joke all had its part to contribute to the community interest and festivity; The alpha of comedians.

Lost, but not the least of all the wonders of a balanced community watch and stabilizing force, that kept a normal pulse and least rhythm in regularity, was the old "Union Church" in fellowship. The weekly reminder, that man does not live by Bread alone, but by the voice of the Spiritual Druid, that speaks to the soul of man, and the most meaningful. There the Baptist, Methodist, Holiness the Adventist, and Presbyterian pegged their differences of conviction and belief, for that conviction, should they have hands in Christian Brotherhood and fellowship, and entered into the corridors of "Old Union", and enjoyed the spiritual food set before them.

Well do I remember one of the saddest, but the greatest evidence of dedication to the cause of our Country, as three Brave Beated young men stopped by the old Community school, to say their last goodbyes, to a

Community they loved. as they pressed their way ^{on} to the Army Enlistment Headquarters as "Volunteers" in the service of world freedom.

The News of a World War I, had gripped the heart of Europe and their allies. America was to be drawn into the "Bloodshed."

There were tears, fears and prayers that followed these young Men, for their safety return, as they indited for the cause of freedom for all men. There still remains one, counted among the present living, who gave of his cup of willing service, and devotion. Who could, but forisly waned, repeat the story of the horrors of war.

We pause for a moment, in our silent dedication, in full salute to the dear one, and the many others, and for those who gave of their lives but never returned, - who gave of their all, in the fullest measure of devotion. To them we say "Thank you", for accepting our responsibility that we didn't share. for which we say again, "Thank you", & May God Continue to Bless America.

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This little review was present by one who shared in the earlier experience of fellowship of the Pine Spring Community.

Who no doubt received in his youth, that deep concern and impudens & interest in service to his fellow Men, as a medical professional.

Having given 36 years of part time service to Mott's Home Hospital as one of its Physicians. Who still remains active in his retirement, and seemingly knows ^{little} of the meaning of that expression "In retirement."