



# The CCHS *Newsletter*

Carroll County Historical Society

P. O. Box 1308

Carrollton, GA 30112

JANUARY 2015

## *Dale Robinson to Speak to Carroll County Historical Society*



Dale Robinson will be our Speaker for the January Meeting. Dale grew up in Bowdon and has spent most of his life in Carroll County. He is an Army veteran and served overseas during the Vietnam era in the Infantry and Military Police. His family's history of military service dates back to the 1600's. After returning to Carrollton he worked for Southwire for 42 years in Sales and Logistics.

Since retirement Dale has been very active in community and volunteer activities. He volunteers at Trinkka Davis VA Clinic and is a Safety Instructor for the Georgia Department of Natural Resources. He is a member of the Carroll County Veterans Memorial Park Association, Society of Third Infantry Division, American Legion Post 143 and the Honor Guard, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 165.

He writes a weekly column in the Times-Georgian Newspaper. And in his spare time, he enjoys fishing, canoeing, camping, shooting sports, scuba diving, and reading.

**Wednesday, January 21st, at 6:30 PM at Stallings Community Center Lions Parks Room**

**NOTE this one-time WEDNESDAY Night Meeting!**

## **Time to Renew Membership**

If you haven't renewed your membership for 2015, please see Enclosed Application Form or visit the CCHS Web-site at <http://www.carrollcountyhistory.org>

## A Sketch of the Life of James Martin Hamrick 1902 Carrollton, Georgia

### Chapter I

I, James Martin Hamrick, was born in Meriwether County near Luthersville on the 8th of March, 1838. Mother had 8 girls and 2 boys; the youngest, my little brother, died in 1854. I was raised on a farm by good, honest parents, strictly Primitive Baptist. I can recollect 1845, the dry year, when my father had to go 10 miles for his grinding; and they only ground half a bushel to the family, a great many having to grind their corn in coffee mills. In those days people raised but very little cotton and put it up in round bales, packing it with crowbars; and it would take about a week to thresh our a good wheat crop, turning the fan by hand. People dressed very common and had but few doctors. When we had chills and fever, our good old mothers would parch egg shells and anvil dust and give us, and we would recover.

My first recollection was when I was three years old. I went with Mother to the burial of a Mrs. Cruse, who was placed away with her infant in her arms, the coffin being plainly painted with lampblack and the vault covered with boards, there being but very little plank then. The next day I asked of my mother when they would be taken out and fed, when she explained to me that they were dead. Oh, such a change! Wife and I were there last summer and stood in a few feet of where I was born, but at the cemetery there was but little that I could recognize, while fine residences take the place of the old.

When the people found that I was the son of little Jimmie Hamrick, we were well cared for, free of charge; and it made me feel thankful to God that I was raised by good parents whom I buried. It will do any one good to visit the place of their birth. We lived in that section up to 1846, when Father sold and bought 2 miles east of Hogansville.

### Chapter II

Father bought land 2 miles east of Hogansville, Hogan's Store, as it was known before the West Point Road was built, and moved there in the fall of 1846. The next year he, with hired labor and we chaps, made a fine cotton crop, carrying 12 bales on 1 wagon drawn by six mules to Griffin. When crossing Flint River, I closed my eyes, fearing the flat would sink, but landing safely, and reaching our destination, sold the cotton in Columbus at 3 cents. Everyone was doing well then. Now we talk of hard times, but friends, we make the times what they are. In those days we dressed common, used no guano, and bought but few buggies. When we went to church, it was common to walk 3 or 4 miles. Log rollings and corn shuckings were common; and if a man failed to help his neighbor, he was thought but little of. Those were good days, when people had confidence in each other, when we sold meat, cattle, corn, fodder, lard, loaned money and many other transactions without giving or taking notes but merely charged it as does the merchant of today charge you with a pair of shoes.

In 1848 I went to school; Father bought me a dog knife, a set of marbles, and Mother made me a striped suit of clothes, and I have never felt prouder or finer since. At that school I took my first and last chew of tobacco, Frank Hendon giving me a glass marble to do so, and in a few seconds the house seemed to be turning like winding blades; but what that teacher did for us was a plenty. That fall my father got in better shape and bought his first Negro boy of 9 summers for \$400, selling his farm for a good profit. It was during this fall that I attended my first wedding. After supper the young people cut a cake containing a ring, saying the one getting it would be the next to marry; but I never cut as I thought they would have to marry that night.

I visited the old home last summer and what a change; yet I was in the old log house that I slept in 54 years ago and found but few of the old school mates living, I return many thanks to Jonas Sims who, in company with his brother William, carried me over Father's old plantation and to the old school-house site. These boys are among Troup's most noble men, running 40 ploughs.

My next will be on entering this county.

### Chapter III

Father moved from Troup to this county in the fall of 1848 and bought 400 acres of land and settled on the place where Jessie Embry now lives. At that time this county was a wilderness' deer and turkey were plentiful--I have seen as many as 16 deer in a bunch at one time; in fact, I have seen them come up with the cattle. Eighteen forty-nine was the year of the 15th of April freeze. We had corn half-leg high killed to the ground; also the wheat on 5 acres was killed, making only 5 bushels. There were no painted houses. Carrollton had about 4 stores and a small log jail. In those days there were no pistols carried. When there was a fight, it was a fist fight, and in a few hours they would take a drink together and become friends.

Eighteen fifty was a good crop year, and people began to move in and clear land and put up better buildings and a few churches, and schoolhouses were soon dotted in different localities. It was in this year that I went to school with my 2 older sisters. We would wash our feet and go barefoot; in fact, I never had a shoe on my foot up to my 15th birthday; and well I do remember the first time I went up to Macedonia, riding behind my dear father, with my fine shoes that he made for me, and they were painted with lampblack--I thought I was the finest person at the church--but those were the good times; and many were the rabbits, coons, and fish that I caught, but I never went fishing but one time on Sunday, and what my father did for me Monday morning following I will never forget. In 1851 there was no particular incident more than my finding a dead deer that I proceeded to skin, the money for which I bought a linen coat that I thought more of than a \$25 suit of today.

The following year death invaded our home claiming my sister Jane in the month of November. It was at this time I first met Capt. J.M. Kelly, and often I think of his kindness in going to Carrollton for the doctor but of no good as death claimed its own before their return but that night he and Capt. Frank Powell sat up with the corpse as neighbors were far apart then.

### Chapter IV

In 1852 we had a good crop year, also 1853, and I was getting up a good-size chap. I worked hard on the farm and attended school after the crops were laid by and spent many pleasant nights in the woods with 2 black boys, as I had no brothers, bird thrashing and hunting all kinds of game. Eighteen fifty-four was a dry year, and crops were very sorry.

That year my beard began to sprout, and I began to think that I was a man and commenced to look at the girls though I was the most bashful boy that ever lived--I was afraid they would bite a fellow. The first girl that I ever went with was that spring one beautiful Sunday in May. We walked about 1 mile, and I never tried as hard in my life to think of something to say, and just before we reached our journey's end I said to her: "This is a fine day, the sun shines so bright," and after I reached home, I thought of thousands of things I was sorry that I could not think of while with her.

Eighteen fifty-five was a fine crop year, and Father made about 1,200 bushels of corn and 30 stacks of fodder, plenty wheat and killed about 25 hogs and sold surplus at good prices. We raised very little cotton. Eighteen fifty-six was a good crop year but very cold having frost each month in the year except July and August, I have seen men cut wheat in June with their coats on. That year my 2 oldest sisters were married.

In 1857 I, though a boy of nineteen years, fell in love with a nice girl (in those days we did not say ladies) and asked if I could come to see her. She said, "Yes, sir!" and put a ring on my finger-- I thought I would faint and never slept any that night. I courted her the first of that year or tried to as I was afraid. In June I called on her one Sunday during the day as I thought the family could see something in my eyes. They went out in the garden and horse lot. I went to the door and looked out to see if anyone was in sight and then went back and sat down by her, turned my head, shut my eyes and said, "Miss Mary, I love you! Will you have me?" She said, "Yes, sir!" Right then I could not tell whether I was dying, sinking or swimming. When I came to myself, I said, "I will bring you some snuff and candy next Sunday." We were married the 4th Sunday in July by Josiah Tyson, J.P. She was a good woman, and today I hope she is with the redeemed, She was the youngest daughter of Nathaniel and Seala Smith.

My next brings me up to the war. . . . . *To Be Continued Next Month* . . . . .

## Message from President Dr. Jack Crews

I hope you have had a wonderful Christmas and New Year's Day and are ready to get going. During the break we have been planning our projects for 2015.

A number of very exciting things are available to report to you. The missing CCHS charter has been located in the Secretary of State Archives. We were chartered in July 1975 so we are officially celebrating our 40th year as a historical society. Having found the "missing" charter, work is proceeding on our 501-C3 designation which will make donations charitable contributions.

We are talking with the county about helping with the restoration of the historic Moore House at Moore's Bridge Park. Scott Eldred and I did a preliminary survey of the property's condition and rough estimate of the work needed to preserve it.

Please attend our January meeting for further information on these efforts.

## Request for Family Stories

CCHS wants your Carroll County Family stories for the Newsletters and for the Museum files. If you have collected genealogy information or have family stories that have been handed down, please contact the Society and let us help you document them.

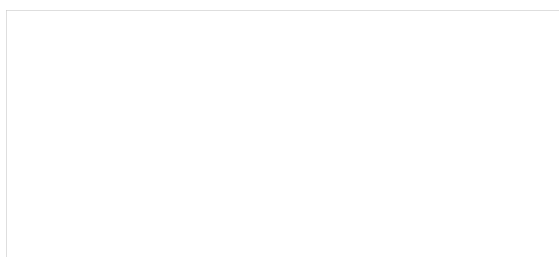
Every member has information to share that would be of interest to other members. If you don't act soon to save those stories, they may be lost forever.

**Please act now to preserve your part of Carroll County history!**

## CCHS BOARD MEMBERS FOR 2015

President	Dr. Jack Crews
Vice President	Scott Eldred
Past President	Dr. Mel Steely
Secretary	Wanda Maddox
Treasurer	Meredith Barr
Membership	
Publicity	Ben Moon
Newsletter	Harold Ivester
Archives	Gwyn Chesnut

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**CARROLL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION 2015**

**Individual Membership**  
**Family Membership**

**\$20 per year**  
**\$30 per year**

**Date:** \_\_\_\_\_, 2015

**Name(s):** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Home Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Cell Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**\* E-mail Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**\* E-mail addresses are important for receiving bulletins and announcements sent out concerning the Society activities between newsletters.**

**Membership \$** \_\_\_\_\_ **In Memory of** \_\_\_\_\_

**\*\* Donation \$** \_\_\_\_\_

**Total Paid \$** \_\_\_\_\_

**\*\* Donations to the Society will be used to fund preservation projects in Carroll County. All donations are Tax Deductible.**

**Members receive our CCHS Newsletter.**

**Mail to: Carroll County Historical Society  
P.O. Box 1308  
Carrollton, Ga. 30112**

**Historical Society Contacts**

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