

THE

BALDWIN STORY

BALDWIN, FLORIDA



*Dedicated to all who
 have shared in
 Baldwin's First Century
 1876 - 1976*

Baldwin, Florida

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PREFACE

The Baldwin Story is a narrative of a small town whose beginnings reach much further back in history than the date it was incorporated. The reader may find more enjoyment in this book if they understand its plan beforehand. This is more than a gathering of historical facts. It is a searching out of early pioneer citizens whose individual involvement have contributed to the growth of the town and the attempt to reveal the heart-beat of the times in each era, the personalities and events as they project themselves in the present.

It can be an adventure into the past that YOU can be a part of.

So many people have helped in the making of this book that to enumerate them all would weary the reader, however, special mention seems warranted to Emma P. Tanner who graciously supplied us with most of the historical facts toward the birth of Baldwin. Efforts in the "Mining" of such documented information are "pearls" of great price. We are greatly indebted to her generosity because of the limitation of time to prepare this book would not have permitted us to gather as much of this data which she compiled in her thesis of the story of Baldwin.

Some information concerning portions of family and church histories in our town have been shared so graciously it shows the blessing of God on the place where we call our home town . . . BALDWIN.

The first chapter is devoted to the underground roots of Baldwin's role preceding the Civil War and its formative years through the struggle of its early founders . . . thus forming an introduction to THE BALDWIN STORY, in its first century 1876-1976.

The remaining four chapters trace the progress of its people through the past century.

Hopefully in the reading you may discover some of the history YOU have helped to make.

We gratefully acknowledge those of you who have been so helpful and to share in this project by the Senior Citizens of Baldwin for a Centennial Birthday Observance in October 1976. To an unusual degree this is OUR book. I am privileged to compile and put it together.

Lillian Adams

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THOUGHTS ABOUT A BOOK

The word "book" will never again be thought of lightly by this writer. The undertaking of this task, even with all the help in gathering of facts, sorting of such, writing, re-writing, proofreading and making corrections, then sometimes beginning the cycle all over again . . . groping for words to convey thoughts . . . was no small venture with my limited amount of ability; anyway it is an attempt to communicate to the future children of Baldwin . . . what it was like before what it is now. When grandpa was a boy, or what grandma did when she was a little girl . . . those stories have died out to a great extent with the coming and staying of television. Perhaps through this "body of words" we can bring forth the thoughts that will cause our children to experience a deeper walk with their creator and observe God's hand in the affairs of men because such was true with the founders and builders of Baldwin. The toil involved with establishing laws which were in harmony with Gods laws. Baldwin's leaders have proved that great progress is possible but much remains to be done. If we combine our efforts in unity and continue with a heart that is right and encourage one another then the path of our progress will be much brighter much sooner. God's yoke is easy and his burden is light.

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LILLIAN ADAMS

Chapter 1

The Earliest Pioneers

The humble history brought forth in THE BALDWIN STORY is remarkably unique, as the reader of this book will soon discover. Stretching back in time, over four centuries ago to exhume the raw material of historical facts are responsibility of historians. They have fashioned them well into a pattern which helps complete our story portrait of Baldwin.

Its citizens of today are inclined to look at the immediate years rather than back at the early formative years of its conception, but the spirit and quality of Baldwin pulls both heart and mind. It is filled with vivid light and black shadows. The violence of the past which is recorded in this first chapter gradually disappears like vanishing thunder and is replaced with a more tranquil spirit in its people today.

The earliest residents of Baldwin were the Indians. It is thought that the first was a tribe of the Timucuan, and later the Seminoles. In addition to the old trails there are several Indian mounds. One is located about seven miles northeast of Baldwin near the homeplaces of Nate Fouraker and Luke Lane.

Flint arrowheads at one time were scattered all about us; mute testimony that dark-skinned, silent stealthy people once roamed at will through the swamps and piney woods of this vicinity. They are gone . . . leaving little to evidence the mystery of their wild picturesque life, the music of their language except their mounds and enduring arrowheads. Some are found near Baldwin Bay; a body of water several hundred feet wide which stretches across the northern section of this area.

Much of the early history is lost in obscurity due to lack of records or conflicting records; however, information is adequate in saying the Spaniards constructed a road from coast to coast across the northern part of Florida nearly four centuries ago. The road was known as "The Old Spanish Trail." The purpose of the Spaniards was to connect their missions and settlements from St. Augustine to Pensacola, Mobile, Biloxie and New Orleans.

Another road known as the "Alachua Trail" crossed the "Old Spanish Trail" twenty miles west of Jacksonville, thereby forming a junction. By the year 1835, a four horse stagecoach line was in operation between Jacksonville and Tallahassee via Baldwin. The coachline ran its advertisement in the old Jacksonville Chronicle, a weekly newspaper. The trips were made once a week at a fare of \$25.00. Passengers were very fortunate indeed when there was no call for all to get out and lend a helping hand

to push the coach out of a muddy place, regardless of wind or weather. Even when all went well the journey was never one of comfort. The coaches were rather crude affairs having two small front wheels and two large rear wheels. There was a constant rocking motion with only great leather straps to cushion the jolting ride. The horses plowed on in the sand and dust during the hot dry weather or floundered through mud, water and washouts during the rainy season. The crossroads always brought a sigh of relief to weary travelers, because it was there the first and last lap of the journey ended. It was there they could refresh themselves.

A man, known as Mr. Thigpen, had opened a tavern at the crossroads for the benefit of this stageline. He furnished fresh horses for the stagecoach, and for the travelers following the trails radiating from this point . . . he supplied food and a chance to rest. So, not later than 1846, Baldwin was known as THIGPEN. This was the same time Jacksonville was known as Cowford in its early history.

On January 18, 1851, the Legislature authorized the building of a plank road from Jacksonville to Alligator . . . later called Lake City. The cost was \$75,000.00. This was a toll road. By the early 1850's the country felt the pressing need for railroads. Among those most interested in rail transportation was a very prominent man in the history of Florida . . . David Levy Yulee. It is recorded that he told his son:

"Well as I love my fellowman, I shall spend time in doing what will make them happy. One of the things that will make them happy is to make a railroad so they can visit each other easier, and get more good from that which they labor to make from the earth. And so, nobody else was attending to make this railroad for them and I could do it. It was my duty to do it."

The railroad Mr. Yulee had reference to was the Florida Railroad, the first railroad to cross the state. Fernandina on the Atlantic was its eastern terminus and Cedar Keys on the Gulf of Mexico its western, a distance of 150 miles. The building of this railroad, a cherished dream of Mr. Yulee, was completed in 1860, but it never served the great purpose for which it was conceived by the mind of its creator . . . a strategic link in a commercial chain of world proportions, but it did serve as a boon to the little community of Thigpen. That portion of the Florida Railroad in Duval County was built in 1857. This was also the year when the Baldwin post office was established; August 10th, 1857.

An epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Jacksonville during the period of 1857-1859 which hindered the building of the Atlantic and Gulf Central Railroad from Jacksonville to Alligator (Lake City). The railroad did reach its destination on March 13, 1860. Two days later the event was celebrated by an excursion to Lake City; the name having been changed from Alligator on January 15, 1859. At a barbecue there Dr. Abel Seymour Baldwin was one of the speakers who addressed a large gathering that day. On March 21st a return trip thru Thigpen (not yet named Baldwin) and on to Jacksonville where another celebration took place at the Judson House with a colorful ceremony.

With the coming of the railroad there were changes made in Thigpen. We have no record of the fate of Mr. Thigpen but it appears that he

was the right man at the right time and accomplished his purpose well, but the coming of the railroads automatically closed his business. It was around this period when the people of Thigpen desired to change the name of the community to Baldwin in honor of Dr. Baldwin who had rendered so much of his valued services in this area since 1838.

Abel Seymour Baldwin was born in Oswego County, New York on March 18, 1811. Orphaned in infancy, he was adopted by an uncle in Madison County, New York, where for some time he was taught by private tutors. He was graduated from Geneva (now Hobart) College in 1834 with the Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts Degrees and then studied medicine.

Two years later he received an appointment as botanist in the geologic survey of Michigan, but exposure incident to camp life in that state resulted in an acute attack of rheumatic fever, which made it impossible for him to continue with the work. He returned to New York completed his medical studies, and received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine from Geneva College in 1838. The climate in the North did not agree with him, he suffered recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever, and the following winter he departed for Florida with his bride. He arrived in Jacksonville on December 2, 1838. This was about midpoint of the Seminole War. Looking back from the vantage point of today, it can be seen that the history of Baldwin would have been quite different had he decided to settle elsewhere. He was a versatile man. A newcomer with unusual qualities in being practical, studious, and scientific. Because of his training in botany he was well versed in the life and growth of plants. He did fine carving on ivory and wood and also played several musical instruments. He was an active member of the St. Johns Episcopal Church and for many years was the leader of its choir. His medical practice carried him within a radius of thirty miles of Jacksonville, much of the territory he covered on horseback. From 1839-1852 he kept records of the reading of the thermometer and the state of the weather. After that date he was a regular correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, to which he furnished a full meteorological record. Later these records became a basis for studies of the climatology of Florida. Their publication did much to attract great numbers of tourist to Florida each winter. He was instrumental in obtaining appropriations from Washington, D.C. to close the mouth of the St. Johns river at the Ft. George Inlet thus forcing a channel deep enough to allow the passage of larger vessels up the river to Jacksonville. He derived this from his studies and observations of the tides and currents. Years later because of his continued interest in the project, the system of jetties which now stand at the mouth of the St. Johns river was developed. His many and varied talents and dedication to help his fellowman are recorded in history at the Hayden Burns Library in Jacksonville; under Florida collections. For sixty years, almost to the day, he led the vanguard of progress in Duval County.

His death was on December 8th, 1898 at the age of eighty-eight. This is the man to whom the people of Thigpen wished to do honor by dropping the former name and calling the town BALDWIN. In Webb's book on Historical Florida, he says Baldwin was settled in 1858, but the map on file in Washington, D. C. compiled by Lt. Blake for General Winfield Scott, in 1846 shows Thigpen in the present location of Baldwin.

We know that settlers were here before that date. The 1860 census gives the name of John S. Sammes, wife and three children. He is listed as a farmer and valued at \$120,000. Mr. Sammes was a native of New York. He was a scalawag during the Civil War and Reconstruction. He is also associated with Jacksonville. He left nothing of antiquity for future posterity in this area except his label of scalawag.

The 1860 census also revealed general occupations were farming and logging. Some were registered as laborers, one a gentleman, a light ship tender, teamster, and one a seamstress. Regardless of any census, we know the names of a few families who lived in Baldwin during the late 1850's and immediately after the Civil War in 1865.

It is told they fled from Baldwin to Waldo, Florida when the Federal troops came to Jacksonville. The names of those families were Coy, Crighton and Duprey, Mr. and Mrs. Coy were natives of Boston, Mass. The Coys had several daughters. One married a Duprey who lived and kept a store in Baldwin. A frame building in which Viola Brinson ran a restaurant and rooming house across from where the post office now stands. It was torn down during the early part of the year, 1976. Another daughter married Alexander Crighton, whose name is listed as one of the signers of the state Constitution. They reared one child, a daughter, who married G. W. Bryce, a lieutenant in the Confederate Army.

In 1859 the first telegraph line was built from Jacksonville to Baldwin where it connected with the line from the North.

During this time of peaceful settlement, war was threatening to engulf the nation. In April of 1861 Fort Sumpter was fired upon, thus beginning the bloodiest war in history. A war in which the South was completely devastated and impoverished. Would it be ironical to say that LOCATION being the cause which led to the birth of Baldwin, now, for the same reason, led to her devastation?

By March of 1862 the coast from St. Augustine and North was in Federal hands or under the protection of northern gunboats. The southern troops who had not been sent north had fallen back to Baldwin and Sanderson.

The Legislature in 1862 passed a law allowing the circuit Court of Duval County to be held at Baldwin for the reason that the county seat was in the hands of the Union forces.

The Aaron Acosta family fled from Jacksonville when the Union gunboats came within view. Mr. Acosta, with his wife and four children, with what belongings they could carry, took a rowboat and poled along the river's bank to Ortega. Here they stayed several days in the deserted home of Wilkinson Call. Then, in company with other fleeing refugees . . . they walked to Baldwin over the Old Plank Road. The Acosta family, whose descendants remain prominent in Jacksonville today, stayed in Baldwin until the community was captured and Negro troops came to arrest Mr. Acosta and forced him to return to Jacksonville and take the oath of allegiance. To be certain that nothing was hidden, the Negro soldiers thrust bayonets through their beds. Strategically, the community was important to the Federal Government, being the railway junction from which dispersed lines to Jacksonville, Georgia, Fernandina, Cedar Keys

and Central Florida. Supplies belonging to the Confederacy were stored here in warehouses. Camp equipment, cannon, accoutrements, forage, cotton thread, cotton sheeting, rice, molasses, blankets, salt, hides, sugar, flour, turpentine and such. These with forty horses and mules were captured and used or destroyed. Herders were organized by Summerline and cattle trails established from the Caloosahatchee range to Baldwin. Here they were shipped to the Confederate troops at the rate of 600 a week during the freighting season from April to August. The following account is given by Fredarick T. Davis; History of Jacksonville, Florida and its vicinity:

In February of 1864 just at dawn. Col. Henry, head of a detachment, the 40th Mass. Mounted Infantry . . . RODE INTO BALDWIN TO DESTROY THE BREAD BOX OF THE CONFEDERACY. ITS RAILSTATION, WAREHOUSES, BUILDINGS, STORES AND PROVISIONS passed into Federal possession without a shot being fired. The few people remaining in Baldwin, many had fled, told the invaders that the Confederate troops had retired westward. "Yes, sir, Baldwin is a dreadful poor city with a right smart poor people in it," said one citizen to a man in the Federal ranks. The trooper had no reason to doubt the pitious truth of the remark.

February 17, 1864 the Federal troops were still in Baldwin. General Seymour sent General Gillmore word that he was proceeding to the Suwannee River to destroy the railroad bridge. He did not reach the Suwannee as he was intercepted by General Joseph Finegan and his men near Olustee. At Olustee, February 22, 1864, the Battle of Olustee was fought. It was a decisive victory for the Confederates. The Union troops killed in battle were 203 and wounding 1,152 while the confederate soldiers lost 93 in death and 847 wounded.

On Sunday, July 24, 1864, the Union forces were observed by Confederates when they began to cross the south fork of Black Creek. The Confederates were driven back and a force sent to destroy two small trestles on the Baldwin-Gainesville railroad. Colonel Morgan with 200 men, made a march of 31 miles around the Confederate camp and burned the large trestle over the St. Marys river, capturing the guard there.

Baldwin was again occupied by Union troops in July of 1864. Negro troops tore up sections of railway track between Cedar Keys and Baldwin. In August Negro troops destroyed much of the track between Baldwin and Jacksonville. August 15th Baldwin was evacuated by the Union troops, but not until Col. W. H. Noble had set fire to all buildings, warehouses, stores of iron, and almost anything else that would burn. According to records the postoffice could have been an exception as it was established August 10, 1857 and was not dis-established until July 7th in 1868.

On August 9, 1864, there were three regiments of infantry, a battery and battalion of Cavalry in Baldwin. On August 10th there was a skirmish a few miles west of Baldwin near the Duval County line between Union and Confederate Cavalry. The Confederates attacked the Union, who were tearing up the railroad tracks. Two companies of Confederates drove the Union troops back toward Baldwin, but General Hatch sent reinforcements of 100 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, forcing the southern troops to retire beyond the St. Mary's. This was the last action on Duval county soil during the war, excepting occassional minor forays.

Some of the Confederate troops were paroled at Baldwin. Among

them were Capt. Alford Van Benthusen of New Orleans and Capt. Ted Emory of Maryland, members of the party who had accompanied the Confederate cabinet on its flight from Richmond after the evacuation of Petersburg.

The following April 9th, 1865 the Civil War as waged on the battlefield was over. Lee handled his army in masteriy fashion and he surrendered only after his resources in men and equipment were exhausted. The material resources of the South had seriously been crippled by the march of Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah in the fall and winter of 1864; The time when Baldwin was occupied by Union troops is quite significant in thought at this point.

Because of Dr. Baldwin's participation in the struggle for southern independence the United States Marshal in the District Court for Northern Florida confiscated all of his property soon after he returned to Jacksonville . . . soon after Florida seceded, Dr. Baldwin offered his services to the Confederacy and was made medical director for Florida and was stationed at Lake City throughout the WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Lincoln's diplomacy had already laid the basis for wise reconstruction to follow the war, but his assassination removed the only man who could lead wisely in this process. Andrew Johnson, who became president lacked the tact and skill to carry out Lincoln's policy, although he set himself to the task. For the South, conditions were deplorable. Although the war ended, its legacy of animosity lasted long, and the fragments of its effect on some emotions remain in the hearts of many people to this very day.

An overthrow of the ruling class, the labor system and to add insult to injury by sending political leaders from the north . . . strangers to the life and traditions of the South . . . took charge of affairs, placing many poor Negroes in responsible positions . . . filling the cup of sorrow to the brim. Virtually the fallen South lay prostrate at the victor's feet. The years ahead was not without its domestic troubles. The nation was struggling with incredible poverty. Baldwin bore its share of sorrow and misfortune.

Chapter 2

Baldwin's Birth and Growth

There seemed to be more clouds than clarity in my mind as to the meaning of a charter, a franchise and being incorporated; so I offer this bit of distinguished definition from Mr. Daniel Webster.

A charter is a grant or guarantee of rights, franchises, or privileges from the sovereign power franchises, or privileges from the sovereign power of a state or country . . . an instrument in writing creating and defining the franchises of a city. An incorporated town means . . . united in one body . . . formed into a legal corporation; and a 'franchise' is the right or license granted to an individual or group to market a company's goods or services in a particular territory, the territory involved in such a right.

Hopefully this information will clear the air and we will proceed to Article I, Section I in the Ordinance Book where it is recorded at Baldwin City Hall, that the Town of Baldwin was originally incorporated on October 9th, 1876. (Photostatic Copy of Archibald Book A2, Duval County office No. 9514, sheet 380.) In 1913 by Ch. 6663, the town was incorporated by Legislative Act, and approved by Governor Park Trammell on the 22nd of May. The boundary lines were so that the town site covered one and seven-eighths square miles. This Act provided for a mayor, five councilmen, a clerk, who was to be a tax collector, and other officers as needed by law or by ordinance of the town.

After Baldwin was chartered in 1876 there began other significant events which took place . . . it was during this era when the Negro people decided to form a church. In the year 1877 the Campbell Chapel A.M.E. Church was founded under the leadership of R. B. Brokins. It is known today as the Collins Chapel A.M.E. Church. In its earliest origin it was part of a circuit . . . connected with the Bryceville church. Circuit riders searched the backwoods for religion-starved settlers and helped to organize such churches. They were as much a fixed character in those days as loggers or hunters. Some of its pastors down through the years, after the circuit riders faded away with the times . . . were: J. J. Madison, I. D. Ford, C. S. McFarland, S. E. Felders and the present pastor is the Rev. B. C. Williams.

Another colored church was founded in 1878, by the Rev. J. H. Henry at Deep Creek but was relocated at its present site by Highway 301 in the early 1900's. The name of this church is St. Paul Baptist Church. It was a frame building in the year of 1912 because we still have a living resident in Baldwin today who testifies that she became a member of the church in 1912 and the church was made of wood at that time. Her name is Attie Thomas and her son is a minister of the gospel today and is also a resident of Baldwin . . . Rev. Lee Thomas. Some of the former pastors are

Rev. Hodges, Rev. Jones and the present pastor is Rev. H. L. Baker.

Within these years the government had a policy in granting small homesteads which encouraged family sized holdings of land. In 1883 land in Baldwin sold from \$2.00 to \$10.00 an acre. D. J. Parrish was the postmaster then and the postoffice was housed in his store of general merchandise.

Worthy of note, near this date . . . the parents of one of our senior citizens today, Gertie Harvey whose father, William Alvie Harvey married Jessie Sevena Carter, her mother, in the year 1886. The ceremony was performed by Justice of the Peace, W. W. Coleman.

The Baldwin Methodist Church was organized in 1881. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dupree deeded the lots to build the church on March twenty-sixth 1890, to the following trustees: Dr. G. W. Williams, Mr. H. S. Reed, and Mr. H. O. Berry.

According to historical data, the population in Baldwin in 1885 was 250. At that time there was a good school in town. According to the remembrance of old time settlers . . . the first school was the traditional "Little Red Schoolhouse." This was a one-room structure with a circular roof and was located at 140 U.S. 90 . . . where the Bunn's home is now located. It is not known just when it was established, however the Baldwin Methodist Church records their meetings were first held in the Baldwin School building the year of 1881 when the church was organized.

In the late 1890's the old one-room school building was razed and replaced by a large two-room structure. Here the children of Baldwin learned their three "R's" until the walls were too small again. The two-roomed building was sold to G. M. Tanner, who moved it down the street and converted it into a dwelling house. (It housed many families until it was destroyed by fire in 1935.)

It was in 1892 when another railroad, the ATLANTIC COAST LINE, extended its line just inside the northern boundary of the town.

A hurricane in 1896 blew down the frame building of the Methodist Church, it was rebuilt at once.

Around 1912 a two-story frame building was constructed for the use of a school house, large enough to accommodate the increasing enrollment of pupils, the upper story was used by the Masons and the Woodmen Of The World.

W. S. Webb, in his book on Historical Florida, published in 1885, says there was a Baptist Church in Baldwin, presided over by Rev. J. C. Roberts. It was learned that the Baptist met in the "Little Red Schoolhouse" as early as 1896, after the Methodist rebuilt their church in 1896. The Baptist used their building once each month until 1902.

Rev. D. C. Andrews of Jacksonville came to Baldwin and helped to organize the FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH of Baldwin. It was readily admitted to the Jacksonville Baptist Association. C. L. Oliver (father of L. C. Oliver), Daniel J Parrish and J. M. Saucer were the first men to serve as deacons. G. M. Tanner served as the first clerk for the church. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Parrish gave the land and the plan for the construction

of the church Mr. Parrish was also Sunday School Superintendent and held this position until 1906 when Mr. Saucer became Superintendent and filled that office until his death in 1941; a period of thirty-five years.

Any county records prior to May 1901 were destroyed when the court house in Jacksonville was burned in the disastrous fire of 1901. Records of the town were destroyed when the building in which they were kept burned in 1910. The lower story of this building served the purpose of the town's jail. One night a prisoner determined to release himself by setting fire to the jail, but before he could be rescued from the burning structure, the building collapsed upon him.

The town must have had some form of a charter during the Reconstruction Period, since Dave Walker, a Negro, was the Marshal. He was still living in Baldwin in the early 1900's and was known as "Old Uncle Dave."

In a book which records the history of Duval County, there is a portion which mentions some of the citizens in Baldwin in the year 1883-1884. Rev. J. O. Coleman, Baptist, W. W. Coleman, general merchandise; Mrs. E. Coy, hotel, George Dowling, Gen. Mdse. and gristmill, W. H. Dupray, dry goods and groceries; Smith & James Naval Stores; D. H. Tanner & Son, general mdse., Anna Upton, saloon and mill. Comment of the writer of this history was: This place is mainly devoted to mercantile pursuits. Others mentioned were Miss S. Bauskett, teacher . . . A. B. Clark, station agent, Mrs. E. Ivey, boarding, S. L. Murry, boarding, J. E. Roberts, carpenter.

So . . . the names of the pioneer citizens ring out . . . like solid blows of the hammer upon the old anvil in the Blacksmith Shop of Robert Parrish located at one time on the Yellow Water Road area. COLEMAN — COY — CRIGHTON — DUPREE — DOWLING — TANNER — CLARK — McCRAE — SAUCER — and as the ticking of time overtakes . . . many other names and events make their claim upon the pages of the history of Baldwin's joys of triumphs, sorrows and tribulations and progress of its people.

George M. Tanner, moved to Baldwin in 1890. Before his death on December 27, 1955; Emma Tanner, his daughter-in-law gleaned the following information: The A. B. Clark mentioned by Webb was the railroad agent for the Florida Railroad in the 1880's and 1890's. Mr. W. H. Duprey had a store where Viola Brinson once had a cafe at the end of Center Street . . . across from the postoffice. That Mr. and Mrs. Duprey were very active in the Methodist Church. Mr. B. Upton was a roadmaster for the Florida Railroad, a sawmill operator or owner and a saloonkeeper. His saloon was near the depot. Robert Parrish lived several miles away in the Yellow Water section. He did farming and ran a blacksmith shop. The above names were mentioned by W. S. Webb's Historical Florida, as outstanding citizens.

As is recorded in the first chapter, Mr. G. M. Tanner was active in civic affairs. He married Dora Peterson in 1896. They bought the Upton home, which at that time was the only two-story house in Baldwin. The house soon burned. Mr. Tanner bought several stores but remained in the mercantile business. To his first marriage a son, Robert E. Tanner and a daughter, Lyda Tanner-Brown were born. After the death of his wife, he

married Miss Florrie Prescott. Mr. Tanner served in the First Baptist Church as deacon, clerk and teacher. He was also a civic minded leader. He was appointed on the Board of County Commissioners by Gov. Park Trammell and served many years as school trustee. He was instrumental in getting City Waterworks and U.S. Highway 301 to pass through Baldwin. He served on the Duval County Budget Commission and was chairman of Duval County Welfare Board during the administrations of Gov. Cone and Gov. Holland. Indeed he blazed the trail as a pioneer administrator down through the years for Baldwin. Its citizens can be grateful for one of such spiritual stature and intellectual wisdom.

In 1918 two citizens of Baldwin, Otis Coleman and C. B. McRae, gave a block bounded by Center Street on the east, Orange Street on the north, and Chestnut Street on the west, and Gold Street on the south to the Duval County School Board for the purpose of constructing a school and playground. A two-story red brick building was constructed on the new site and was ready for use when the fall term opened in 1919.

Because of the consolidation of several schools, it was necessary to expand again around 1928.

Through the efforts of Mr. C. E. Saunders, principal of the school for eight years; J. A. Beard and G. M. Tanner . . . trustees . . . a Senior High School was established. This was the only High School beyond the city limits of Jacksonville until the Fletcher High School was built at Jacksonville Beach.

Baldwin at this time had a very serious drainage problem. Residents of Baldwin and surrounding area paid drainage taxes for years before the digging of a canal to relieve the problem of standing water in the heart of the town.

One of the older settlers, G. W. Pringle recalled some years ago: "When I came to Baldwin as a small boy, the first thing I noticed was George Ford fishing off the restaurant porch." Another place where citizens could fish was the railroad depot platform in Baldwin. Another little known but very interesting fact was the knowledge that rice was once grown in Baldwin. Frederick Campbell came from Scotland at the age of 19 and stayed in Iowa for a time and migrated to Florida in the decade of 1890 . . . this was when the rice was raised . . . so you see why many of our descendants come from a long line of puddle jumpers! Frederick Campbell was the grandfather of one of our residents, Stuart Campbell. His father was Clifford Campbell.

The canal was started in Nassau County in Baldwin Bay and is routed up to Deep Creek into Duval County and on through Baldwin. The work was begun in 1916 by a private construction company and dropped because it went broke. Another company continued with the digging and was not finished until the early 1920's.

Lacy O. Thomas, one of our senior citizens was an employee for the contractor in the digging of this canal and was an eyewitness when John Mitchell Thomas was killed one night in an accident. Pasco Fouraker and Luke Lane were young boys of 17 years and they were working with Lacy . . . "we had a big bon-fire going to light up the area well enough to see," he recalled, "plus lantern light." There had been a rest period to

stop and eat a bite. One of the men had fallen asleep on the ground; when the operator of this big crane or "dipper" that did the digging . . . Lacy stopped to explain that this equipment was powered with firewood and it was our job as 'ground men' to keep a supply of wood ahead for its working. "Well, sir, when this feller started up that crane, the smoke from the fire blew in his face and he could not see the man that had fallen asleep on the ground." Lacy saw what was going to happen and yelled a warning to the crane operator and waved his arms but he thought he was "just cuttin' up," not realizing that a tragedy was about to take place. The heavy dipper fell on the man, crushing him severely from the waist down. Lacy and another man ran almost all the way to Baldwin to get Dr. Brinson. There was nothing he could do for him but relieve some of his pain; but he did not die until about 10 a.m. the next morning. The man killed was JOHN MITCHEL THOMAS. "We called him 'Mitch' . . . he was about 40 years old Had a wife and two children I think at the time . . . he's buried out there at BRANDY BRANCH CEMETERY."

Ethel Fouraker and Mabel Lane, now widows of Pasco Fouraker and Luke Lane, the two other men who were working with Lacy Thomas that fateful night; are now senior citizens also and they went to find his grave recently as a help in gathering information for this book. . John Mitchel Thomas was born August 12, 1882 and died on May 3rd 1919. He is one of the unsung hero's of the history of Baldwin. His tombstone is now black with age time has put upon it. Worthy of mention . . . that graveyard goes back as far as the 1840's. Gold was hidden in an old hol'ow tree in that area during the Civil War.

"Yes," Lacy Thomas continued, "we paid \$4.00 an acre drainage tax for years and years. Some fellow by the name of Adams finally got a law passed in the Legislature that got it removed from peoples deeds . . . it was like a shadow over their land. It was terrible. I have an article out of the Times-Union that told all about that; how it came to being, what the people paid and how it came about its removal." So . . . that is why he is still looking for that article as we go to the printers.

During this era, Dr. William David Brinson Sr. became a resident in Baldwin in June 1913. He was a native of Brinson, Georgia. He attended the University of Georgia for his pre-medical schooling, then enrolled in the Vanderbilt University Medical School where he obtained his degree. After graduating he moved to Baldwin to practice medicine but was also active in business; being owner of the Baldwin Drug Company and president of Brinson Turpentine Company at Maxville.

He was a smallish man in stature and walked with a rather quick but determined step. He spoke quietly, severely, as one who gives directions only once. Many of the readers of this book will remember W. D. Brinson in at least one of four possible ways: as a very capable and efficient doctor, a civic minded leader, a business administrator or as a man who loved his family and community. No collection of words can adequately describe the works and the influence of this man. His earthly sojourn of 69 years was filled with many achievements that rounded out into a very colorful life of service. A listing of them is not feasible here for lack of time and space, but they need not be listed really; all who knew him were aware that he was an unusual person . . . a person who believed in people, regardless of their station in life, he thought they

were entitled to the very best that could be obtained. He was not satisfied with the mediocre. He entered into life with much enthusiasm and was always eager to help others. Though he stood only 5' 5½" he was tall in many ways in Baldwin, and maintained this image throughout his lifetime. He married Marie Elizabeth Smith of Dillon, South Carolina on July 27th 1927 and brought his bride to Baldwin. She too has been a blessing to this community and especially to this writer. She did not know I was about ready to throw up my hands and forget about this book! My typewriter had decided to 'stay' on capitol letters indefinitely and was driving me up the wall.

We sat on her front porch and as she moved the swing gently now and then she read aloud almost all of the chapter 'Voices of the People' . . . that was encouraging. It prompted me to continue what had been started. The Lord brought to my mind Eccles. 9:10 "Whatever thy hand find to do, do it with thy might" A guardian angel could not have been more considerate of feelings or needs at that time. To be an inspiration to others is almost a lost art among the human race anymore.

Dr. Brinson and his wife had two children; twins. A son, William David Jr. and a daughter, Harriett Elizabeth, which brought much happiness to their parents while growing up. Dr. Brinson died suddenly one Saturday morning of a heart-attack in the drugstore of Baldwin which had been built for his use by Mr. Brown around 1926 or 1927. He was a member of the Methodist Church and Baldwin Lodge 217 F. & A. M. As a prominent physician he held membership in Florida State Medical Society, Duval County Medical Society, Southern Medical Society, and the Seaboard Air Line Railway Surgeons. Dr. Brinson had a brother Peyton A. Brinson who was also a doctor, a retired physician who practiced in Macclenny for many years.

The Seaboard Coastline Shops were established in 1925; having the shops here and being a junction too, brought in many families, employees of the railroad.

Another business that had instant success in Baldwin was the Ice Plant. Because food spoiled easily in the warm climate, ice was a vital resource to Florida's young economy. Electric power first sold as a by-product of ice manufacturing in many of Florida's pioneer towns. A plant in Baldwin was added to the Florida Power and Light Company's properties in 1926 (ice making by machinery was invented by Dr. John Gorrie of Apalachicola in 1845).

One family that arrived in Baldwin to help build this Ice Plant was Steve "Red" Stephenson. His widow, Lillie Stephenson is still a resident near Baldwin city limits and still cares for a small greenhouse although she is in her mid-eighty's. She said, "I arrived in Baldwin on May 12, 1926. For two years we lived in two tents; slept in one and cooked and ate in the other one. We built a little gas station near the end of 1926. Mr. Stephenson died in 1932 when the station caught fire and burned down . . . causing his death. This left Mrs. Stephenson a widow with four children to raise. She earned a living as a Licensed Practical Nurse and worked 21 years at Duval Medical Center in the "Daniel Unit" (the paying part of Duval Medical Center, as it was known in those days).

As we continued our interview Mrs. Stephenson recalled an impor-

tant portion of Mr. Stephenson's life as he worked in the construction of the Ice Plant . . . he was instrumental in developing a way of freezing ice without leaving a "muddy streak" in the middle of the block of ice.

The Baldwin Ice Plant, upon completion of an addition of its facilities in 1928, produced some 20 tons of ice daily. The plant was located right beside the railroad and was used to "re-ice" fruits and vegetables from the southern part of the state before being shipped to northern states for markets. The Ice Plant was built by the Fruit Growers Express Company.

During this period, Southern Bell made its appearance in Baldwin. There were 13 subscribers for the telephone in 1926.

The years during the depression were ones of great hardship after the "crash" in the stock market in 1929 and jobs were scarce. Few people realized how harsh the 30's would be. It would have been easy for people to sit down and quit, or just give up. Many did. The Great Depression was severe enough that the spirit of mankind could have been broken, but such was not the case in Baldwin. Few men had steady work with the railroad. One resident remembered he had an uncle who drove a truck for the Times-Union . . . made a salary of \$27.00 a week. That was good pay in those days. People had bees which provided for their "sweet tooth" . . . gardens to can their vegetables . . . fruit trees . . . and most farm folk had livestock to produce the meats needed for the table . . . milk enough to share with another family . . . all this helped to relieve the problems of feeding the families.

Lacy Thomas recalled of that era when word was there may be work in Jacksonville and many men stood in line overnight and part of the next day . . . hoping to get work. Some people in a fancy car came and brought us hot coffee. We sure appreciated it. Then word came through the next day . . . there were no jobs to be had. We went home . . . greatly disappointed.

This reminds me of a little story that was supposed to be made by ol' John D. Rockefeller in those days. It was said that he could tell anyone how they could feed a family on \$15.00 a week. An old timer said: "any goof knew that but his problem was how to get the \$15.00!"

Mrs. Marie Brinson was active with the Red Cross during those years and was influential in getting milk served to the school children during the difficult years of the depression.

Another business which flourished for a time was the Flowers crate-mill which was located near the railroad in the northern part of town in the early 1930's. Marion Bullard's maiden name was Flowers. Her father was the owner and operator of the mill. The spanse of its operation was from July 1934 to the summer of 1940 when the business was moved to Bunnell.

Still the good times always outweigh the bad in life on this earth and it is the good part of the thirties which the old-timers talk about today.

During the year of 1930 The Methodist Church of Baldwin enlarged their building by adding three Sunday School rooms to the original struc-

ture that was built in 1912. (Baldwin and Bryceville Churches were built from the same plan.)

Several years later there began the forming of yet another church in Baldwin. There began a breaking away in the First Baptist Church around 1933 which led to the organization of "The Common Peoples Baptist Church." It was established in the year 1937. They were accepted into the BLACK CREEK ASSOCIATION. The founders of this church was John Higginbotham, Raymond Ellison, Jim Godwin, S. E. Godwin, M. L. Knight, F. H. and Dave Higginbotham and R. B. Young.

Some of the charter members were Mr. and Mrs. Harley Higginbotham, Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Oliver, Mr. Oliver being the first Sunday School Superintendent and Clyde Oliver serving as the first Church Clerk. Brother George Hall was supply pastor until one was called.

Some of the former pastors were George Cutshaw, Ruby Drury, James McKendrey, Roy Malard, Bob Sensat, Kenneth Brooks, Lynn Frost and the present pastor is Rev. Ron Gearis.

The church name was changed to Orange Street Baptist Church and later . . . during the decade of the 60's the church withdrew from the Black Creek Association and became Independent, the name was again changed to Baldwin Grace Baptist Church.

The Hercules Powder Company moved to Baldwin in 1938. To accommodate the fifty families it employed, they built a community about one and one-half miles from Baldwin on Highway 90 . . . a real introduction as a first sub-division you might say!

The children of these families increased the enrollment in the schools of Baldwin. Due to this recurrence of growth there were two wings added in 1939 to the school which was built in 1918. George A. Jeffers was the principal at that time. The High School which was established in 1928 in addition to its regular courses offered commercial, home economics and manual arts.

Now the people of Baldwin had something at last to be proud of. Buildings are often thought of as having personalities . . . then came the great catastrophe! During the early hours, just after midnight, May 15, 1948 fire was discovered in the gymnasium. The alarm spread quickly. Firemen from Jacksonville and Macclenny rushed in to extinguish the flames, but the building was doomed. Baldwin had no water system. With tear filled eyes, one witness and teacher in the school, Emma P. Tanner, stood hopelessly by and watched the destruction. She had taught in Baldwin since 1920 with the exception of the years 1922-1928. These years taken off for the purpose of starting a family. She deeply loved the school and had worked long and hard, watching the progress of the children from the first grade through High School. It seemed to her as if they were gazing upon the agony of a loved one passing on.

The only things saved were the school records and the office equipment. How the fire originated was never determined. By Tuesday, May 18th under the leadership of principal John A. Geilen Jr. school work resumed after the loss of one day. The churches, City Hall and the Orange Street Baptist Church parsonage opened their doors to be used as classrooms.

The following fall, nine army buildings had been placed on the site of the old school ground and school went on as usual.

According to our state law, new school buildings must be placed on lots having an area of not less than 10 acres. As the present school grounds were inadequate to meet new regulations, a search began for a favorable site for the new school. Finally a plot on Coleman Blvd. and Mill Street was selected and on this site a \$50,000 school was erected during the winter and summer of 1948-1949.

It was a modern building equipped with most of the modern conveniences of teaching. The elementary wing had six classrooms, dark room for instructional education with films, film strips and slides, an opaque machine, art room, music room and a clinic. The High School wing had a well equipped shop, home economics department, commercial and other classrooms. There is a large library and a very up-to-date cafeteria and kitchen. There are three offices for the use of principal and clerk.

In 1948, Mrs. Mamie Jones, the first grade teacher retired from public teaching . . . we will tell you more about this fabulous lady later.

In 1950, a gymnasium-auditorium was completed and connected to the main school building by an arcade. This same year, Mr. C. E. Bell, the commercial teacher retired in January because of ill health. He died in October of '51; another death which presented great loss to the school was Mrs. Janie Manning, the home-economics teacher was fatally injured in an automobile accident one morning enroute to school.

In 1952 an agriculture building was completed. At this time the school enrollment was 365. Duval County employed five buses to transport the children from neighboring districts. One bus had two routes. There were 16 teachers, the principal and a clerk on the faculty in 1952. Mrs. Ethel Young was head of the cafeteria during these years. There was one head custodian and two colored maids.

The principal, Elmer C. Brewton, through his untiring efforts, accomplished the landscaping of the school grounds. Azaleas, ligustrum, holly and other shrubbery grow around the building and border the grounds with crape myrtles, dogwood and Australian Pines.

It was in 1954 that industry began to move into Baldwin. Southern Wood began construction and by November of that year they began the first treatment. W. L. Martinell was the man in charge of the operation.

During 1954 was also the year Westinghouse purchased four and a half acres of land on the east side of Baldwin near the intersection of U.S. routes of 90 and 301. They built a repair branch for Westinghouse Electric Corporation to be used exclusively as a repair center for motors, generators, transformers and other electrical apparatus under their supervision. The plant serves railroads, industrial concerns and electric utility customers in Florida and south Georgia. The primary reason which prompted them to build here in Baldwin was . . . Florida manufacturing locations had increased at a rate that is five times greater than the national average since 1946. About twenty-five people are employees which are specialists in apparatus repair.

The building is constructed of brick, concrete block and steel and contains approximately 18,000 square feet of shop and office space. Cost of the facility was estimated at more than \$250,000. Ike Bentley has been with the firm since its beginning and remains with them to this present time. R. W. Potts heads up the Corporation and Denny Ecoff is plant manger. He has more 'white sheets' hanging on his office wall than one has on a three week wash-day clothesline! Very impressive. He is all business on the job but is very congenial and has a deep concern for his community. This is a unique quality which distinguishes him from many leaders of our day . . . he seeks to use his knowledge as an instrument to help others that have not been as fortunate in the intellectual field . . . an old adage "if you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it," holds true with this man.

To gather the young and direct their enthusiasms to a worthy aim of making the world better has been his endeavor. He has the willing and winning ability of 'know how' and 'show how' . . . this element is found in too few of our intellectual citizens of today. The other variety becomes a stereotype of academic donkeys. (Pertinent thought: Christ used a humble donkey to ride upon; second thought . . . maybe Jimmy Carter can ride that Democratic one into the Whitehouse!)

"For instance," if we may lean on an example of a few lines of conversation-play-acting (partly exaggerated).

College Graduate: "The heart of an adult giraffe weighs 25 pounds."

Average guy: "Amazing!"

Grad: "It takes 30 miles of thread to make a suit for an average sized man."

Average Guy: "Is that so!"

Grad: "If all the descendants of one pair of houseflies lived from April to September, there would be 191 quintillion of them."

Average guy: "Oh, don't tell me that."

Grad: "The average cow takes 60 bites a minute as she grazes, chews her cud for seven hours, and lies down 12 hours a day."

Average guy: "Lucky cow! Sounds like some of our unproductive citizens!"

Now, that, you may feel is just a bunch of accumulated and unrelated facts . . . having little resemblance of a genuine education! Having a brain that behaves more like a machine. Yet isn't that the way many of our so called persons of higher education do?

As far as preferences go, many had rather talk to an average person who has some ability to think than to a 'college parrot.'

Reminds me of a 'HAMBONE' saying: "I declare, these scientists, they is learning more and more about less and less 'til after a while they goin' ta know everything about nothin!"

Or as an uncho'arly uncle of mine once made the remark . . . "You know, I think we are improving worsor every year." Seems so.

Recently, in a speech by President Ford's Florida campaign manager . . . and he certainly would be considered intelligent, made the statement that all candidates should go by the K.I.S.S. rule when making speeches . . . which means, "Keep It Simple, Stupid!"

Many people who cannot read or write well are able to read important things like people's faces — signs of the seasons — the meaning of the way wood creatures behave — or when a child is tired and just needs to rest a little while and let grandma rock them and tell them a story of how much they love them. So many little children are on starvation for love. They can get "attention" by misbehavior, but not love. Many senior adults have the same problems. Maybe there is an answer there . . . if there are more efforts made to bring them together . . . such as the reading programs, many senior citizens are volunteering to tutor children with reading problems . . . or just to be their friend when there is no one else around. All is worthy of deeper thought on the subject. This has not 'caught on' in Baldwin yet but it is an opportunity that is knocking through our doors.

On with the growth of Baldwin. The CBI . . . Chicago Bridge and Iron established its home near the city limits of our town in the mid 60's . . . which brought the Joseph Barnes family to Baldwin. The D. L. Bras-seales and the O'Brians.

The construction of Interstate 10 soon hurt the gas sales in Baldwin. Another influence made the scene in the public schools in the year 1970 . . . but was accepted without commotion at the time, was integration. Baldwin High School was the first school in Duval County to integrate. Mrs. Rutha Mae Moore, a black teacher in the early 70's described Baldwin's race relations as 'fair.'

A welcome addition to Baldwin's facilities during the decade of 1960 was the \$500,000.00 sewage system . . . then we hasten to say the progress of improvements of this year has increased quality, quantity and water pressure by replacing portions of pipe with four and six inch pipes. This made a lot of people happier on wash day without having muddy water to ruin their clothes; and FAR better to drink!

The Health Clinic built in 1972 was a great help to many people in Baldwin.

Business concerns which provide employment for the townspeople are Southern Wood Piedmont Company, Seaboard Coast Line Railroad's switching yard, Fruit Growers Express Company and Westinghouse employ approximately 650 persons.

The latest and greatest boom to Baldwin is the new Florida Steel Mill. It should be in operation by early 1977. It is a \$25 million plant near Baldwin city limits on a 120 acre tract adjacent to the SCL Baldwin yard. They spent approximately \$4 million modernizing their rail yard to accommodate the steel plant.

So . . . Baldwin, long regarded by some as the "wrong side of the tracks" is emerging as a powerful contributor to the economy behind a surge of population growth, new industry and its historic position as hub of Duval County's distribution system which served well during the "War Between The States" as 'the BREADBOX OF THE CONFEDERACY' and

yea, even when it was known as Thigpen and beyond that to four centuries ago when the Spaniards built the 'Old Spanish Trail' and the 'Alachua Trail.'

Surely makes one put on his thinking cap doesn't it? Now there is hope to expand the city limits of Baldwin to include about 18 square miles which would increase the population to about 4,500. The present number is now near 1,600 residents. Thank goodness I hope to have this book finished before that transpires!!!

When Community Education came on the scene in Baldwin it was more or less laughable in some households!

"Grandma! You're going back to school, at your age!" Nevertheless the taxpayers found it to be an attractive package when the public receives more efficient use of its school facilities and involves the people on a local level; the prime vehicle of this process was the community school, operating for extended hours, twelve months of the year with an 'open door' policy put a new complexion on many attitudes. Providing services never before received. Education that reflects a new view of people and their individual needs.

The first classes were offered in April of 1975. All ages could participate . . . there was a starting level for everyone and everybody was welcome. The first Coordinator for the Community School was Michael Minton. People still keep tripping their tongues over his name . . . he is one of those da Vinci type fellows who can do practically anything well . . . made to order for Community School. He almost caused several ladies in a sewing class to swallow their tonsils when he came in to cut out an Easter dress for his wife. He blazed the trail in Baldwin City Hall in January of '76 in presenting a proposal to use unspent money which was budgeted for senior adult activities. Besides the many instructive classes for learning new skills, there are doors of opportunity which they themselves can be of service to the community. Visiting new people in our town and helping them to get settled, the reading program of one teach one . . . a life of useful service instead of preparing for an existence in 'Sunset City.' It's nice to learn again with the bonus of seeing that next door neighbor you seldom get a chance to visit with. The senior citizen field-trips to various places of interest was most enjoyable as well as educational — such places as Stephen Foster Memorial, Hanna Park, St. Augustine, Bi-centennial Caravan and a navy ship . . . battleground of Olustee and the many shopping excursions were delightful.

The Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps . . . known as the 76 Minutemen of Baldwin High School made history in April of 1976 when they were invited by the British Youth Band Association to participate in the Easter parade in Battersea Park in London. They also performed in Avon, Oxford and outside Buckingham Palace during their nine day whirlwind tour.

Some of the highlights of the "once in a lifetime" trip on their limited itinerary was visiting the Tower of London, seeing the Crown Jewels, St. Paul's Cathedral, witness the "Changing of Guards," Shakespeare's home in Avon, Art Galleries and museums by the score; the beautiful English country-side, and the majesty of the Easter sunrise from 35,000 feet altitude was moments of grandeur none of the seventy-one participants will easily forget.

We were going to list all of them but if they publish their own album of their sojourn . . . we would be 'stealing their thunder!' . . . and we wouldn't want to do that. We only wish them well with all those lovely memories plus the great amount of work which made their accomplishment a reality.

Easter morning in Baldwin was a sad one. It marked the loss of our Mayor, W. A. Rowland, who died of a heart seizure at the Jacksonville International Airport. He was returning from Ft. Jackson in Columbia, S.C., where he was attending to town business. Mayor Rowland had suffered a heart attack in the 1960's. This was before his retirement from Westinghouse. He was greatly interested in seeing the completion of the new Methodist Church building . . . but did not live to see the work finished.

The first service in the new Methodist Church was observed on June 6, 1976 on their 95th Anniversary Homecoming. The consecration service was held on September 5th of this year. The pastor is Rev. Guy S. Athearn who has a lovely helpmate . . . Esther.

June of 1976 marked another change for Baldwin. The services of a family doctor had not been one of our blessings for some fifteen years. Dr. Mel Carbonell set up practice for a few months before he moved to Jacksonville. The practice was then replaced by Dr. A. P. Sotomayor. Harold Bradley helps as a medical technician which also does volunteer work with the senior citizen program. They receive free blood pressure checks, glaucoma tests and various other services are offered once each week. These folk are a vital part of the community. We hope they remain with us for a long life of service to the people here.

Now you've read a great deal about what Baldwin *is*; now let us dwell a little while on what Baldwin *isn't*. It isn't a Shangrila though many nice people live here. There are many qualities the town has that are commendable, as this book has attempted to bring forth, and some could no doubt evaluate its resources far better than this writer but there is always the 'human being' element people have . . . God created us as such . . . a free moral agent with the freedom of choice. When this choice is deprived from a person . . . be it government, church, or individual; they are taking a privilege God gave to us. They are taking the liberty to remove something they have no right to do.

It is true we resist change . . . it is a never ending characteristic of the world we live in. More and more, individuality is forced into a corner of loneliness, insecurity and the futility of living. The free spirit of life God put in us seems suddenly to struggle to keep from smothering. As always God knows the problems and the answers that solve them. We sadly lack vision. We must follow a scriptural pattern. Jesus always started out with a systematic effort to accomplish his purpose. When he fed the 5,000; the disciples wanted to "send them away" but he instructed "give them to eat." He sat them down in groups of 50's and 100's. When *we* respond to help *one another*, we are saying in effect: "here is Jesus, he is the one that makes all things possible and he is a friend of mine." We are to strive toward that goal of helping our fellowman "as much as we can, in all the ways we can . . . as long as ever we can."

My mind seems to have made a cycle as it has gone back to the beginning of this book in search of Baldwin pioneers as they met in the original community school and organized the Methodist Church in 1881 . . . and within that church was formed the First Baptist Church . . . and from that, yet another church . . . Baldwin Grace Baptist. As a pebble is dropped in the water and the ripples continue to reach out; so should every follower of God reach out in prayer and service for the cause of Christ. To fail in this is to fail in our main reason for existence, and we *must* do it together. Jesus prayed, "That they all may be one in us; that the world may believe thou hast sent me." John 17:21 . . . also "God hath created of one blood, all nations of men," should be our scriptural motto!

The past five or six years, many have witnessed a fast decline of moral decay in our town. It is not as "easy going" as it once was. The society has yielded to the pressures of a rush rush living, and numerous hush hush situations; as Jeremiah the prophet lamented in chapter 5:8 . . . "they were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbor's wife."

Baldwin has its mark of sin. There are serious wounds of dis-unity. Never has there been such a trumpet call for God's people to become prayer warriors and lift their visions from the alters of self-righteousness, superiority, permissiveness and moral weakness. There is great danger in not acquainting ourselves with the problems of dope, liquor, immorality that have 'surfaced' in Baldwin, as that society began with the pioneers depending on God's guiding spirit. To fail to serve Him . . . we ultimately let this spirit die for want of nourishment.

I sometimes think of Baldwin as a precious vase in which we have stored certain spiritual fragrances, which, quite without our knowledge, may escape. One day they will disappear, the vase will be there . . . our streets, buildings and landscapes will be the same . . . but the Baldwin which you and I love, and for which we would gladly die — will be lost — how urgently we need to teach our youth, direct their overflowing energies into worthy channels of spiritual growth as we ourselves greatly need a reviving to God's truths and commandments to go ye into all the world . . . before it's too late to go!

Memo from God's word in II Chronicles 7:14 "If my people which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Since human beings are unable to see in the future, people usually make poor prophets anyway, but it is hoped Baldwin will continue to grow and carry on its noble heritage. It is a challenge some will meet with godly fear, and others with indifference or total unconcern. We are all bound together as part of Baldwin's "family of our fellowman." The strength of that "family unity" will hopefully and prayerfully continue to care about ourselves and our neighbors. One real issue is whether we want reconciliation between white and black Americans in our community to be on a basis of equality. Baldwin was a leader as being the first school in Duval County to integrate. Do we now forsake its stirring heritage? Equality is what Christ is all about. Whosoever . . . Do you as an individual have the courage to risk the disapproval of the more conservative elements of society? Or do you in honesty toward God feel the compelling need to

move ahead to the needs of the entire world in understanding *all* the peoples of our troubled planet? Shall we become simply another complaining fellowtraveler to social abuses in our nation or listen to that "still small voice" the spirit of the EARLY Baldwin and the "cause of Christ" it championed?

The day I write this . . . the mocking bird has burst forth in singing. According to the ol' timers, this officially marks the ending of "Dog Days" which I am told the mocking birds do not sing for a period of 45 days . . . from approximately July 25th to September 5th. People are usually plagued with throat problems during this time and sores do not heal very fast and snakes go blind and will strike more readily then. We live and hopefully learn by observing.



MAMIE A. JONES



EMMA P. TANNER

Chapter 3

Voices of the People

Baldwin has a rich heritage of teachers that served in the public schools and several are residents in the town today. Most distinguished in the "land of the living" is a most fabulous person and a master teacher, Mrs. Mamie Agnes Jones.

The Baldwin Elementary School which bears her name was dedicated in 1965. A veteran of 70 years teaching behind her, she retired in 1948. This however did not close the door to her teaching career! The living room of her home became a kindergarten classroom for eight five year olds from 9:00 a.m. till noon five days a week.

In an interview on May 12th of this year she said, "I always taught like it was the only school they would ever go to. Never trusted to chance. Taught them in a group if possible, using individual instruction, one at a time. I made the attempt to keep them busy, taught them object lessons. Stairsteps in learning their numbers to ten. Sometimes the parents would have to pull them away from me because they didn't want to leave me. If they love you they think you are pretty . . . if the children love you, the parents will love you."

Doing good however, can bring about sharp criticism from an unexpected source which eventually came from a first grade instructor. Miss Mamie had taught them so well in kindergarten they were bored by first grade work; thus the comment from the first grade instructor: "I wish you had never seen a kindergarten!"

Miss Mamie's love of teaching was established at the age of sixteen but it was necessity that later made her take up the profession seriously. She was left a widow at age 34 and had the sole responsibility of raising five children, four sons and one daughter. As she recalled her early years of teaching in a one room school house. Actually it was called "keeping the school house," instead of teaching, and that was much closer to the truth. We suffered from one Friday to the next," she said. That was in 1894. (Sounds like the description of some classrooms of today!)

She continued, "there wasn't any graduation exercises then. School was only held a few months out of a year. Parents used about every excuse possible to keep the children home and work.

My parents saw to it that I attended school when it was available. Private or public. My father was Jesse Erwin Cross, from Tennessee. He had an interest in a shingle mill in Lawtey. I was four years old when we moved to Florida. My grandparents last name was Lynch. They were from the southeast of Arkansas, in Chico County. They owned a plantation there; were of Irish descent."

During the summer when her own children were not in school she attended Florida State University in Tallahassee and took correspondence courses from the University of Florida in order to become a certified teacher. "I have taught school in Orange, Levy, Nassau and Duval counties. I came to Baldwin in 1930 and taught here until my retirement except for four years when I taught in Jacksonville."

Her move to Jacksonville was prompted by her desire to help a Negro houseboy who had been with her a number of years to further his education. During this time she lived with her son John and taught at the Mattie V. Rutherford school in Jacksonville. This same young boy she helped is now a college professor in California and holds a masters degree in Foreign Languages.

Mrs. Jones enrolled at the Ringling Art School in Sarasota, Florida at the age of 65 and took up her second love, oil painting. Portrait painting is her favorite subject but many "still life" works hang in her home. She usually paints from photographs and her portraits are prized possessions in many homes throughout Baldwin.

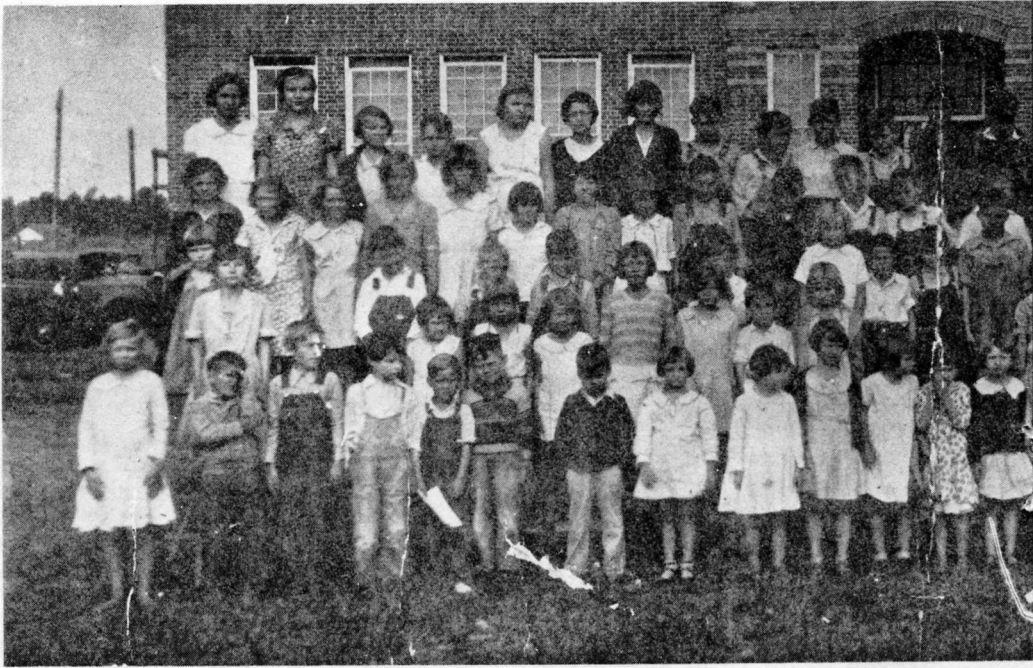
When Miss Mamie lived in the little white frame house on Palm Avenue in Baldwin, during the '60's she learned her next door neighbors, Hartford and Nellie Boyd enjoyed their dining room view; so she set about to make it even more enjoyable for them. She made a lovely rose garden and had her son Van Raley install a charming bird bath that poured water from the jar which the figurine held. There Miss Jones set the flowers of happiness at the base of it . . . the Pansies. Many enjoyed the view while passing but 'The Boyds' enjoyed it most because the labor of love was done especially for their enjoyment!

That gives one an idea of the spiritual depth of this most talented lady. You would think this enough but she also has talents of knitting . . . two afghans in one winter! She often knits smaller items to intrigue her friends. Handpainted items are also among gifts she bestows upon many of her fortunate friends.

Perhaps her best known work is a mural depicting the Jordan River. It covers the entire wall of the baptistry in the First Baptist Church in Baldwin. The picture is beautifully realistic and is enjoyed by many as well as lending to a holy atmosphere when decisions for a surrendered life to Christ is followed by baptism.

The Saucer family presented the oil painting to the church as a memorial to the late J. M. Saucer who was faithful in his service to the Lord in the church for 35 years. His name is mentioned quite often in the earlier chapters of this book. Mrs. Jones did this lovely mural when she was seventy-three. While she was at work on the project, she reminisces, she usually had a daily audience of half dozen townsmen who regarded the huge painting with respectful awe. "I don't think it's so good," she demurs modestly, 'but they've bragged on it so much that I may do one someday for another church. If I ever do, though, I'll add a cloud or two so that they can have a little sprinkle." What a blessing in the bestowed health, anointed talent and God given wisdom!

She has had quite a large share of life's struggles along the way . . . in the early part of this year she had cataracts removed from both eyes,



ABOVE: First Grade through sixth grade school building.

UPPER RIGHT: The "old school" built in 15th, 1948 — how the fire originated.

LOWER RIGHT: Ice Plant once located here, built in 1926.

LEFT: The first girls basketball team of the east side of the old school that burned in 1948. Saucer Cobb, Nellie Prescott Green, Ethel Green, Emily Pringle Barrineau.



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH: Faced U.S. 90 and was located next to City Hall and served for many, many years before the new church was built immediately behind the old building.



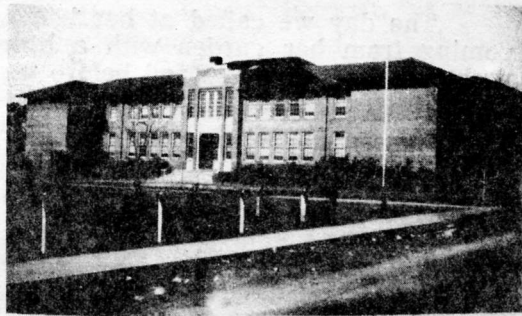


In the year of 1933, at the old two-story

1918. It was destroyed by fire on May
was never determined.

on Main Street next to the railroad was

Baldwin! This picture was taken on the
1948. Standing on the top step: Marie
el Oliver Young, Mildred Thomas and



restoring vision enough to read again. She takes a lightly philosophical attitude, with the remark, "guess every woman has her share of trials and tribulations, but to quote from an old Negro preacher, "When there's tribulations, you just tribulates."

Some of her childhood memories was her earliest interest in art. At the age of nine, she became a self-appointed assistant to her school-teacher in creating an atlas from a gourd.

"We covered the gourd with white muslin and after drawing the equator with a black pencil line, we cut continents from brown paper to paste on it. After that, it was just a coloring job, which I found much more engrossing than the sums I was supposed to be doing."

Another adventure which lasted far longer than was anticipated was a journey from Florida to Texas with an uncle. Their mission was to bring some horses from the Lone Star State. When they arrived they were confronted with a drouth which had nearly killed the herds. They had to wait four years before the population increased before their return to Florida. This took place around 1889 . . . She never seems too involved to stop and share a compliment, or sprinkle her good humor on all that are around her. Perhaps nothing exemplifies the vitality and the capacity of this woman better than the fact that she is still so active and looking into the future at the age of 97 instead of counting the days to the visitation of the 'grim reaper.'

The day we called at her home, now in Bryceville . . . she was coming from her garden with a little assistance from Ida Scott. She greeted us with a smile and before we left she was showing us how she was enlarging her flower garden on the west side of her home. That afternoon she was going to plant some zinnias and marigolds for "color this fall."

"I've never found a day too long, and I'm never lonely or bored with life," she says.

She loves animals and keeps several pets, a French Poodle named Rebecca and BIG DOG. When she called us to her back door to see him . . . I expected to see a big dog . . . when he appeared, this writers legs wanted to run but my shoes remained rooted to the carpet! That surely was one of the greatest 'Great Danes' of all time! His name was Max and one of the blessings of the day was the door between Max and me!

You are a golden memory this writer shall cherish, Mrs. Mamie and I thank God for you; as I'm sure others do too, throughout the nation . . . yea the world, for the molding of young minds and lives you have touched to shape a more pleasant place.

EMMA POWELL TANNER

Among the unique in the field of teaching stands one that many owe a special debt of gratitude, Mrs. Emma P. Tanner. She impressed pupils with her human qualities as well as encouraging sound learning. She carried her christian commitment into the classroom. It was a real joy to me when one of my own sons was taught by her in the third grade and they presented a portion of the PTA program with the Alphabet Of

The Bible. Each child had memorized a scripture for each letter such as "A"—a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Proverbs 33:1 . . . and so on through the alphabet with an appropriate scripture. She continuously taught the virtues of honesty and obedience and truthfulness . . . the basics for moral and spiritual growth.

She has lovely eyes. Poets have said the eyes are mirrors of the soul . . . that being true, Mrs. Tanner has a soul that reflects God's love in many ways. The precious fruit of her own children, two sons, Robert Tanner, a lawyer whose practice is in Jacksonville and Edward, who is a doctor in Dublin, Ga., could well be called her gift to her fellowman . . . The saying of "the best gifts are tied with some one's heartstrings" surely applies in her life. Even this book you are reading would have never evolved had it not been for her kind generosity and seemingly tireless and endless efforts to serve her Savior, family and community so well.

She loves flowers and raises such lovely and fragrant roses and numerous other varieties that grace the church so often where she worships. Someone said that flowers are food for the soul . . . the saying holds true again with Mrs. Tanner.

In the 41 years she taught third grade in Baldwin, numerous youths have learned at her feet and now live useful lives across the land. For all these services we pay high tribute to one who has loved and inspired our children for several generations . . . the personal help and encouragement and warm friendship she has given some of the children who desperately needed it to see them through difficult years in school. We love you, Mrs. Tanner.

Thank you is so inadequate to say for so much as you have contributed to so many. Her life continues to prove her faithfulness to God's word rather than "we neither live nor die as self-contained units." As in Romans 14: 7-8: 'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's.'

Since her retirement in 1967 she has been sorely missed on the campus where she helped to keep the torch of learning burning brightly. I must also pay appropriate tribute to other teachers who served during approximately the same number of years in the same school, but most of them came and went without making the impact of our own dear Mrs. Tanner. A town resident with her husband whose people helped pioneer the town as far back as the 1880's.

The Historian would probably and properly classify such persons as the Blue Bloods of Baldwin! And rightly so!

If one tries to keep up with the Jones' in the teaching profession, you are in for quite a fete. Mrs. Alma K. Jones and Mrs. Ruby Jones both retired from teaching in the year 1968.

Mrs. Alma Jones taught for 44 years. She is the daughter-in-law of Mamie Agnes Jones. Alma taught in the Elementary School of Baldwin thirty-eight years of her teaching career.

Ruby Jones was a teacher 40 years, of which nine years were

spent teaching in the Baker County Schools in Macclenny and the remaining 31 years in Baldwin's Elementary Grade School.

"THE TWO MYTHS"

Just about everybody knows who the Muses are. They are Goddesses in Greek mythology, presiding over song and poetry, the arts and sciences . . . guiding geniuses. You say there are nine such sister Goddesses? Well we know of ELEVEN! This error results from false accounts in mythologies. The two guiding geniuses we know live in the stratosphere of Baldwin and Bryceville . . . more than likely you would recognize them better as "Myth" Tanner and "Myth" Jones.

These two Muses were sent as gifts to earth to bring inspiration and wisdom to the inhabitants of Baldwin.

Their names are their earthly ones, adopted when they, by metamorphosis were transformed from Goddesses to human beings and certified teachers (without meaning to be misleading in my humor, may I say both these ladies are devout Christians and their knowledge and wisdom came from the true an living God. The Greeks are always seeking wisdom as in I Corinthians 1:23-25. Paul said he preached Christ crucified and to the Jews it was a stumblingblock and unto the Greeks foolishness . . . but the foolishness of God is wiser than men and the weakness of God was stronger than men.)

But not even *myth* Jones and *myth* Tanner became certified teachers overnight . . . orientation, education, experience in the ways of mankind . . . are all required.

Myth Jones came to Florida in the year 1883 at the age of 4, from Tennessee. She earned her degree from Florida State University and courses from the University of Florida to become 'certified' . . . among other things besides teaching and oil painting, she chopped her own firewood, drew water from a well, graded papers by a kerosene lamp and learned first hand about the problems of Florida and that a "privvy" was not always a modifier of "council."

Myth Tanner was born and reared in Starke, Florida. Her formal education after the high school years was at F.S.C.W.; now F.S.U. Here she received her A.B. Degree. Her Masters Degree was earned from University of Florida. Her youngest son Edward was so accustomed to hearing his mother referred to as "Mrs. Tanner" that he once gave her a Christmas present addressed: "TO MRS. TANNER from Edward." He was a preschooler at the time and that was the way he requested the person writing the card to address it as such. Now he is a full-fledged Dr. Edward Tanner . . . practicing in Dublin, Georgia.

These two Muses have brought inspiration to many students for a number of years and they have made many who know them recall Shakespeares lines in "The Tempest":

O, Wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
O brave new world, that has such people in't.

Another teacher whose very name will revive a lot of memories is

Mrs. Bennie T. Fielding. She was and still is a source of authority when it comes to the English Department.

For many years this warm, affable woman was the avenue to knowledge for many students on Baldwin High School campus. In the warlike manner of Athena, she has aimed her red-penciled spear at comma splices and dangling verbals; has fought faulty fragmentary sentences with fortitude from 1945 to 1967. If she ever complained, it has never been about hard work or busy schedules. Often the exclamation of "Oh, dear me" comes from her tender expressive way of indicating that somebody has written badly. Occasionally a "Ye gods" rolls . . . preceding her critical marginal comment written in very positive penmanship! Anyway, she could take the wax of indifference of a callous student and mold them into an awareness of communicating while under her instruction. One just must respond to her unfailing enthusiasm.

Even after retirement she was often found on campus, helping out when the faculty was short handed. She was a delight to a very special group recently when she shared this little story which is so typical of her humor:

LADY: "Young man I'd like to speak with your father."

LAD ON THE PHONE: "He ain't here."

LADY: "Then could I speak with your mother."

LAD: "She ain't here neither."

LADY: "Young man, what's wrong with your grammar?"

LAD: "Nothin', but she ain't here neither!"

That is some of the blarney that goes on when she travels with the senior citizens on the shopping day excursions. Just an example of how Mrs. Fielding can be light-hearted — but never light-headed! Her accomplishments are many, and her travels extensive; going abroad . . . far, far away from the little hometown of Baldwin . . . a real globe trotter in our midst!

She recalls, "One of the sweetest tributes I've ever had made to me was in 1968 when the National Honor Society dedicated a chapter to my name."

This chapter was given to her by the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools and states in the charter: "Whereas character, scholarship, leadership and service are cardinal qualities worthy of encouragement in all schools, the National Associations of Secondary School principals grants through this charter the privilege to establish and conduct the BENNIE T. FIELDING Chapter of National Honor Society of Secondary Schools on October 22, 1968.

Some of the early 20th Century residents was a boy who was born on a farm in Middleburg, and came to Baldwin at the age of nine. He went to work for Seaboard Air Line Railroad at 16 years of age in the year 1903; starting as a clerk and becoming a freight and ticket agent three years later.

"I worked for Seaboard for 53 years and all of it in the same little office," he said. Clyde Oliver, a distant niece, was of great help to me for many years as secretary.

He met and married Irene Saucer in 1916. It was through his job that enabled this gentleman to know the citizens of his town. He would greet them as they boarded the trains or got off. This man, Lonnie Chapman Oliver served the town of Baldwin as its Mayor for 35 years. He has been referred to as the walking Chamber of Commerce of Baldwin. Truly he is an "Ambassador of Good Will." His administration as mayor which began about 1932 and reached through the years to 1967 . . . marking one of Duval County's longest political careers. Counting the five years as Justice of the Peace he served 40 years in public office. One may well say most of his life has been devoted to public service. When he became mayor his prime goal was to pave the streets of Baldwin.

At that time there were no paved roads, no street lights, no sidewalks, not much of anything else. Back in the days of Public Works Administration, Mr. Oliver prevailed upon his old friend, Gov. Fred Cone to pave the highway from Baldwin to Callahan. This was the first of many accomplishments during his leadership. This included a road to Cecil Field, and a road to Clay County line; and the curbing and guttering of U.S. 90 through Baldwin.

His friendly and gentle approach paid off liberally in persuading industry to locate in or near Baldwin. For example, Florida Power and Light Company built a plant in the town when he obtained a deed to five acres of land and presented it to them. His achievements for the town have been many. A man with a natural dignity, and love for his people . . . has largely been responsible for shaping the progress of Baldwin for more than half of this Centennial year of observance in "his hometown."

In his matter of fact ways, yet with caution and authority, he had the integrity and initiative to carry out his goals with God's blessing of helpers of good men like Seth Mabry and Travis B. Clark . . . who spear-headed the water works movement . . . serving on the council.

Few men have ever adopted themselves to a town such as Mr. Oliver has . . . in that *which* he contributed was so *significant* to the town . . . from horse and buggy to the jet age. Everyone who dwells here . . . or just passing through, as thousands of tourists do each year; is blessed to have had a man like L. C. Oliver's leadership touching the lives of Baldwin's people for so long.

Now he is confined to his home in the Oliver Hotel. He and his wife Irene are no longer able to get around as they once did.

Mr. Oliver lost most of his vision when the wrong kind of medicine was administered into his eyes. Kind words are the greatest gift you can share sometimes, and it more than likely would be a "double heart-warmer" to him if more people would just let him know in some way that his service is remembered with thanks. *Expressed* appreciation is a wonderful habit to get into. Even a card with a short but sincere message to convey what is on your heart can have such cherished thoughts by its recipient.

Travis Clark was a man whose quality was rare. His quiet manner and Christlike convictions served as a rudder to steer him through the waters of life. As a young man he had a great hunger to learn and his home was too far to walk to Baldwin school so his daddy bought him a

Model-T (without a top on it) and since there were no school buses in those days . . . he would pick up other children till it was full and take them to school. He never wanted to miss a day.

People always have good things to say about Travis Clark when his name is mentioned. As the scriptures say: "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." He would definitely be classified as a "solid citizen." His wife, the former Bernice Futch, moved to Baldwin when she was a young girl of fourteen. She attended the schools in Baldwin and when they were united in marriage they decided to make their home here. Their three children were two sons, Lamar and Tommy, and one daughter, Norma Jean. Mr. Clark worked many years as yard conductor for Seaboard Coast Line Railroad.

Always concerned in his community he and Bernice was active in all things that promoted the welfare and progress of it. Some of his official posts of service was Justice of the Peace, town councilman; where he earned his legislative spurs to become a constructive leader. It was here he made the motion to spearhead the long trail of battles on paper for the ultimate reality of the water system and the Fire Department in Baldwin. He went to Orlando and drove back our first Fire Truck! That was an appropriate gesture for all the fervent work he contributed to establish the Fire Department. His bulldog, "Jughead," was the first mascot! While Mr. Clark was mayor he predicted the progress of the town, as it had great potential. His achievements remain as milestones. He presided as Mayor at a time when old values were changing and new forces were on the horizon but really did much more than the town realized or appreciated at the time. Mr. Clark died of a heart attack in January of 1972.

How pleased he would have been to see the new Fire Station which was dedicated on January 10th of this year. The ceremony was a contribution to the Bicentennial birthday of our nation as well as for Baldwin's Centennial birthday observance this year. It was most appropriate that a boy who was born in Duval County, and one who had graduated from Baldwin High School in the class of 1948, to be the spokesman for the occasion. His name is George Grosse. He now serves in the Florida Legislature in the House of Representatives! We are so proud of him! Now we can really say "*Let George do it*" and carry some weight!

Following the Oliver and Clark administrations of mayor came Everette P. Braddock. His years of service as mayor of Baldwin began serenely enough in 1970 but the fast growing population of the town was beginning to flex its muscles to an overflow of urgent needs and civic services. Jacksonville awarded a contract for construction of an outpatient clinic here and the town's new \$500,000 sewage system went into operation as the disposal plant was finished. This was a major factor that helped promote more housing and trailer parks began to spring up almost over-night as Interstate 10 made traveling less congested between Baldwin and Jacksonville. The 301 Highway still presented tourist traffic problems going through the school zone. More city policemen were needed to handle the situation. Integration began to stir some emotions of disunity. Still yet . . . Mayor Braddock managed to wear four hats . . . he also served as municipal judge, was the owner of a Gulf Oil dealership and was refrigeration mechanic for the Fruit Growers Express while he served a four year and a two year term as mayor.

Baldwin's main livelihood has been the railroads, being Seaboard Coast Line's terminal point and break-up yard. They began a \$4 million modernization program . . . this encouraged big business to be attracted to the area even more. The "big boom" was on when Florida Steel Mill announced its plans to build a plant on a 120 acre tract beside the Seaboard Coastline rail yard. So by the end of Mayor Braddock's administration, big business and small business were mushrooming in and around the Baldwin area.

Everette and Joyce Fielding Braddock have two sons, Chuck, who became a school teacher like his grandmother, Bennie T. Fielding; and Kevin who is still in High School. Mrs. Braddock has served as pianist for First Baptist Church. Both are quite active in church affairs in the community.

The next mayor, W. A. Rowland, elected in January of this year; did not serve out his term. His death occurred on April 15th. This farewell salute was written of him at that time:

Sitting there the evening we received the news of Mayor Rowland's death, my mind seemed to refuse the message that I had just heard on the phone. Many knew him better and longer than we had yet the loss of a friend was keenly felt. As the news got around to the people — a word picture, painted by those who knew him best, began to emerge. I began to gather a list of nouns that were spoken about him and the *word portrait* said something important about Bill Rowland. He was a Christian, a giver — not a taker. Always doing something for others. A humanitarian, a listener, reader, leader, peacemaker, a thinker, neighbor, father, husband, singer, good tenor, speaker, gentleman and humorist. Yes, if you knew him very well you could undoubtedly add to the list.

He once said he had a speech teacher that taught him to *stand up* so people could see you, *speak up* so people could hear you, and to *shut up* soon enough for them to appreciate you — that was good advice, so you could well say he was an educator and advisor as well as a political scientist! Daniel Webster has a word that accurately describes Bill Rowland too — "Renaissance Man" — a person who has wide interests and is expert in many ways. Surely that definition was constructed with a man like Bill Rowland in mind.

R. E. "Bob" Totman is a creative and dedicated mayor and sets high standards in his work. His principals of everyday living are outstanding attributes that endear him not only to his office staff but also to his many friends.

His years of experience in civil service at Cecil Field is a big plus to the council form of government in Baldwin. Since his retirement he has devoted much of his time and efforts to administer quality government by serving as city councilman several years before becoming mayor. There is a charm in his personality and wit which make him an asset to any gathering. Those who have known him down through the years and have had ample opportunity to observe and evaluate his amiable qualities will vouch for his christian character. His concept of love extends to all age groups and to the needs of the total person. The many hours he has spent with Little League boys to direct their energies into wholesome pursuits and taking those who needed help and hope into his own home is his way of putting his faith in action.

There has never been a greater need for Christians in government. Anyone with faith, boldness and a desire to serve: their hour has come to put special focus on local problems. Our hearts go out in compassion to many Christian people that serve the public. They are the *champions* of the present age.

"TIME-OUT"

John Geilan, Winthrop Johnson, Robert Cleere, Jack Jones, Harold Avenger, Stan MacNeil, Ira Adams, Frank Webb, Russell Taylor, Milton Cooper, Tim Clark, Claude Simmons — many students call these men of muscle, brain and brawn, the same thing — COACH!!! Hey, Coach — where's the Coach?

Whether it be football, basketball, baseball, softball, tennis, volleyball, golf, handball, ball, ball . . . anything that would bounce!

It takes a special breed of dedication to labor six days a week (most of the time) to attempt to mold boys into the men of tomorrow. The challenge to teach honesty and fairplay with teamwork into tomorrow's doctors, lawyers, merchants, or chiefs or whatever their choice may be. The many temptations to take an easier path when battling the odds of poor equipment, tempers, pressures, budgets, parents and other obstacles would keep a coach with a constant headache, but there are many rewarding moments they deeply treasure. Some of the greatest rewards stem from the friendship of the finest young men any coach ever had the privilege of working with.

When it comes to the Baldwin Indians and school spirit, the emotions can run high — on or off the field or on the floor of the gym. Some enthusiastic fan joins in the tempo by yelling, "what-a-ya-mean, you dummy, don't send in that fumble bum, he's got butterfingers!" Nevertheless . . . some of the triumphs of the Baldwin Indians Athletic Department has scored a number of achievements the past two decades. The Indians won the St. John's River Conference Championship in football in the years '62-'63; were the State Runners Up in basketball in '63; 4th in the state in baseball in 1973 and the girls softball team were in the final four teams of state finals this Bicentennial year of 1976! This was the first time Baldwin ever hosted the State Finals and it surely held the attention of the hometowners.

Ira R. Adams was named Coach of the Year for 1968-1969; he has been with the Indians since 1960 to the time of this writing. He is now the present Athletic Director and has had quite a few successful seasons. Even the competition had to give them praise during a game when the Callahan Ramblers were losing to the Indians and Ernie Crawford ran a 99-yard touchdown for Baldwin. The fans roared, and the fantastic thing about it — one of the Callahan fans bought him a sportshirt later for the sheer pleasure of watching him make that run! The names of the boys who were in the winning St. John's River Conference Championship team were: Franklin Weatherspoon, Wayne Suggs, Ty McGraw, Doyle Hammock, Wayne Mazingo, C. Cameron, Earl Fouraker, John Adams, Frank Bullard, M. Dillon, R. Mazingo and R. Alford.

One of the real "nuggets" discovered in the preparation of this book . . . came forth from Clyde Oliver . . . she had a picture of Baldwin's first girl's basketball team . . . taken on the east side of the old school

house which burned in 1948. She recalled, "I went up those steps many a time!" The names of those girls were Marie (Saucer) Cobb, Nellie (Prescott) Green, Ethel (Oliver) Young, Mildred (Thomas) Milton and Emily (Pringle) Barrineau. How surprised they will be to see these pictures. Another "prize jewel" in the picture treasures she produced was of the Baldwin Drum and Bugle Corps in 1940. Those were Ivey-Lucas, Earl Brown, Pauline Meeks, Jack Prescott, Ed Tanner, Richard Ray, Jack Fielding, Claude Rainer, Tommy Flowers, Carl Bullard, Tyrus Hoover, Bill Oliver, Clyde Saucer, Roy Ray, Seth Mabry, Bob Wiesemeyer, Earl Allen, Hance Prescott, Elvin Marshall, Edgar Earl Roberts and William Brinson, Jr. All these names undoubtedly bring back many memories . . . and many games have been played . . . some we won with high spirit . . . "fighting against overwhelming odds, dreading not death half so much as surrender," and some we lost . . . the age of athletics, is like many other things that change with the times.

All too often we take our administrative staff too much for granted. Here is a little poem that may whet the memories and bring a smile or smirk to the womens lib or male shovenist!

ALAS FOR THE PRINCIPAL, SHE IS NO MORE

On Monday she supped with the Advisory Committee,
 On statistics and stew she was filled,
 Then dashed to a tea on funds from our city
 And dined with the Ladies Church Guild.
 On Tuesday, she went to a curricular lunch
 And a tea on good citizenship.
 At dinner she talked with the Library bunch
 And there wasn't a day she dared skip.
 On Wednesday, she twice attended a dinner,
 One at noon the other at night
 On Thursday, weight watchers, on how to become thinner,
 And a dinner on "Welfare, is it right?"
 On Saturday noon, she fell into a swoon,
 Missed a talk on ecology and the use of our land,
 Poor thing she was through, she never came to
 But she died with a fork in her hand!

WIDOWS OF BALDWIN

There are many of them in the township and surrounding area of Baldwin . . . Anna Bell Lucas, Parshal Stokes, Helen Brooks, Betty McNeil, Abbie Harris, Gladys Williams, Bennie T. Fielding, Marie Brinson, Lillie Stephenson, Rebecca Thornton, Lois McDermon, Florrie Lewis, Martha Lowe, Pearl Noble, Edna Cowart, Sallie Brown, Lucille Brasseale, Freda Hogan, Roseline Bullard, Clyde Oliver, Nonnie Ellis, Minnie Mizell, Savannah Branch, Rosa Walker, Estella Butler, Maude Watts, Bernice Clark, Lillie King, Gussie Waker, Eva Mosley, Clara Bell, Edwina Smith, Irene Mabry, Dora Dennis, Idella Ryals, Lyda Brown, Florrie Tanner, Bertha Harvey, Elsie Darby, Estella Grissett, Aliph Gay and so many others. By now you no doubt have guessed these ladies have one thing in common . . . they are widows.

How they have met the struggle of adjustment in their lives would

surely bring a tug on our hearts and tears of sympathy to the eyes but I have yet to meet one who continues to indulge in self-pity; at least in outward appearances. They are valiant people, and this is most commendable. It shows a gallant spirit on their part. They choose to look at life and meet its challenge by keeping busy and useful in the community. Many of them work of necessity when there is no financial buffer to rely on, but their jobs are important to them and keep their interest in life around them. It gives a structure to their lives in serving God. I have yet to meet one who does not have a Christian testimony! There may be some but I have not met them as yet. That again speaks well of their spiritual caliber. With today's jungles of rules and regulations; and money morosis . . . one must learn to accept responsibility and above all look to God for guidance and "Be still and know that I am God." Psalms 46:10.

FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY

As the days of life grow shorter and my skies have lost their hue,
I've something to relate to all the folks I ever knew;
I'm indebted for each friendship that I've found along the way,
So as twilight falls around me, and my old life ebbs away;
I am thankful to the folks I knew who caused my heart to smile;
I'm thankful for the hours spent in lingering for awhile.
I am happy for the little things that went unnoticed then;
I've thought of them a million times — the times away back when —
So as twilight falls around me, and my old life ebbs away;
I extend a heartfelt gratitude to my friends along the way.



MAYOR TRAVIS CLARK

Chapter 4

Memories

Since this year is Bicentennial Year we justify this deathless literature as a fitting ode to a necessity of the "good old days." It is entitled:

THE PASSING OF THE POT

As far back into childhood, as memory may go,
one household vessel greets me, that wasn't meant to show.
Beneath the bed t'was anchored, where only few could see,
But served the entire family with equal privacy,
Some called the critter the "thunder mug" and others called it the "jug."
To bring it in at evening was bad enough no doubt,
But heaven help the one who had to take it out.
Our big one was enormous and would accommodate a watermelon
party composed of six or eight.
When nights were dark and rainy, it was a useful urn,
On icy winter mornings the cold rim seemed to burn.
Times when things were rushing and business extra good,
Each took his turn awaiting or did the best he could.
Sometimes when in a hurry, to our disgust and shame,
We fumbled in the darkness and slightly missed our aim.
The special one for company was decorated well,
But just the same it rendered that old familiar smell!
Today's modernization relieves me quite a lot,
And only in my vision do I see that homely pot!

Now if that poem of "sorts" doesn't stir some memories I'll surely miss my guess. Hopefully it is in the vein of acceptable dignity and will not offend any tender ears!

Along about this same era was another fad on the fashion scene when the ladies were beginning to go to the "beauty parlor" and this poetry reflects:

WHEN MA UPPED HER HAIR

Our Ma is pretty sensible, for style she don't much care,
That's why it kinda floored us, when she "upped" her hair.
She went to town with Pa one day to get a shave,
Ma said she would go in, and get a "finger wave."
For making people over that stylist had a flair.
She told Ma she'd look years younger if she'd just "up" her hair.
Ma told her to hop to it, she afterwards confessed,
That folks owe it to themselves, to always look their best.
She piled Ma's hair high in front, and made a lot of curls,
Then told Ma she looked younger, than a lot of high school girls.
It didn't look so bad in front, but I'm far too kind,
To even tell my Ma what it looked like behind.
Even the baby didn't know her, he won't go near her chair.
And now Pa has to feed him, since Ma "upped" her hair.
Ma had to have some brand new clothes, she didn't have a thing to wear
That she though suitable, since she "upped" her hair.
Pa took her to the show one night,
MY! Did the gossips stare! They told our next door neighbors
That "Pa had a stranger there."
When Pa heard that he got so MAD . . .
You should have heard him rare!
He says he won't shave again, till Ma lets down that HAIR!

When all this was taking place there was another change that was taking place on our roads . . . the horseless carriages. This brings on another "Ma" poem that seems appropriate. Thus:

MA AND THE AUTO

Before we take an auto ride Pa says to Ma, "My dear,"
"Now just remember, I don't need suggestions from the rear.
If you will just sit still back there and check and hold your fright,
I'll take you where you want to go, and bring you back all right.
Remember that my hearing is good, and also I'm not blind,
And I can drive this car without suggestions from behind."
Ma promises that she'll keep still, so off we gaily start,
But all at once she notices ahead a peddler and his cart.
You'd better toot your horn, she says, to let him know you are near.
"He might turn out," Pa replies, "Just shriek at him, my dear."
Then he adds, "Someday some guy will make a lot of dough
By putting horns on back seats for women folks to blow.
A little farther on Ma cries, "He signaled for a turn,"
And Pa says, "Did he?" — in a tone hot enough to burn.
"Oh! There's a boy on roller skates, Ma cries, now do go slow,
I'm sure he doesn't see our car."
And Pa replies, "I don't think I need glasses yet,
But really it might be, that I am blind and cannot see
what is right in front of me."
If Pa should speed the car a bit, some rigs to hurry past,
Ma whispers, "Now do go slow, you're going much too fast."
All the time she's pointing out the dangers of the street,
and keeps him posted on the roads for trolley cars he'll meet.
That night when we got home Pa sighed and said, "My dear,
I'm sure we all enjoyed the drive, you gave us from the rear!"

At this point we would like to share the story of the first auto accident on Brandy Branch Road. Seems these two fellows . . . one was a Mr. Crawford and the other was a Fouraker . . . the road was not paved and the ruts were deep. Each thinking the other was going to move over . . . neither *didn't* . . . and they met *head-on* at 15 miles an hour!

We would like to scatter a few "Remember Whens" here and if you can think of many more . . . then, dear one . . . *you are old enough!!!*

Remember carrying your lunch to school in a syrup bucket or a lard pail?

Remember how good a cold biscuit with a hole punched in it with your finger filled with sorghum molasses tasted when you got home from school?

Remember how good iced tea tasted out of a tin can and how cold it got?

— — —

Basil H. Sapp was born in Cobbtown, Georgia on September 19, 1888 in Tattnall County. He grew up on a farm and is familiar with "cat head" biscuits!

Mr. Sapp possesses a jovial disposition and makes friends easily. His very stature impressed me as being like my own father . . . rather tall. He attended public school in Cobbtown, Georgia for several years. His brother was a teacher and he accompanied him to the state of Indiana one time where both climbed the "learning tree."

Some of his boyhood memories of school days were playing a lot of baseball, some fishing, and on long hot summer days, as we were learning our three R's, our thoughts would be interrupted when "POP" went the syrup bottle! It would get so warm in the little schoolhouse the cork in the syrup bottles would blow their cork and foam over the top. I can almost hear those things popping when I think back on it today in this hot weather.

He recalled another memory of his first pair of long pants. I wore knee britches until I was 17 or 18 years old. That suit cost \$8.00. The only place to show it off was at church; that is where all the family headed for on Sunday morning. Along the road of life he has traveled as far west as New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. It adds a spice to life. In the field of higher education he took courses in bookkeeping and clerical work. This was what he enjoyed and became his life's work for many years with the Hercules Powder Plant which came to Baldwin in 1938. He was with the company for 28 years. He was married to Carrie Lanier on April 11, 1915. They had two boys of school age when they came to Baldwin. Bill and Bobby. Carrie recalls Bill was very shy and slid down in his seat the first day she took him to enroll in school.

Carrie and Basil Sapp are a charming couple who have a gentle Christlike spirit. Carrie has a sweet countenance and says she and Basil have always loved church and Sunday School and prayer meetings.

They had other children besides Bill and Bobby but they were lost in infancy. A little girl and two other boys. If one has never experienced such a loss as this it is something that saddens but enriches the soul to give up

a dear little one. It is a tender sorrow that stays with us though it is rarely mentioned, yet its presence is there . . . ever present in our hearts.

Carrie is quite creative with arts and crafts which grace their home. She loves flowers and surrounds the porch with numerous varieties. She has an azalea bush beside the front door that is always "mis-be-havin'" when it blooms out of season . . . like God's love . . . in season and out of season.

These two lovely people have such a deep devotion for one another that God's love is always evident in their lives. To them, it is natural as breathing; yet in this world we find so much rudeness and un-thoughtfulness that it is a rarity to find a tenderness such as Mr. and Mrs. Basil Sapp have . . . the true art of living!

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These are some of the memories of Lacy O. Thomas: "When I was a boy growing up there were no such thing as a good road in those days; just wagon trails winding through dense forest. Our family lived a way, way back in the backwoods; a very long way from any city where the timber grew tall and game was plentiful and the soil was rich. All you had to do to raise a good crop was to plant, water and pray and God gave the increase.

Our nearest little public school was about three miles from home. This meant we had to walk and wade about six miles a day. On the coldest days of the winter we would break the ice on the ponds as there were not any foot logs or bridges to cross on.

The seventh grade is as high as those country teachers could teach. (In those days one could graduate from a high school in the spring; take a six weeks teaching course in the summer, and be ready to go out and teach, and perhaps get married in August!) As I look back on those days it reminds me of an old scratched record . . . when it got in a groove it just stayed in the same place and just repeated the same thing over and over.

That was the way it seemed to be when you learned as much as the teacher knew . . . the boys grew so large before getting through the top grade, sometimes they just kept on going to court the teacher. We would stand sort of close to them and dust the erasers and start the fires for them.

It was the custom to have our lunch period with our family group. Usually there would be four to six children from each family. We would form a circle around a big old eight quart pail or bucket to eat . . . for all of us ate out of the same pail.

The menu consisted of one quart of syrup which was kept in the corner of the old one room building . . . on the floor . . . all lunches was kept in the same corner.

We used to sing a song which went something like this: Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic — taught by the tune of the hickory stick — I'm your queen in calico — you are my bashful barefoot beau — you wrote on my slate — "I love you, Joe," when we were a couple of kids!

Now getting on with the good ol' days when cloth was all wool and

a yard wide . . . the poorer families clothes were made out of flour or chicken feed sacks; especially the underclothes. In those days the men's BVD's were a one piece thing . . . you couldn't tell whether to walk into them or back into them! Certainly they were not as comfortable as the 18-hour girdle now advertised on TV. Sometimes before the name brand faded out you might read . . . *Pillsbury's Best, 96 lbs.* when someone leaned over a little too far.

Unless your parents were able to send you to some boarding school in the nearest city to your home . . . that was the highest education you could get. Very few parents could afford it in those days.

I remember from 1910 . . . up in the 20's the small time farmers would load their one horse wagon or cart with a few bushel of potatoes, a hog or two or three chickens and a few dozen eggs, get up and leave out about three o'clock in the morning . . . in the dark . . . the whole family would get up to help us get off. Some of them fixing lunches for the trip . . . some holding an old fat-lightered hand torch to see how to load the wagon and hitch up the team and start out to try to make it half way to town by noon. We would stop to rest and eat our lunches we brought with us . . . feed the horse and let him rest . . . then in about an hour we would hitch up the team again and try to make it to the camping lot by night; eat a little supper and sleep in the old camping house that was furnished by a wholesale grocerman. We got up early the next morning, fixed a little breakfast and coffee, fed the horses then hitch up the team and start out to sell our little produce; that would take care of the second day. Next morning we would again rise early, do our little shopping by noon, then load up and head for home. We would get there sometime between eight and twelve midnight on the third day . . . depending on the weather.

Just to compare prices of today; I write this in December of 1975 — to prices then — we would have to sell our potatoes for 50 cents a bushel. I paid \$6.00 a bushel at a farm today. Pork sold for 6 cents a pound then — by the hog. Today sausage is \$1.39 a pound. Today I paid sixty cents for a dozen Grade A large eggs. They sold for 15 cents a dozen then. Everybody has a right to their opinion and I hope I have a right to mine — but I can remember when you could buy a whole cow for \$6.00!

Then and now makes quite a bit of difference in prices and people as well . . . B. H. Hughes relates this little anecdote about his grandson, Gordon Wells, when he was a preschooler of four years . . . they were out in the garden and Grandpa was pointing out the various vegetables he was growing . . . row by row . . . the beans, the radishes, tomatoes and so on . . . then he looked down to the row near where they were standing . . . and said, "and this is the mustard" . . . Gordon viewed it for a moment and without hesitating he asked . . . "Where is the mayonnaise?"

Even for a Granpa who was raised on a farm . . . there was quite an element of surprise to learn his grandson was not as well acquainted with the soil as when he was when growing up. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes have been residents of Baldwin since 1930 and Mr. Hughes served as Baldwin's postmaster from 1941 to 1969. He now serves on the planning board by appointment of the Baldwin Town Council for the expansion of the town. He is progressively minded and would like to see Baldwin grow and prosper. Most townspeople will agree that we need to keep a small town atmo-

sphere. Plans have already been made to re-route U.S. 301 around the town which will greatly help solve the congestion of traffic in Baldwin.

The city fathers now serving together . . . hold the same views, for the most part. They are: C. J. Grace, Clarence Douglas, Levi Shannon, E. Denny Ecoff and R. E. Totman, Mayor of Baldwin serving out the remainder of the term of W. A. Rowland.

R. E. "Bob" Totman was employed by Florida Power and Light Company and was trained to work with generators and diesel engines. His employers in Ormond Beach asked him if he would like to come to Baldwin and work for them.

"Where is Baldwin?" he asked. He was told it was a little place up in north Florida about 20 miles west of Jacksonville.

"You'll find it," they advised. So on March 10, 1926, the 21-year-old Bob Totman reached his destination about dark. He came in by way of the old Yellow Water Road. He stopped at the G. W. Rogers filling station . . . where the forest tower used to stand on the north end part of Yellow Water Road . . . "Could you tell me how much further it is to Baldwin?" he inquired. "You're in it, mister. Just go till you cross the railroad and you'll see about all there is to see."

When he reached the railroad he saw the Tanner store. He could tell there was a lamplight on and dark was coming on fast so he needed a place to stay . . . at least for the night. The evening meal had already taken place but he was asked if he had had supper. There was a little cafe behind the Tanner store and after he had eaten he found lodging in a house across the road where other men had come to Baldwin to participate in building the new Ice Plant. "It was early the next morning when a rooster woke me up, I remembered him standing on the window sill, there wasn't any screen on it and there was frost on the ground. That day we got our first generator going and I was the first to turn on the street lights in Baldwin . . . there were three." This was the beginning of many more memories for Bob Totman in the town of Baldwin . . . which you have already read in the portion about our mayors . . . he is now our present Mayor of this Bicentennial year.

Looking out the window of the past we can also see Clifford Campbell, son of Frederick Campbell who came to America from Scotland as a young man of 19 and stayed in Iowa for a time but moved on southward, for reasons of health and settled in Baldwin during the early 1890's. He was a farmer . . . raised vegetables . . . even raised rice in a pond at one time! His family consisted of four sons and one daughter; Roderick Clifford, Merle, Willie, John and Eula Campbell. Only Clifford remained in Baldwin and married Ora Lee Rogers (daughter of G. W. Rogers) who died in June of this year at the age of 73. They had six children . . . Clifford, Jr., Malcolm, William, Stuart and two daughters, Mildred and Joyce. They continued to prosper on the truck farm by raising fresh vegetables with the help of the windmill for irrigation. Stuart Campbell spoke of his father as being able to "raise a little cane" once in a while but that was a crop several others were capable of doing around town, too!

This brings a reminder of a story once heard of a man who was moving into a community and decided to go down town and see what he could find out. As he walked down the street, he noticed an older man

sitting in front of a store in a cane bottom chair . . . whittling on a piece of wood and smoking a pipe. The newcomer asked the old timer: "What kind of town do you have here?" The old timer replied with a question: "What kind of town did you have where you came from?" The new citizen replied: "Well, some things were good, some were bad, and some were in between." The old timer then asked: "Well, how were the people where you came from?" The new arrival replied that some of the people were good some not so good and some in between. The old timer commented: "I think you will find this town and community about the same way. It will be what you want it to be and what you help it to be. You will get out of it what you put into it and what you want to get out of it, nothing more, nothing less. Your community will be what you are and what you want it to be."

We could all stand to take time and think about the wisdom in the old timer's remarks.

Irene Ryan and her family came to Baldwin from Waycross, Georgia in the mid-twenties. She and Joe Newsom were married in March of 1928. Joe was a Railroad man most of his working years and retired in the 1960's. He is an excellent gardener and has a beautiful pear orchard. Neighbors lovingly call Irene "The Baldwin Pear Queen."

Elsie Ford came to Baldwin around 1923. Married James Thomas who ran a little restaurant down the railroad from the old Pringle home. His voice was familiar around the railroad depot when his voice rang loudly: "P-NUTS, — P-NUTS — to the train passengers. Some years later when he died — Elsie bought his casket at the Tanner store in Baldwin. Elsie has endeared herself to many Baldwin people with her service in caring for the sick, her home spun philosophy and Christian testimony as she irons for her customers and friends she tries to "iron out" a few wrinkles in the lives she has touched for over half a century. Her laugh is delightful when she is told she is a "bicentennial baby" as she passed her 76th birthday in June of this year.

There are many people who lived most of their lives in Baldwin whose names do not appear on the pages of this book because we do not have information or time to seek it before going to the printers; but we do thank those who have been a part of the community through the years.

Thinking back to the first time our family came to Baldwin we had dinner one Sunday in August of 1960 at Everybody's Restaurant. I don't remember what we ordered but the food was of high quality and very enjoyable, the service was friendly besides the very reasonable prices. That kind of quality and service still prevails; and if Baldwin were to have an official hostess it would just have to be Minnie Bennett Lynn! She is a very quiet mannered and gracious lady. Of course, hospitality has been part of her nature for as long as I've known her. The serving of food is an art and skill which is older than books or writing and history has been made many a time "around the table." I would think of it as a godly service to human beings and that is most commendable!

There is always a place for one who wants to serve their community, but some are called upon to help lead others into a more fruitful use of their time and special mention of the past P.T.A. Presidents of Baldwin schools seems appropriate here:

Mr. James Beard, Mrs. Marie Brinson, Mrs. Viola Brinson, Mrs. Lyda Brown, Mrs. Ola Lee Brown, Mrs. Hilda Campbell, Mrs. LuRetha Chatman, Mrs. Bernice Clark, Mrs. Harriett Cone, Mrs. Elsa Himaner, Mrs. Jessie Mae Foil, Mrs. Gertrude Foster, Mrs. Bertha Fouraker, Mr. Lester Fouraker, Mrs. Melissa Green, Mrs. Emory Hardin, Mrs. Lottie Mae Hayes, Mrs. Evelyn Jones, Mr. Gene Johnson, Mrs. Louise McGrew, Mrs. Sally Manning, Mrs. Betty Pearce, Mrs. Marolyn Petrey, Mrs. Pearl Roberts, Mr. Hugh Rowe, Mrs. Vernell Rowland, Mr. John Ruis, Mrs. Mary Lee Ryan, Mr. Theo Taylor, Mr. Dennis Whitman, Mrs. Ethel Young, Mrs. Linda Bell.

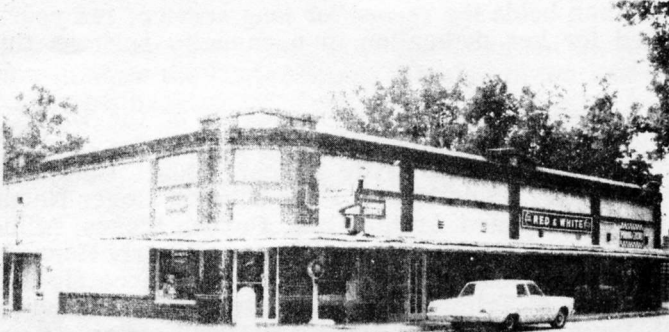
Mrs. LuRetha Chatman holds the record for long service; ten years. She is to be commended for her dedication in a capacity such as this office holds.

The officers and sponsors, coaches and managers of the Baldwin Little League are also worthy of recognition for their long hours of effort in community service. Jimmy Kilgore, Clyde Saucer, Stuart Campbell, Herman Stokes, Gerald Francis, Diane Moore, Faye Kilgore, Roger North, John Rainer, Charles Dixon, Jay and Aretha Ruis, Colleen Stokes, Millie Bowyer, Norma Francis, Edwin Totman, Mossie Blanton, Beverly Kennedy and W. Trimble. Some of the managers in 1976 were: Lawrence Gunter, Leroy Ellison, Hank Schraud, Al Trimble, Steve Gallagos, Earle Johnson, Doyle Hammock, N. H. Boyd, George Bell and Buck Mizell starts out the coaching lineup . . . then comes Donald Johnson, John Waters, Steve Wallace, Dale Wallace, Ed Baker, Norman Jones, Jerry and Bruce Higginbotham, Don Edwards, Dan Stokes and Ray Kennedy. Other positions held were treasurer, Shirley Ledford and the secretary, Patsy Owens. Doyle Hammock was Field Manager and Hilda Campbell was Official Scorekeeper. Many miles were traveled, time spent in helping and doing the necessary "things" but the benefits of youth are well worth all the efforts. The sponsors were mostly local business people and many individual supporters were greatly appreciated.

And so we come, along the way, to the end of another precious day. A day of opportunities lost or gained, a day of disappointments met, sustained, a day of sorrow and of mirth, a day of death, a day of birth; a day of sickness and of health, a day of poverty and of wealth. A day of kindness . . . and manners rude, a day of hunger . . . an excess food. A day, which through all its hours, gave to each of us its powers. A day that from your deeds and mine, could have been evil . . . or divine. What, my friends, did you do, I pray, with this wonderful gift . . . a brand new day?

As the song goes . . . so many dear hearts and gentle people that live and love in my hometown. Memories — of young and old — Mr. A. J. Ryals, whose death really brought this book about — my expression of the sad fact that I knew very little about him though I had lived in Baldwin for sixteen years. Mayor Rowland said at the time, "You know, someone should get this information down about the people in our town." Someone else spoke up and said, "That would be a good project for the senior citizens." So this book evolved from that remark — now Mr. Rowland is gone. Little Linda Barnes, only three — the Lord saw fit to call her to heaven — Jake Perry — Mary Eddy — both left families with children — as the scriptures remind us, "Teach us to number our days" — Hazel Thomas, Anna Lou Braddock, Jimmy Davis, the man who loved people — John

Colson — remembered in many ways as a man of service to his church for thirty years and his work with the Cub Scouts — “Pa” Ruis, taught this writer how to tend this Florida soil. Memories . . . light the corners of my mind . . . misty water-colored memories, scattered pictures of the smiles we left behind . . . memories, may be beautiful and yet, what is too painful to remember . . . we simply choose to forget. So, it’s the laughter that we remember . . . the way we were. Can it be that it was all so simple then, or has time re-written every line?



The old drugstore built in 1928 for Dr. W. D. Brinson, now houses Ruis' IGA Grocery store, print shop and doctor's office.

The old Volunteer fire station was converted to the police station after the new fire station was built.



Chapter 5

Reflections

In reviewing the past we catch a reflection of history that reveals a sturdiness of soul in the people of Baldwin. Their common sense and wisdom in preparing for those things we are presently enjoying, and yet *we* bear the responsibilities of planning for the "tomorrows" while eternity is breathing down our necks. The cries of ecology ring out because of man's abuse of mother nature; the shame of broken homes and wayward parents producing rebellious children, the numerous social, health, crime and political problems are overwhelming! The turmoil that tries the heart-strings with wars and the loss of loved ones leaving us . . . they are no more.

I have come to the Battleground of Olustee to write a portion of this last chapter. The old "watch dog of the forest" . . . the blue-jay, is screeching at me as I sit here in the warm sunshine. There is a hint of fall in the air. The dog fennel is in full bloom so we can expect frost within a few weeks.

Many men died on this scene. As I sit here I try to visualize that battle that took place here in 1864 on February 22nd. There were 203 Union troops killed and 1,152 wounded. The Confederate soldiers lost 93 in death and 847 wounded, making it a victory for the Confederates. The thoughts of the men as they were dying, perhaps some watching their own blood still warm from the life that was in it to flow down and mingle with the sun heated sand of Florida. The Union troops had been through Baldwin just three days before, on their way to blow up the railroad bridge over the Suwannee River. General Joseph Finegan was leading the Confederates. He was an Irishman. We can well see where the phrase "the fightin' Irish" got their reputation. The battle was won . . . but the war was lost. Wars never settle very much . . . truth crushed to earth, shall rise again. For all men to have equal rights, was the cause they were fighting for . . . people are still disagreeing over this issue today, not on a battlefield like this one . . . but in the heart . . . and the mind has to make a big choice . . . still an individual choice as to whether we yield to our own will or that of God. The scriptures tell us in Acts 17:26 . . . "God hath made of one blood, all nations of men." While many people would like to have a definitive plan that could be accomplished in "ten easy lessons" as proposed by some self-appointed prophets; this will not be the course for free men in a free society. The very nature of life is growth and change, and to try to curb it is to destroy it, yet many of Gods servants continue to want to deprive others that are not of their own social level or background, of the same privileges offered to them. The words of an old hymn come to mind . . . "When Jesus comes to reward His servants, whether it be noon or night, faithful to Him will he find us watching, with our lamps

all trimmed and bright. Oh, can we say we are ready, brother, ready for the souls bright home, say will He find you and me still watching, waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?"

People . . . past and present, have had difficulty understanding and communicating with one another. If we reflect upon the nature of communication, we might learn to better understand our ancestors in the past as well as our neighbors in the present. We are often misunderstood, and we ourselves often misunderstand the action of others. What is "said" is not understood by the listener exactly what the speaker strives to say. Simplicity is one key to keep the lines of communication more clear, not "drown people" with too many words at one time, yet have "salt" in what is said.

There is an ailment in the body of society which reaches into Christianity. There is sad evidence in many churches that the bride of Christ is sick . . . I say this with much heaviness of heart. To proclaim the word of God with joy . . . and the response is so dry the preacher can hardly get a holy grunt from the congregation! We pass judgement with ignorance and blindness . . . making the "criminal" of the innocent, the good and the bad as equal . . . as the ghost of corruption and the shadow of shame comes into the hearts and homes of those we love. The devil is seeking to devour us. We are no match for him. He is a masterdeceiver. The battle can only be won through Christ's Holy Spirit as our powerline and our restrainer.

There is another situation that is most annoying to the senior citizen level here in Baldwin. It is quite noticeable in public behavior. We seem to be culturally undernourished . . . another sore in society. With the breakdown in homelife, the teaching of manners or social graces is unknown to many. The elements in the educational forrest of today no longer require the essentials of the 3 R's we were exposed to in our day. To us, the old way is still best. It seems deplorable when High School graduates can hardly read and know very little geography of the planet we live on . . . What is an educated person today? A specialist in a certain field? That may be the answer coming from the era we now live in but it is not accurate to the *whole* man. Man was made of body, soul and spirit. Since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden he has become more mental than spiritual by choice. He is not only flesh and bone but also in a spiritual sense he's *in the flesh*. He's no longer in the *spirit* and no longer bears the likeness or image of GOD . . . morally or spiritually! A lost soul still in human flesh, the spirit being dead but is now antagonized by the *mind*. The way man has conducted himself since his fall . . . he acts as a general rule as though the *mind* was god. Higher education . . . couldn't care less whether man has a soul or not. The *mind* goes against soul and body . . . but all is not lost. It all starts a second time with the Son of God, Jesus who was conceived of the Holy Spirit. His body was like an embryo placed in the womb of the young virgin Mary. When He was a young man He was filled with the Holy Spirit . . . so great it could not be measured (John 3:34) yet He said He did nothing of Himself. (John 5:19-30). Jesus subordinated mind and body to the spirit. In Him we see the living example of the *whole* man. The second Adam, Jesus Christ became a whole man by being born. Adam was *created* a whole man . . . Jesus was *born* a whole man. He was born of the virgin Mary but conceived by the Holy Spirit and He allowed the Holy Spirit to dominate His life. He willed God's will for Himself. He offers *us* the same birth in John 3:16 . . .

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *who-soever* believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

From the gospel of John, we are warned: "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God . . . except a man be born of water and of Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." That's the way it was . . . when God restored His *image* upon the soul of man when HE gave His SON to us! This new birth does not make you to become suddenly superholy or superperfect . . . the human being nature is still with us to war against the new spirit within us. We will have prejudices and make mistakes until the day we die. It is not the fault of the Holy Spirit that you are like that or I am like that. We are human beings and we are stubborn. It is when we let those prejudices become so important that we live by them when God reminds us that HE is no respecter of persons . . . Acts 10:34. By the new birth we should have the capacity to make valid moral decisions that life places upon us . . . its purpose is to give us power to witness; but in contrast with higher education of today . . . it does not serve well in respect of having the ability to apply knowledge with wisdom in solving our problems. Many well educated persons become fuzzy-brained and emotional on matters of moral judgement. Baldwin needs more concerned and capable citizens to help mold the future needs least it be besieged by people of less devotion and less vision of its real aims. The *second* coming of Christ is so near it may not be necessary to plan that far ahead but again we are told in the scriptures that we know not the day or hour of his coming, so we still need to prepare for it.

In a lighter vein of thought we come to realize how people in all walks of life have contributed to the history of Baldwin. We have taken on an international trend this year as we have two Vietnamese families living in our town. One of which, can make the most delicious egg rolls; Mrs. Thanks Lee. Then there is our new doctor Mel Cabronell who is from Manila, and his wife is Indian, and the newest lady in town, Dr. Sotomayer! This gives Baldwin a spanish flavor . . . but it is surprising how much Irish influence has lent itself to Baldwin. General Joseph Finegan's valiant fight at Olustee . . . a fightin' Irishman if ever there was one . . . DR. BALDWIN'S birthday on March 18th which is one day after St. Patricks Day . . . numerous residents whose birthday's fall on March 17th . . . Eunice Axman, Bertha Broom, Stuart Campbell, Irene Newsom and no doubt there are many others which have not been discovered . . . and Dr. Edward Tanner lives in "DUBLIN" . . . and yours truly comes from an Irish town of SHAMROCK! So much Irish reflection leads me to suggest we set aside ST. PATRICK'S DAY and DR. BALDWIN'S birthday to observe and honor Dr. Baldwin and our hometown each year. Two days of celebration. The last Homecoming Football parade showed evidence of talent in making floats for the occasion so perhaps this can be developed into something to spark some enthusiasm for hometown civic pride and spirit that everyone could participate in.

In closing, another BIG THANK YOU to the senior citizens themselves who have been so helpful. We are not professionals and we are far from being perfect in our efforts to compile this story of Baldwin's people. Perhaps someday someone will come along who is more capable to do a more thorough job of research and will write another book . . . but for now . . . we will just say we "gave it our best." Jim Rigdon, willed God's will for himself. He offers *us* the same birth in John 3:16 . . .

my pastor has been a most helpful guidance counselor throughout our efforts as a writer. The Lord has taught me to have more patience than I started out with, my understanding of my fellowman has increased and I've learned to better keep my mouth shut . . . much needed lesson and I thank Him for using me and giving me this opportunity to be of service to the town of Baldwin.

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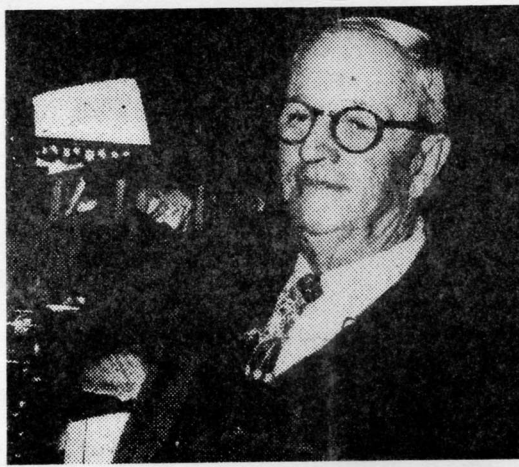
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THE OLD BALDWIN CITY HALL



MAYOR L. C. OLIVER



MAYOR AND MRS. EVERETTE P. BRADDOCK



MAYOR AND MRS. W. A. ROWLAND



MAYOR R. E. TOTMAN