



Excerpts from the Journals of
Dora Minerva Smith

Compiled by Carole Harper

The Journals of Dora Minerva Smith

Forward by Carol Harper

The personal journals of Dora Minerva Smith give us a rare look into the daily life of a young woman coming of age during the 1900s in the Rico Community of Chattahoochee Hills. Dora began these journals on her 18th birthday and continued to write until her death in 1915. All total, there are 175 hand-written pages.

Dora was born and raised in the house her parents built on Jones Ferry Road. The old home place is still there and is presently owned by James Gullatt.

Dora is the daughter of John Knox Smith and Lavonia Arnold Smith, who had five children: 2 sons - Guy and Hugh, and 3 daughters - Louvenia (wife of Frank Redwine, Sr.), Mamie (wife of Charlie Barnes), and Dora.

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About the Excerpts

Excerpts from the journals were typed and formatted into an electronic file and distributed in the Weekly Reader, the newsletter of the Chattahoochee Hills Civic Association. They have been compiled into this document for posting on the Chattahoochee Hills Historical Society Website.

Minor spelling corrections have been made and additional paragraph breaks have been added to make the journal easier to read.

Additionally, photos have been added from the family's collection that relate to the people or places described in the journal.

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June 7, 1899

How will it look when the months have flown?
This fair new page that is all my own."

Well here is goodnight forever to my dear old seventeenth year its many joys, trials and tribulations.

It has not been very happy still I can look back and think over my joys and sorrows with a great deal of pleasure. I read "Stepping Heavenward" not long ago and I thought of my other diary. So I decided to commence another one the last night of my seventeenth year. Mamie and Vena think it is so silly, but I don't care. I had so many times and shed so many tears over my other. I really think you ought to be all happiness dear old book. I so hope and pray you will.

I rode to Rico today on my wheel and had bad luck, came very near running over a great long ugly black snake about four feet long. I lost my wrench too and had to walk back ever so far after it. My wheel got to dragging against the fender so I had to walk almost all the way back. It was certainly hot.

Mr. Jim McMillian was not at the store so I had to wait at his house an hour. Miss Lillie was very nice and interesting. I love flowers and she showed me all of hers.

I suppose she thinks I am an awful girl "to ride a bicycle." Times are so scary. I carried my pistol tied to the handle bars. The Negroes are awful. It is not safe to go anywhere.

I stopped at the Mr. Lairds and Miss Mattie Derrings' coming back. Mr. Laird was real bad off with Rheumatism. Miss Mattie was real ill and looked as if she might have been crying before I came. Was very thin and pale has not eaten anything for a week.

Ina, poor little girl will have to have the bone taken out of her leg in a few days. She has White Swelling and suffers death almost. I am afraid she won't live long.

Miss Matt told me what Dr. Turner said about Vena. He says he knows she is the most beautiful girl he ever saw. Has such a beautiful figure and walks so beautifully and is so sweet and lovely every way. He is terribly smitten I think.

We went fishing on Tuesday down at the river. Ed Suttles came down go see us Monday on his bicycle and it rained so he could not go back and the next day we got Mattie, Emma and Dow Gullatt and Will Barnes. Maie could not go, got our wagon and some dinner and went to the river. Ed drove so reckless some of the lard we carried to fry fish with spilled on our dinner but as it was a picnic, it mattered very little. It made it taste better I really believe. We had a lot of fish and fried them beautifully. The dinner was simply splendid. All enjoyed it and made things disappear at a most astonishing rate.

I caught two little fish, had three but one fell off the hook back in the water while I was trying to take it off. Ed caught two too. They caught the others on a trot line.

Emma, Ed and I fished together. We had fun I certainly can say. Vena and Mattie fried the fish and Emma and I cleaned them. They were delicious. After dinner Will Barnes carried Emma and me to ride up the river in a boat. Of all things I ever enjoyed that is the most enjoyable. It was simply fine. We went about a mile and floating back shouting and laughing all the way. We got our skirts wringing wet around the bottom. Emma dropped her bonnet in a puddle of water and mine was as black as could be when the day was over.

We all got in our wagons and rode to Lovers Leap in the afternoon. It is a large rock that stands sixty feet above the river right over the water. The scenery is magnificent from there. The bend of the river is beautiful. An Indian Chief and his sweetheart leaped into the river from the rock and were drowned. It has a history of the rock that is very romantic.

Going down there I stepped over a great long black racer. Emma and I certainly ran and squalled. Ed and the boys shot it. Ed lost his pistol but found it after a long hunt.

We went up the river farther to see some more rocks and admire the scenery and we came up on Mr. Redwine and Mr. Buck Byram. They were the dirtiest creatures I ever saw and laughed and acted so ungentlemanly. We girls got furious. We were dying for water and they told us to go down a little farther and we would come to a spring. They laughed so we would not go. Thought they were fooling us. The boys went and said it was a beautiful one and had splendid water. It was so late we did not have time to go then. But I tell you we certainly blessed them out coming home. We certainly had fun off of Ed. He was dressed in Papas old worn clothes about twice too large for him. He tore his shirt almost up before he came home crawling under the wire. He is such a sight and looked and acted so ridiculous.

It seems so long since I commenced my old first diary. I always spelled it with a capital "D" then because I loved it so. I started that on the last night of my fifteenth year. I looked in the glass then just before I wrote so I could always remember how I looked at that age and just as I did tonight. Ah! What a difference now in the faces. Then I saw a slim little girl with dark eyes, dark hair, dark skin with very red cheeks and in all a very happy little girl for tomorrow- she was to give a birthday dinner and tonight she has started her first diary, and Sally Smith was visiting her and both together were going to write it up to the best of their ability or rather start it off for Sallie was going home soon after the party. And glorious to relate an enormous cake all iced was on the table waiting for the feast just sent over by a very dear young lady friend. That birthday was the happiest I ever spent.

And tonight- ah! I see a tall girl that reminds me of a telegraph pole.

June 8, 1899

Eighteenth Birthday

Eighteen! How old I am getting. It does not seem any time now since I wrote in my other dear old "diary." I got up soon this morning and made so many good resolutions, but broke almost every one before night, as usual.

Vena and I have been so busy today I did not have anything extra for dinner but tea cakes. Vena went over to see Miss Mattie Derring after dinner and Maie wrote me a note before night saying they could not be back tonight as Ina and Miss Mattie were worse. I am so sorry. I did hope they would be better. Maie and Vena will sit up tonight.

Mamie's school closes tomorrow night with a commencement. It is also her birthday. We will not get to go as they are too busy ploughing.

I meant to write so much and make so many good resolutions but I am so very, very "awfully" tired I can't hardly hold this pen and so sleepy I can't hardly see these lines. But I know I would break every one of them. I always do.

I am going to try to be better and do better if I possibly can.

I told Ed to tell Lilla I would be a "grown up young lady today. But I don't feel one bit older than I did when I was sixteen, but I have acted awfully "bigitty", Vena says, all day. (I feel my importance you know.)



Figure 1: Dora Minerva Smith front and center. Second row left: Friend; Middle: Vera; Right: Mamie

Day By Day
Bend not thine arms for
Tomorrow's load;
Thou may'st leave that to
thy gracious God:
Daily", only He hath said to thee
Take up thy cross and follow Me.

June 18, 1899

Vena's Birthday, twenty one, I wonder how she feels. Papa said if it wasn't Sunday he would give her a good whipping. (A present to be remembered.) Both of us went to Providence (Piney Woods) to church. Vena with Charlie Barnes and I with Will. Maie and Dow Gullatt went on ahead of us but we all got there at the same time. We certainly had fun. Will or Charlie either one, did not know the other had an engagement. I was ashamed for both of us to go in together. But as luck would have it we were late and in we had to go. Sunday was Communion day. I certainly felt mean. I don't believe I ever have acted to bad or lost my temper so many times this week. I had planned to be so good but that is always my failing.

I went home with Attie and Miss Lucy for dinner, Vena and Charlie went home with Estelle and had a lovely time. Attie had a good many for dinner. In the afternoon we went to a singing at the church. We certainly sang. That is Attie and I did. Miss Evie lead. Mr. George Bryant helped but he acted so much like a monkey no one could sing for laughing at him.

After the singing Dr. Turner walked from the church with me to Mrs. Shannon's. I think he is such a nice little man. He had just gotten back from Miss Mattie Derrings. He said Ina was so much better.

Poor little girl she has had an awful time. Her leg was cut off last week about five inches from her body. The Doctors said it would have to come off as her knee was perfectly rotten. Dr. Paul Pennington, Dr. Watkins and Dr. Turner took it off Sunday before last. It certainly was sad. Ina is such a pityful little thing now. Vena and I have been sitting up with her. One night I thought she would die. She suffered so much. Never will I forget how she looked when she finally went to sleep. Stella Reeves and I stood and looked at her, both of us said we would never forget that night. I could not keep back the tears. I would have done anything in the world to have relieved her suffering if only I could. The poor little stump of a leg looked so pityful. She had her hands folded across her breast and looked like a corpse laid out to be buried. It was the saddest sight I ever saw.

Ina Carlton and little Nellie Johnson came home with Mamie June 10th. The commencement at Palmetto was a grand success. Mamie has not been at all well for a week. She has fallen off a great deal. "The District School" was one if the best dialogues at the exhibition.

Ina and Nell stayed over until Monday afternoon. Attie Shannon and Wayne Watkins came and spent about one hour the Second Sunday afternoon. Vena went to New Hope church with Mr. Redwine and took dinner with Miss Mary Reeves.

Will Reeves came Sunday night. I can't bear that boy. I can't stand him. He is the most sickening boy I ever saw. He pretends to be so much in love and is conceited enough to think I ought to like him. We had a most awful fuss before he left. I gave him a piece of my mind. He will never bother me again I don't think.

Charlie and Dow called to see Vena after dinner. Mary Potts and Walter Chamarichall (?) ran away and married Sunday. I am glad she has married at last, but sorry she took such a boy.

Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the faults I see
That mercy to others show
That mercy show to me"
"Pope"

July 15, 1899

"Heaven
O land unknown, O Land of love divine
Father all wise, eternal.
Guide, guide these wandering way worn feet of mine,
Into those pastures vernal"

So many things have happened I think it would take me all night to tell you all of them "little journal", so I will only tell a few important events.

Mr. Herndon has been very ill; Charlie too, has the Typhoid fever now and is real sick. I am so uneasy about cousin John's people I am afraid all the family will have it. None of them are well now. It is terrible. Mamie and I spent the day with cousin Bettie yesterday and stopped in to see the sick a few minutes. Charlie sent Lucy down after us. He seemed so glad to see us. So did Mr. Herndon. They both look awful bad.

Vedder Steed brought Miss Marie Estes out to see us last Wednesday. She is from Atlanta. I like her ever so much. She is very pretty and so sweet. Vena went back to town with them and stayed two days with Marie at Mr. Frank Steeds. I think she enjoyed it ever so much. Vedder carried them (6 girls) straw riding one night in an ox wagon. They went all through Palmetto.

We lost our cow Tessie, last week. She fell and hurt herself some way one night. Papa had her tied to a tree. She never got up after that night, but died about a week afterwards.

We have certainly had our share of company. We have someone for dinner every day. And sometimes a house full. Friday we had a preacher, a peddler and a book agent and Mr. Greens little boy and Maie came over in the afternoon.

I received another letter from Ed Friday too. It was real nice and long. Prof. Childress added a P.S. to it. Cousin Sallie has another little girl baby so Ed said. I certainly was surprised. They have nine children in the family now, five girls and four boys. I haven't heard from dear old Lilla in ages.

Our club met at our house Friday night (last night). We had a lovely time. I think we had thirty five people (members) here.

Five were sick and could not come. All of the Piney Woods people were down. I did not look for them much, as we live so far. We gave them a watermelon cutting. We had plenty of melons.

Maie certainly is crazy over Dr. Turner. I think everyone who was here will remember how she acted. She cornered him on all occasions. Never will I forget how she shook hands with him when she redeeming her lawns (?). I thought the crowd would (?) themselves laughing. It was a show to watch her that night.

The club elected Vena president, as Miss Evie Shannon resigned. Will Barnes was elected vice president. Dr. Turner Secretary and Sallie Treasury.

Maie invited us to meet at her house next Friday night. I tell you I am looking forward to that night. I know Mrs. Barnes is going to blow us sky high. She doesn't like this Club-business at all. We always go in a wagon when the Club meets near Piney Woods and the last time she raved all day long on Friday and blessed us out that night as we went by after Maie. We went in Dow's wagon. She certainly is a funny old woman. She is awful nice when she is in a good humor.

August 1, 1899

Sardis (revival) meeting protracted convenes next week. We will carry dinner. Have invited ever so many people to take dinner with us. Our Club meets next Friday at cousin John's. I will be so glad when meeting commences for I am growing daily, hourly, and minutely worse. I don't know what in the world possesses me. I do want to be good.

August 7, 1899

Protracted meeting has begun at last. We all went Sunday and carried dinner. (It was a success everything was beautiful). A crowd took dinner with us. Dr. Turner and Prof. Barge, Charlie, Sallie, Estelle, Burnett and Rob and Cousin John were there and took dinner with us. And ever so many others.

The church and grounds were crowded we could not get in the house. So sat out in the double seated buggy and had a very nice time. The boys pulled their buggy up by ours so we could all talk. I believe they have the worst water in the world at that church. Sallie and I call it "cat soup". Every time I go to church there they always draw up one out of the well, and frogs and snakes and worms as well.

Vena, Dr. Turner and Mr. Barge have up a desperate case I think. Sallie and I went with Mr. Keith and Wayne Watkins all the afternoon. Wayne is certainly one a sight. I was with him.

Claudine and Clessie Mcleroy were there. They are beautiful girls. Clessie was about the prettiest girl on the grounds I believe.

Cousin John's people, the Dr. and Prof and the preachers, Mr. Carlson and two more old men came home with us to eat watermelon after preaching. The preacher spent the night with us.

Someone gave our two dogs Ring and Sharpe beaten glass in a biscuit last night (a few nights ago) and Sharpe was dying all night last night. He kept us all awake. He suffered terrible and groaned like a person. He is dead now poor dog. I cried this morning when he suffered worse. He was such a protection to us girls. Negroes killed him I know, I am afraid Ring is dying tonight. The negroes pass by all times of night, and the dogs are bad to bite. I am sure some rascal, hard hearted sinner threw them the bread. Charlie and Vena went to church today. Every one of us got up sick this morning. I believe it is the water we drank at Sunday. I was too sick to go and stayed at home to get dinner, had four negroes to cook for tonight.

Vena went back to church with Mr. Redwine. Mamie and I and all the rest are too sick to go.

India, Quida, Ethel and Lina are coming out Wednesday (day after tomorrow). I guess I will go to Ben Hill all the same. But can't stay but one night and day. I am so sorry. I wish I could spend a week with Lilla. I am afraid we won't get to go to the Reunion as we will have company. I suppose I will have to go to town after the girls with papa. I hate to go to town. I am certainly dreading it.



**Mamie Smith Barnes
& son Charles Arnold Barnes**



**Charles Barnes
married to Mamie Barnes**



**Children of Mamie and Charlie Barnes
L-R: Arnold, Hugh, & Robert Barnes**

Carole Harper writes:

So much interest has been shown in the journal and one of the questions has been about Dora's friend Maie. After doing a little research I discovered her name is pronounced "May." She is the sister of Charlie Barnes, who later married Mamie, and she became the wife of Dow Gullatt. One of her sons is Preacher Tom Gullatt, who served most of his ministry as a missionary in Japan.

October 6, 1899

This world is full of trouble. I believe I have more than anyone else in the whole world.

Papa and I had a big fuss the other night. He does put me out so sometime. Last summer he stayed in Atlanta or all the year rather and we stayed by ourselves most of the time.

Louise and Maie Ragland two of Vena's friends spent three weeks with us during the last of June and the first of July. We all slept upstairs and one night someone broke in the house and came in my room. I awoke but was not frightened. I only thought it was Vena. I sat up in bed and called her. Whoever it was left the room. Mamie slept with me, I awoke her, lit a lamp and we both squalled for Vena, she had the gun in her room and we had nothing at all to shoot. I happened to think of Hugh and Guy being in danger across the hall so took the lamp and went in their room, looked under the bed and behind the door and every object in there but failed to find anything. I went back to the head of the stairs to Vena's door and knocked, beat, and banged on it but failed to awaken her. I heard a noise down stairs so went running back to my room where Mamie was and together we went back and finally after so long a time aroused Vena, Maie and Louise and I shot the gun so Mr. Byram, our near neighbor, would come. He said he thought he saw two men go across the grove as he came to the house. He was almost scared to death. We saw where someone had entered Papa's room window. But did not harm anything. Papa suspected a negro on the place and they had the case tried in court. I had to go. Oh! Such awful, terrible times as we had over that troublesome night. The negro had never harmed us in his life as I ever knew of and there was no proof whatever of his breaking in the house. They could not do anything whatever with the case. And now Papa has had the negro arrested again and put in prison to await February court and I will have to go and testify again. There is no proof whatever against the poor negro. They will never prove him guilty. I have no idea he was the one and why in the world Papa wanted to have him arrested for I don't know. We all were so angry tonight when Papa told me I would have to go to court again. And all for absolutely nothing. Papa knows nothing at all about the case and we were living peacefully enough with the negroes.

But now they are all angry and there is no telling what they will do. I am worried almost to death.

January 1, 1900

I will try to finish telling about Christmas as it is passed and gone.

Thursday Vena, Sallie, Ed and Mr. Hathcock came. Ed and Mr. Hathcock came driving up in one buggy. Vena and Sallie in another by themselves. Vena and Sallie would not come back with the boys. I don't think they liked it much. I have known Mr. H- a long time. He is a nice man, real good looking. Ed does not look well. Is awfully pale. Sallie and I entertained them. Vena, Mamie, and Lucy would not come in and stay any time.

We had a lot of fun. Played crokinole from twelve o'clock until supper and some after supper. Sallie and I enjoyed ourselves so we did not know when supper time came. Sallie gave herself away by saying "Hasn't time passed by quick"? "Is it really supper time." The tone of voice she said it in gave her away. We all had a laugh on her. We did not go to bed until about eleven o'clock. Vena and the others were asleep but awoke when we came in. Vena asked what time it was. I told her nine o'clock and they laughed at me. We had a great discussion about the bible the reason we were so late. We were quoting some verses and Ed said "A man that liveth and sayeth he sineth not, is a liar and the truth is not in him." Was not in the Bible, we stood him down that it was. We got the book then to see, didn't any of us know where to look for it. I said in "Job" and Mr. H- in "Proverbs". We looked and looked but never could find it. Over in "John" 1-13 verses I believe it says "If we live and say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us," I did not find that though until after Ed had gone home.

They spent Friday night with Misses Shannon's sons. I went home with Sallie and Lucy Friday night and stayed until Saturday afternoon. They spent Friday night at cousin John's too. Mr. Hathcock went with Attie, Miss Floy, and Tom Parks to an entertainment at Mr. Gaddy's. It was awful cold, Estelle and I were not well so we did not go.

Miss Lucy had sore throat so Ed went back to see her after supper.

They left for Ben Hill early next morning. They were in an open buggy and the wind was blowing right in their face all the way back. I believe it was the coldest morning or day rather I ever saw. I know they will both catch their death of cold. Neither one are at all stout. Sally and I are going out to Palmetto to have our pictures taken but it has been too cold.

Friday night Vena went to an entertainment with Mr. Redwine. I was not at home but Mamie said Vena came upstairs and told her. He proposed and they are going to marry sometime this spring in May I believe. He wanted her right away but as she had promised to teach school. They decided to wait until May. Vena told me when I came home. (Mamie and I) made like we did not believe one word, pretended that she was fooling us. I think it worried her considerably.

Mr. Redwine called Sunday night. Vena said she told him we would not believe her. He said he was going to tell us himself and see if we would not believe him. He has a beautiful home. Is going to have it all

built, painted and furnished over from top to bottom. Has one sister, a pretty sweet girl. They are perfectly devoted to each other. Both parents are dead. He has been living by himself for several years as his sister stays in town with relatives. But will live with him when he marries. He says she is perfectly delighted. I think Sallie is going to marry sometime soon.

Dear old Vennie. I do hope and pray they will be happy. I am sure he is devoted to her. I don't know whether she loves him or not. But do hope she does. Vena does not talk like some girls. Is very quiet and keeps things mostly to herself. I felt like taking her in my arms and crying over her when she told me. But she was so calm I could not, dear old darling I know how to sympathize with you, only you are happy. I was not. I loved once, Ah! It was long ago. He "My Hero" died. I don't think I will ever love again. My heart was broken, I lived it down though. That is to the world. On one ever knew. I will never mention it again dear old journal, only the old pain is here still.



**Frank & Vena Redwine with adopted daughter
Vena Cook Redwine**

Historical Photos



Vena Smith Redwine



Frank Redwine, Sr.



Boxwood Gardens. Hutcheson - Redwine Home



Vena Redwine and baby Sarah L.



Frank Redwine, Jr.

January 23, 1900

Annie Reeves and Will Barnes came home with Vena and Mr. Redwine from Sardis last visiting day. Annie looked better than I ever saw her I believe. Willie gave her a beautiful watch and chain for a Xmas gift. Cousin Hugh Johnson was spending two or three days out here and he certainly teased them but could not make very much off either of them. I don't know when they will get married.

The second Sunday Will R. and Mr. Redwine called. It was one of the loveliest Sundays I ever saw in January I believe. Will and I took a ride and did not get back until almost dark – both stayed for supper. I saw Mr. R – was on pins and needles. He wanted W- to go so bad but he saw how Mr. Redwine was so I think he decided to "sit him out." After eight o'clock every fifteen minutes Mr. R- would say "Miss Vena let's get some water." And out they would go and stay a good little while. I nearly killed myself laughing. Mr. Redwine is too funny for any use. Both stayed until about 11 o'clock.

Last Tuesday Mr. Bob Barnes gave a "Tacky Party." Will and Dow came over after Mamie and me.

I certainly did enjoy it. If there is anything I do enjoy it is a tacky party.

I think it was hard to tell who was the tackiest Maie or I. Most of the people said I was. She had the tackiest hat I ever saw. It was a band box trimmed up with cotton flowers and tissue paper. I wore an old derby of Papas. trimmed with white chiffon streamers and sweeping plumes and a large pink bow. I wish I could tell you how we all were dressed but I could not begin. Annie R- was an old lady and had her hair powdered white and wore her grandma's cape (old timey) and glasses. Mamie was awfully fixey too. I certainly had fun. Mamie and I had every color of ribbon bows imaginable on us. Mrs. Bob Barnes seemed to enjoy it so much, especially when we commence playing. I broke my vow and played two games of "Tucker". I don't believe I could keep one to save my life. They all begged so I had to play.

Mamie and I spent the day with Maie last Wednesday. Mrs. Barnes can certainly get up the most delicious dinners I ever ate. Papa, Hugh and Guy went to Newnan that day and I gave them my five dollars to have H & G pictures taken. We all were so anxious for them to have some made as they haven't any of themselves. Guy has a small tintype, the only one. But Papa would not let them have any made after they got down there. Mamie and I were downright hot.



Mamie & Dora Smith



Martha Louvenia Smith & sister Dora

February 11, 1900

Well trials and tribulations have thickly strewn my pathway since last I wrote, and I have wandered far, far, ever so far away from God. I certainly am not blessed with the patience of Job. Not one bit of it, much to my sorrow.

Aunt Mollie and Gipsy Carmichael spent Saturday a week ago with us. Dear Aunt M – is so nice to us. Sent H- and G- a cap and tie last week. Vena wrote and told her of her engagement to Mr. Redwine too. She was delighted, wants her to be married at her house. Says she will help do as much work as Vena will let her on her clothes. Vena says she don't mind letting her to help much as Mama made all Aunt Mollies wedding clothes. She is the biggest case; I nearly killed myself laughing at her.

Papa went to court last Monday, Got Mr. Jackson to stay with us until Thursday, and then I had to go. I knew all the time I would have to go first and last. Oh! How angry I was – but I did not say very much but what little I did say expressed my opinions very plainly.

I stayed with cousin Betty Green in Fairburn Thursday night. They tried the case that day. Oh! How I hated to go to the court house – not a lady there but to have to stand up before about 300 or 400 men, white and black and Judge Candler. I felt as if I were disgraced. Judge Candler and the lawyers kept me on the stand about one half an hour cross questioning me. I am awfully timid at times and it certainly was embarrassing. Mr. Cochrans, he was one of the witnesses. What he told sends Dan Zellars (the negro) up for twelve months. He said Dan confessed to him that he broke in our house but he only wanted money and did not mean to harm us. Dan denied the statement and said he did not confess to Mr. Cochrans. I don't know whether the negro was guilty or not. I wish they had dropped the case and have let the negro stay where he was, he was about forty miles away from here. I felt so sorry for the negro. And poor old Belle, his mother, she was so proud of Dan. My heart aches for her.

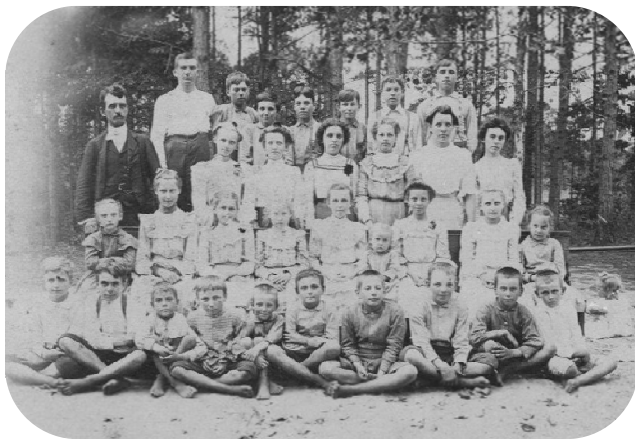
When Lissie was sick (her daughter) I went to see her one day and carried her two red apples, she died a day of two afterwards, Just before she died she raised up in bed and said "Mama, Miss Dora came to see me, she is so good. Tell Miss Dora if she ever wants to see poor Lissie to come to Jesus". It went to my heart, she was only a black girl, about my age, but she wanted me to come to Jesus. Ah! Lissie and to think the brother you loved so well, I- your Miss Dora sent him to jail for a year to wear stripes and chains and to be treated worse than a dog. I did my best to persuade Papa to let the case go, but he would not hear of it. Lissie's mission in life was a great deal better than mine. I will never forget her dying words. Although a poor ignorant black girl she loved her Savior and stood by him to the last. (They lived on our place when Lissie died.)

Historical Connections to the Dora Smith Diary – Mr. Ed Jackson

Dora Smith’s journal mentions Mr. Ed Jackson, who is pictured below in the photo of the school (first picture on left).

Excerpts from Mr. Jackson’s diary in 1902 begin as he is teaching at the Sardis school and living with his parents and several of the younger brothers and sisters. At the time they were renting Dr. J.A. Carlton’s house north of the town of Palmetto, now Carlton Road. Dr. Carlton, who was a bachelor at the time, maintained a room for himself and permitted the Jackson family to run the house and farm the land.

Edward Evans Jackson I was born June 30, 1873 in Campbell County, Ga. and died Dec. 7, 1919 in Fayette County, Ga. married: Jan. 29, 1911 in Fayette County to Effie Elizabeth Slaton. He lived in Palmetto area until about 1908-10 when he began a retail business in Tyrone in partnership with H. T. Daniel of Palmetto. He lived in Tyrone until Jan 1917 when he moved to Oak Grove south of Tyrone (Senoia address). He and family were living in Oak Grove when he died of Pneumonia during the flu epidemic of 1919.



The photograph of this school was in the Redwine family collection and believed to be the teacher, Mr. Ed Jackson, who is mentioned by Dora. None of the students were identified.

In his diary dated Aug. 30 1902 he says, “I was elected to the Sardis School today, which I refused to accept as I have been there 4 yrs.” On Nov. 3, 1902 he writes, “Opened school at Baptist Rest with 32 pupils.



Jackson Family ca. 1888-1890. Ed Jackson’s father and mother, Christopher Columbus Jackson & Sara Harris Jackson, and 10 of their 11 children.



Frank Redwine, Jr. and Sarah L. Redwine, children of Vena and Frank Redwine.

May 15, 1900

Well here I come again after so long a time. But to tell the truth I really and truly have not had time to write before. I have so many things to tell you dear, old book I don't know where to commence. Today is Sunday. Papa and Guy have gone to Mr. Keith's to take dinner, went from New Hope there. Mamie, Hugh and I stayed home, find I am sitting up here now perfectly miserable I ate so much dinner. I ate five saucers of strawberries and cream. Mamie and I were racing I felt as big as Mrs. Barnes when I finished.

Mamie and I went out to the gear house and weighed after we finished our berries. We both weighed 104 lbs. Hugh 84 lbs. Hugh has got to carry Vena and Brother Frank some berries. Yes, Vena has married. I can't realize it though. They were married the twenty fifth of April, half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

We certainly had a busy time getting her ready, she had only one month to make up her clothes in. Estelle came down and spent a week with us & helped sew. Vena's clothes were beautiful. Aunt Mollie helped too. Poor Aunt Mollie & I nearly worrying ourselves to death for fear she would not get her clothes made up in time. Vena did not worry ever, a thing from the first to the last. Estelle & I helped write the invitations, sixty five in all I believe. We certainly had fun while Estelle was with us. She will take Vena's school for the rest of the year.

We had a crowd at the wedding. Both Mrs. Raglands from Atlanta were down. Aunt Minerva was here too for the first time in twelve years (since mamma died). Lucy Smith spent the night before (Tuesday night) and helped Mamie gather flowers to decorate with. All the negroes, on the farm came & stood on the porch. They were married in the front room door. Vena was beautiful, her dress was perfectly lovely (white organdy & white satin slippers) Mr. Redwine was dressed in black.

Dr. Stacy performed the ceremony. It was the prettiest one I ever heard. They were not scared, or excited, one bit. Guy & I cried like babies when it was all over. I never knew a wedding was such a solemn occasion before. Dear old Vena I hated to see her leave. They left immediately for the R- home. Aunt Mollie & the Latimers in Banning gave them a big dinner. They got ever so many presents. Uncle Homer gave V one hundred dollars in gold and all the other presents were costly. Vena's house is perfectly beautiful, one of the prettiest I ever saw. Mamie spent three days with them last week. We both went down to see them one afternoon. Mr. Redwine came after us. Vena seems to be perfectly happy. The day she was married they killed a snake in the yard. It was just before the wedding. They say that is a bad omen. I do hope not. Vena had such good luck before her marriage. Everything came out just right. She bought and made all her own

clothes herself. Papa did not offer her one cent. He never did treat her right. I don't know what on earth makes Papa do as he does. I am so glad Vena is married and happy. She never could be happy at home.

June 1, 1900

Only to think June has rolled around again.

One year since I commenced this book. I am so disappointed in you, dear ol Journal when I read you over. I have so little time to write I can never think of anything interesting to put down.

I spent from Saturday until Tuesday with Vena. Had a lovely time. Frank and V came after me.

We went to church at Andrews Chapel Sunday. Mr. Joe Hutcherson, Papa and all the children took dinner with them that day. Brother Eaks (I guess that is the way he spells his name) and wife called to see Vena just before time to go to church. V took it into her head that morning she would wash her hair, nothing we could do would persuade her to change her mind. So of course it was good and wet when the preacher came. I had to go in and entertain them. They took me to be Mrs. Redwine at first before Frank introduced me. I like both the preacher and his wife ever so much. Vena came in after a little while.

I had a very pleasant visit while down there. Frank and I had some very lively times. I have a perfect horror of bugs and frogs and such things and Frank took a perfect delight in putting them on me. He would take a great ugly toad and try to put it down my back. Tuesday we saw the eclipse of the sun through smoked glass. It was about eight o'clock in the morning. It was almost a total eclipse. It was real dark and things looked so funny. I read ("Little Woman") by Louisa Alcott while there. I think it splendid. I am going to read "An Old Fashion Girl" the next time I go. Frank has piles and piles of books to my great delight.

Frank has two of the largest magnolia trees in his front yard, one on either side of the walk. They were perfectly beautiful when I was there, just covered with blooms. I have always been a perfect crank over flowers. Vena has a beautiful yard, ever and ever so many roses. Frank has a violin and can play a lot of pieces. It carried me back to dear old Ben Hill and its many entertainments and how we girls would try to dance. Those were happy old times if we were silly cranks.

June 27, 1900

Rain, rain, rain, I never saw the like, it has poured almost every day this month but two. Peoples crops are almost ruined, creek, rivers and branches are all up and in fact they stay up. Mamie and I went down to see Vena this afternoon after a hard rain and the river is all up over bottoms and fields of corn and cotton. The crops down there are all ruined. The corn smells sour. I suppose it will give the poor people who live on the river the fever. Some of them have lost all their corn. Everybody is in the grass, can't get to plow. They hoe in the mud. Mamie and I help hoe. Hired hands cannot be found anywhere. Everybody wants hands. The creek Mamie and I crossed liked to have scared us to death. It has a great big long bridge over it, and the bank of creek is so high, but the water was over them ever so far today and came nearly up to the floor of the bridge.

July 7, 1900

Dear I am still scratching away with this old pen I can't think to send and get me a new one. Mamie and I spent the day with Vena and Frank and Sallie, (she is living with them now) today and had the loveliest time. Hugh, Papa and Guy all went off visiting. Papa to Mr. Keith's, Hugh to Mr. Lairds, Guy to Cousin John's.

Sallie and Vena gave us the nicest dinner, they cooked it themselves, they are thinking of turning off their cook. Sallie is so smart and pretty and so entertaining. One of those real old fashion girls. She looks very much like Frank.

July 20, 1900

Papa lost a \$5.00 bill last Monday and nearly worried us all to death about it. Times are so hard now and we are so very, very, poor it was like losing a fortune but I had the good luck to find it in the trash, when I was sweeping the yards this afternoon.

August 12, 1900

Reeves Reunion

Yesterday we attended the Reeves reunion and spent a very pleasant day. There was such a crowd, most all Reeves. Take them in and out; I believe they are the best looking set of girls I ever saw. We girls, Annie, Emma, Sallie and I stayed together most of the day. We had so much fun. I know I never ate half as much dinner in my life as I did there, or ever saw as nice a one, just heaps upon heaps of everything good to eat, and plenty of melons. Sallie and I nearly killed ourselves eating pickles. They were delightful.

After dinner Mr. George Keith and Wayne Watkins came from New Hope, protracted meeting is going on there. A lot of people came to the reunion from there after dinner. We had a lot of fun after they came. We teased poor little Sallie nearly to death about how many pickles she ate. Mr. George too had his share of teasing. He tried to tell me to tell Papa about some widow who is visiting Rev. Mr. Seale, lives next door to Mr. Keith and he got it so mixed up we liked to have teased the poor little man to death. I told Papa and bless goodness he stirred around primped and fixed up, something he never was known to do before and put right out to see her.

Dec. 20, 1900 Beautiful One Eyed Girl

Last Sunday Mamie and I went up to see Mill Nollie Hern of Fairburn. She is teaching school at Spring Hill and is boarding at Miss Mattie Varner's. Mr. Bob Tatum, or Robert D. Tatum and Charlie Barnes called to see Mamie and me but we were gone so they came there too. We had quite a gay time. Miss Hern is full of life and fun and I was in one of my gay moods. Mr. Tatum brought me home. Then he went to see Miss Lucy that night. I believe they will make it yet. Miss Nollie and Mamie Varner will spend Monday night with us (tomorrow). She is not a pretty girl but is very nice and sweet.

Last Thursday we went to a party at Mr. Will Turner's. They always have a rough crowd there so we only stayed a short while. A crowd of dancers came in and two fiddlers, and I never saw such dancing in all my life, it was like in "ye olden times". Miss Nollie and I had so much fun watching them and taking in some fast river girls. One was especially pretty and too nice and quiet for that set, Stella Camp, a beautiful one eyed girl. One eye went out several years ago. She has one of the sweetest faces and goes with the very rough of the roughest boys. I talked with her for a while; she refused to dance as she joined the church last summer. Although she

told me she loved it better than anything and could dance with a cup of water on her head and not spill it. I have heard several say they never say anything to equal her dancing.

March 2, 1901

Hail Columbia

Mrs. Barnes gave us hail Columbia yesterday afternoon, our bull got out and went over there. Guy came back by there from school a little after they put him up and Mrs. B—certainly blessed him out. She was hot. He did no damage so they said but I suppose she thought we turned him out.

March 3, 1901

Went to church today, Annie and Will came home with us for dinner. She is so sweet and pretty. Will looks better than I ever saw him, shaving his moustache certainly did improve his looks. Jim Starr goes to see Stella every Sunday. Dow goes too and both try to sit each other out.

Last Monday night we killed a large pole cat between the ceiling of Papa's room. We had to tear off one plank next to the floor. We certainly had a time. I never smelt such an odor in all my life. It made me sick. I vomited and vomited. The boys shot him ten times with pistols before they succeeded in killing him. He was a beautiful animal resembling an enormous squirrel in shape and black and white in color. I don't believe we will ever be able to get rid of the odor. It was awful at first. We could hardly stay in the house. I don't know when I ever laughed as much.



**Believed to be at the river bottoms.
Redwine Family Collection**



**Hugh Smith, younger brother to Dora,
bailing hay in the Smith Pasture.
Redwine Family Collection**

March 19, 1901

We all spent the day with Vera last Sunday. Uncle Fred came out to see us (and) brought Aunt Florrie and the children, we were not at home so they rode down to Vena's too. It rained that afternoon so they could not go home and they spent the night with us. This is the first time Aunt Florrie ever did pay us a visit. We enjoyed having them so much. Uncle Fred is the best and nicest man in the world. They left Monday morning and Wednesday the baby, little Evelyn broke out with measles.

October 20, 1901

Corn Shucking

We have had a lot of marriages out here lately. Buna and Oliver Pitts tried to run away first Sunday but the Preacher would not marry them on account of Buna being so young, only sixteen, and Lizzie Roberson at Goodes and Jim Gaddy too, have been trying to run off for the last three weeks, but Mr. Roberson keeps Lizzie locked up and stands guard over her at night. Jim tires every chance he can get to steal her.

October 20, 1901

Maie and Dow

Betty Lou Cook has been very ill for the last two weeks, has slow fever. Papa says it is regular old fashion typhoid. Mamie sat up last night. Ettie Mae too is not well. I fear Bettie Lou will not pull through. She looks awful and is very weak.

Mrs. Will Turner or rather Miss Anna as we call her sat up one night at Mr. Cooks with me. We had the most fun. She is real pretty, has the blackest eyes. I laughed until I cried when we went in the kitchen to get something to eat. She said she ate so much she had to "cramps". She says things in the funniest way. She told us so many ghost and tramp stories that night I actually had the creeps.

Maie sat up with me one night. She is full of Dow. He is going to see her now. She is perfectly foolish over him and firmly believes they will marry. She as much as told me they were engaged. Stella too loves Dow and she and Maie are both jealous and have the biggest rackets and fusses. Miss Callie, another girl, Miss Ola's niece, is boarding out here at Mr. Tom Reeves. She too is desperately in love with him and runs after him on all occasions. Poor Dow with three desperate girls cornering and

heming him up on all sides, all three bent on cutting the other out and marrying him. I can't see how he survives it.

He came over here first Sunday night with Charlie. He was telling us about Miss Callie. He did not go to sleep a he usually does. He has gone sound asleep sitting in his chair. Vena, before she was married and we have almost disgraced ourselves laughing sometimes.

November 14, 1901

Last Wednesday (night before last) we gave an old time corn shucking. Vena came down and helped us cook the supper. There was a large crowd of men and boys and I never saw a crowd work as hard. Papa had an enormous pile of corn to shuck but they finished it after a lot of hard work. I never did see quite so much dust. It kept several men busy carrying the corn from the pile to the crib.

Annie and Maie came too. They were a lot of help, especially waiting on the tables. We all went out and watched the men work before supper. The table was very pretty before they begun eating. We had plenty of supper and a lot left over. We seated fourteen and sixteen at a time at the table. It kept Annie, Maie, Vena, Mamie and me busy waiting on them. Little Sarah did so sweet, Papa held her in the door for a while and she would pull and kick to get to the table. It was eleven o'clock before we got through with supper.

Mr. Weaver and his family moved yesterday. Mr. Brannon Hopkins will live in his house next year. He has a wife and one little baby. I hope we will like them.

Lizzie Roberson and Jim Gaddy ran away and got married Wednesday two weeks ago. I knew they would slip off sometime. Ran away at night, through cotton patches and woods. It was about one o'clock before they could get anyone to marry them. Mr. Roberson was after them with his gun but they beat him.



These photos are the way the farm looks today and the pasture scene was probably the place where the corn was planted. Dow and Maie Barnes Gullatt purchased the house in 1904 and their grandson, James is the present owner.

December 22, 1901

Maie and Dow are to be married Wednesday night at half past seven o'clock. ("Christmas Day"). I never saw a happier girl in all my life. She came over to see Mamie and me one afternoon about three weeks ago and told me about it. She asked me to spend the next Monday night with her and write her invitations for her. She came over after me that day as it had rained all day. Papa and our hired hand, Lee, had gone to town and I was afraid to leave Mamie by herself for fear they would be late in the night getting home, but Mamie and Maie persuaded me to go. I went, had a very nice time but didn't sleep one bit for thinking and worrying about Mamie being by herself. I wrote Maie's invitations and we sat up and talked ever so late, she told me all about their love affair and their hopes for the future. She says in one of her little affectionate ways "Dora love is the greatest thing in the world". Poor happy Maie. I do hope and pray Dow will make her happy. She wants me to come over early and help her dress. Papa and Lee came home early after all. Mr. & Mrs. Gullatt will give Maie and Dow a dinner Thursday. Maie invited me to go to that.



Dow Gullatt with daughter Rena
Maie Barnes Gullatt with son Horace



Maie and Dow Gullatt

June 15, 1902

Lilla's Death

Oh! How will I ever be able to write or tell you the awful thing or tragedy that has happened? My darling, my only dearest, beloved, chum and idolized friend and cousin, my own "Samantha", my angel Lilla was shot and killed on Sunday morning at half past twelve o'clock on May 25th at Wesley Chapel, the little Methodist church in Ben Hill by Millard Lee a man 22 years old who had been trying to go with her and hanging around for the last two years. She never had anything to do with him and never went with him anywhere as she could not endure him.

She had just returned from a trip to Charleston on Saturday before she spent a week with Beulah Suttles and four other girls, there and took in the exposition. On Sunday morning she went to church with Mr. Randal a friend of hers when as meeting closed Millard Lee walked up to her and asked her to let him accompany her home. She was talking and laughing to some friends at the time.

She turned and said "Thank you Mr. Lee I have company today. He pulled out his pistol and says "If you won't go with me I will shoot you." While he was saying it Lilla had turned to Beulah and said "Have you gotten over your trip yet Beulah?" She answered and said "Yes I believe so," when Lee shot Lilla in the hip, the bullet hitting a corset steel and glancing off. She threw up her hands and ran towards her father crying "Oh! Papa." He shot again, the bullet entering her heart killing her instantly. She died in her father's arms.

Earl ran towards Lee and caught him but he put the pistol at his breast and says "Turn me loose or I will kill you." Someone cried "Earl your sister is dying go to her." In desperation he let him go and ran to Lilla but she was dead. Beulah was by her side as she fell she cried "May the Lord have mercy on you Lilla." Lilla looked up at her with her eyes full of tears and then looked at Dr. Suttles and smiled. The smile was there when they buried her. Lee ran out of the church and escaped before anyone had recovered from the shock enough to capture him. He was caught the next morning at five o'clock and carried to jail.

They laid my darling away before I ever got to see her again. They sent us a telegram but we did not get it until ten o'clock next day. Hugh and I went but did not get there until nearly dark. They had buried her. Over two thousand people were at the funeral. The casket was perfectly beautiful so everyone said. Everything was white. Hearse, casket and even the grave was lined with white. My dearest angel was beautiful they said, as she lay smiling and looking so happy, looking as if she was dreaming peaceful happy dreams. Everyone said she was the most beautiful corpse they ever saw.

Oh! "Samantha", how can I give you up? Oh! God will everything I ever love die. How can I live the rest of these years without her? The flowers, white carnations mostly and ribbons covered the grave. People flocked to get a flower as a keepsake. Cousin Sallie made me stay with her a week. The next day Ed carried Sallie and me to her grave. Sallie held up so well until the middle of the week when she broke down and was real sick for two of three days and one Sunday the day I left she was almost crazy.

Lilla had started to write me the day before she died and had a school group to send me the picture of her school and building and she and Miss Willard but something happened and she did not get to send it. Moss had just come home for his summer vacation as had Lilla.

Ed went back to Atlanta next day to his office. Ed and Moss are so much like brothers. I spent a week and helped them all I could and Earl carried me to East Point Sunday and I took the train and came home.



This is the newspaper article telling about the death of Lilla.



Dora Smith



Ed Suttles

Ed Suttles was a cousin to Lilla Suttles and Dora Smith. He lived in Ben Hill, Ga., and frequently visited the Smith family in Rico. He was a prominent member of the Henry Grady Debating Club and became an attorney in Atlanta.

Dr. John Suttles and his wife Sallie were living in Ben Hill, Ga. when their daughter Lilla was shot and killed outside of their church, Wesley Chapel Methodist. The John Knox Smith family lived in Ben Hill and was relatives of the Suttles family and had remained close friends even after the Smith family bought property and moved to the Rico Community. Dora and Lilla visited and corresponded with each other often.

Dora relates this in her journal, " Millard Lee, dear old Lill's murderer, was hung at last on Oct. 30th. I am so glad for I was so afraid he would never hang. They carried it through court so many times and tried so hard to prove him insane. Cousin John saw him hang (Dr. Suttles). I don't think I would have gone to see it if I had been in his place. Dear, dear Lill, her death is at last avenged. He said he was happy and thought he was going to heaven.



Lilla Suttles (left) and her friend Maggie Steward

September 14, 1902

Uncle Homer Arnold, Pope, Cousin Hugh Johnson and Charlie Smith came out to see us today and went down to see Vena this afternoon. I enjoyed their visit so much. Pope has grown into such a great boy and is so handsome and proud. Uncle Homer wants to send the boys off to school. Wants to lend them the money to go on. He certainly has been good to us and on one could appreciate it more than we do. Dr. Watkins, Mr. Keith and another man came to see Papa and spent the afternoon. Papa certainly enjoys having company.

I forgot to say when Uncle Homer was out here he left twenty dollars with Vena for Mamie and me. He is so good to us and as long as we live we can never be able to repay or thank him enough for his kindness to us.

Papa went back to Atlanta this afternoon or rather he will go as far as College Park and spend the night with Cousin Emma Little-John and go up early Monday morning. Papa certainly enjoys getting off from home and having a good time.

February 15, 1903

I have had more trouble since I wrote last; really I think I am fated this way. Trouble over the money Grandpa Arnold left me. Uncle Fred was appointed our guardian. My money has been due since last June 8th when I was twenty one. As you know I promised Uncle Home I would give my part of the money to him if he would advance some on the boys schooling. Which he did. Uncle Fred has had the money since it was due me but never once mentioned it to me, nor said anything about the money drawing interest. I did not know what to do about it. I was so anxious for it to be drawing interest if I could not pay it to Uncle Homer. Cousin Hugh Johnson informed Vena and Frank that on the books in the ordinary's office in Fairburn Uncle Fred was charging me ten dollars board every month and for the past seven months he had seventy dollars taken off of my part. Vena and I both decided I had better write Uncle Fred to give up my money and let me put it out on interest in Newnan. I did so giving him a month to get it up and two days later he sent me a check for two hundred and fifty dollars with 8cents interest paid on it for seven months. There is still money due me but Papa says he borrowed that and will pay it back some day.

Notes on Dora's Journal

By Carole Harper

Since this will be the last excerpt of Dora's Diary, I want to share with you another part of her life that is so important in her story.

Dora's father took a strange notion to travel and sold the farm after years of teaching. The year was 1904. She knew he would travel until his money ran out or his health failed him and for the next eight years she seldom ever heard from him.

Dora took a job in a millinery shop in Atlanta making hats and lived in a boarding house sharing a room with 4 other ladies. She worked her way up as a milliner in a big department store but her health began to fail her after so many years of hardships. She had a severe attack of measles that left her blind for two years so she spent this time with her two sisters who took care of her until her sight finally returned.

A long distance call came one day telling her that her father was very ill in a little town in Mississippi. To be able to care for him Dora rented a small house in Atlanta that she called "The Little Brown House" and took in boarders to help pay the rent.

Her sister Mamie came and lived with her to help her with him. Mamie was in love with Charlie Barnes and when he proposed they married January 24, 1912. John K. Smith died November 26, 1913.

Dora became ill again and was diagnosed with consumption, now called tuberculosis. She could not recover from this in this environment so she moved to Arizona to a drier climate thinking this might cure her. She got so much better she went to work in a sanatorium helping other patients.

She passed away Nov.24, 1915 at the young age of 34 and is buried in the Arnold family mausoleum in the Palmetto city cemetery called Floral Hills. The mausoleum was built in 1910 by her beloved Uncle Homer Arnold and a Trust was established so that it would always be maintained. A wreath of flowers and a bible is always standing guard at the beautiful metal doors and a stained glass window shines through out the little marble building. In this same family plot rests her mother and father.

