

Memories  
Of  
Margaret Alma Harlock Anderson

Age 85 May 13, 1982

Born May 13, 1897  
Died- Age 86 July 13, 1983

If I am ever going to write my memories, as I was 85 years old last Thursday, I'd better get at it.

I had a very nice Mother's Day as well as Birthday. Bob and Karen Vatland took the mothers to the Red Tail Hawk to eat dinner, very nice dinner.

Karen had very nice Orchid corsages for each of us. Bob's mother, Sallie, Karen's mother Wanda and her Grandmother were the guest.

Then on my birthday, I went to Asbury Church to the regular Thursday Coffee Hour.

They presented me with a lovely white cake and a card signed by all in attendance. I received many nice gifts and cards. That evening Arthur treated the following to a nice dinner at Gentleman Jims: Alice and husband Gene, Wanda, Art and wife Janie and I.

Dinner was delicious and then we had a lovely Strawberry Shortcake.

So now will begin at the beginning.

Of course I don't remember anything about it, but I was born in Georgia in Corsica or Stillmore, don't know which, to Robert Roberson Emmitt and Francis L. Emmitt. I was their third child. Eva Bell was the first child, four years older than I. Then a boy baby was born at seven months. He died at birth. I was the third born at eight months, weighed only four lbs. plus.

We moved to Florida when I was four years old.

I never knew my Emmitt Grandparents. They died when I was a baby. My grandparents on mother's side were McArthurs. I vaguely remember my grand dad. I remember sitting in his lap playing with his curly beard and can only remember grandmother in her casket. He died when I was three and she died when I was four.

My dad followed the Turpentine business usually riding the woods on horseback to keep up with the Negroes working. Then later on he did Sawmill work usually as lumber yard foreman. So we moved a lot from place to place. That was fun to me because that always meant a ride on the train. He would charter a railroad car to put the furniture in and when we had chickens and cows he built stalls in one end of them and sent a Negro man in it to care for them. Mama always packed a basket of food to take along as there were not any places to eat as there are today.

May 27, 1982

My father Robert Roberson Emmitt died Nov 1, 1926, was buried in Ft. Pierce Cemetery.

Sister Eva Belle Emmitt died Jan. 16, 1918. She was buried in Hickory Grove Cemetery in Green Cove Springs, Florida.

Mother died in Ft. Pierce at Mecca Nursing Home, Vero Beach, July 1959. She was buried in Ft. Pierce Cemetery.

I wish I could remember all the places I lived in but just can't. I was born in Georgia, lived a place or two up there. My folks moved to Florida when I was four years old. I can remember being on the train leaving Georgia to come to Florida. Remember seeing Jerry Murphy standing on the platform at the Railroad Station, crying because his family was leaving him. He had been with them since Mama and Papa moved to Georgia. My Emmitt Grandparents gave Jerry to Papa. His mother was an old slave

negro that worked for the Emmitts. Papa thought he'd be a big help to Mama so took him when he was about eight years old. I can remember riding on his back and he did play with my sister and I. He got in the water and the wood, but Mama said she could never teach him to wash dishes. He was too sloppy. Papa gave him a shanty to live in when he got older and was working at a sawmill when we left him behind. I was fifteen when I saw him last. He was working at Silver Springs, Florida. Don't know what became of him.

May 29

The month is almost gone and I have not had the energy to do much of anything. I am weak, sleep a lot, read the papers, get the evening meals, usually do the laundry once a week. So just while away the time waiting to die. I think I'm ready to meet my Lord but hate to leave my loved ones behind. My three kids have been good to me but haven't much to look forward to now. With my arthritis in my legs and back, always some ache and pain.

My folks moved to Florida when I was four years old. We lived in North Florida first, don't remember the name of the place. Mama and Eva, my sister, both took typhoid fever. I can remember seeing them both in bed in one room. We were in a new place, Papa didn't know anyone there. He finally got two negro women to come to the house to do the work, take care of Mama, Eva and me.

I started school in some other place. The teacher was Miss Lillie White. Had to walk quite a distance over a sandy road so they had to keep me home. Mama tried to teach me at home, but she said I was more interested in what was outside, I'd say "Look at that Little Bird". I went to school in Sarasota, was in the second grade. When I was eight years old, Mama gave me a little Birthday Party out in the yard under the lilac tree and had a few of my little girl friends.

We moved from there up to some other little place where we lived in an old store building. Papa had been promised the main house but the people would not move out. We were so crowded in that store. Mama had to put trunk on top of trunk. We soon left there, don't know where to but soon went to Kissimmee, Florida. Went to school there. Mama was expecting another baby. Eva met her teacher to be, the day before Sunday School. So when we got to the school, her teacher claimed her and I was left standing in the hallway crying. Someone soon came to me and took me to a room. From Kissimmee we moved out to Ashton. My sister Bobby was born. Her name is Frances Roberta but was called Bob or Bobby. Eva and I went to an old country school out there. We walked around Shaker Lake to get there. A group of people called Shakers lived across the Lake from the school. They ran pineapples. We went to visit them sometimes. I heard my first phonograph at their place.

We lived at Conley near Orlando and Kissimmee. There we had some Mormon friends that visited us. Don't remember much about it. We lived in Leroy and in York.

We moved when I was ten years old from near Trilby to Daisy, to a Turpentine firm near Coleman, Florida. Sumterville was our post office. This place belonged to mama's cousin Hank McCraney. He and his family lived in Wildwood, Florida. They came out to see us. We lived out at Daisy longer than we ever lived in any place, four years. We walked 2 1/2 miles to a little country school. Went to Adamsville Methodist Church to Sunday school. Mama had an old Cousin Charley McArthur that lived at the still. He boarded with us part time. I often went with him when he'd be going to ride the woods. So I'd get to drive the horse, Old Ned. My sister Maizie was born while we lived out there. I was then twelve years old. Aunt Bessie lived with us out there part time and was with us when she married John Nix in Coleman, Florida.

When we left Daisy we moved to Burbank. I walked to school a couple of miles. There I was the only Southern kid. All the others were from the North and did I get picked on. They were so rough they finally drove the teacher away. A Miss Carlyle from Ocala. I didn't get to go there much on account of the rainy weather and water standing everywhere.

I think we moved to Mascotte next. I was in the eighth grade there. The first grade teacher was called away for two weeks on account of illness in her family. So I got my first experience teaching, as I taught her room.

We next moved to Sorrento. I went to school there. One teacher was an old lady, Mrs. Pennington, that had been on the State examining board. There were three girls that wanted to be teachers. She prepared us for the Teachers exam.

Before going to school to her though, I went over to Coleman, stayed with Aunt Bessie and took the tenth grade. That was all the High School that I got. There was no High School in Sorrento. The next term I went back to Sorrento School and Mrs. Pennington prepared us for the teachers exam. We girls went in June to Tavares, the county seat and took the exam. I got a teachers certificate. I applied for a school, and got my first school in Miakka when I was eighteen. First, second, third and fourth grades. The principal Jamie Rogers taught fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades. That was really in the woods, had to walk a mile through an orange grove and woods. Both teachers boarded with the Crowley family.

June 1<sup>st</sup> 1982  
1917-1918

While living at Miakki at Crowley, I had a good time. We, that is the young folk, went to Sunday school in the afternoon, then we'd go to a home and play and sing, go down in an orange grove or cane patch, eat oranges, or chew cane. We had parties, hay rides and such. Guess Bradenton was the nearest town, but we never got to town, no car at the place. I didn't get home for Christmas, it was such a round about way to get to Sorrento. I had to change trains in Tavarres, Wildwood, and Manatee. Crowleys had the back yard fixed up like a park with a home made Merry-Go-Round, swings, etc. I made the whole amount of \$45 a month. I paid \$12 room and board and saved enough to go to summer school.

During the Christmas Holidays, Jamie and I went to the State Teachers Convention in Arcadia. Went by train, roomed with a girl teacher from Bradenton. She was a friend of Jamies. All hotels were filled up except one. The manager didn't want to take ladies as he had a rough bunch staying there. Rough they were, as I was scared out of my wits one night. I had gone to bed when the men below me got into a fight, cursing and threatening to shoot. I finally got up nerve to dress and leave the room, but had to go by their door. My room mate was sitting on the porch talking with friends. The drunkest came down and the manager sent him after the police, so that ended the trouble.

Della Crowley was about my age. She got home from High School at times. Then Jamie and Roy Crowley played all kinds of tricks on us: put chicken feed (grain) under our sheets, threw fire crackers and such over into our room as there was no ceiling over head. Put an alarm clock in a tin bucket at our door. Locked the door. We climbed out on the roof.

There were many wild cats and rattle snakes down there. We had birds to eat often (curlews), sometimes rabbit. One time Mr. Crowley shut up a gopher. He was going to cook it. He got out and left. Boy was I glad.

In 1917 we had a bad freeze and our pet baby goat froze to death. It slept under the house by the chimney. No one knew in those days to expect a freeze.

When school closed I went on the train to Coleman, visited with Uncle John and Aunt Bessie, then went on to Sorrento.

### Summer 1917-1918

That summer I went up to Madison, Florida to summer school to the Old Florida Normal Institute. I took quite a few subjects to prepare me for teachers examination to raise my certificate. Mama wrote to her cousin John Shaw and got me room and board there with the Shaws. They had a lovely big home on a hill above a lake. They had other girls boarding there and one man. We walked quite a distance to the school. I never got credit for my work there as the court house burned with all the records. Came back home, took the exam again and got a second grade Certificate.

Mr. Terrell my old teacher from Coleman had been teaching in Sebastian, so he had me apply for a school there. He had gone to Okeechobee to teach and later became Superintendent. I got the job in Sebastian. Boarded with the Stinsons. Made \$50 a month there and paid \$20.00 a month room and board. Josephine Stinson (later Gibbs) was one teacher and Virgie Bryan, a friend of mine had the higher grades and Principalship. I loved Sebastian, the people were so nice to us. Mrs. Stinson was very sick so they thought it would be better for us to find another place to stay. Dr. Rose rented Virgie and I a cottage in his yard. Don't remember what we paid. My boyfriend was Maurice Braddock. Younger than I, but we had fun together. Virgie went with Trelie Thompson. Virgie taught a month longer than Josephine and I, so I went home. My folks had moved from Sorrento to Green Cove Springs. I was home for a short time, then I came back to teach on John's Island.

### Summer 1918

This summer was different than any other part of my life. I had never lived around the water. John's Island was in the Indian River across from Quay as Winter Beach was then called. I boarded with the Bert Kersey family. There were thirteen of us when we got around the table to eat. World War One was still going on. We had plenty to eat but no sweets. Kerseys had three grown children at the time. Shellie was a teacher also. She taught up the river in the Unity School. Her younger brother went with her to help row the boat. Eutha and their Aunt May did the cooking. Charles was eighteen. He was good to us and would take one of my eighth grade pupils. Pauline was one of my pupils so were the twins and Larne and Rudolph. Their cousin Teet was also my pupil. Hazel was not old enough to go.

I was paid \$55 a month and paid \$25 room and board. It was a one teacher school and a rough one at that. The kids were always fighting- Family Feuds. They fought so much that I had promised to paddle everyone in the next fight. So it came. I was paddling them. Larne was in the fight. Rudolph was not, so while I was paddling Larne, Rudolph started pounding me in the back. When I started to catch him, he ran home. I sent a note home asking them to send him back. When he came in I didn't say a word until school closed. I asked him to stay. I told him he should apologize to me. He sat there like a stump. I finally wrote on a piece of paper "Forgive me please." One hundred times. He did then I asked him to tell me what he wrote. He was whipped, looked up so pitiful like and said, "Forgive me, please." I said, "Sure, let's go home.". We walked home together talking about the planes that had passed over that day, quite a sight then. He never gave any more trouble and was always my good friend.

My, the mosquitoes in those days were fierce. We had to keep a smudge pot burning old rags, Bee Brand insect powder or anything that would smoke. We carried a mosquito brush to keep them off.

Mr. Kersey and Charles went down to Ft. Pierce to work in the Railroad yards. So there were just women and kids left at home. Shellie and I learned to run the launch "The Shellie". We would go over to Quay, walk about a mile to get the mail, etc. We crossed that old river many times at night when we had dates. Went to Ft. Pierce to picture show (none in Vero at that time), went to Sebastian to church. Some of my Sebastian friends would often invite me to spend the weekend with them, Rita Chesser, Park girls, Bradstocks. The Sebastian folks predicted that I would not stay over there, but I stuck it out and had fun, too.

1918 I taught five months on John's Island.

My sister Eva taught six miles out of Jacksonville at Pickett. My Dad always wanted us near home so he went to the Duval County Supt. And asked him for a school for me. He said I have one left at the Sunbeam nine miles south of Jacksonville, \$75 a month, six grades.

The \$75 sounded much better than \$55, so I resigned the place in Sebastian as I had been reappointed to teach there. Shellie got a school in Duval County so we closed our schools on Friday and took the train to Jacksonville Saturday. The Conductor on the train was a friend of Mr. Kerseys so he took us to his home to spend the night. His wife and sons met the train. Next day, Supervisor of School took me out to Sunbeam. Went to the Trustees home which was near the school. I stayed there about two weeks. Just across from my room was their sons (2) room, no door on either room, just a curtain. Had to go out on the porch to bathe face and brush teeth. No conveniences whatsoever. The Ebersol family offered me room and board so I moved to their house. Had about a mile to walk. The Ebersols were the only family from the north and the local Crackers really disliked them. Their two boys had bicycles. The locals were jealous of them. I had to step in when they were fighting. The Yankee boys had trouble. The Locals stuck holes in their bicycle tires. What a time. The locals were so mean and kept up a noise in class room. The County Supt. Told me to expel him or them from school. I did just that. The mother came out right in time for school. She started shaking her finger at me and saying if her boy couldn't come to school I could not teach. I said go see Hathaway, he told me to do it. She said, "I'll not go to Hathaway, I'll go to Sheets, State Superintendent of Schools". About that time in walked the rural school Supervisor. She invited the woman out and gave her a good talking to.

Well, the Great 1918 Flu Epidemic broke out, hundreds of people dying. I took it. All schools were closed My Dad came from Green Cove Springs to visit me. He said, "When you are able to come home, you resign and come home." I did that. Ended my Sunbeam troubles.

I stayed at home for a while, then got a job in Furchgoats big store in Jacksonville. Worked in the Jewelry Dept. first. They moved me all about just trying me out. I boarded with the Andrews family. Had known their daughter Flora when I went to Madison to school. Her sister Kate worked in the store, Flora was teaching. Kate had worked for Mr. Josephson in the Mexican Chile Parlor. He wanted her back. She was then head of a department and didn't want to change. So she told him about me. I went to work for him the day after Christmas as manager in the day time as it paid a little more than the store, nine dollars a week and board. In January I had a call from my Dad saying for me to come home as Eva had been sick since New Years with measles and Drs. said she could not live. What a shock, I went on the next train. She died on the 16<sup>th</sup> of January and was buried in the Hickory Grove Cemetery in Green Cove Springs.

After staying home for a while, I went back to work in the Chile Parlor. Was there a short time before I had a call to go to Orange Park to teach to finish out a term for a teacher. Her husband had returned from the service, so she wanted to go live with him. I had three grades there (1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>). I boarded

with the Meads. They lived near the Railroad Depot. So after school on Fridays, I'd walk to the river and take the steam ship that ran from Jacksonville to Green Cove Springs and spend the weekend at home. I'd leave on the train Monday morning and go back to school. I rather enjoyed it there and was reappointed for the next term. Went back to Furchgoots to work. Was in the drapery department. Liked my work. Dad called me again to come home and go to Gainsville to school. A girl Kathleen Snead that taught in Green Cove had talked to him about me going. So I went to Gainsville for the first time in 1919, too primary work.

My folks moved while I was there, to Melbourne. Papa had charge of the lumber yards at the Big Cyprus Mill in Hopkins, now South Melbourne. He asked the Superintendent of Schools for a teaching job for me in Melbourne. Melbourne was filled so they placed me in the Eau Gallie School, third and fourth grades. I stayed there, Catherine Boyd, who taught the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades and I boarded at a boarding house with a Mr. and Mrs. Boyer until Christmas, then we got an apartment near the school with a Mathis Family. We liked it much better. I met my husband-to-be while staying at the boarding house. He was putting up fruit for Walter Hawkins, worked on Merritt Island mostly. We went together from Christmas on. Catherine went with Al Mathis. I liked my work there and Eau Gallie.

The mill at Hopkins burned in 1920, so my Dad got work in Ft. Pierce. As usual, he got me a place in Ft. Pierce school, fifth grade. So I stayed at home. In January, Harlock and I drove out to Okeechobee one Saturday and got married. I didn't tell the folks as I thought my Dad would raise Cain. No boy was ever good enough for his daughter. I stayed at the house two weeks, then we rented an apartment. I got pregnant right away, had been sick with the Flu, so got that way. I was green, green about such. As mother was very timid and never told me anything. My first baby came at eight months as I had fallen down in the bath tub. He looked like an old wrinkled man but filled out and made a beautiful baby. We lived in Ft Pierce until that Fall. Harlock went back to work at Hawkins. So we moved to Eau Gallie, rented a house on the river front not far from the packing house. The packing house burned later on, it was quite a spectacular fire as it started from a place just behind where gas was delivered by boat in big drums. One exploded right on the end of the packing house. Two boys sleeping in that end upstairs had narrow escapes, as two married couples in the other end did also. Harlock's work went on but he had to cross the river every day in a boat to go to Merritt Island to put the fruit up.

I got pregnant with Charles our second son and I was so sick. I couldn't even keep a drink of water down. So I went to Ft. Pierce and stayed in bed for a solid month. I was too weak to be up. We moved back to Ft. Pierce and lived with my folks for awhile as they were renting a very large house. Harlock got a job with Deerfield Groves so when Charles was two months old we moved to Wabasso and lived in the Letherman House in a grove on the river road. Harlock was a field foreman first, then he was given the job of overseeing 350 acres of grove across the river. My third child Alice came along born in Ft. Pierce. When she was three weeks old, we moved across the river in one of the company houses. There was a bridge at Winter Beach then, the only one in the County. So sometimes the children and I wouldn't see a white person but perhaps on Sunday when we'd go to Ft. Pierce to see my folks. The folks would make over the baby and she'd scream until everyone thought she had the colic. The only way I could quiet her was to put her in a room alone and let her be. We really experienced sandflies and the mosquitoes while we lived over there. Had to spray or burn Bee Brand insect powder about all the time.

We moved back to Wabasso before Arthur was born. I went to Ft. Pierce again but lived up stairs. I didn't feel like putting three kids and the work on my mother. Had Liza Layman (colored) with me to help with the kids and cook. Alice was just learning to walk as there lacked a few days being thirteen months difference in their age. He was late coming, we were there over a month before Arthur arrived.

Dr. Hardee always said I carried him ten months. He turned over by himself right after he was born.

The nurse, Miss Youngblood said "Just look... he looks like three months already." The Dr. says "He's a month old already." Liza was home sick so Cousin Annie Shaw came and stayed over with me until we went home across the river. I made a mistake. We didn't move back to the Letherman House until after he was born. A new baby, a move it seemed. Nineteen months later the most difference between any two. Wanda was born, I stayed home. She was born in the Letherman House with Dr. Hardee and Mrs. Stinson, as midwife delivered. The children said they had some of the best times of their lives playing in the grove around the house. They built houses, had picnics and such with the filed crates.

We had all five of the children Christened in the Methodist Church in Wabasso at one time when Wanda was born. She was a tiny baby. The minister was an old fellow and he wanted to do it before he left. It seems that his name was Leatherman or something similar.

I worked in the packing house four seasons. Harlock was made foreman of it when Arthur was little, that's why we moved back over. I worked in the office the first season. I billed the fruit out by the car load two seasons. Then I packed fruit one season.

Colored help was cheap then. I could get a woman for \$4.00 a week. We had bought twenty acres of land five miles west of Eau Gallie. It seemed that Harlock could not make enough or save enough to develop it. So I said I'd go back to work teaching and I could at least make enough to clothe myself and the children. I took some review courses from the University of Florida, then took the Teacher's State Examination again. I got a certificate. Later got a place in the Wabasso School. I taught the fifth and sixth grade combination for two years. I was paid \$79 a month at first. Then Miss Douthitt left and I got the first and second grade for two years.

Harlock changed his job, went to Ft. Pierce to work for the Exchange. I wanted to hold my job so we moved to Vero and I rode the school bus the last year I was in Wabasso. Then I got in the Vero Elementary School. It was then all one school, High, Jr. High and Elementary school. Mr. Williams was the principal at the time. I taught the first grade five years in Vero.

Robert Graves came to the house. We had moved back to Wabasso and he begged me to go back to Wabasso School. It was during gas rationing. Mr. Dubose was chairman of the school board. He advised me to go as said the school buses were too crowded for me to ride and the gas business might get worse. So back to Wabasso I went and taught first and second grades there for ten years, under Professor Huffman, Mrs. Thomas, then Mr. Paddock.

Harlock and I went to Boston to visit the Sahlins. While there, I got a wire offering me a place in the Eau Gallie School. Harlock had retired, his eyes were bad so it was decided that I better take the place. First Grade, better salary, larger school and to keep him off the road so much.

In the mean time we had a grove going and a house built on the grove. So we got home on Friday evening.

I contacted Superintendent Thompson to see if he'd found someone to take my place. He had, so Sunday we took our duds and went to Eau Gallie and I started teaching there on Monday.

We had built a rather nice house in Wabasso so we let Arthur and family live in it. I taught in Eau Gallie five years. Harlock took sick, heart trouble. Dr. Tedford put him in Melbourne hospital on Friday. He lived until the next Wednesday, January 31<sup>st</sup> 1957 when he passed away. I felt lost but



decided to finish my term of school. Betty Bradley, a mother, teacher stayed with me, and I finished my term. I didn't know how to carry on with the grove so I sold it to Mr. Jones and got placed in the Vero Beach School  
...more later.

1982

July 4<sup>th</sup> Just went to the Wedding of my youngest Grandson, Eddie Hamilton, he married Ann Silba. A nice wedding and dinner in the Italian American Club building.

July 25, 1982 My son Arthur's birthday. He was 57 years old. I took Art, Janie, Alice, Gene and Wanda to Charlie Browns for dinner. A nice dinner. We enjoyed being together.

July 27, 1982 Just read the papers. My eyes burn and itch so much. Just can't see to do much. They run tears so much today. I feel tempted to go to another Doctor to see if he can find what the trouble is. Alice says she just thinks the eye was worn out.

Back to selling the grove. Art and Janie were living in the Wabasso house. I felt a little afraid to live there alone as it was right on the highway. So I bought and paid cash for a house on 36<sup>th</sup> Avenue. The first year I taught up town second grade. Then the next year I got transferred to Rosewood School. It was nearer where I lived. Mrs. McClure was the principal. I had taught with her up town. She was the best principal that I ever had. She was always on the teacher's side.

When I left the Eau Gallie School in June 1957 after Harlock died, the principal of Eau Gallie School tried to get me to stay as I was taking a \$600.00 cut in salary. Mr. Maxwell said, "It won't take me long to write your name back on my list." I thought it best that I come to Vero as my mother was not very well in Ft. Pierce and the children lived down here, too. I said I'd spend that much travelling back and forth. I was always glad that I made the change as my mother soon fell and broke her pelvic bone. She was in the Hospital quite some time. Then at home. She never walked again except with a walker some. We tried to keep a woman with her but none of them would stay. Mazie said if I'd go down and stay with her and help she'd take her to her house. I went down and stayed and helped with mama and the work until time for my school to start. We put Mother in the Home for the Aged on the hill in North Fort Pierce. She had good care there, but as they had no trained nurse, they took mothers old age pension away from her. Maizie paid \$50.00. I paid \$50.00. Jimmy paid \$50.00 and we used \$50.00 of her pension money. Due to the fact that they took her pension money away, we put her in Mecca nursing home. She lost her eyesight due to cataracts. She passed away in July 1959. She was one of the sweetest, best Christian women that could be found. Never a cross word. Always sweet and loving.

The summer of 1957 John Costin, Harlock's nephew from England came over. Dick and I had planned to go to Boston to visit Frances and Gus then come to meet John. But after mother fell I didn't want to leave her. John came by bus to Vero Beach, arrived here in the night. He put out walking looking for my house. He went the wrong way on 36<sup>th</sup>, so he started back toward town. A policeman picked him up and brought him to my house. I was in Ft. Pierce so they took him to Wanda's house. She called me the next morning saying John's here. So I came after him. He stayed with me in Ft. Pierce for a few days. He soon got work and later went to Orlando to work. He has been there ever since, married and has a family all about grown now.

Well, I taught in Rosewood until I retired in June 1965. I was sixty eight and had taught 37 years. But I was so tired when I came home in the evening that I thought I better quit. I substituted for years. I went all over the County. I even taught P.E. at Fellsmere, Wabasso, Sebastian and Winter Beach. I subbed so much that I got credit for 40 years teaching toward my pension.

In January 1966 I discovered a lump in my breast. Young Dr. Hardee operated. It was malignant so the whole breast was removed. I have done well. It never gave me any trouble, but I think that was why I was so tired. It was the cancer working on me.

While teaching in Rosewood I met Leslie Isom through Freda Geist. We got to going together regular. We learned to square dance at Lakewood Park with the Dudes and Dolls. Then later Vero formed a square dance club, The Circle Eighters. We had a grand time, went to dances all about. He was very nice to me, took me out to dinner often. We decided to get married so went during Christmas Holidays and got married in Georgia. I think that in in 1962. Helen Taylor liked him and he fell for her and asked me for a divorce. We were married a year and a half. I gave him the divorce. It hurt me very much. It was hard to get over. He wanted to come back and asked me four times to let him come back. I said, "I trusted you once."

I was a good friend to Blanche and Nel Cunningham. Her brother Glen Shoemaker moved here. He wanted to learn to square dance. I was his partner while he was learning. We went to dances together and to see many other places. Had a nice time together. He was always a perfect gentleman, but he married another widow, so I lost my boyfriend.

Later 1968 I met Joe Anderson at the Friday night dance. We danced together and that led to our going together. We married and had a beautiful relationship. His three children lived in Long Island, Hartford and Boston. He took me up to visit them several times. Everything seemed fine.

We traveled quite a lot. We went to England as his daughter Mary and husband were there. Had a grand trip, visited some of my in-laws, Harlocks nieces and nephews. We went on a tour with George and Emma Batsche to Hawaii. We enjoyed it very much. We stayed 3 days in Las Vegas coming and on the way back we were in San Francisco with the 243—for three days. This was the Hawaiian Carnival Tour. We went on the Starward, a lovely ship, to St. Thomas, Haiti and Jamaica and took several trips up North.

Joe was a very kind, loving man. We were very happy together. He died after five years of marriage, very suddenly in the Community Building. We were at the square dance. I was their treasurer for six years. Joe did not square dance. He was sitting by me when all at once he threw his head back and was gone. Joe was buried in Arlington by his first wife. I missed him greatly. He was everybody's friend, everyone liked him. I have visited his son and wife in Long Island, North Babylon, several times. Also the grandchildren and their families. Emmett and Loretto have moved out to South Lake Tahoe, so guess that ends my visits with them. They have invited me to come out there but I don't want to travel alone anymore.

I'm 85 years old now, have arthritis, poor eye sight and heart trouble, so I feel that I may go any time now. No more men in my life. No more dances, no more shuffle board playing. Just whiling away the time.

#### More later

March 22, 1983 Alice and Gene left this morning for Newton N.C. to visit their daughter Linda. I do hope and pray that they have a safe trip. I have been up to Linda's in Newton two or three times. Last April when Alice and I were there the Dogwood trees were in bloom. It was a beautiful sight. They asked if I wanted to go, but I thought it too cold for me. It's cold here today.

On Thursday the 17<sup>th</sup>, a friend of mine (everybody's friend) was walking on the bridge on Route 60 just past the Kwik Chek. She was on the side walk and a Fellsmere man lost control of his car, went up and

hit her. Killed instantly. Ester Nulph. I attended her funeral yesterday. Our Minister Bob Dickinson preached a beautiful service for her. I hope if he is still here when I go, he can preach a sermon like that for me. His wife Nancy took me to Cox Gifford Romani's for the funeral. There was a big, big, crowd there.

I had my right eye operated on a year ago on March 9. Removal of cataract. I had a transplant. I can't see a distance with that eye. Now I feel that the other eye is getting worse. Guess I won't be driving much longer.

Wanda and I bought this house together. She sold her home and she and Kathi moved in with me on 36<sup>th</sup> Ave. My house was too small for the three of us. So we decided to buy this one. I later sold the house on 36<sup>th</sup> Ave. and the Wabasso House.

Wanda and I have gotten along well together. She works hard out at Ocean Spray as an accountant. She is good to me and I look forward every day to her coming home. I try to have the evening meal about ready when she comes. I think we moved here in this house eight years now. Kathi graduated from High School here then went to Tampa to College. She graduated there a year ago. Didn't get a school yet. So she works in a Pizza parlor and makes about as much as she would teaching. She is qualified to teach elementary grade but she specialized in P.E.

I'll be 84 in May and I really feel my age with arthritis in my knees and back, poor circulation in my legs, and my poor eye sight. But I feel that I'm ready to go meet my Lord. I've tried to live a good life. It really hurts me to think Alice and Arthur and most of the Grand Children take not part in Church. I pray for them every day. Wanda does go to church with me most of the time.

My Dad loved his family and after he quit drinking he was a different man. He went with us some to church and he believed in keeping the Sabbath. He didn't like to have us work on Sunday.

Once when Eva was little she was on the porch eating a sweet potato. Papa was standing in the yard talking to a man visiting. He saw Eva fall off the porch. He went running to pick her up thinking she was hurt. She said "Where is my Tater."

He wanted a boy so badly that I can remember him taking me into town and buying me a cap and overalls, dressing me in them on the way home and telling Mama "I've got me a boy."

More later. Must get some lunch now.

September 7, 2015

Peggy Jane Hamilton: Age 61 years

Granddaughter of Margaret Alma Harlock Anderson

Daughter of Alice Eva Harlock Hamilton and Eugene Frederick Hamilton Sr.

Typewritten copy of my maternal Grandmother's faded handwritten Memories.

Grandma made quite a few spelling mistakes when writing and lack of punctuation.

One sentence often ran into the next. I believe Grandma was feeling her age and simply wanted to get her thoughts on paper quickly before her life ended.

I decided to make some corrections for the sake of reading and understanding.

As Grandma was a school teacher for most of her adult life, it was highly unusual for her to make mistakes in grammar.

I love my Grandma Harlock to this day. I miss her and think of her very often.

She has been an inspiration to me all my life. She was an amazing lady and I greatly admire her. I am proud to say we are a lot alike in many ways. Not only in stature (I am the only petite family member), but also her love for travel, socializing, dancing, wearing jewelry, make-up, dressing up and decorating her house.

My Mother, Alice, passed on to me her love of nature and the outdoors, sports, perfect hygiene, an immaculate house and good manners.

And most of all from Grandma and Mother...  
their honesty, integrity, and importance of Family.