

ANNIE ELIZABETH WADE MILLER

(1864-1939)

Author

of

Carolina Pioneers

and

Our Family Circle

by

her daughter,

ELIZABETH ERWIN MILLER LOBINGIER

WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

1966

FOREWORD

ANNIE ELIZABETH WADE MILLER

By her daughter, Elizabeth Erwin Miller Lobingier

This is the story of Annie Elizabeth Wade Miller, born in Blackshear, Georgia, September 17, 1864.

She was the wife of Judge Thomas Fayette Miller of the Municipal Court, Washington, D. C.

She was the mother of three:

Elizabeth Erwin Miller Lobingier

Julian Howell Miller

Charles Wade Miller

To a host of relatives she was affectionately known as "Cousin Annie," because of her book, *Our Family Circle*, published in 1931, after many years of labor, telling the story of the various branches of her family. This book was reprinted in 1957, eighteen years after her death by the Lawton and Allied Families Association.

Annie Elizabeth Wade was the seventh child of Edward Clemens Wade and Sarah Elizabeth Erwin Wade. She was born in Blackshear, Pierce County, Georgia, on September 17, 1864 and died on February 6, 1939 in Macon, Georgia. She is buried in the E. C. Wade Plot, Laurel Grove, Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia. Her mother, Sarah Elizabeth Erwin (born April 28, 1832; died May 17, 1879) was the daughter of Dr. William Robinson Erwin and Julia Caroline (Robert) Erwin of Erwinton, near Allendale, South Carolina. My mother's father, Edward Clemens Wade, was the son of Jesse Perkins Wade and Bethenia Middlebrooks Wade. Edward Clemens Wade was born August 25, 1830, in Newton County, Georgia. He was the nephew of Peyton Lisby Wade, of Lebanon Forest Plantation, Screven County Georgia, and lived with this uncle much of his life. My mother's grandfather, Jesse P. Wade, was a friend of Davy Crockett and often went hunting with him in the Tennessee mountains. Of course I never knew my great-grandfather, Jesse Wade, but I have a large old Bible which once belonged to him and which he had received from Bishop Asbury. In the front of this Bible these words are written: "Jesse Wade used to go hunting with Davy Crockett in the Tennessee mountains." (Note 1)

Stories of my mother's grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. William R. Erwin, include that of the famous heresy trial which resulted in their excommunication from the Baptist Church. My mother included this in *Our Family Circle* (p. 457). The ground for excommunication was taking communion with those of other sects, or specifically, with followers of Alexander Campbell. (Note 2.) This excommunication occurred in 1833.

As a young girl my mother's mother, Sarah Elizabeth Erwin, often visited Lebanon Forest Plantation, the home of the Rev. Peyton Lisby Wade and his wife, Elizabeth Robert Wade. The latter was her mother's sister and thus her aunt. It was at Lebanon Forest Plantation that Sarah Elizabeth Erwin met Edward Clemens Wade. After they were married, they moved to Savannah, Georgia. There my grandfather, Edward Clemens Wade, was a cotton factor.

The marriage of Sarah Elizabeth Erwin and Edward Clemens Wade was solemnized on November 8, 1853. They had nine children, six boys and three girls. These nine (in the order of their birth) were:

1. Edward Clemens, Jr.
2. William (died in infancy)
3. Caroline (died in infancy)
4. Beauregard

5. Erwin } twins
6. Maner } twins
7. Annie Elizabeth
8. Eva (died in infancy)
9. Charles Jenkins

My mother once wrote a group of stories (which I now have) about her early life in Quitman, Georgia. In these stories she brings out the fact that as the family grew larger her father would buy new land farther west. From Savannah the family moved to Blackshear, Georgia and there Annie Elizabeth Wade was born. When she was about three years old, her father bought a large tract of land at the edge of Quitman, Brooks County. Here he built a house in the midst of beautiful southern pines, and the little Wade children were brought up there.

My mother's group of stories, referred to above, is too long to reproduce here; but the following excerpts are taken from this manuscript which is entitled **PIONEERING IN QUITMAN, GA.** In parentheses, under the title we read:

(Written to please my children—and incidentally any “old timer” into whose hands these pages might fall. A. E. M.)

Excerpts from PIONEERING IN QUITMAN, GA. by Annie E. Miller

“ . . . My mother had six children from seven years old down—twins among them—and after the northern army took possession of Savannah, . . . reconstruction influences made the city a poor place for children and Mothers to find health and happiness . . . So my father, probably through his old friend, Capt. Kingsbury of Quitman, purchased the fourteen-hundred acre tract of land which surrounded the little town. The price paid to the owner, Mrs. Culpepper, was said to be seventeen thousand dollars in gold.

“It seems that all the babies were carried to the piney woods home in Quitman for the summers, then were packed up and carried back home to Savannah for the winter months. Whenever back in the city, our home was with our friends and relatives, the family of Col. W. T. Thompson, for 30 years the editor of **THE SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS** . . .

“My sixth birthday party (in Quitman) is still a bright memory. Long ahead of time our old negro nurse, Maum Rose, had me

dressed and ready to receive the guests who seemed too slow in their approach as I looked up the long lane . . . After the usual games indoors and out, we gathered around the dining table, ready to enjoy the red-and-white stick candy, home-made cakes and other wholesome refreshments. Life was simple in those days. . . .

"When the little Wade tribe arrived at Sunday-School age, regardless of the long walk through the piney woods, Sunday found us and other children loitering on the Baptist church porch, waiting for the door to open and the bell to ring. My twin brothers and I were in the class taught by Mrs. Clayton Groover, a lady beloved by the whole town. Years after those Sunday lessons, when circumstances placed me in the home of my Atlanta aunt, I wrote Mrs. Groover that I couldn't forget what she had said about our being ashamed when we do wrong. My dear teacher answered: "I cried when I read your letter." . . .

"Then other early events still pictured in my mind were the dances enjoyed by the young people in many of the homes—dances that were health-giving, clean, pleasing in the sight of the Lord. . . .

"My grandmother, Mrs. Julia Caroline (Robert) Erwin from South Carolina (Mrs. William Robinson Erwin of Erwinton), spent several winters with us after our removal to Quitman, and with her came my young aunt, Ida Erwin, and her brother Marion. The latter was about 15 years old and attended the Quitman school. Serenades and dances were given in honor of Aunt Ida, and our long hall was a favorite place for many of the gatherings. One, in particular, of these dances I had cause to remember, for it brought to me the first great disappointment of my young life. When the special evening arrived, our old nurse dressed me early and got the babies out of the way by putting them to bed. I kept running to the front porch, listening for the approach of horses and buggies and gay voices, but time passed and it seemed as if the guests would never come! Then, actuated by a bright idea, I turned into a room that opened from the hall, climbed into the middle of the bed, and lay down, eyes tightly closed. When my eyes opened again, fiddles were scraping out gay tunes, feet were skipping and shuffling and hopping over the hall floor, while a loud voice called out, "Sas-shay all!" "Swing corners!" I could have cried at this lost opportunity! But six years was too old to show bitterness of soul to the world. So, climbing down, I smoothed the wrinkles from my cherished blue merino dress and stepped into the hall's lively scene,

seating myself on a small footstool that happened to be close to the wall. . . .

"The old yellow brick schoolhouse was located on a bare hill at the western edge of the town . . . Three of my brothers and our cousin, Clark Howell, had been pupils there before it came my turn at poring over the little green primer and the old blue-backed speller. Aunt Julia Howell brought her children and came to our home (in Quitman) during the winters, to escape Atlanta's colder climate, and while with us, Clark trudged along with our boys to the town's school. No doubt it is still remembered by some of those pioneer pupils that for several days riot was barely averted after the teacher saw fit to use the switch on Clark's back. The boys carried rocks in their pockets, and were ready to get even with the man who dared touch little Clark, but the excitement passed and all the boys probably were on better behavior for a while. . . .

"The first day of my school life I was one of the little Wade tribe arriving at the schoolhouse before Miss Hattie had come with the key. Seated dumbly on the narrow steps near was another timid, eight-year-old girl, both of us half-scared at the great and unknown world we were about to enter—a strange world of education that all too soon might end our precious childhood. This other new pupil was Hattie Bennett whose family lived a mile up the country road. Hattie shared my ups-and-downs throughout the irregular period of my schooling in the old academy on the bare hill, and was my one and only classmate the year of Miss Hattie Stevens' reign.

"Hattie was the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Bennett, and good home training had made her gentle and sweet. So nice was she that I was actually allowed to accept Hattie's invitation to spend a night in her mother's home, though it was my mother's firm rule to keep her children in their own home when night came . . . The next morning, when we were ready to start for school, Mrs. Bennett said to me: "Tell your mother you have been a good little girl, and she must let you come again."

"A few weeks later, Hattie spent the night in my home, and when she was leaving my mother said to her: "Tell your mother you have been a good little girl, and she must let you come again." . . .

"When summer came, my grandmother and Aunt Ida (my mother's sister) packed up to return to Atlanta, for Aunt Ida was going to be married! They carried me back with them, and for one whole year I was away from Quitman and my school friends. Then, in the next few years, I was in Aunt Julia's home several months of each twelve, attending school in Atlanta. . . .

"Not the least of our happy times in the old days were the summer months spent camping at Quitman's own resort, the nearby Blue Springs, "Going in" three times a day with shrieks, and squeals and shivers in cold clear water, we learned to swim and to be at home in water of any depth. (Note 3.)

"During the last few years of the little Wade tribe's attendance at the old Quitman school, our mother was a victim of a long illness—typhoid fever, and after her spirit passed, it was Susie Tillman who stepped into the trundle bed where I had taken refuge to weep my heart out—Susie, close at my side, who with sympathetic pats said: "Don't cry, don't cry!"

"The youngest of our number, Charlie, returned with our uncle to his home in South Carolina; the other boys were sent off to various schools, and I went back to Aunt Julia's home in Atlanta.

"Years later, a visit to the scenes of my childhood showed a new and stylish Quitman—a town with city homes, fine schools, "lunch-rooms" and dinners, elegant in their setting, and a remodeled courthouse. . . . Pretty calico dresses had been discarded. . . . school girls no longer wore protecting sun-bonnets.

"Quitman's pioneering days were over!"

* * *

Mention is made above of the death of Mrs. E. C. Wade, mother of Annie Elizabeth (Wade) Miller. This was on May 17, 1879. On the following day, Sunday, the following tribute appeared in the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION:

"The news of the death of Mrs. E. C. Wade, which occurred yesterday morning, while not altogether unexpected, will carry a shock to the hearts of hundreds in the State and in South Carolina, who knew and admired her, and will be received with bitter grief and regret by

those who were admitted to the charmed circle that bounded her friendship and love. The illness that has at last culminated in the death of Mrs. Wade covered a period of two long and weary months, but not all the pangs of bodily suffering, nor the fires of a wasting fever, could startle or move the supreme patience and Christian resignation which were among the marked characteristics of her whole life. Living, she was the embodiment of all that is beautiful in woman's love and woman's devotion, and, dying, she illustrated the fruitfulness of the Christian faith.

"Mrs. Wade was the wife of Col. E. C. Wade, and daughter of Dr. W. R. Erwin, late of Erwinton, S. C., and was the charm and delight of every circle in which she moved. She was born on the 28th of April, 1832, and was a consistent member of the Christian Church."

After my grandmother's death, inevitably changes came in the Wade family. My grandfather sent the boys away to various schools and colleges. Edward C. Wade, Jr. (the oldest of the children and later known to me as "Uncle Eddie") was sent to school on the Isle of Man, England. Later he became a lawyer in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Beauregard went to Princeton, but died when still a young man. The twins Erwin and Maner Wade, went to school in Washington, D. C., specialized in chemistry, and became assayers in or near Los Angeles, California. Charles Jenkins Wade, youngest of the children, went to the University of Georgia, and later settled in Washington, D. C., with a position in the Pension Office. Annie Elizabeth Wade, the only surviving girl, and the subject of this sketch, again went to Atlanta to live with her Aunt Julia (Mrs. Evan P. Howell). Here she became one of the Howell family and was sent to MRS. BALLARD'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, along with her cousins, Rosalie, Ida, and Effie Howell.

After my mother graduated from MRS. BALLARD'S SCHOOL, her father took her to Washington to visit friends. She was a brunette and, according to the family, very pretty. It was here that she met Thomas Fayette Miller, a young lawyer, and on July 29, 1885 they were married. She was 20 years old. He was a graduate of Columbian Law School in Washington (later George Washington University). He was born in Charles Town, Jefferson County, Virginia (now West Virginia) May 31, 1848. Soon after my mother and father were married, his parents moved to Georgetown, D. C. President Cleveland appointed my father Judge of the Municipal Court in Washington where he continued to serve until his death, nine years later, in 1897.

Annie Elizabeth Wade and Judge Thomas F. Miller had three children:

1. Elizabeth Erwin Miller, born in Washington, April 17, 1889.
2. Julian Howell Miller, born in Takoma Park (a suburb), July 16, 1890.
3. Charles Wade Miller, born in Washington, October 16, 1896.

During this period the family built a home in Takoma Park, six miles from the center of the city.

I well remember those days. We had horses and carriages. In memory I can see my mother dressed in her green felt riding habit, going out with my father or with friends; and this, of course, was "side-saddle" for the ladies.

Other memories include the visit of "Jack the Slasher" who broke into 30 houses in Takoma Park! One night our doorbell rang violently, waking the whole family. Neighbors were excitedly calling: "Judge Miller, let us in! Burglars have been in our house!" While our parents rushed to the front door, Jack the Slasher and a friend—then in our own house—were making their escape through a window, with arms full of things. This sort of thing went on for months, until the burglars were finally caught in Richmond, Virginia. They were brought back to Washington and my father was the judge who gave them a jail sentence of some years.

Still another memory is of a day in 1894, when I was about five years old, when—with my mother and many neighbors—we sat for hours on the side terrace, watching the poor, tired stragglers of the famous Coxe's Army of the unemployed, marching on to the Capitol in Washington. My father was the judge who tried Coxe and two of his leaders and sentenced them to some days in jail for trespassing on the Capitol lawn. Thus the "Army" was disorganized, left Washington, and returned to their homes. (Note 4.)

My mother was greatly interested in painting. She had had some training at MRS. BALLARD'S SCHOOL in Atlanta, and during her early married years in Washington she continued to paint, and studied at the Corcoran Art Gallery. Our home was always full of her oil paintings. She started me in drawing and painting when I was a little girl, and this interest has been with me all my life.

I shall never forget one day in Takoma Park when I was five and Julian four. We children had been left with "Mammy Margaret," the nurse, while our mother was away. What a wonderful time we had in the library, opening her black tin paint box, squeezing tubes of oil paints over newspapers, and also over the carpet and chairs! When she came home, we were given the usual punishment, which meant that we were taken to Uncle Charlie's room and each assigned a chair which we were not to leave until we were told to come down and talk things over. The part of this kind of punishment that is hard to understand today is that never once did we leave our chairs! Our mother always came into the room at times, presumably to "get something," and I recall that when we heard her coming, we would hang our heads over, close our eyes, and make noises as if we were asleep.

Life in Washington was happy and gay for my mother. Her connection with the southern relatives was always close, and many from the Atlanta and Savannah families visited us frequently. At times we went down to Atlanta to visit Aunt Julia Howell. Perhaps my most vivid childhood recollection of the Atlanta visits comes from the experience of going with Aunt Julia to visit the cabins of the old slaves from Erwinton, South Carolina, who had come "home" to live with her after the War. Aunt Julia and Uncle Evan had built a row of cabins back of their home in West End, Atlanta, for these faithful old family servants, and cared for them until they died. My thrill of going with Aunt Julia every morning, to visit each cabin, taking a big basket of medicines and food will always be with me.

One of my mother's favorite friends from MRS. BALLARD'S SCHOOL was Frances Kirby-Smith, daughter of General Edmund Kirby-Smith. We children called her "Cousin Frances" when she visited us in Takoma Park. Later we called her "Aunt Frances," because she married Erwin Middlebrooks Wade, one of my mother's twin brothers. Frances Wade Goodson (Mrs. George W.), of Sewanee, Tenn., and Weslaco, Texas, is their daughter.

In 1897 my father, only 49 years of age, died suddenly after a very brief illness. This was during his second term as Judge of the municipal court. His death came as a great shock to my mother! Life was to be completely changed for her. She decided to go back to Georgia with her three children. I was 8, Julian 7, and Charlie 18 months. We went to Quitman, where Grandfather Wade still owned the "Old Place," deep in the pine woods and much other land in the county. Quitman was full of relatives and friends and childhood associations for my mother. She built a

house at the edge of town, at the heart of 10 acres of Grandfather's pines, and this became our home for four years. She also built a cabin in our back yard for "old Maum Rose" and her half-witted daughter, Hattie. "Maum Rose" was one of the slaves at my mother's grandfather's home at Erwinton, S. C., who had been the childhood nurse of my grandmother and my mother. I well remember "Maum Rose" during those Quitman days, as she sat in her big chair, crippled with rheumatism, baking ginger-bread tea-cakes over the open fire for us children when we went to see her. My mother took care of "Maum Rose" and Hattie until they died.

During our four years in Quitman, Julian and I went to the old "Academy" on the hill, just as our mother had done before us. But now the problem of our future education had to be settled, and our mother began to receive advice from all her brothers. Her brother Charlie, who had lived with us in Washington and had married there after we went south, wanted her to send me to live with him and his bride. He would send me to the best schools, he said. But my mother was strong in her conviction that our family should not be separated.

Then the twin brothers in California were insistent that we four come out to California (the Los Angeles area) and live with them in the Ingleside house which they owned. They were assayers, permanently settled in Southern California, and both unmarried. My mother agreed that we would go out and try their plan. How well I remember the long train trip to California, and our change of trains at New Orleans. For after we were settled in the new train, I was struck with terror when my mother said, "Bessie, take care of Julian and Charlie. I have left my pocket-book in the other train and have to go back to find it." Well, fortunately, it turned out all right, for the train we children were on did not pull out until she had returned; she had successfully boarded the old train; and she came back with the pocket-book containing railroad tickets, money, and much more.

We spent the winter in California with her twin brothers, Erwin and Maner. But our mother missed her southern relatives; and when she found out that Erwin was going to marry her good friend Fannie Kirby-Smith, she decided to bring us all back to Georgia. So back we came! Finally the decision was made to move to Athens, Georgia, for there the University of Georgia was located, and also the state Normal School.

It was evident that my mother had a mind of her own! She always knew what she wanted to do, and usually was able to carry out her plans.

The loss of her husband and the sudden responsibility of bringing up and educating three children, with the financial problems involved, caused marked changes in her attitude toward life and brought her to a new seriousness. She had an inordinate pride, which kept her from accepting financial help from her brothers, or favors from anyone else. Relatives gave advice as to what she should do and how she should educate her children. But as most of the advice involved my going to live with some aunt or uncle, and thus dividing the family, my mother followed none of it, and worked things out in her own way.

* * *

During our years in Athens, we lived across the street from the State Normal and shared a house with Mrs. Robert Wade and her two daughters, Rosalie and Georgia. Frederica ("Cousin Freddie," as we called her) was the widow of Dr. Robert M. Wade, a cousin.

My mother became librarian at the Normal School, a position she enjoyed because of her great interest in books. She was an avid reader.

These Athens years were happy ones for all of us. The town was full of relatives and good friends, and the educational institutions widened our range of interest. It was a fine environment.

My mother was truly a granddaughter of Dr. William R. Erwin! Her interest in religion—and especially in the Christian Church—was very strong. The story of the "Heresy Trial" always fascinated her, and she continued to support the Christian Church, locally, wherever she lived.

Athens remained her home for seven or eight years, until Julian and I had finished our respective schools. After I graduated from the State Normal School, taught there for two years, and gone to the University of Chicago to teach in its School of Education; and after Julian had graduated from the University of Georgia and had begun his teaching there in the Science Department; my mother decided to move to Norfolk, Virginia, with Charlie. They made that their home until he graduated from High School. Charlie then entered Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Virginia, and our mother—having accomplished her purpose in our education—was left alone. It was not surprising that she decided to return to her home state. This time, however, Macon was her destination. She wanted to be near "Uncle None and Aunt Helen Erwin"—her mother's brother (Lenoir Erwin) and his wife, for she was very fond of both of them. Fortunately she found an apartment very near their home.

It was during her years in Macon that my mother began to gather material on family history. This was the first time since the death of her husband that she had leisure to follow her interest along this line. For about fifteen years she was busy gathering data and organizing material. Although Macon was her headquarters, she did much traveling—tracing ancestors—through South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, and parts of Georgia. This she thoroughly enjoyed, and valued all the contacts she made with “cousins” she had not met before. Her correspondence with these “cousins” filled many files.

In 1927 my mother published *Carolina Pioneers*, a small book of 143 pages. As soon as this volume was circulated, however, she began to receive letters from various branches of the family, regretting that their lines were not included! In fact there were so many requests for a larger book that she immediately began work looking toward the publication of a more complete record. For the next four years she was exceedingly busy gathering and organizing the material for *Our Family Circle*. Macon continued to be her home, but she took many trips, made many visits, and carried on a heavy correspondence.

By this time her three children were scattered and living in different parts of the country. Julian and Charlie had both been through World War 1 (Julian coming out as a Captain in the Army, and Charlie as an Ensign in the Navy); both had returned safely; and both had become involved in the fields of their special training. Julian had married Mary Morris, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Morris. Dr. Morris was Dean of the University of Georgia Law School. Julian had taken his Ph. D. degree at Cornell, and was Head of the Department of Plant Pathology at the University of Georgia. Charlie graduated from Virginia Polytechnic Institute in engineering and, after the War, received an M. A. degree at Cornell. He was then in Guatemala for about sixteen years, first as Assistant, then as General Superintendent of *Empresa Electrica*. Charlie never married. I graduated from the University of Chicago and taught there as Supervisor of Art in the University Elementary School for eight years before marrying Rev. John Leslie Lobingier, whom I had met in Chicago.

Through all these years, while our mother was working hard on the family history, we three were glad that she had this deep interest, and that it kept her happy and busy. But I am sure that we never realized what a stupendous project she was engaged in! Charlie was the one who kept in closest touch with all that she was doing; it was he who was responsible for encouraging and financing many of her genealogical trips.

This was not due to any great genealogical interest on his part, but to his desire that his mother should do what she wanted most to do. In 1931 when the large blue 550-page book, *Our Family Circle*, came from the publisher, we were all greatly impressed and proud of our mother's achievement. During the remaining years of her life she kept busy corresponding with a great number of the members of *Our Family Circle*.

The arrangement she had with the Macon printer who published the book was that all orders should come directly to him. Five hundred copies were printed. He took the risk of selling them, and if there should be any profit, it would be his. Mother furnished him with long lists of names and addresses to whom he could send notices of the book's availability. The author never received a cent from the sale of the books. This was perfectly satisfactory to her, for she had no thought of book royalties. She was thankful that her book could find its way into print, and her compensation came from her satisfaction in the completion of her project and from the appreciation which so many of the "cousins" showered upon her.

Although our immediate families were scattered, we had visits from our mother from time to time. She was with us in Evanston, Illinois, when our John was born in 1919, and then in our other homes: Chicago; Oberlin, Ohio; and Winchester, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. And from time to time we were with her in Macon or north Georgia or Florida as we took Southern trips. Of course she was with Julian and Mary and their two children (Julian, Jr. and Anne) more often than with my family, for Athens was nearer. She never took the trip to Guatemala, but Charlie had frequent visits with her in the States. She was always ready to travel, and was interested in the history and significance of everything she saw. But wherever she went, it was obvious that Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia were her favorite states; her loyalty to her Southern ancestry was very deep.

During the last few years of my mother's life, I went to Macon a number of times to be with her. One of these was when she fell and hurt her back. Through most of her life she was remarkably well; but during the fall of 1938 she began to develop trouble with her heart. The necessary slowing down was difficult for her to accept because of her life-long habit of going and coming as she pleased. When the doctor limited her walking and other activities, and prescribed more rest because of an "enlarged heart," she was greatly distressed. There was still much that she wanted to do. In October, 1938, I went down to Macon to be with her, and remained until her death four months later. For some time after I arrived, she would

not admit that she was not well. She would dress completely each morning—every bow and every pin exactly where it should be, her hair in perfect order (still dark brown with only a few white strands at the temples). Then she would take her seat in the rocking chair by the window and, like a queen, eat her breakfast which I brought to her on a tray. Never must one eat a meal half-dressed, in a "wrapper," with hair dishevelled! After her breakfast I would bring her writing materials, for there were always letters that had to be answered. Then she would spend some time reading the morning paper. To the very end she was vitally interested in current events and world news.

As the weeks went by, I noticed that my mother was growing weaker and was more and more willing to lie down through the day. Then, during the Christmas holidays our son, John Leslie Lobingier, Jr., came down from Charlottesville, Virginia, where he was a student at the University of Virginia. He stayed with our nearby cousins, the Erwins, and each day came to see his grandmother. The Erwin family consisted of Cousin Helen (Mrs. Aurel Erwin, Uncle None's daughter), her daughters Helen and Rennie, and her son Aurel, Jr. They were wonderful friends and a great support throughout this trying time. John's cheerful presence meant much to his grandmother. She was greatly pleased and proud that he had chosen the University of Virginia for his college work.

On her last Christmas day my mother was surrounded by the Erwin cousins, her three grandchildren (John, Julian, Jr., and Anne), her son Julian and his wife, Mary, and myself. The two who were missing were Charlie, in Guatemala, and my husband, Leslie, who could not be there.

She lived several weeks after this, dying peacefully on February 6th, 1939. Both Julian and I were with her when the end came. She is buried in the E. C. Wade plot in Laurel Grove Cemetery in Savannah.

* * *

If my mother could look into the present, I have the feeling that two of her greatest satisfactions would be these:

First, her children:

She made every effort and sacrifice to bring us up "in the way we should go," and to give us the best education possible:

Charles Wade Miller, the youngest, although he never married, had become a successful and honored engineer with Empresa Elec-

trica in Guatemala. He died October 3, 1940 in Guatemala City, after sixteen years there and only a year and eight months after our mother died. Charlie is buried in the Wade lot in Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia, near our mother's grave.

Julian Howell Miller reached prominence in his chosen field as Head of the Department of Plant Pathology at the University of Georgia. He taught in this department for 40 years, and was widely recognized as an authority in his field through his writings. His latest book, *A Monograph of the World Species of Hypoxylon* was in process of being published by the University of Georgia Press at the time of his death. Julian died suddenly on March 25, 1961. This book came out shortly afterward.

Elizabeth Erwin Miller Lobingier has followed her mother's interests in painting and writing. Her life has involved bringing up a son, collaborating with her husband in the field of Religious Education through teaching and writing—and always with much painting. How much my mother wanted me to be an artist!

Second, the appreciation given Our Family Circle:

She lived long enough to know that Our Family Circle had filled a real need, and that every one of the 500 copies had been sold. How surprised and pleased she would have been to know that in 1957, twenty-six years after the 1931 printing, the Lawton and Allied Families Association in South Carolina had issued a second edition of 500 copies of *Our Family Circle*, and that by June 1966 every copy had been purchased—all except the very last one! This last copy was sent to me—in her memory—with the following inscription:

To
Cousin Bessie Lobingier
Daughter of the Author
with
Grateful Appreciation
from
The Lawton Family Association
Hugh E. Vincent, Jr., M.D.
President

June 11, 1966

NOTES

(Note 1) A family incident of the 1950s is related to this family Bible and the written statement just mentioned. When our granddaughter Ann Lobingier was about seven years old, stories of Davy Crockett were the rage among school children everywhere. One day she said to us: "We are studying about Davy Crockett at school." Then I told her that her great-great-great-grandfather, Jesse Wade, was a friend of Davy Crockett and used to go hunting with him. I then brought out the old Bible and showed her what was written in the front of it. The next day Ann came home from school almost in tears. "I told the teacher that my great-great-great-grandfather used to go hunting with Davy Crockett," she said, "and the class all laughed. Then my teacher asked me how I knew this and I told her I read it in the Bible. Then they all laughed at me again!"

(Note 2.) According to tradition, the ground for excommunication was that they had been reading the writings of Alexander Campbell.

(Note 3.) Annie Wade's father, Edward C. Wade, bought Blue Springs and it became a summer home for the Wade family and their relatives.

(Note 4.) Years later, in the 1920s, my own family was living in Oberlin, Ohio. Our dentist was in the nearby city of Elyria. One day he said to me: "I have a famous patient, 'General Coxey,' now an old man, who continues to come to me from a distance." My answer was: "My father was the judge who tried and sentenced him in Washington in 1894!"

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