

Miss Flint tells that their family brought the first piano into the community. Their home was a gathering place for parties and holiday celebrations. At Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years, much cooking and baking took place, and games and dancing went on all night. Bending an elbow to down a dram of spirits was frowned upon by most folks, yet it was not unusual for some of the men to sneak out to the smokehouse to sample a "punkin seed" of Missouri whisky.

Mr. Flint remembers when his family used to raise and haul turnips to market in Missouri. He says winters were cold and bad then. Jugs of hot water were placed in the wagon bed to keep the turnips from freezing, as well as to keep their feet warm. On one such trip he says both turnips and jugs froze, and they had to get out and walk to keep themselves from freezing.

The Flints did a lot of trading at Seneca, Mo. in the early days. On one occasion Mr. Flint had to stay all night in a hotel there. He recalls that a U. S. Marshall brought in a prisoner to put up for the night. When they went to bed, the marshall brought in a trace chain from his hack and padlocked one end to the prisoner's ankle and foot of the bed. The other end of the chain he ran over to his bed and padlocked it to his ankle. Few prisoners escaped from this kind of protective custody.

He recalls that Dr. -- James, M.D., and a Dr. Mose Christie, an Indian herb doctor were the only ones in the community available in that early day. They traveled around in two-horse hacks going from one patient to another.

Even before automobiles came, travel on the roads they had was bad enough. Sometimes when in wet weather if they got stuck, they merely pulled up fence posts to pry, block up, and dig out. The posts were always returned to the fence and no complaint was ever made, and the wagons went on their way. At a particular wet season one year, Mr. Flint recalls the mud was so bad that a man tried to ride his horse thru a swampy place near Ogeechee and got his horse stuck, and had to have help to get him out.

Miss Flint recalls one of the Angel family telling about their folks who lived back in North Carolina. Long ago she says there were three sisters of one family who used to harvest wheat by cutting the heads off with a pair of scissors and collect the grain in sacks they carried. The scissors were special made for this use by an Indian blacksmith.

Mr. Flint recalls that the early pioneer families of the Ogeechee community included Berry, Breedlove, Walker, England, Flint, Angel, Thompson, Whipkey, and Bean who were of Cherokee blood.

Tom Berry gave the piece of land for the original established cemetery at Ogeechee. This graveyard has been in use well over a hundred years, and was named after him.

A part of the last remaining old homes at Ogeechee was moved to Fairland and added to. This was the Crockett house. At one time there were many houses at Ogeechee, but now only one remains in the original location of the town.