

A Great Mountain Man

Claud G. Boynton

It was springtime in the mountains. The miracle of life had began moving forward to something more rich and wonderful in the futurity which awaited its development. I had been invited to a union meeting of the Nottely River Baptist Association, meeting with Choestoe Church. I had never been to this historic old church. I had heard so much about it, the great men that had gone out from it, the influence of this church on all Union County. I was anticipating a great day as I traveled through the forest and field that morning. It was the season when nature had put on new life. All around me it seemed the visible emblems of vitality were unfolding. In this happy frame of mind I arrived at the church. The service had already begun, and being a stranger to this section I did not know many of the people.

A subject, "Christianity in the home" was being discussed. Several people spoke to the subject. Then a man arose, he began to speak saying he thought maybe he should not speak, but all the time getting further into his subject. What a speech. It was obvious this man knew what he was talking about. At the noon hour I made inquiry as to who this man might be and a friend introduced me to Mr. Kib Winn.

That was the Spring of 1936. Since that time I have come to know Brother Winn, his good wife Mrs. Ellen, and all their fine children. It was not long after this that I became the pastor of Union Baptist Church, where Brother Winn was Superintendent of Sunday School. Through the years since then our friendship has ripened into a love like brothers.

It is the summer of 1943 and I am again at the home of my good friend. Many is the time I have sat here in the shade of the afternoon relaxing, talking only when it was necessary to get my friend to tell me more of his experiences. This particular day, we had been to church and then come by Mr. Winn's home. Mrs. Winn had fed us one of the dinners that only she can cook and serve.

While I was talking about the good dinner and the good mountain water, Mr. Winn said, "People have a lot more now than they did when I was a boy coming up. Why I thought that the only thing sugar was made for was to sweeten baby tea." I knew that was good for a good story, so I started asking questions. Mr. Winn, in answer to my question said, "I was born at the head of Duke's Creek. At twelve my mother was a widow and I took over the farm to make a living for my mother and me." Then the story was continued. It seems that when Mr. Winn was thirteen he needed a plow animal and bought a steer on credit. He was able to meet the payments, but could not get enough money to buy shoes. In the year 1892 times were hard for this good man. He walked quite a distance from his home to see a Mr. John Nix about helping him. Mr. Nix had work but no money. He offered what he did have in return for work from sun-up to sun-down. For about fourteen hours work he would pay one quart of corn whiskey. Mr. Winn accepted the job. He said, in telling me this story, "I had to have me some shoes." He worked four days, a total of at least fifty-six hours and received one gallon of whiskey valued at about \$1 – less than 2 cents per hour for hoeing corn. The next morning Mr. Winn started out to exchange his whiskey for shoes. He walked three miles to the school house where had received his schooling, got there bright and early, hid his whiskey under "Peep Creek" school house, and sat down to wait for Mr. Tom Colwell, the peddler who made trips out periodically, to get him to exchange a pair of shoes for the whiskey.

He did not have to wait long, but it seemed that luck was against him. Mr. Colwell told him to let him have the whiskey and to meet him back there two days later. There was nothing left to do but accept. Then from the school house just north of the toll gate on the old Tesantee Gap Road, three miles through the mountains to his home, two days later back again to the school house. But this time, fine and dandy, a brand new pair of brogan shoes. He had worked honestly for what he needed. Four days hoeing corn, two days walking a total of twelve miles. He paid for what he wanted. He owed no man and he was happy.

The next year he and his mother moved to Camp Branch. He said that patches were small and people not knowing how to conserve their soil, had to clear new patches in just a few years time.

In the year 1899 he married Miss Ellen Shuler, truly one of God's good women.

In 1901 Mr. Winn gave his heart to God and was baptized into the fellowship of Union Baptist Church by Rev. Charlie Rich.

This good couple have worked hard. They have lived close to God and God has blessed their labor. They have ten children, all Christians and all living. Hilliard is Superintendent of the Sunday School at Union Church, Garney is Clerk at same church, Mrs. Alley Hood, their daughter, is Secretary of Sunday School at Choestoe Church. All their other children are outstanding citizens where ever they are. They have one son in Colorado, Albert, and three sons in the army. Charlie is in Iran near the Persian Gulf, Everette is headed for England and Bart is on St. James Island just off the Florida coast. Mr. And Mrs. Winn are truly great people. They have not had their names in the headlines of the paper but they are written on the hearts of men. They are not working so much now. They worry, of course – they are real people and would like to see their farm all under cultivation but they say, "If my country needs my children, they

will have to go. If it is the will of God they will come back." I believe they will come back. I love them. They are my friends.

Yonder in the hills they are. They love to tell of the time when the woods came down to the door steps and God's cattle fed on the growing corn. Where long ago they sowed their youth and strength, they see their children reaping, but now they need not gather save in the far fields of their memory. Every day they go down the long well-trodden path and come back with their hearts full. They are God's children plucking the meadows of June. Sit with them a while and they will gather for you the unfading flowers of joy and love – the people who have made this country and State - - - - - (illegible)

This article was written and published in the Blairsville newspaper in 1943 by Claud G. Boynton

A Man Of The Mountains

CLAUD C. BOYNTON, Pastor Blairsville Church, Teacher and a Member of the Georgia Legislature

It was springtime in the mountains. The miracle of Life seemed to be moving forward to something rich and wonderful which awaited development in the future. I had been invited to a quarterly meeting of the Notla Baptist River Association, meeting with Choestoe Church in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Blairsville. I had heard much of the historic Church; much of the great men who had gone out from it and of its great influence upon our entire State. Traveling through forests and fields there amid the mountains, I anticipated a great day. It was the season when Nature seemed to be taking on new life. All around me the visible evidences of vitality were unfolding and I was in a happy frame of mind when I arrived at the church. Already the services had begun and, being a stranger in the region, I knew but few of the people assembled.

The subject of "Christianity In The Home" was being discussed. Although several people arose and talked upon this vital subject. I was especially impressed by one man who was obviously aware of the importance of the topic. When we were in recess at noon I made inquiry about this man and a friend introduced him as Mr. Kib Winn.

That was during the spring of 1936. Since that time I have become well acquainted with Brother Winn and his good wife, Ellen, and all their splendid children. It was not long after this first meeting that I became the pastor of Union Baptist Church where Brother Winn was the superintendent of the Sunday School. Throughout the years which have followed the friendship between us has ripened into a love like that of true Brothers.

It is the summer of 1943. I am again at the home of my good friend. Many times have I sat here in the cool of the afternoon, completely relaxed and restful, talking only when it was necessary to start my friend to relating more of his experiences. On this particular day we had been to church and thence to Mr. Winn's home. Mrs. Ellen had prepared one of those dinners which it seems that she alone can serve. While I was talking of the excellent meal and the goodness of the clear, cold mountain water Mr. Winn said:

"People have a lot more these days than when I was just a boy. I actually thought sugar was never used except to sweeten herb tea for the babies!"

I knew this would be the opening of a

good story, so by discreet questions I urged him on:—

"I was born over on the headwaters of Dukes Creek, in White County 'way up near the crest of the Blue Ridge. When I was about twelve years old my mother was left a widow and I took over our little farm, trying to make a living for my mother and myself."

As he continued with his story it seemed that when Kib Winn was about thirteen he needed a new plow-animal and he bought a likely steer on credit. He was able to meet the payments with such difficulty that he couldn't get enough



REV. CLAUD C. BOYNTON

money ahead to buy a pair of sorely needed shoes. This was along in 1892 and times were very hard. A Mr. John Nix, living three or four miles away, had work for a stout lad but no money with which to pay wages. Instead of cash he did the best he could by the boy and, in return for work from sun till setting sun, he agreed to pay Kib Winn a quart of corn whiskey which was readily marketable. The boy accepted the job he said, *In telling me the story:*

"I just simply had to get those shoes!"

For four days, each of at least fourteen hours in the broiling sun, he worked. For those fifty-six hours of slavish labor he received one full gallon of whiskey, valued everywhere among the mountains at one dollar, no more and no less. Kib Winn had really *earned* those shoes, at the rate of fully two cents per hour!

Carrying his filled jug he trudged three miles the very next morning to make a

ing at the very same schoolhouse where he had been a pupil so recently this boy, carrying a man's burden in spite of his youth, hid his questionable merchandise beneath the tiny log building and patiently waited for the arrival of Tom Colwell who made regular "peddling" trips out of the mountain communities. He knew Tom Colwell would have a customer along his route who'd gladly swap a pair of good, honest and stoutly built brogans for a well-filled jug any time!

While he did not have to wait more than two or three hours for the arrival of the peddler, disappointment was still in store for him. It seemed Tom Colwell was bound on an extended trafficking expedition and would not pass that way again for several days and it would be necessary for Kib Winn to make another trip down the creek to meet him upon his return from far off Gainesville.

Upon the appointed day the boy again waited beside the schoolhouse which was the first and original Peep Crack School until Tom Colwell's heavily laden wagon hove into sight. This time every thing was fine and dandy and Kib Winn at last owned a pair of good, stout brogans! After four day's of brutal labor, after having walked more than twelve miles along steep mountain trails he received the reward of honest toil. He had paid the price, he owed no man. He was happy!

In 1899 Brother Winn married Miss Ellen Shuller, of Choestoe, in Union County and in 1901 he gave his heart to God, being baptized into the fellowship of Union Baptist Church by the Rev. Charlie Rich.

The good couple were happily wed. They have worked hard and lived very close to God throughout their many years and God has blessed their labors. The family consists of ten children, all of whom are living. All the children are active and even prominent in their respective churches. During the recent war three of their sons served honorably as well as ably in our armed forces and, through the grace of God have returned to their beloved home.

Mr. and Mrs. Winn are truly great people before the Lord. While their names do not appear in the headlines of the papers they are written on the hearts of men. Here in the blue shadows of the mountains they live and they still love to recall the old days when the forests came down to the very doors of their home. In such a setting they sowed their youth and strength and today they see their children at the reaping of health and happiness of well-being. Sitting awhile with them we realize they have gathered from Life the unfolding flowers of...

MEN AND MATTERS
(Continued on Page Two)

Revival services were held April

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28-May 5, at First Church, Ocilla. Dr. George C. Gibson of Columbus, was guest preacher and the Rev. Stanley Armstrong directed the music. Thirty-four members were received into the church, twenty-five by baptism and nine by letter. The Rev. L. N. Hartsfield has been pastor of the Ocilla Church for nine years.

The Rev. S. S. Williams, pastor of Porterdale Baptist Church, administered the ordinance of baptism to thirty-six candidates at the church on Sunday evening, May 5. The baptism was performed during a candlelight service and the pulpit around the pool was beautifully decorated with a white cross predominating in the center. White roses in the choir and on the piano completed the scenery. Eleven other candidates await baptism at a later date, and three new members came into the church by letter.

The baptismal service marked the end of Pastor Williams' first year as pastor of the church.

On May 1, Dr. Grady D. Feagan succeeded the Rev. A. C. Pyle of Lee Street Baptist Church, Valdosta. Dr. Feagan is a native Georgian, born in Atlanta, ordained by the Atlanta Association and served his first pastorate in Atlanta. In addition to study at the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, he has attended various colleges and universities, both in the South and North, and holds several academic degrees. He was pastor of First Church, Arlington, Massachusetts at the time he volunteered for the Army Chaplaincy. Mrs. Feagan is also a native Georgian and a graduate of Bessie Tift College.

Western Holds Commencement

The Nineteenth Annual Commencement of Western Baptist Theological Seminary was held in the spacious auditorium of First Baptist Church, Portland, Oregon, on May 10. The baccalaureate address was given by President William H. Wrighton. Twelve graduates received degrees and diplomas and the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. Arthur M. Collins, head of the department of Missions and Evangelism. Dr. Collins was born and educated in South Africa, and for eleven years was a missionary in Japan. The charge to the graduates was given by Dr. W. T. Milliken, veteran educator and past President of the Seminary. At the Seminary banquet which was held in Hinson Memorial Baptist Church, Mr. Arthur Hansen, the honor student of the year, was chosen to speak on "Christ For Us in Redemption" and he was followed by Miss Daisy Hendrix of Korea who was interned in the Philippines by the Japanese.

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A MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from Page Ten)

love and righteousness . . . These are the kind of people who have made this State and this Nation.

So long as there are homes to which men turn at close of day;

So long as there are homes where children are, where women stay,

If love and loyalty and faith be found across these sills

A stricken nation can recover from its ills!

So long as there are homes where fires burn and there is bread;

So long as there are homes where lamps are lit and prayers said;

Although a people faller through the dark and nations grope;

With God Himself back of these little homes, we still have Hope!