another soldier and his girl friend. They bought us two rounds of drinks and we sat around amid crowds of sailors and soldiers and talked until midnight.

On Dec. 20th John and I started out early to go to Holy Comforter Church on 36th St. and arrived none too soon. The priest was most unsophisticated and not too erudite so as soon as the service was over we rapidly returned via bus to the Venetian Causeway where a kind old couple gave us a ride to De Lido Island, the gentleman wanting us to come to lunch but the lady unwilling. From there we caught another ride to Lincoln Road and had our army Sunday dinner. We leisurely walked down to Mc Arthur Causeway and were given a ride to Palm Island where we walked around enjoying the beauties of the east end estates. Back on the Causeway we were given a ride to Starr Island where every estate is a thing of joy. Just as we passed the Jay Estate a big car pulled out of the corner place between that and Col. Breen's and a blonde gave us a ride to the Beach. She proved to be the housekeeper - caretaker of the estate but was fearful of losing her job since the owners were trying to dispose of the place. I learned that the land had cost $52,000.00 and the house a mere $100,000.00, the furnishings and landscaping being extra.

Monday morning I slept until time for lunch, getting up, dressing and eating with my roommate, Bob Trott. A nice Christmas card arrived in the mail from Edna Agee. Then I went for a bath in the surf and lay on the beach, talking with a soldier from the medical department about conditions in the eye and dental clinic.

By request of the O.C.S. board I took a complete physical examination at 605 Lincoln Road this morning, the most thorough yet given me by the army, with the result that I remained classified as limited service because of deficient vision. From there I went up to the Hollywood Art Studio to see the miniature of great - great grandmother, Elizabeth McCoy Peeples. It was a splendid job and was nicely displayed in an antique gold frame which was offered to me at $7.50, very reasonable but not an essential expenditure. I refused to buy the frame but agreed to allow the shop to display their work for a few days before mailing it home to mother. After lunch I went by the Mercantile National Bank and closed my account there for they had recently announced that inasmuch as the military influx had curtailed their civilian business drastically, it would become necessary to make a charge for each account per month. The afternoon mail brought me a package from Aunt Rosa containing a box of handkerchiefs and a gift from Lizzie and Lucy of a big box of Whitman's candy.

The thought of that lovely gold frame getting away from me forced me to go down this morning and buy it, ordering the whole affair sent home immediately. The noon mail brought an attractive card from Edwinna McNorrill with a nice note. The afternoon mail brought a nice letter from J. Doyle saying that his outfit had moved into the shipping section and expected to sail any day. At 5:30 PM I went on C.Q. duty and was quite busy checking lights, answering telephone calls and sundry questions until 11:30 when I joined a group working on a jig saw puzzle "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence". We worked steadily until midnight.

At 00.01 on Christmas Eve we were still working on the puzzle which kept us fully occupied until 3:30 Am. I wrote a note or two of thanks for Christmas messages

until 5:20 Am when I prepared to awaken the hotel at 5:25 with "First call for reveille!" Blowing a military police whistle and alternately shouting, I paraded up and down the halls and at 5:35 Am gave the final "Everybody outside for reveille!" The first sergeant arrived to begin the day's work but I remained on duty until 07:00 when I literally fell into bed and slept until 12:30. After lunch I went out on the beach and fell asleep again, rousing only when the sun went behind a cloud bank and the wind chilled me. After dinner I opened a package from Rev. Hamilton West of St. Paul's Church, finding therein a small box of Hollingsworth candy, two packages of cigarettes and the "Gospel According to St. John" together with a photograph of St. Paul's Augusta. At 8:00 Pm I caught a jitney to Miami and arrived at Mrs. Stoneman's before she, Mildred and Don returned from Marjorie's cocktail party, an invitation to which I had refused, thinking we should be working as usual Christmas Eve. After their return we decorated the Christmas tree and turned on its merry, vari-colored lights, Mrs. Louise Law coming in to spend the holidays, too. Packages were piled high beneath the tree and all were feeling rosy from fruit cake and wine when we finally retired to our respective bedrooms at 1 Am Christmas morn for we had waited up to listen to Bishop Tucker and the midnight service from the National Cathedral.

We arose at 07:00 Christmas morn for a merry breakfast of pancakes and honey and guava jelly. Thereafter we opened our Christmas gifts to and from each other, I having presented Mildred with a bottle of fine Haut Sauterne and Mrs. Stoneman with a box of Whitman's candies, Donald with a carton of cigarettes, Alice, the maid, with cigarettes also. The entire household then drove me over to McArthur Causeway where I caught a bus and reported for work at the National Hotel. We left for the day at 11:15 Am and got in line for the army's Christmas Dinner at the new mess hall on Lincoln Road at Collins Avenue. It was indeed a feast as shown by the inserted menu. Back at the Georgian my Christmas package from Mother yielded a new sun tan uniform which was a real joy, two grand fruit cakes, a light and a dark one, an Arrow tie and handkerchief set, a box of air mail stationery and 2 boxes of personal stationery. Out on the beach was a gay Christmas crowd so I enjoyed exchanging greetings and sun bathing, joining John Mills at 4:30 to return to Mrs. Stoneman's for dinner. Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Law, Pvt Mills, Pvt. Sidney Barr, Corporal Donald Crane, Mildred, Mrs. Stoneman and I sat down to a gorgeous turkey dinner after having Manhattan cocktails in the solarium. Alice served everything beautifully after we had donned our party caps, cracked our poppers and read our fortunes. A grand time was had by all.

It was not easy to get up at 5:25 Am for reveille this morning and on to work at 08:00 but we made it. At lunch time it was a horrible stew-let-down from yesterday but I was pleasantly surprised to receive in the mail a nice toilet water and talcum set from Josie. After work I fell asleep at 5:30 Pm and slept on through the night — my first real sleep since Dec. 22nd.

On Monday, Dec. 28th I slept until lunch. In the morning mail was a grand box on cakes and candies from Gladys Holcomb of Clarksville, Ga. Also came a nice card and note from Dot and Frank telling of their Christmas plans. Work was tonight at usual.

A notice came via Hq. + Hq. Sq. for me to report to the Shelborne Hotel to sign a waiver for O.C.S. so I spent a half hour there this morning waiting for Major McRoberts, the Advocate General, to witness my signature. After lunch I went over to the Berkley Shore and visited Bill Boings, learning that his wife is working here although he still hopes to attend O.C.S.

Work was as usual New year's Eve day but after dinner Pete Gordon and I had nothing planned so we decided to go over to Mrs. Baker's little Service Club on Drexel and Lincoln Road to play bridge. We had a grand session and were preparing to leave when I decided to call Mildred and Mrs. Stoneman to wish them a Happy New Year. Mildred insisted that we come on over for a highball so Pete and I caught a bus to Miami where we were completely stymied at Flagler St., Hurriedly transferring to car 26 we reached Mrs. Stoneman's at 11:45 PM to find Mrs. Law and Donald Crane with Mildred. Cocktails were mixed by Donald and we all trooped up to Mrs. Stoneman's bedroom and drank to her health as boat whistles and auto horns announced 1943's arrival. Back downstairs we mixed up another drink and chatted merrily until 2 PM when we soldiers decided all had better retire. As we crossed Seybold Canal we saw a young girl sitting on the sidewalk alone but continued on down to the bus stop. Donald refused to turn back but Pete and I returned and sat down beside her questioning her as to the reasons for her being there, her family and destination. Pete could learn nothing so I sent him down to the corner for coffee and I soon got her story. Her parents were divorced and remarried to new partners; she had been placed in the county's dependent children's home, Kendall. She was 15 but felt that she should be allowed some recreation instead of all work and had been put in confinement, absolutely solitary, for a long period. Eventually, she planned an escape, planning to go to her mother, but she had strained her leg in jumping from the second story and being completely without funds, was unable to continue. Pete and I held a caucus and then carried her to a nearby restaurant where we had food and coffee. We simply sat, laughed and talked while we ate, but the other patrons were very hilarious in their New Year's celebration. When the place closed at 4:30 AM we had no alternative except to take Mary Y. to the bus to Opa Locka. I bought her ticket and Pete persuaded her to accept one dollar against an emergency. It was a sad affair for both of her parents were admittedly heavy drinkers and didn't want her while her only brother is away in the navy. She expected to be returned to Kendall, transferred to the Reform School for Girls and upon release to get a job in a factory — an unhappy outlook since her morals would probably become warped somewhere along the way. Pete and I returned via the jitney to our hotel, arriving just in time for reveille.

New Year's Day continued when I awoke again after reveille at 8 AM and hurried up to work. However, most of the other offices were closed so at lunch we decided to take off the

remainder of the day. I hurried out to the beach, hoping to sleep in the sun all afternoon. Then I found the aviation cadets taking calisthenics and couldn't sleep until after dinner at 5PM when I really retired.

Saturday, January 2, 1943 I called Mildred to make arrangements for tomorrow. It now appears that Donald Crane and Sidney Barr will be unable to go so we have invited Pat Malley and Margaret Frear to join Pete Gordon, John Mills, Mildred and myself for the day. After work today and dinner Pete and I went over to Mrs. Baker's Service Club and played bridge with Hank and Henry Warnock of Forsythe, Macon and Atlanta, Georgia. Pete and Henry and I stopped in Liggett's Drug Store for a sandwich en route to our hotels.

John Mills, Pete Gordon and I caught a cab to Trinity Church Sunday morning and enjoyed a beautiful service, partaking of our first Holy Communion of the year. An elderly couple gave us a ride direct to Mrs. Stoneman's door where we found Mrs. Law prepared to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Stoneman while we drove out picnicing as planned. The girls were soon fetched, the car packed and we took off for Marjorie Douglas' place where we deposited her bag with her and after chatting awhile with "Archie" (Marion I. Manley, Florida's only licensed woman architect) proceeded on to Matheson Hammock Park where we disembarked and ate our lunch on the cushiony grass beneath the clustered palms. We then explored the enclosed bathing beach, pavilion and dressing rooms before driving on down past the sausage tree to Princeton, Florida. Striking out due west from there we rode through luxuriant orchards of orange, avocado, grapefruit and tangerine trees. In the Redlands Section we stopped and picked several large hampers of fruit, paying the old fellow who owned the place when we prepared to depart. We returned to Miami via a less devious route and unloaded our cargo safely at 701 9th Ave. N.W.. The girls had other engagements and John had a date so Pete and I remained alone for supper.

Lt. Kupper had arranged Saturday for our office to expand into Room 405 so this morning we divided our furnishings and rearranged them in the two rooms. I telephoned the members of the night shift to report for duty and all continued well. After lunch I found a letter from Mother saying that the Kratz family had arrived at their Miami Beach home. I telephoned Mrs. Kratz and accepted her invitation to dinner Wednesday. At the hotel after dinner Pete Gordon came in with his friend, Ensign Bob and invited me to attend the theatre with them. At the Beach we saw Neddy Lamar in "White Cargo", a modern version of an old hackneyed favorite by Somerset Maugham — none too good.

Edgar Clapp came by the room to bid me farewell at lunch today for he is being transferred to the cadet center at Boca Raton, Fla. where he will have to retake his basic training before going on to Scott Field. I meant to get Lansing's address but in the rush it slipped me.

Wednesday, January 6th after work I hurriedly dressed anew and caught a bus that delivered me to 88th St. in Surfside a little before 6PM. The walk to No. 901 was a little long but I found the entire Kratz family awaiting my arrival. We had a delicious dinner, roast beef being the piece de resistance, about 6:30 and then sat around to talk over the

[Space below may be used for message]

From _____

_____

_____

To _____

_____

_____

Christmas Menu

Seasons Greetings

TO THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE MEN OF BASIC TRAINING CENTER NO. 4

This menu has been designed for mailing to you, but the message below is addressed to the men stationed here as well as you.

In our small but significant way, we are trying to bring to the men of this station the true spirit of Christmas by serving them with just such a dinner as they might have eaten at home in former days. Their relatives and friends will not be present, yet sitting beside each and every one will be a new friend, a comrade-in-arms, a soldier of the greatest country in the world. Although their Christmas will be one of abundance and plenty, many a silent prayer will be offered for those not so fortunate, already on the field of battle, face to face with our enemies, fighting valiantly for the freedom which we all hold so dear.

Most of all, we give praise to Almighty God, who has given us the determination to fight through to Victory, no matter what the cost or sacrifice, until the world in which we live shall again be a haven of peace for all men, forever.

MERT PROCTOR,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

Menu

Assorted Relishes — Stuffed Green Olives
Celery en Branche

• • •

Fresh Fruit Supreme

• • •

Cream of Calamazo Celery Soup
Crispy Crackers

• • •

Roast Fancy Young Tom Vermont Turkey
Oyster Dressing
Giblet Gravy — Cranberry Sauce

• • •

New Garden Peas — Snow Flake Potatoes
Candied Yams, Hawaiian, with Marshmallows

• • •

Hearts of Lettuce, French Dressing

• • •

Pumpkin Pie — Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake
Chocolate Chip Ice Cream

• • •

Coffee

• • •

Assorted Rolls — Butter

• • •

Mixed Nuts — Hard Candy
Apples — Oranges — Bananas
Cigars — Cigarettes

HAROLD H. GIRARD
Captain, Air Corps
General Mess Officer

situation. Elizabeth, who is attending Miss Webster's School in Washington, D.C. told of her activities in the women's voluntary army corps with great gusto. Edith was quite impressed and expressed her desire to get into some sort of uniform soon. Mr. Kratz and Edith planned to leave for Richmond on the 15th at which time Edith and Mrs. Kratz were closing the house and moving to their smaller place in Hollywood. They promised to invite me up to visit them soon inasmuch as I expressed my hopes of leaving for O.C.S. about January 20th. Mrs. Kratz's uncle, a bachelor and permanent resident of Miami, came to dinner and proved to be quite a character although he was deaf and couldn't take much part in the activities.

Friday, January 8th I came in from work and dinner and retired, going to sleep almost instantaneously but around 8 Pm Pete came in and awakened me. We finally decided to go to see Ginger Rogers and Carey Grant in "Once Upon a Honeymoon", a conglomeration of scenes from different Nazi-occupied countries of Europe. The comedy of the different tragic situations injected some little character and interest.

Corporal Donald Crane came down to the Georgian in time for us to have dinner together so after reviewing the situation we called in Pete Gordon and proceeded to the Drexel Avenue Club for a bridge session. Mrs. Baker played with us for a while until Henry Warnock came in. After a delightful game we adjourned to the Blue Room for coffee and food.

Since John pulled C.Q. duty last night and couldn't work today I had to call Edith Kratz and break my church and dinner engagement for today in order to remain on duty. Edith promised to write soon from Hollywood since they leave here this week. After lunch we were able to take the afternoon off so out on the beach to sun I went. At 5:30 Donald Crane and I were at Mrs. Stoneman's for a grand chicken dinner.

On Tuesday, Jan. 12th Jeanette came in with a glass penny bank to save up coins to buy the boys who have left this country a carton of cigarettes each from this office. Just after lunch Billy Rossignol called from BTC #9 and asked me to meet him at the Whittman for a dance. Pete and I walked up to the Pancoast's tap room with them that evening and joined them in several beers. The dance proved to be a crowded affair and soon we lost track of Billy and his friends. Eventually they found us and bade us adieu for the presence of about 50 WAACs was sufficient to induce Pete and myself to remain. We enjoyed dancing until 11 Pm then trekked back. The Whittman is a gorgeous front beach hotel, the dancing salon being ultra moderne with indirect columnar lighting.

January 13, 1943 and I had reached my 25th birthday. A shortage of work enabled me to spend part of the morning on the beach. Donald Crane came down and we had lunch together. After work this afternoon John Mills came in and we picked up Dick Cartwright and at the Lincoln Theatre saw Loretta Young and Brian Aherne in "A Night to Remember", a murder mystery of "B" caliber. Dick left before we had seen the entire program so John and I continued down Washington Avenue and purchased some English cheddar. At John's apartment we had Coca Colas and cheese on crackers, finishing up on fruit cake. Nice letters came today from Carolyn Sancken (Mrs. Lt. James) Ramsay and Mary Ellen Wooten.

Although she has been critically ill and only recently has returned from Telfair Hospital in Savannah, Cousin Annie Law was able to send my traditional birthday letter which arrived today. I did appreciate it tremendously for I know she is still ahead. Thelma also sent a handsome card saying that she was busy as usual. In my birthday package from Mother were two packages of fruit cake; 1 light, 1 dark; a handsome old rose cloth and towel set, several cakes of soap and a tube of paste (Ipana), all very welcome and useful. Mother simply couldn't refrain from additional comment on the tragic death of our cousin, Dr. Bertie Johnston of Estill, who fell dead with a heart attack from his horse while riding in a fox hunt on New Year's Day. He was riding with Catherine Winthrop of the famed Boston, Mass. family at the Winthrop Club near here, when he toppled over. Another doctor was in the hunting party and reached him immediately but nothing could be done.

Around to the Drexel Avenue Service Club operated by Mrs. Ruby Baker I went tonight, carrying a shirt to have fitted. There I met Dr. Jones and his dear old Mother (of Cincinnati, Grosse Point, Mich. and Miami Beach, Fla.) and played a few rubbers of bridge. The doctor was out of practice or not too well acquainted with the game so he relinquished his seat to Pvt. Horowitz and a battle royal ensued. After the game broke up, Mrs. Baker fitted my shirt for the seamstress, a grand job, too, I'll bet.

At noon on Saturday, Jan. 16th I stopped in the British War Relief Society's rooms for my other shirt which they had altered to fit surprisingly well. My coins jingled merrily with others in the free will contribution box as I left. As agreed last night I met Pvt. Horowitz at Mrs. Baker's where we set to on a ferocious game with O. Candidate Hank and Pvt. Henry Warnock. Henry was so completely befuddled by Horowitz's speed that when Horowitz accused him of unethical bidding he immediately resigned his hand and withdrew. Mrs. Baker smoothed things over and took his hand.

Sunday, January 17th I met Mrs. Stoneman and Mildred at Trinity and enjoyed a fine service. Donald had gone over for breakfast and so the car was there at church. Mrs. Law was also spending the day so we had a fine time, with Donald making up the welsh rarebit for lunch which we ate on the porch - the meal being quite colorful because of the varicolored napkins, bright sun porch furniture, flowers and china. In the garden after lunch Mildred and I transplanted marigolds and watered the lawn. Mrs. Law joined us in walking over to Mrs. Seyfold's but she was not in. We then began the chicken pilau for dinner and eventually had a grand meal which was relished by all. Mildred, Don, Miss Lilla and I then played bridge until much too late after which Don and I rushed back to the Beach.

Promptly at 13:00 o'clock today we fell in at Hq + Hq. Sq. for the regular monthly physical examination before returning to work. At dinner time the mail brought a grand letter from Josie telling me about Tom d'Antignac's entrance into OCS on Jan. 30th and about Mack Ramsey's being well into his course. I was able to answer Aunt Mabel's letter of several days ago and wrote to thank Cousin Annie Law for her inspiring birthday letter.

While the older men of Hq + Hq Sq. were entertaining Capt. Clare E. Brinther with a farewell party at Sra's Supper Club (at which time they presented a handsome parchment scroll containing the names of all the men in the squadron and their ranks), Wiley Jones and I walked up to the Atlantic Hotel on Collins near 28th Street for a U. S. O. Dance. The spacious lobby, ballroom, card room and terrace were filled with dancing soldiers and their civilian and WAAC

partners. I enjoyed quite a few dances with Georgia Buckert, a Wellsley senior whom I should like to see again. Also quite interesting was a WAAC whose father is Major Williams whereafore I nicknamed her "major".

On January 20th I caught a bus up to the Surf Club on 91st Street where the U.S.O. was holding a dance for the soldiers in the patio. A prowl around the club buildings and area proved to be extremely interesting. The boys are bunked 2 to each of the double tiered cabânas facing the beach. The entire establishment is most elaborate and complete.

Robert Epting - Howard Peeples

A Daily Account of My Doings
Robert Epting Howard Peeples

Wednesday, March 26, 1941

At the bank the Personal Loan Department located in its new quarters and other departments downstairs were relocated, thus killing all my hopes of moving to ground level. I completed my work on schedule and after dinner at Mrs. Anchors joined Miss Sadie Lee and "Miss Josie" (Mrs. Frank Doar) in receiving Mary and Will Baker in the front parlor. Will showed us an interesting manuscript composed and edited by Charles Storey on Indian beads, there being many excellent photographs of specimens collected by the author. After drinks and cakes we all retired early.

Thursday, March 27, 1941

After dinner "the girls" and I met Mary and Will Baker, Mr. Samuel Darlington and Miss Fannie Lou Cozart and proceeded to the Courthouse where Mr. Mertens presided at an open meeting of the County Commission, assembled to hear the opinions of the citizens on the subject of the renovation or destruction of the ancient and lovely courthouse building. Mrs. Burwell and Mrs. Blackshear, Horace Day (the artist) and S. Mack Ramsay, Jr. joined us there. Dr. Phinizy requested the reading of the reports of the architects and engineers requested to draw up same on the condition of the building. Clausen - Lawrence Const. Co. and Wheatley & Molley, Construction Engineers, concurred that a new edifice was necessary. Mr. Robert Toombs, of Atlanta and his consulting engineer, hired by Berry Fleming and other interested citizens suggested that a complete restoration - renovation would be most practicable and were voted the thanks and appreciation of the citizens upon same motion having been made by Mr. Pendleton. Nowell Fortson urged that "in behalf of the old families" of Augusta the building not be torn down. I arose and suggested that the present structure be renovated and a P.W.A. grant be secured to

erect additional buildings for much needed office space. This was received with great applause, which same encouraged me to suggest that the chair attempt to receive the opinions of the citizens with a trifle less impartiality as it was apparent from his remarks and attitude that he and the committee desired to demolish our present lovely edifice and erect some modernistic monstrosity. This latter remark the chairman ignored. Mr. George Claussen, Mr. Barvin, Mrs. Rodney Cohen, Mrs. Dwelley, Albert Quillian, Mrs. Irvin Nixon, Miss Louisa K. Smith and others spoke in behalf of the present building and Mrs. Berry Fleming presented a petition of 400 names praying that the building be preserved. An obvious scoundrel, Dewitt, a cheap lawyer, made some highly insulting remarks about "the old families" and asked for the building's demolition. He received no applause. Mack came home with us (619 Greene St.) and Miss Sadie ordered some whiskey from her dealer on the Sandbar Ferry Road. He arrived shortly and we were very merry with drinks and cookies.

Friday, March 28, 1941

After dinner John Booth came by and we drove by for Marian Coles Phinizy who awaited my arrival at St. Paul's Church where she was previously engaged. We secured splendid seat for the vocal concert by James Melton, Tenor (Georgian, at that), the final event in our artist series. Elizabeth Lee and her mother, Mrs. Clinton Lee, sat next to us and we had great fun at the singer's expense - for he was not an artist and we were only amused. During intermission Louisa Murtin and Mrs. Mobley congratulated me on my speech before the Commission last evening. Mrs. Lee also complimented me highly and I took Louisa K. Smith's cordial greeting as a token of her approbation also. After the bitter end of the concert, Margaret Twiggs joined John and Marian Coles and me in a few drinks at the Richmond Bar where we were very gay until after midnight. We drove Marian to her home on McDowell Street and the

three of us sang ballads in harmony (amid many discords) on our way back to town.

Saturday, March 29, 1941

As Monday is the final day of the month I prepared my usual end-of-month arrangements this afternoon, although the time passed so very swiftly I left a great deal undone until Monday and went to dinner. After reading the March issue of the Reader's Digest I had tea with "the girls" and took up Samuel Pepys Diary which I am enjoying immensely. At nine-thirty P.M. President Roosevelt spoke via Radio from his presidential yatch, the Potomac, anchored at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the occasion being the annual Jackson Day Dinner (postponed from January 8th on account of the Inauguration ceremonies.) A nice letter came from Mother today saying that Randolph is working in Pageland at present. She wishes me to locate a camp for Ruth to attend for several weeks this summer.

Sunday, March 30, 1941

At 9:40 A.M. I was at St. Paul's to play for the church school service and later lectured to my class on the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation. After a sermon by Rev. Hamilton West on "I am the door" I had lunch at Mrs. Anchors who was having a birthday and then returned to have a slice of lemon pie with "Miss Sadie" and "Miss Josie" who were entertaining "Miss Liggie and Miss Lucy". I played Oley Speak's "Sylvia" and "Traumerei" by Schuman later and we walked out through the Allen garden before taking a drive. We drove by for Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and enjoyed looking over John Walton's (their nephew) new little cabin behind his classic home on Walton Way Extension. After the Y.P.S.L. for which I am a Counsellor I drove John and Annie Bracey home and returned to have supper with "the girls" who brough Claude and Tom Fleming in for a few minutes when they returned from Mrs. Darlington's. Being quite tired we retired early but I wrote a letter to mother proposing to send Ruth to Camp Reese this summer.

Monday, March 31st, 1941

Arose early and proceeded to the bank but through lack of cooperation by other departments was unable to complete my work as early as I had hoped. In addition, the National Bank Examiners walked in and hindered operations but by eight P.M. I had been to dinner and was at the Herbert Institute of Art for a rehearsal of Cavalini's Requiem Mass which Mr. Rudolph Kratina is directing for the Augusta Music Club Choral Society. At 10 P.M. Dr. James Wainwright drove me home where I had some cookies with "the girls" before retiring.

Tuesday, April 1, 1941

All Fools Day, but no one seriously fooled me. Called Mack Ramsey after lunch to arrange for the fund's lending Mac Shackelford $25 until Apr. 15 but found the firm also in bad financial condition. Planned to spend evening with Mack but Sam Wallen called him offering a date with Geo. Stern's granddaughter so he went and I saw Fred Astaire in "Second Chorus" then came home to eat some fruit with the girls and Jane Merry, this year's debutante, called inviting me to dinner Sunday after Masters.

Wednesday, April 2, 1941

Henry McGhee repaid the fund in full today and I let Mac have the $25 out of my pocket - in the fund's name. Home after work and dressed for dinner then to choir rehearsal at St. Paul's and home again. At 8:30 Mac called and deposited me at Bon Air Hotel while he picked up Ernest and Virginia Hayden. I purchased #3162 in the Calcutta Pool in the fund's name and account and in we went to the drawing and the auction. We won nothing but enjoyed the auction immensely, not so much that of Auctioneer Sapp as those few sold by Henry McElmore, the sports writer. The pool totalled close to $15.000, Byron Nelson's card bringing $1200 alone, the highest bid. All 48 were sold by midnight and we came directly home.

Thursday, April 3, 1941

Home from the bank early and walked out in the garden with the girls and over next door where the "Allens" were busy in their garden. Spring is here finally and the iris, fuschia, azaleas, thrift, spirea and Judas trees are very colorful and cheerful. Met Barney Dunbar.

Friday, April 4, 1941

Craig Wood is leading the field at the Master's Tournament with Byron Nelson behind. From the bank to dinner and home to drop a line to Bladys Holcombe in Clarksville, Ga. and to Clyde West in High Point, N.C. where he's Asst Mgr. of Sears & Roebuck's store.

Saturday, April 5, 1941

Tournament scores are about the same with everyone excited over Sam Byrd's low score today. John Booth came by and since my new spring coat (which I got from Ferris yesterday) hadn't arrived, I dressed. We stopped at the Bon Air Hotel's Peach Room but same was overcrowded with strangers so we trudged over to the Partridge Inn Squire Room and got a Champagne Cocktail and went into the Bamboo Room to drink same. Then we saw Eliz. May, John's ex-flame, so we departed for the Country Club where we danced with debutantes, sub-debs and wall flowers until 1 Am. Then home to rest.

Sunday, April 6, 1941

Palm Sunday and Communion at St. Paul's in an impressive sermon with a short sermon by Hamilton West on "I Am the Door". Home for lunch and hurried to the Augusta National Golf Course to follow Bobby Jones and Dick Chapman, Lawson Little and Dick Metz, Ralph Guldahl and Jim Ferrier and Craig Wood and Jimmy Demaret. About 15,000 people watched Craig Wood win with a 280 and Byron Nelson second with 283. Then to 619 Greene for a plum pudding and to the Young Peoples League at St. Paul's. Then picked out Margaret (St. Cecilia) Twiggs and drove to Jane Merry's for a dinner party in honor of Virginia ~~Mosely~~ of Bowling Greene, Ky. It was a grand party - many remaining until midnight to sing "Happy Birthday" to Marion Coles Phinizy (21st) The victrola recordings of operatic selections were fine after our folk song fest.

Monday, April 7th, 1941

No rest for the weary! At 7:30 P.M. after a hard day's work we gathered at Marian Coles Pleinizy for a Kid Party - I escorted debutante Anne Lombard - and with "Saggy" Twiggs and Bob Stuntz we rode to Lillian Neely's plantation, "Kilkain", near Waynesboro, Ga. and had a grand time playing Round Robin; Farmer's in the dell; Many, many Stars; Shuffleboard, billiards, dancing, Musical Chairs, etc. After candy, cakes and ice cream we got home at 1 A.M.

Tuesday, April 8th, 1941

After dinner Mack called asking me to come out and help prepare for the party tomorrow. So we drew a hazard board and made a Monte Carlo Board and in general planned and spent an enjoyable evening. I departed after Steiner Dunbar returned. Jane Bush's birthday (20).

Wednesday. April 9th, 1941

"Miss Josie" loaned me the car so I picked up Cecil d'Antignac about 7:45 and we hastened to Mack's in time to greet most of the guests. I dealt cards for Monte Carlo most of the night for Sam Wallen, Jane Bush, Marian Coles Pleinizy, Earl Wallen, Robert King, Marianna Bush, and many other guests. With Coca Colas, smoked and creamed cheese sandwiches to eat and a "bingo" game for non-gamblers all went well until the "craps" table got about $10 behind. Since the winnings were to go for British War Relief we were worried but by 1 A.M. the house managed to pay off with 7¢ net profit - too little to worry the British with.

Thursday, April 10th

From the bank at 4:30 P.M. I came home to meet Laura Blackshear, cousin and houseguest of "the girls" then went walking and stopped to see Betty (Mrs. Butler) Rhodes, a cousin, but she being in negligee I only saw Miss Middlebrooks who is visiting her. Returned via Miss Katie Black's (who was not at home) in time to drive Miss Laura and her

friend, Miss Blum, to a banquet at the Richmond Hotel, part of the festivities in connection with the U. D. A. convention here. To dinner and early to bed. Letter from Gladys who can't attend convention.

Friday, April 11, 1941.

Charlie Houston called late last night and I accepted an invitation for a "straw ride" Saturday, escorting Mimi Battey. Imagine my disgust when Mr. Boyd, Mrs. John W. Herbert's secretary called this morning inviting me to a dinner at the Country Club to meet her millionaire granddaughters, Miss Jane and Anton Dunn - which same invitation I was forced to decline. So Mack and I dressed and called at "Celebrity Hall" this afternoon but the Misses Dunn were golfing at the Augusta National Club. However, we met "Miss Nellie" (Mrs. Herbert) who asked us to come Sunday, Easter, at noon - for what she didn't say. So we visited the Crowell Gardens across Cumming Road and drove downtown for Mr. Ramsey, Jr. - then to Reid Memorial Church for dinner with the "Supper Club" and enjoyed lecture by Rev. Franklin Taylor. Back at home to see Frank Doar, Jr. and (Dot, his wife) who arrived during my absence. In came Mary and Will Baker and the latter's son, Billy, so with "Miss Laura" and "the girls" we had a gay party. Received note from Clyde with final instructions for his wedding next week and request from R. W. for an address.

Saturday, April 12, 1941.

After a rapid day at the bank I hurried home to dress and after dinner at 909 Greene tucked my sombrero under my arm and took the bus for Mack's. Together we waited in the lobby of the Forest Hills Hotel for Allan Cutts, aware of the incongruity of our habit with our surroundings but eventually we reached Dr. W. W. Battey's where I met Kay Haggerty (escorted by "Tubby"

weller tonight) and finally got out with Mimi. En route to the Burk home we gave Marian Coles Phinizy and Ed Rogers a lift and then piled aboard a very delapidated looking truck that bore us to a scenic spot on the old Savannah River. While the servants cooked steaks over an open fire we sang and ogled at the moon. Ed sang "Only a Rose" and "At Dawning" and some boy named Joe, strummed a badly-tuned guitar while he gave nasal renditions of hill-billy airs and ballads.

Easter Sunday, April 13th, 1941

Arrived at 9:30 AM Communion Service in time to receive the sacrament and remained through the 11:15 Morning Prayer. Then via bus to Mack's and in their Buick to Mrs. Herbert's where we were shown onto the terrace and presented to June and Anton Dunn. There also were Louise Beaty, Tom d'Antignac, Billy Rossignol, Bothwell Traylor and later, Horace Day. We enjoyed Champagne and conversation and then called to pay our respects to Mrs. Herbert (who was on the North Terrace with "Miss Lizzie and Miss Lucy", Mr. Dunn and Mr. Richardson. After recounting adventures of last evening we departed for lunch with Mrs. Ramsey then I came downtown and accompanied my Church School Class to the Festival Service at St. Paul's and at 5:30 hurried to First Presbyterian Church to assist in their Easter Musicale. Then home to dinner with "the girls", augmented by Mary and Will Baker and Frank and Dot ("Miss Josie's son and wife.) It was a very gay party enjoyed by all.

Monday, April 14th, 1941

Nothing exciting at work except I called and made a date with Ani Vene, of Porto Rico, (Betty Sanders's guest) for the dinner at Mimi Battey's tonight. It turned out to be a large gathering, too long and not too interesting but Mack had fun talking with Ani while I conversed with Allan. John Booth came by to relate the gory details of his last Friday evening with Marian and Sappy and a drunk.

Tuesday, April 15, 1941.

All arrangements completed in reference to the Music Study Club at the Pendleton's tonight where I sang "Sylvia" (Speaks) and "Trees" (Rasbach) accompanied by Mrs. Craig. Home and over to 613 Greene to see the "Allen girls" and fetch home "Miss Sadie" ("Miss Josie" being in Rocky Mount, N.C. with Dot - Monday through Wednesday). After a round of food and drink we reached home safely.

Wednesday, April 16, 1941

After dinner I came home to find a card from Horace urging me to attend the Art Institute tonight so Mary and Will Baker took "Miss Sadie" to a show until I returned. We had a most attractive nude, Mildred Smedley, and my two sketches were credible. Afterwards, I played the piano from 11 Pm until 12:30 and then we had some sandwiches and I got out the car about 1:30 Am. At 1:45 "Miss Sadie" and I met "Miss Josie" as her train arrived. She brough home a bottle and some chocolates so we feasted and drank until 3 Am.

Thursday, April 17, 1941

Ernest now understands, I hope, the operation of the bank ledger and we have completed much of the analyzist work which falls to me in my new job as keeper of analyzist and reconcilement records - which work I shall share with Ernest to relieve our mutual routine. My bag is packed and everything ready for the trip to Charleston tomorrow.

Friday, April 18, 1941

The morning at the bank passed quickly and after lunch I took the 1:30 Pm bus for Charleston - enjoyed a beautiful trip, the scenery being so fresh and lovely. Summerville was most ravishing with Azaleas and Wisteria. At 5 Pm we reached North Charleston

only to become entangled with the traffic of workers leaving the rapidly expanding Navy Yard. At last we reached the Society Street terminal where Clyde, frantic at my delay, met me. We hastened to the First Baptist Church in time to catch Chevis Aimick, who had just arrived from Columbia, delayed by same traffic. We hurriedly went through the procedure of the ceremony then I was left at 2 Vanderhorst for dinner and a quick change of clothes - 40 minutes. But at 7:40 we were on duty at the center aisle, ushering in one after another until Chevis escorted in Mrs. Noel West, Clyde's mother, and I ushered in Mrs. Clara B. Crenshaw, Eliz.'s mother. Then the candles were lighted and the show began. By 8:10 Clyde and Elizabeth were before the improvised altar and by 8:25 they were man and wife. We proceeded to 212 Calhoun and amid showers of rice saw them off on their honeymoon. Chevis dropped me at 60 Rutledge Ave. where I surprised Aunt Mabel and Mamie with a lengthy visit - 9 P.M. until 11:30 P.M. then back to 2 Vanderhorst.

Saturday, April 19, 1941

Up early and downtown. Saw Martha Laurens Patterson et al at Seigling's (also talked with Rudy about old times.) Then to Charleston Library Society for a few minutes and on to St. Michael's for a prayer. Down meeting, through Lambell and Sadron out Hibben to 63-B and enjoyed a long visit with Mrs. Wheat, hearing news of lots of old friends. In Tradd to Legare and visited the Sword Gates House and Gardens for British Relief (25¢) Up Legare to Unitarian Church and through Garden Walk to King and to 2 Vanderhorst and lunch. Then down King to Library and visited Gibbes Art Gallery and through to St. Phillip's for a prayer past the Huguenot Church to 5 Water St. but none of the Hastie family there - probably spending the season at Magnolia Gardens. On to East Battery and back to Antique Show at 94 Church Street. Then purchased some henny at Onslow's and to Miss Emma's for dinner. Around to Free Library for an hour or so and called

to see Lib and Romig but found they have moved to Columbia. I walked down Ashley to South Battery and through to Fort Sumter Hotel and up Meeting to Market and to Miss Emma's and chatted with her, having missed seeing L.D. and Evelyn Rhodes who called this afternoon and telephoned tonight.

Sunday, April 20th

Up and late to breakfast then Earl Bulloch dedicated to attend St. Michael's with me so we did so. The music was fine and I saw worlds of people from the old days (1934-1938 when I was at the College of Charleston.) Sigare Van Ness and Dick Voigt were well-met as was Albert Stuart, the rector. Then via bus to Hudson St. and lunch and caught my bus for Augusta at 2:30 P.M. Arrived here exhausted but was cheered with sight of "the girls" having come down to meet me and invite me in for dinner.

Monday, April 21st.

Everything got back in line at the bank today and lots was accomplished. Then attended rehearsal of Cerlini's Requiem Mass under direction of Dorothy Halbert in Mr. Kratina's absence. All was well until closing when Mrs. Holloway announced final performance Sunday May 4th at Curtis - I resigned immediately, refusing to sing at such a place but fear club will not defer to me.

Tuesday, April 22nd.

Home after another hard day and retired to my room to do a water color of some wisteria and azaleas. Also wrote a nice letter to Randolph at Vaughan Hotel, Mullins, So. Car. and one to mother in Estill enclosing Randy's semester report.

Wednesday, April 23rd.

At the Art Institute I met Mack and Billy Rossignol, down to sketch the nude of last week, back again. I got two credible

sketches (8 to 10 P.M.) then we repaired to a curb service joint for a beer around. Home and early to bed - the girls having retired early.

Thursday, April 24th.

Mack called this morning inviting me to a poker party at his house tonight but I pleaded a previous engagement since I had to pack my bag, buy Ruth a pin, Dad a tie and Mother some candy. So I retired early to my room and accomplished a great deal in getting clothes out, packed, etc.

Friday, April 25th

"Miss Josie" presented me with her prayer book and hymnal that she used when her husband was living and she an Episcopalian. They were published 1898 and make a fine gift for which I am both justly proud and grateful. Also I found a huge box of iris (blue and purple) to take to mother. The Allen girls came over for cocktails and supper but "the girls" insisted on driving me to the bus station. In Fairfax I caught a late bus and soon was in Estill and enjoyed a long talk with Mother, Dad and Ruth. They all were pleased with my small gifts.

Saturday, April 26th.

This being Georgia's Memorial Day I am at home - holiday. So I arose at 8 AM and planted about 40 iris in the garden. Then I bagged my healthy specimens and started for Thelma's. En route I stopped to speak to Cousin Zenie and spent an hour looking at her garden. Then after a long talk with Cousin Annie Lou and Thelma I hurried home to lunch (with a pan of hot rolls.) Then around to Aunt Mamie's with Boots and later drove to the Cemetery Lawtonville with aunts Mamie and Charlotte. Back to Lib's where I saw her house and garden. Charley Peeples, Ray Fawcett and Henry Boyter came riding by asking me to don my riding habit and join them but having arranged to meet R.W. I was forced to watch them gallop off. R.W. drove up and we lowered the top of his convertible and took Mary Beth Ward home where Ethel showed us her garden (with many new Azaleas from Summerville) and gave us some Angel Food Cake. I played several pieces on the piano and in came Mrs. Thomas. R.W. and I then went

erranding for Ethel, but being unable to locate her errant cook we telephoned our failure and in R. W.'s car drove to his farm to look over his new tenant house and barn and gather in his fresh yard eggs. Back in town I stopped for supper and dressed and up to meet Katharine's husband-elect, Bloss Anderson Brown. Also Mary Lou Longineau was there and Grover Beavers, Jr. came in so with Bill, R. W., Mr. + Mrs. Luther Rhodes, we had a merry party until 10:30 P.M. R. W. going downtown for Jack I stopped at home with Mother and Ruth. And so to bed at midnight.

Sunday, April 27th.

Arose at 9 Am and breakfasted and played the piano and strolled in the garden, cut flowers for the house and was ready to receive Charley and Ray (Aunt Mahala and Uncle Johnston being in Kingsland, Ga. for the races) and Cousin Annie Lou and Thelma. Mother's Hepplewhite table was lovely with china and silver, the centerpiece being a small vase of English Hawthorne (Pyracantha) after a sumptuous feast we dessented on Chocolate pie with cinnamoned whipped cream. Then Thelma drove me to see Miss Lucia Sloan (a cousin from Greenville with whom Charley drove home this week-end) and with them I rode as far as Aiken, S.C. where I took a fast walking tour of the commercial-residential section and caught a bus for Graniteville and Augusta. John Sledge came in for dinner with "the girls" and me after Mrs. Sargeant and Mrs. Grimel, callers, left. We dined from 10 to 11 P.M. then all retired.

~~Monday~~, ~~April 28th~~. Wednesday, June 3, 1942

This day being a holiday in celebration of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson I lounged at 619 Greene all morning although I did telephone Mack Ramey and found him recuperating from yesterday's minor operation beside our Country Club's pool. So after viewing Cecil B. DeMille's ~~latest~~ cinema "Reap the Wild Wind" (an extrava-

ganza in technicolor) and having dinner at 707 Greene at Mrs. Wilson's genial board, & drove Josie and Mary Barlington and her sister (Familia Cozart) to visit the S.M. Ramsey's on upper Walton Way. After an amiable session we motored on (despite tire wear and gasoline rationing) to Lizzie's new home on Bramford Road but found them out dining with ex-mayor Richard E. Allen (their nephew) at his Peachtree Road home. Home and chatted with John after finding Frank Addy camped on our doorstep awaiting our return. Josie is putting him up nicely thanks to our recommendation for he comes as the son of the owner of the Saluda County Bank, Saluda, S.C.

Friday, June 5, 1942

Frank and I came down to 619 after lunch to find Mrs. Burwell and Mrs. Blackshear (Lizzie & Lucy) here but after a short visit we of necessity departed for the bank. Tonight John joined us in a sprint for the Bamboo Room at the Partridge Inn where we entertained army corporal - night club singer Spate at cocktails before leaving for the Bon Air's Peach Room. Then to town, the Victory Garden, the Tropical Club, the Town Tavern and home. Saw glamourous Betty Dudley with Lt. George Tate and Marguerite Ellis with unknown lad.

Saturday, June 6, 1942

Carl Pfeifer arrived at 6 P.M. and we dined at 6:30 at 707 Greene then returned here to talk with Josie until 9 when we drove down for Margaret "Sapho" Twiggs and to Hickman Road for Mary Jane Trimmier. On to Billy Calhoun's upper Walton Way mansion for a real party including Betty Fordham, Pat Calhoun, "Oop" Hilbert, Joe Lewis, Alex "Shag" 2nd Lt. Doremus and others. At 11:30 to the Partridge Inn's Bamboo and Ivy Rooms until 12:30 then let Carl go back to Camp Gordon and on to Town Tavern for food and drink until 3 A.M. Some fun!

Saturday, June 20, 1942

Arrived at 619 about 4 P.M. to find Carl already here. We toured Augusta Museum seeing many local antiquities, noting photographs of 1916 fire and 1928 flood. To Mrs. Wilson's for dinner then dressed and picked up Mary Jane Trimmier and Mary Lewis and on to Mack Ramsey's for a drink or two and a little conversation. Later rode down to Bamboo Room and met

George Blanchard and Joe Lewis with Billy Calhoun and Katharine ~~Bitcherwin~~. After a round of Tom Collins (Vodka for Carl, Scotch for Billy and beer for Katie) and a little dancing by Lil Evans' Novachord, we adjourned to Billy's place for a little Scotch and dancing. Billy and I sat in Kitchen and I related my version of Peeples-Martin feud. (His great-grandfather stabbed my great-granduncle to death years ago - see toombstone in Lawtonville So. Car. Cemetery. Later we slugged Carl but he still fell in under power and bunked with me at 619 about 3:45 Am. A detachment of 30 ton tanks going down Greene awoke me at 8 AM with little sleep for the weary.

Sunday, June 21. 1942

A mere continuation of yesterday it seems for Carl and I had breakfast with Josie at 10 Am and then I departed for Good Shepherd, Carl returning to Camp Gordon to sign a payroll. After dinner at 707 I returned to 619 and Carl returned at 3 Pm. At 4 Pm we left for Getzen's Pond and enjoyed a swim and sun bath, getting back here at 7 Pm. Will Baker came in for dinner with Josie, Dot (here since Tuesday last), Carl and I. Frank Addy returned from Saluda at 10 Pm and Carl departed at 10:30 leaving me "cot-locked" (frustrated), or rather a nostalgic feeling for his having to return to that "awful army camp".

Saturday, June 27. 1942

After rapidly completing all the usual work at the bank I added interest for my section of the savings accounts and left arriving here just in time to join Josie on a shopping tour - just as we pulled off we spied Carl and picked him up. After ice cream at Augusta Dairies, cakes from Mrs. Bates and groceries from A+P we unloaded and Carl and I had dinner at the Ship Ahoy (opened Thursday) ordering soft shelled crabs only one came so Carl got that and I had veal cutlets. Back here Carl played (sight read) and later I sang several arias. Then walked uptown and met Kempton Le Roche and friend for a chat. Carl leaves tomorrow on 2 day problem, stands alert beginning Tuesday, leaves for maneuvers July 8th which means we may never meet again. John Doyle leaves soon for Officer's T. School, Fort Sill, Okla.

Jesse ~~Williamson~~ Peeples m. Gertrude Elizabeth McCoy

b. 1786 d. 1813 b. Oct. 7, 1788 d. Dec. 24, 1860

1. Edward Harden Peeples (see A)

b. Oct. 9, 1811 d. Nov. 24, 1892

2. Jesse Williamson Peeples (see B)

b. 1813 d. July 2, 1856

Jesse ~~Williamson~~ Peeples, planter of Prince William Parish, married 1808 Gertrude Elizabeth McKoy who was employed in the Chatham County Courthouse, Savannah, Ga.; and he was accidentally killed by a horse in Sept. 1813 in being thrown while hunting

Gertrude Eliza McCoy m. 2nd Capt. Nathan Johnston (b. 1793 d. June 29, 1869, son of Jonas Johnston and Elizabeth Tuten)

Edward Harden Peeples m. Charlotte Esther Lawton m. ,1830

b. Oct. 9, 1811 d. Nov. 24, 1892 b. Nov. 2, 1813 d. Aug. 16, 1886

* 1. Thomas Williamson Peeples

b. July 10, 1832 d. Oct. 1, 1840

2. William Brisbane Peeples

b. Nov. 9, 1833 d. Apr. 5, 1892

3 Elizabeth Stoney Peeples

b. Dec. 23, 1834 d. Feb. 13, 1910

* 4. Infant son

b. June 13, 1836 d. June 13, 1836

* 5. Jane Lawton Peeples

b. July 16, 1837 d. Oct. 9, 1840

6. Phoebe Sarah Peeples

b. Apr. 23, 1839 d.

* 7. Mariah W. Peeples

b. Aug. 20, 1841 d. Nov. 4, 1842

* 8. Ella C. Peeples

b. May 2, 1843 d. Sept. 8, 1849

* 9. Mary Harden Peeples m. Dr. Jesse C. Miller (no children)

b. March 17, 1845 d. April 25, 18

10. Edward Harden Peeples

b. Dec. 1, 1846 d. Sept. 20, 1902

11. Anna Cordelia Peeples

b. Oct. 16, 1848 d. Jan. 24, 1891

12. John Williamson Peeples

b. Oct. 27, 1850 d. April 4, 1914

* 13. Dorothea Martha Peeples

b. Aug. 25, 1853 d. Sept. 8, 1854

(over)

*14. Irene Jessey Peeples

b. July 31, 1855 d. July 23, 1856

*15. Still-born son

b. July 22, 1857

Edward Harden Peeples m. 2nd Mrs. Theodore Dehon Mathews

(Mary Elizabeth Lawton, sister of his first wife, b. 1823 d. May 31, 1906)

no issue.

* no issue

William Brisbane Peeples m.

b. Nov. 9, 1833 d. April 5, 1892

Elizabeth Stoney Peeples m. John Lawton

b. Dec. 23, 1834 d. Feb. 13, 1910 b. Sept. 25, 1830 d. June 18, 1908

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Phoebe Sarah Peeples m. John Shorten Oswald

b. April 23, 1839 d.

Edward Harden Peeples m. Caroline Reynolds

b. Dec. 1, 1846 d. Sept. 20, 1902 b. Oct. 31, 1851 d. March 3, 1918

Anna Cordelia Peeples m. Joseph Valentine Morrison

b. Oct. 16, 1848 d. Jan. 24, 1891 b. Sept. 30, 1843 d. July 14, 1924

1. Joseph Edward Morrison

   b. Dec. 27, 1865 d. July 17, 1895

2. Thomas Willingham Morrison

   b. June 15, 1867 d.

3. Henry

   b. May 17, 1869 d.

4. Arthur Alston Morrison, M.D.

   b. Nov. 24, 1871 d. Aug. ,1915

5. Charlotte Esther Morrison

   b. Sept. 22, 1873 d.

6. Mary Eleanor Morrison

   b. Nov. 12, 1875 d. April 12, 1923

7. Adele Ursula Morrison

   b. Dec. 2, 1877 d.

8. John Timothy Morrison

   b. Jan. 24, 1880 d.

9. James Eggleston Morrison, M.D.

   b. Feb. 13, 1882 d.

10. William Benjamine Morrison

    b. Oct. 19, 1883 d.

John Williamson Peeples m. Eliza Jane Rhodes

b. Oct. 27, 1850 d. April 4, 1914 b. Oct. 6, 1852 d. March 28, 1915

1. George Theodore Peeples

b. March 19, 1870 d. Sept. 3, 1903

2. William Edward Peeples

b. Nov. 6, 1871 d. Jan. 27, 1923

3. Claude Robert Peeples

b. Oct. 21, 1874 d. June 6, 1909

4. Benjamine Joseph Peeples

b. March 21, 1877 d. Dec. 19, 1933

5. Charlotte Esther Peeples *

b. Feb. 3, 1879 d.

6. Eliza Jane Peeples *

b. Jan. 31, 1880 d. Feb. 7, 1881

7. Mamie Burns Peeples

b. Feb. 4, 1882 d.

8. John Williamson Peeples *

b. Feb. 7, 1884 d. May 17, 1917

9. Rosa Lou Peeples

b. Jan. 8, 1886 d.

10. Stoney Lawton Peeples

b. Dec. 2, 1888 d.

11. Robert Rhodes Peeples

b. March 4, 1890 d.

12. Lila Jane Peeples *

b. April 15, 1892 d. Oct. 6, 1906

13. Gertrude Addie Peeples

b. May 28, 1894 d. Feb. 8, 1915

* no issue

Jesse Williamson Peeples m. Rebecca Catharine Harrison m. Feb. 21, 1833

b. 1813. d. July 2, 1856 b. July 15, 1809 d. April 25, 1861

1. Mary Elizabeth Peeples

b. Nov. 25, 1833 d. Nov. 23, 1906

2. Laura Williamson Peeples

b. Sept. 15, 1836 d. April 24, 1896

3. Horace Edward Peeples

b. Aug. 5, 1838. d. Dec. 5, 1926

4. Homer Holcombe Peeples

b. March 26, 1842 d. May 3, 1930

5. Duncan Isadore Peeples

b. July 2, 1846 d. Aug. 23, 1897

Jesse Williamson Peeples was Representative from St. Peter's Parish, South Carolina. He was stabbed to death on July 2, 1856 by Alfred Martin.

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x x x 28. London General Investment Trust, Ltd.

29. London and Lomond Investment Trust, Ltd.

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	Dec. 8, 1938	Dec. 31, 1938	March 18, 1939	March 20, 1939	March 21, 1939	March 22, 1939	March 23, 1939	March 24, 1939	March 25, 1939	March 29, 1939	March 30, 1939	March 31, 1939	April 1, 1939	April 3, 1939	
× ~~Allis Chalmers~~	45 5/8	47 3/4	40 3/4	40 1/2	40 1/4	37	38 3/4	40 3/8	39	38 1/4	37 1/8	34 1/8	35 1/2	35 1/4	33 1/4
⊗ ~~American Sugar~~		21 1/2	20	20	20 1/4	20	20	20 1/8	20 1/8	20	19 5/8		17 1/4		
× ~~Armour of Ill.~~	5	5 3/4	4 7/8	4 3/4	4 7/8	4 5/8	4 7/8	4 3/4	4 7/8	4 5/8	4 1/2		4 1/4		
⊗ ~~Celanese~~		23 5/8	20 1/2	20	20 1/4	19 1/8	19 5/8	20 1/4	19 3/4	19 1/4	18 1/8		16 1/2		
× Chrysler	78 3/8	83	74	74 5/8	75 7/8	71 7/8	74	75 7/8	76	73 7/8	70 5/8	67 1/2	69 1/8	68 1/2	65 7/8
⊗ Colgate Palm		14 1/2	14	13 5/8	14	13 1/4	13 3/4	14 3/8	14 1/2	15 3/8	13 1/2		13 1/2		
× Curtiss Wright	6 5/8	7 3/8	5 7/8	6	6 1/4	5 7/8	5 7/8	5 7/8	6	5 7/8	5 3/4	5	5 3/4	5 3/8	5 1/4
× Gen. Electric	41	43 1/2	39	38 5/8	39 1/4	38 1/8	38	38 5/8	38 1/2	37 7/8		34 1/4	35 1/2	35 1/2	34 1/2
× Gen. Foods	36 3/4	39 5/8	40 1/8	40 3/4	41 7/8	40 1/2	41 3/8	42	41 3/4	41 1/2	41 1/4	40	39 7/8	40 1/2	40 1/2
× Gen. Motors	47 1/2	50	46 1/2	46 1/2	46 3/4	45	46	46 7/8	46 3/4	46	43 3/8	41 1/4	43 1/8	42 5/8	41 5/8
× Goodyear T.+R.	33 1/8	37 5/8	31	31 3/8	32	29 3/4	30 3/4	31 7/8	31 1/2	30 7/8	29	26	27 3/4	26 1/2	26 3/8
× ~~Greyhound~~	19 1/2	29 7/8	18 5/8	18 7/8	19 3/8	18 1/8	18 7/8	19 1/4	19	18 3/4	17 3/4	16 3/4	17 5/8	17 3/4	17 1/4
× Lorillard	20 3/4	21 1/2	23	22 1/2	22 5/8	22 1/8	22 1/2	22 7/8	22 1/8	22 3/8	22	20 3/4	21 3/8	21 1/2	21 3/8
× Nat. Biscuit	25 3/8	25 1/4	25 1/4	25 3/8	27	26 1/4	26 3/4	27 1/8	27	26 3/4	26	24 3/4	25 3/8	25 3/8	25
× Nat Distillers	27	28	26 1/2	26 5/8	28	26 3/4	27	27 3/4	27 1/2	27	27 1/8	25 1/2	26 3/8	25	
× Packard	4 1/2	4 3/4	3 3/4	3 3/4	3 7/8	3 1/2	3 5/8	3 7/8	3 7/8	3 5/8	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/4	3 3/8	3 1/4
× Radio C. of Am.	7 3/8	8	7	7	7 1/8	6 7/8	6 7/8	7 1/8	7	6 7/8	6 1/2	6	6 1/4	6 1/4	6 1/8
× Standard Brands	6 3/4	7	6 5/8	6 5/8	6 5/8	6 5/8	6 3/4	6 3/4	6 3/4	6 3/4	6 1/2	6 3/8	6 1/2	6	6 1/4
× Union Bag + Paper		12	9 7/8	9 3/4	10	9 1/2	9 5/8	10	10	10	9	8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	8 3/8
⊗ Wesson Oil + Sno.		29		23 1/2	23	23	22 5/8	22 3/8	22 3/4	21	20 3/4		19 1/2		

~~Loew's Inc.~~

February

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.