



The following two pages were from a 107 page book of personal memories of Thomas Anders. Thomas knew Miss Lucy Jardine well, but his father Gary Anders knew Miss Lucy even better as he delivered mail to her for many years out on Possum Walk Road down across Jardine Creek. This photo is of the original site of the Jardine cabin.

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Neal got suspicious why all that stuff was disappearing, and kind of stood back out in the woods and watched Johnny Mallery come and go a few times, some of it right on the fence line. Johnny wasn't the kind that took lightly to anybody observing him when he didn't want to be, so he just drove over to Neal's yard and told him, "Mr. Wells, I see you standing out in the woods watching me. I don't know what you're doing it for, but if you do it again, I'll kill you."

That pretty well settled that, too, because that man meant every word of it.

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Miss Lucy Jardine.

Miss Lucy lived off Possum Walk Road down across Jardine Creek or Cotton Creek or whatever you want to call it. She was an elderly woman when I got to know her – I think in her eighties, I'm not sure, but close to it.

I'd go down and hunt arrowheads in that area. My dad would put me out in the morning and go off on his mail route, and I'd wander around through that part of the country. Sometimes he'd pick me up and carry me farther, and sometimes he wouldn't come back and get me until late that afternoon. Of course, that was all prearranged.

I looked at her house several times and started to go by to see her, but everybody had said she was kind of peculiar and might be cross with me, and I just kind of avoided it. Found out later I'd made a big mistake.

Finally one day I was wandering around the old woods and fields, and I went up to her house to get a drink of water. I never met a nicer person in my life. It wasn't long until she had sweet milk and tea cakes sitting on the back porch, and we became fast friends right there. I told her about what all I liked to hunt – old arrowheads and all that sort of stuff – and she said she had some old stuff I might be interested in.

She brought out her daddy's rifle, a little squirrel rifle, and I just had a fit over it. I hadn't had my hands on any such thing at the time. She said, "Well, it's yours. I'll just give it to you." You couldn't have made a boy any happier. But she did. The next thing I knew, she went up and got nine bullet molds, two or three powder flasks, and a bag of shot sacks that shot had come in. She had all kinds of stuff like that – a little pouch that you put patch and shot in, and all that to carry them on your belt.

The rifle had a hair trigger – it had a set trigger you'd pull, but it had a hair trigger. You'd pull the hammer back and you'd squeeze this one straight little trigger, and that set the thing. Then all you did was touch the regular trigger, and it fired. You had to be looking at what you wanted to shoot at when you touched it, because it went off.

I thought she'd done just about everything anybody could do for me when she gave me that thing, but I went back down there later on, and she drug out her father's sword cane. It had an ivory and gold top, and gold bands on it. Just a classy piece of furniture. It had a twenty-nine-inch sword in it, just like a needle it was so sharp. I believe if you just tried to stand it up on your hand, it would slide right through.

Either then or later on, she brought out thirty-two hundred-dollar Confederate bills that were good when her daddy had them. Incidentally, those things pay six per cent interest. I sure would like to collect the interest on them and let them stand. I don't think I'll find anybody that's going to make the South rise again, so I'll have to forget about that.

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Another time when I went down to visit with her, she gave me a handful of silver – old stuff, 1830's, some of it back in 17-something. What made me sick, though, was that somebody had taken a knife point or something, and had drilled holes through part of the dimes or half-dimes and part of the quarters, which just destroyed their value. I don't guess you could say it destroyed the value to me, because I wouldn't part with them for anything. I just don't believe in parting with a gift. You give me something, I'm going to keep it. Whether I need it or not, I'm still going to keep it. I might give it to someone that's more interested seems like, but Miss Lucy gave 'em to me, Thomas'll die with 'em. That's just the way it is.

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I thoroughly enjoyed every time I went to see her, and I got down there pretty often in those days. She always had a Victrola out, the kind that had the big horn on it and used the cylinders to play. My favorite song was "Katy, K-K-K-Katy."

When our daughter was born, we had a Katy. Everybody thought I'd named her after her great-grandmothers, who were Katherines and were called Katy, but Katy got named after that record.

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I guess if I'd had sense enough to take it, I would have had the farm, too. She almost tried to give it to us. The only stipulation she made was that the little income she got from leasing it would be hers as long as she lived. We didn't do it. We just did things right, you know, and didn't want to take advantage of her friendship. Of course, nowadays I wish I'd done it, but that's water under the bridge.

Anyhow, instead of finding a very cross old lady, I found a very nice one, and for several years I got to enjoy her company. I went into the Marines and wrote her a few letters. She wrote me a few, and did a big crying job when I came home.

Anyhow, it's all favorable memories.