

The dough boys began to come home. Clinton who had never been sent overseas was home before Christmas, and soon afterwards Lonnie and Mark were back with their loved ones. The whole family rejoiced that no one of the three suffered injuries.

Grandpa had always been proud of his service in the Civil War. All through the years he had kept his discharge paper which was written on a piece of ruled tablet paper. He had proudly shown it to his children and grandchildren, then carefully refolded it and put it back in a very small trunk where he kept his valuable papers and some not so valuable. Only two or three years before his death, Edith and Shade were visiting one day and grandpa decided to clean out his little trunk so he sat down before the fireplace and began to sort and discard, on to the open fire. When he came to the discharge paper he handed it to Shade and asked if he knew what it was. When Shade looked at it he remarked how valuable it was and how wonderful he had been able to keep it through the years. When it was handed back to grandpa, he remarked that he didn't see the use of keeping it longer, and started to toss it in the fire. When Shade remonstrated grandpa handed it to him and told him he could have it if he wanted it. Shade had it framed, so it would be taken care of.

When grandpa and Massa Lanier had married, she had no home, but did have a few hundred dollars in savings. They agreed that her children should have her money and his children his property. An attorney told them that they could live there and have the money from the oranges. At his death she could continue to live there but his heirs would take possession of the grove at once.

Possibly sometime in 1918 grandfather who was in his late seventies suffered a severe heart attack and the doctor told him he would never be able to work hard again. He had always had good health before, and not to be able to do his own plowing and other work was very frustrating to him, but he reluctantly tried to follow the doctor's instructions. Aunt Massie's past mid-aged daughter had come to live with them, and she took over all the house work and some of the outside chores. But both she and her mother were rather controversial, so he did not have a very tranquil home in which to spend his last years.

Just three quarters of a mile from the Old Hart home was a small place with a small log house and a small gove. It had been the first home of Walter and Helen Hart, but they had moved away and sold the place to Roy Hart, the younger brother. The Roy Harts had never lived there, but he still owned it in 1919.

The three daughters in the family had felt concern about grandfather's welfare. Chaffing under the inactivity, he began to take long walks. When told, the doctor said let him take the walks, but another attack could come on any time, and he would fall and never get up.

Edith and Shade suddenly realized there was something they could do. They contacted Roy and arranged to trade him her undivided interest in the family estate for the place near by, so Edith could be near enough to check on her father almost every day. They had lived since their marriage at the Crews' home, which belonged to the Crawford Crews heirs. So it was sold and they moved into the four roomed log house in the summer of 1919, less than a mile from Edith's father. She spent many afternoons with him, sometimes taking the walks with him. When he would stroll off without telling her he was going, she respected his privacy and would wait for several minutes, then go in a different direction, always looking until she would see his snow-