

# Things in Motion ...

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice. --Heraclitus (540?-480?)B.C.

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## *AN EARLIER TIME*

**T**HE LAST DAY before Christmas vacation in 1940 was gloomy, wet, and dreary; not at all the sort of day I had wished for—and not at all relieved by the mini-parties that took place in every classroom. My fourth grade class was stuck off in our old school building, now used only as our lunchroom, so we were not exposed to all the festivities that went on in our new school building. Miss Poss, our teacher, did her best to make up for our temporary isolation but it just wasn't the same. We exchanged gifts and sang a few carols, but none of us felt the joy of previous years. I was glad to climb aboard the school bus and head for home and a week of vacation!

Home was a large, very old house on a very large plantation where men and mules provided the power necessary to work the crops on the several hundred acres under cultivation—one lone tractor provided power to operate a feed grinder and to pull the large harrows for breaking ground in the early spring. Mechanization was just over the hill; it had not yet reached the Chattahoochee river valley—nor had the REA yet brought electricity to the farms.

I arrived home to find my parents gone, so I put together the toy airplane kit that was my gift from school and began flying it off the front porch, not really caring if it landed in a mud puddle—I was in a dark mood that matched the weather, and when the fragile plane finally refused to fly again, I didn't really care; I would find better toys under the Christmas Tree in a few days.

My parents arrived in short order with the news that we were going to Orlando to spend Christmas with my brother—my sister and her new husband would drive us there. My mood immediately switched to one of sunshine and joy. My brother and his wife became parents in March, so there was a new baby to see as well as friends I had made on a previous visit three years before.

The roads of 1940 were considerably less convenient and well kept than those of today so it was customary to get an early start on a trip such as we planned. By 4:30 o'clock AM on Christmas Eve, everyone was bathed, dressed, and fed—ready for a full day of high adventure as we headed toward the lakes and flatlands of Florida. We arrived in plenty of time for a shopping jaunt to the big stores along Orange Avenue in company with my relatives and my favorite cousin, Irma Nell, who was my age. We enjoyed a fabulous Christmas dinner with lots of fun games and when it was time to head back to Georgia, I felt that my Christmas could not have been better.



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102 Azalea Trail, Leesburg, FL 34748*