

HUNT for the LOST TREASURE of WEST GEORGIA

Friday, August 29,2025. *F*ollow these clues to get to the treasure in West Georgia! Clues lead to places and relics visible from the road and in public spaces. Please be considerate and careful as you travel and explore these destinations. Hunters can solve without travel to the sites. **HINT: Head North!**

For questions and help: morelandadventure.com and Facebook: morelandculturalartsalliance.

HUNT for the LOST TREASURE of COWETA is sponsored by the Moreland Cultural Arts Alliance, Inc. a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization whose mission is to protect, foster, and promote the cultural arts and heritage of the Moreland community and to celebrate the writing of Erskine Caldwell and Lewis Grizzard.

- 1. Don't blink! You might miss me! Over a hundred years ago, I had a different name. First named for a person, now named for a city in India. In my hey-day many visited me; I was bustling! Today, people just want to 'come home' to me. I 'vanished, ' but never disappeared. Who am I?

 I serve more than one purpose now. In my youth, I saw people 'coming and
- 2. going.' I even saw a President make a speech to his troops. Now my caretakers tell my story. Most like me; some even have a ball. I share a name with my city. I am 'decorated' on the exterior with my city's namesake; the 'decorations' seem to be my 'fans.' Whoever am I?
- We are near twins and very old, standing on a 'line' with each other and another in these clues. We have stood the wear and tear of time; now some say we just look very old-fashioned. We have served many purposes. Some go 'whistling' by; some just speed past us. We have welcomed so many people in our days; we wait to welcome more now. What are we?
- Being very impressive and grand, I have always been sought for my community's most official and important occasions. For many years, I was such a coveted 'official' that I held 'court.' Created in the late 1800's, I am worn and damaged. You can still see my outer beauty; I feel like I am still in the 'pink.' Some say I am in 'peril.' I am hoping many will keep me standing! What am I?
- People call me 'colorful.' Most say I have a welcoming 'manner.' Being old, I have seen many different times; I have seen the sick and ailing. Now I see those who are celebrating and even those who just want a 'taste of home.' What is my name?

Many find their way with me. Winding here and there, I make many connections- even between my friends above. I have always continued to serve my original purpose. Once I was the one and only helping people find their way. Now there are many more like me. Though I am a part of another, I am still very important! I have a very recognizable and prominent nickname after someone needed me to get to his 'warm' vacation home. Whatever could I be?

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