

WHERE IS CHARLES HUSON MCDONALD BURIED?

BURIAL

Lithonia City Cemetery

Lithonia, GA

WHEN DID CHARLES HUSON MCDONALD PASS AWAY?

DEATH DATE

Jul 23, 1973

ADDRESS

Houston, TX

HOW OLD WAS CHARLES HUSON MCDONALD WHEN DIED?

BIRTH DATE

Mar 11, 1903

ADDRESS

Georgia

AGED

70

RELATIVES OF CHARLES HUSON MCDONALD

NAME

DIED

CEMETERY

SPOUSES

- MYRA MILLER MCDONALD1985

WHO IS ELSE BURIED AT LITHONIA CITY CEMETERY IN GEORGIA?

D. A. MCCURDY(1854-1918)

JANIE L MCCURRY(1845-1902)

ALONZO LOWRY MCDONALD, SR(1905-1985)

CHARLES HUMPHREY MCDONALD(1875-1941)

J T MCDONALD(1909-1975)

LENA BRAND MCDONALD(1875-1962)

THADDAEUS HUDSON MCDONALD(Birth: 1945)

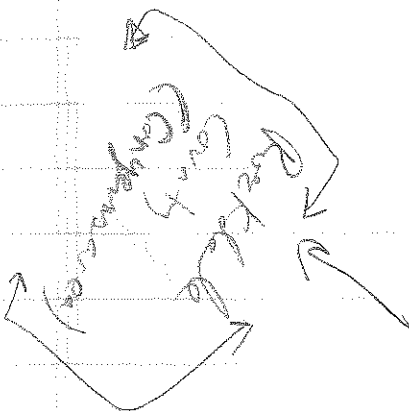
LEANDER J. MCELROY(1898-1948)

OLLIE ADOLPHUS MCELROY(1881-1904)

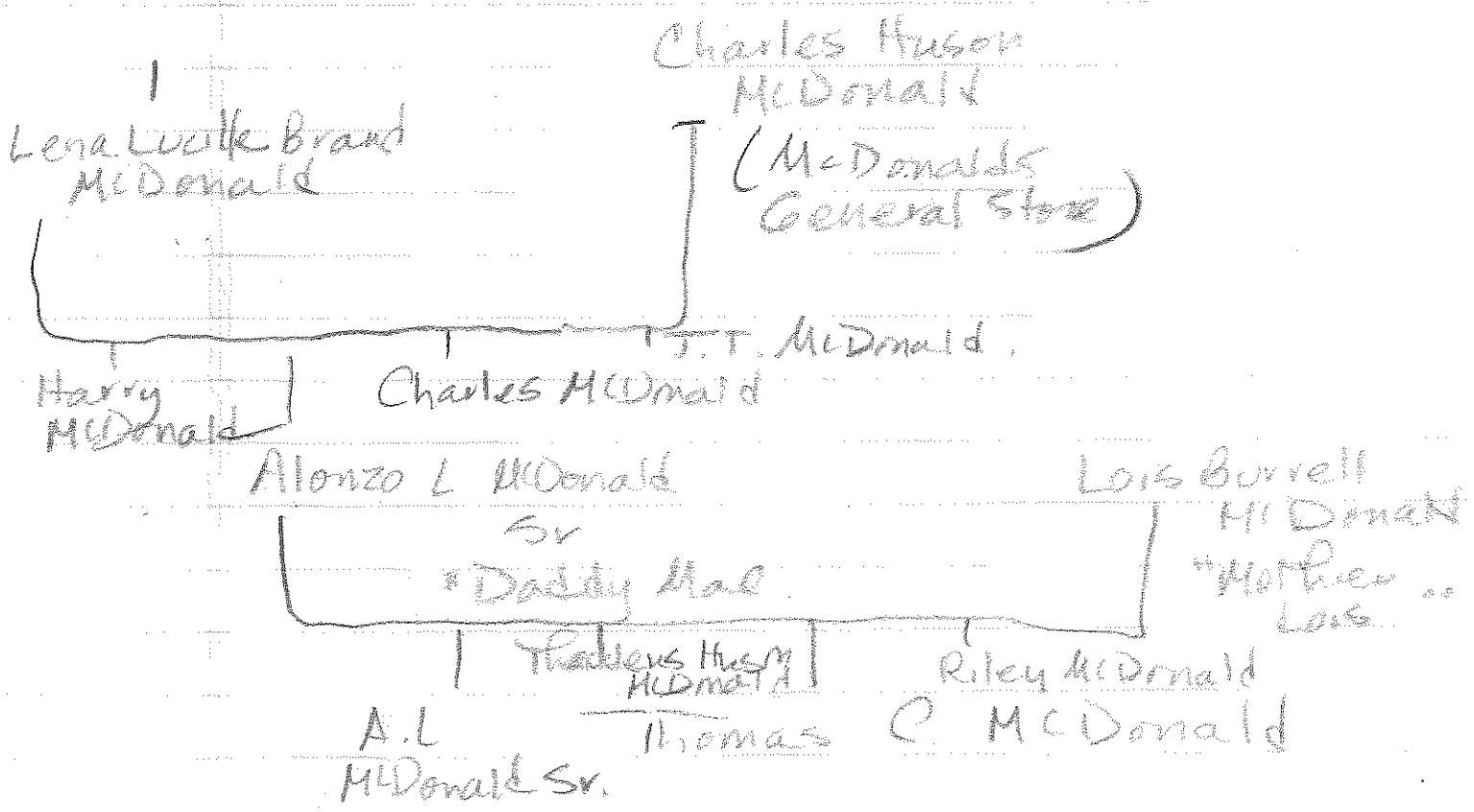
FLORA BELLE MCKINLEY(1906-1947)

WILLIAM AUBREY MCKINLEY(1899-1981)

from { Chamber part + misc. item for cows
 - maybe sent in boxes - perhaps not



{ Horace Huson McDonald
 dentist



#22 → Carom board circa 1930's
- two walking sticks (Lucille Brand
[born 1872] "Mother Mac" +
her mother's
walking stick
"Ma Brand")

#23 → a. checkerboard from
General Store
b. Harry McDonald → 1922 GA. Tech.
Diploma

#24 → four old feed sacks
caroms (to board)
shaving strap + straight razor
old checkers
old shaving razor home
1921 checkbook from Lithonia
banking company
checkbook cover from Peyle's
Bank of Lithonia
old coin bank
4 old kitchen knives - ^{from} FARM
old green baby cup ~ 1934
Thomas C. McDonald
2 pint glass jars
a iron well cup

1st lot
→ old sythe - circa 1920

~~FATHER~~

FARM - CONINGTON HIGHWAY

"OLD McDONALD'S FARM"

~~Farm~~ MONZO LOWRY McDONALD, SR.

from his wife Lena Lucille Brand
McDonald +
husband → Charles McDonald -
proprietor of McDonald's
store in Lithonia
1910's - 1920's

Thomas C.
McDonald

#21 - a. old #3 washtub

b. cow neck brace - kept them in
pasture

c. old horseshoe

d. metal ring for pl

e. old sugar tin from general store

f. metal stirrups

g. horse collar for plowing
washboard

rolling pin

old well bucket (farm)

wooden mallet from farm

R. ↓
Robert McDonald



Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Old McDonald's Farm, some background

rrmcdonald@bellsouth.net <rrmcdonald@bellsouth.net>
 To: Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Wed, Apr 13, 2022 at 3:31 PM

Dear Jennifer,

As some background on my family and their roots in Lithonia I am sending you a copy of a column I wrote for the millennium when I was a reporter at the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. Thomas Carter Burrell, and his wife, my great-grandmother, Carrie Rose Whitmire Burrell, lived in the little house (built of river rock) behind my grandfather A.L. McDonald's house in Lithonia for years. his wife. My article follows:

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 The **Atlanta Journal and Constitution**

December 30, 1999, Thursday, Home Edition

SECTION: DeKalb Extra; Pg. 7JA

HEADLINE: Roots in bedrock of Lithonia;
 Hardy magnolia and forsaken farmhouse symbolize generations' memories;
 DeKalb's 1900s: A county comes of age

BYLINE: R. Robin McDonald, Staff

Near the granite ruins of an old house on Covington Highway, there is a tree that is my other half.

My grandmother planted it when I was born --- a seedling she acquired from my great-grandmother's magnolia 44 years ago on or about Thanksgiving Day.

It is a Lithonia tree. And like my family, it is rooted in the rock of DeKalb County.

Generations of McDonalds have lived here. My grandfather's grandfather's grandfather came here before the county was carved from Indian territory. And here they remained to marry with Husons and Oglesbys and Brands and Burrells until my father and his brothers struck out for other places.

My great-grandfather, Charles H. McDonald, owned McDonald's General Store in the heart of Lithonia. He became "Daddy Mack" to his grandchildren, as his son --- my grandfather, Alonzo McDonald Sr. --- eventually became "Daddy Mack" to me.

Charles McDonald's wife was Lena Brand, and it was her magnolia that birthed mine.

Now more than 30 feet tall, it still grows on the site where my grandfather's home once stood; where my grandmother, "Mother Lois" Burrell McDonald, planted it to commemorate her first granddaughter's birth.

Daddy Mack called it "**Old McDonald's Farm.**" The sign out front said "E-I-E- I-O." And my father remembers the travelers who would sing a verse as they journeyed down Covington Road.

The song would echo up the driveway to the hill where my grandfather built his house on a granite foundation, as God once built his church upon a rock. Granite was cheaper than timber then. But it matched our temperaments, too, we stubborn Scots who would not be moved.

My great-grandfather, Thomas Carter Burrell, built a little house there, too. He made it of things that last --- creek rock, granite and heart pine. It stood for years after he gave up the North Georgia mountains of his boyhood for the ministry. And it remained sturdy for long years after he died.

I lived with my parents in the little house when I and my magnolia were small. Barely a toddler, whenever I was scolded I would crawl to the window closest to the big house where my grandparents lived, haul myself to the window ledge and cry until my grandmother came running.

By the time my grandfather died in 1985, the big house had become a church and then had been abandoned. It fell into disuse, then disrepair, and then decay, its former occupants, except for my father's generation, gone to graveyards.

What remains, together with my tree, are the rocks and my memories, sweet as cedar.

Many of them are of Christmas. As a child, I spent so many of them there.

It seemed as if it was always dark and always raining when we traveled to Lithonia after my family had moved north. Covington Highway was only two lanes then, although by the time I was a child it had been paved. Atlanta's lights never reached that far into what was still the country.

We always arrived late, and they would bundle us upstairs, we children, where we sank like stones into mattresses made of feathers and ticking as nearly as old as the house.

And there amid the musty books, the faded quilts and the closets of clothes redolent of mothballs belonging to relatives long gone but not forgotten, we would sleep with one ear cocked for Santa.

I don't believe I ever really slept. I remember the night noises far too well and the lowing of the midnight trains like iron cattle at a trough.

And there were also my grandfather's clocks that kept me awake as they chimed each quarter hour. He loved them and the way their ticking broke the silence and measured out the days.

Daddy Mack's clocks, and there were many, were always slightly misaligned in time. So they chimed at stately, staggered intervals through the endless nights before the Christmases of my childhood. I could hear the deliberate, patient ticking in the cottony silence of the low attic where we slept; where my father and his brothers had slept before us listening for Santa's steps and hearing their father's clocks instead.

We always waked to the sunny smell of bacon and buttered toast browned in an oven, a breakfast to tide us over until Christmas dinner.

What I remember are the stories, recounted at a monstrous mahogany table swathed in linen and laden with my grandmother's good silver.

I first learned the Christmas story there, sitting restlessly in my Sunday finery with more than a dozen equally restless uncles, aunts and cousins of varying degrees. My grandfather recited it each Christmas instead of a traditional blessing. Beginning with the decree of Caesar Augustus "that all the world should be taxed," he would rattle through the verses at breakneck speed before the Christmas dinner could grow cold.

"Shepherds abiding . . . an angel . . . glad tidings . . . all people . . . swaddling clothes . . . a manger . . . glory . . . peace, good will . . . Amen. "

By then, the farm had changed from when my father was a boy. But I remember the tales told at that massive dinner table of how they slaughtered and salted the hogs after the first frost each November; of Mama Doll's reckless horseback rides across the fields of Rockdale County with her long, red hair flying in the wind; of Daddy Mack's endless fascination with cars; of wrecks and death; of Pawpaw Burrell's mule treks through the North Georgia mountains to preach and how he could devour half a berry cobbler at one sitting.

Now my father's childhood is a bedtime story. And my own childhood at Old McDonald's Farm has been razed by time and fire into a stony ruin.

What remains are memories that I hope will stay as green as my magnolia. And as we barrel toward a new millennium and our uncertain futures, there is something to be said for having a tree so rooted in my past still standing in a county where old McDonald once truly had a farm, and where I now have made my home.

Sing E-I-E-I-O.



Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Old McDonald's Farm, some background

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To: Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Wed, Apr 13, 2022 at 8:10 PM

Charles Huson McDonald is my great-grandfather – “Granddaddy Mack.” He owned McDonald’s General Store in Lithonia. If I recall correctly, his mother was a Huson and her father was a dentist and a member of the cavalry from Conyers during the Civil War. My father’s youngest brother, who died in 2018, was Thaddeus Huson McDonald. My great aunt Kate McDonald Weathers wrote the genealogy in the Weathers family Bible. I mailed it to one of the Weathers descendants in February. It weighed about 12 pounds. But I kept the McDonald genealogy. My great grandfather was one of 12 children. Before my grandfather died in 1986 I interviewed him over two days and tape recorded it about everything he could remember about his family and the Burrells, the Brands and the Carters. I haven’t ever transcribed it, but I do have the tapes and am committed to doing so with my father once I get to Vancouver. Both of my parents are still alive and of sound mind. My father has about four generations of family photos – and we want to catalogue and identify them!

[Quoted text hidden]



Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Old McDonald's Farm, some background

rrmcdonald@bellsouth.net <rrmcdonald@bellsouth.net>
To: Jennifer Blomqvist <blomqvist@dekalbhistory.org>

Thu, Apr 14, 2022 at 1:03 PM

Dear Jennifer,

I will find out. I know that during the Depression my grandfather had moved the family to a small house off Glenwood Ave. near Moreland. That I believe is where my father was born. They moved back to Lithonia sometime during the Thirties. My father's family lived at Old McDonald's Farm until my grandfather sold the property to a church in the late Seventies or early Eighties. My Dad will know and I can get the dates for you. The farm wasn't their primary source of income. They had horses, cows, pigs, chickens – all of which were kind of considered sustenance during the Depression and World War II. I know they raised corn and vegetables but it was basically for family consumption and fodder for the animals.

Robin McDonald

[Quoted text hidden]