

Recording begins mid-sentence.

DANIEL HOPKINS: . . . a area called Pittsburgh. In 1931 we moved out on Tucker-Norcross Road, the place called the Pitts place. The Haralsons [Haroldsons?] lived there for many years, and I think some of them still do. Then we moved to Tucker across from the Baptist church in 1932, and Mother lived there until she died.

I went to school the first year in Bolton, Georgia, and then I started Tucker in the second grade. The old schoolhouse faced Tucker-Chamblee [sic] Road then. That's all been torn down. The school the year before—two years before I went there was in a white two-story wood building, where the Sunday school annex is now, the Cofer annex. The church was there, and then they built the brick building that has long since been torn down that they used for a number of years. We built a gymnasium at the school—the community built it. The community hauled logs to the school. And then they rented a sawmill, and the young men and the seniors in high school run the sawmill—it was a big, steam-engine sawmill—to cut the lumber to build the gymnasium, and it was approximately where the present gymnasium is. But it was done by community of labor. The school board then was all community school board, John Pickens and Mr. Summerlin [spelling?] and Jack Gatlin [spelling?] and I don't know who all joined the school board, but all them was on the school board. The school expenses, I guess, come out of the county. I'm not real sure. But a lot of the maintenance on the school—the desks and the blackboards and stuff, I done, because I thoroughly enjoyed that kind of stuff and still do.

In 1934, I believe it was, we hosted a part of all of the Southern Baptist Convention at Tucker High School—I mean at Tucker church. They had a fellow to come, this colored fellow to come from somewhere, and dug three or four long pits to do the barbecue out in the—what's now would be in front of the school on the LaVista Road side. They had a lot of people. It was a big thing for Tucker at that time.

We—Mr. Dell [spelling?] and Miss Louise Cofer were Sunday school teachers. Of course, my mother was a Sunday school teacher. Miss Gatlin [spelling?], if I remember right, Jack Gatlin [spelling?—no, Mr. Randolph was the teacher of the men's Bible class. I think Mother was teacher of the women's Bible class. Then Sunday school, to begin with, was all in that one building. They had two little anterooms, and then the rest of the classes met in various parts of the church sanctuary, because that's all there was. This was before any additions to the back, which we made two additions later on to the back of that church. But this was first in the original church, when there wasn't anything but a anteroom like on each side of the entrance hall. When you first come in, there was a little room over there and a little room over here.

One of the Sunday school classes that I was in met in the little anteroom on the left. I don't know who met on the other one. Then the various ones met just around parts of the church. Some of them met in the choir loft and different parts. Then we built on to the thing and made some Sunday school rooms and then later on built on again, and then later on it all got tore down and built another church. Probably about '36, 1936, probably—

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: The first addition

DH: I think so. I worked on it. The community done it. It wasn't done by contractors and stuff. Daddy was a builder, and Daddy supervised a lot of it. A fellow named Raymond Britt was a builder, [*Inaudible comment from JH*] and Raymond supervised a lot of it. And it was just done with volunteer labor and stuff. I don't think we hired nothing done. Wasn't nobody had no money. That was back when there just wasn't any money.

JEANNETTE HOPKINS: I wonder—are we still on [*inaudible*]? I wonder, Daniel, do you recall how many people we had in the church at that time? It wouldn't have been over 150, wouldn't it?

DH: No, not over 100, 150

JH: I wouldn't think.

DH: Preacher Charlie Singleton was the preacher. He lived out on Old Norcross Road in an old house that was part of, was the regular--was a log house. And still that part of it is still there. And then we built him a house up there on LaVista Road across from the Baptist Church. Cofers done it. Daddy built it, but Cofers financed it. Preacher Charlie moved up there and lived there until he went to—at that time he was preaching at Tucker second and fourth Sunday and first and third Sunday at Clarkston Baptist Church. Then after two or three years, three or four years or something, then he moved to Clarkston permanently. He had a daughter—he has a daughter that lived in Clarkston and son-in-law, and he moved over there.

Preacher Charlie married me and Ruth in the old Georgia Baptist Hospital. There was-- Mother and Ruth was going to have a yard wedding and invite everybody and fill up the churchyard and Mother's yard and everything else, and Sunday morning, Preacher Charlie went out to feed the dogs, and one of them knocked him down and broke his leg. I got home, and I thought the hospital room was a nice place to have a wedding, get it over with, and get out of there. [*Laughs*] So I decided Charlie would be the only one to do that, and we'd just go down there and get it over with. [*Inaudible*] just behind you.

JH: The *U.S.S. Atlanta*. [*Recording skips*] Dan, it would be good to have that in the film. I don't know. [*Camera moves to show framed photograph of U.S.S. Atlanta.*]

DH: That's a anti-aircraft cruiser named the *U.S.S. Atlanta*. It was sunk at Guadalcanal on Friday the 13th of 1943. When did the war start, '42?

JH: '41

DH: All right, then it sunk in '42. It had forty-eight shells five inch and larger and two torpedoes. Lost approximately half of the crew, and half of the crew got on Guadalcanal, stayed two or three weeks, and then we got passage out of there down to New [sic] Mare in New Caledonia, and we dispersed from there on various ships and bases. Edwin Orr, [inaudible] oldest son was on the ship with me. We enlisted together. And he lives at Cumming, Georgia, now. He got wounded real bad, but he survived. There was a good many survivors of the ship, still survivors. We have a meeting every ten or fifteen years and get together. Last time we had a meeting was '77. I was first present probably ten or twelve years ago in Atlanta. I saw last year--year before last--the boy that was on it with me in Waukegan, Illinois, Earnest Richard Peterson, Jr. Got out of the service in California and then rode the bus cross-country. I got home and told my grandpa I wanted to build a house. I didn't want to rent, nothing else. We'd rented one room and a dining room in San Diego, so Papa had some land across the street in front of them that he'd bought from Mrs. England or out of the England estate, and bought it from Mrs. Summerlin [spelling?]. The property was across the street on Second Avenue from my grandpa. He lived on the same block that Cofers' store was on, the general store, but he was on the back of the block, and then this was across the street. It come out of the old Julius England estate. A lady named Summerlin owned it, and I built the house there. My grandfather—

JH: Tell who you grandfather is.

DH: C. A. Plummer [spelling?], Sr. And he had a leather shop on Main Street and a hardware store. And a few years—two or three years after that, then I built him another shop building down on the railroad on Railroad Avenue, and they took the leather business over there and left the hardware business on Main Street. And his son, Billy Plummer, run the hardware store, and Papa stayed over there in the leather shop.

JH: And granny—let's tell that Granny Plummer's house, Papa's mother's house, was where Fountain's pharmacy is now.

DH: No, it's where the lodge hall was.

JH: Where the lodge—oh, OK.

DH: Where the lodge was, because Cofers wound up with that after Uncle Lou died. And then Cofers gave that—the house—gave the lot to the lodge. But the lodge had to move the house around there where the C&S Bank is now so some of Cofers' employees could live in it. But then they gave the lodge that land and rebuilt the lodge building on it. And where Fountain's

is was Uncle Lou's garage. You remember he had a little garage on the side and had a car in there.

JH: Oh, yeah

DH: And that was where Fountain's is. But before Cofers gave us those—no, couldn't've been. Started to say that's when Johnna [spelling?] built the drugstore, but Johnna [spelling?] built the drugstore after they built the lodge building, because the drugstore is just a three-sided building. It's—one wall of the drugstore is the wall of the lodge building. And Sam Johnna [spelling?] gave us an easement across the back of his property to get to the back of the lodge property. That's why that stairway hangs back there and stuff now for a fire escape, because we give him wall rights on our building. And Andrews had the drugstore and the doctor's office on the corner of Main Street and Railroad Avenue. It's a two-story building. The Masonic lodge met upstairs, and I think there was a Woodmen of the World—no, the Oddfellows had a lodge in Tucker, it seemed like at that same time, and they met up there.

Dr. Andrews was the only doctor we had then. A little bit later on we got another one and then another one. But Dr. Andrews done it all. My brother Dean was in a car wreck. The man busted his spleen and got in awful bad shape. Dr. Andrews told Mother, "Don't move him. Don't touch him till I get back." I reckon he had to run down to the thing and read up on what was the matter with him. So Daddy walked on down in Tucker, and Dr. Andrews told him to get him to the hospital immediately. And they got him in and X-rayed him, and he had this blood clot from the spleen had moved over his appendix. And then the X-ray of the appendix looked like they was going to bust or something, and they operated on this, and that was the wrong place, and blood shot out all over Dr. Cofer. He was in a terrible fix. The Cofer brothers' brother was a surgeon at Georgia Baptist for years and years, very renowned surgeon. Then they went back and had to get his spleen. To start with, they thought it was the appendix. Dr. Cofer was a very renowned surgeon from Tucker. *[Recording skips.]*

There in the '30s there was a filling station on the corner. Where the tire company is now is a [inaudible].

JH: Main and LaVista

DH: Main and LaVista, and Mr. Westbrooks owned it. He discussed several times he'd like to sell. So one morning me and my brother went in there, and he wanted to sell out. And we asked him what he wanted for it, and he said, "Sixty-five dollars." Had gas in the ground, Cokes in the Coke box and groceries on the shelf, kerosene in the kerosene pump. That one cent a gallon on the sale of gas was the rent on the property. But sixty-five dollars bought all the merchandise. So we gave Mr. Westbrooks a check. I was twelve or thirteen; Dean was about

ten. *[DH and JH laugh.]* We gave him a check, and he went almost running down to the bank to see if it was any good. And he got down there, and they gave him the money. And he had to come back and pick up his coat and go on home. He lived out on Tucker-Chamblee *[sic]* Road, out there where there's a church now—I think the Koreans have it out on Tucker-Chamblee *[sic]* Road. And as far as I know, Mr. Westbrooks still lives up in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. His son bought a motel up there and then I think bought another one up there.

JH: That was Theron—

DH: Theron Westbrooks

JH: Yeah, I had a crush on him *[laughs]*.

DH: So we bought the filling station. We run it for a long time. Then there was the next building down there by where Bobby Eaves *[spelling?]* is was Mr. Cash, had a automobile repair shop down there. And then *[Recording skips]* and he had three children, Robert and two girls, Mildred—

JH: And Katherine *[spelling?]*

DH: And Katherine *[spelling?]*. And then you skipped on down to the next house, was—

JH: Lewises

DH: Lewis, Mr. Lewis. He lived in a big house up there. He was the depot agent for the railroad, run the depot and stuff. And his--across the street from him was the Carrolls. John Carroll married his daughter. *[Recording skips.]* Nothing else till you got to the corner, then where some of those little shops are in there now, Mr. Peavy, wasn't it? No, nope—*[Recording skips.]*

JH: Peavy *[inaudible]* grocery store was there.

DH: On the corner, then there wasn't anything then till you got to Cofers' store. And Cofers' store was approximately half the size it is now, in those days. And then in the early '30s Cofers paved the front of it. Main Street was not paved. Cofers paved the front, what's now concrete. Out in the front was about most of the street, but they paved it in front of their store. And built onto the store, and then they dug a deep well in the back of the store. And then they run a water main up Main Street and give everybody—sold everybody water. I don't know what they done about it, but the first water system in Tucker, Cofer brothers done it.

JH: And, Dan, didn't they have a lumber yard in the back of that store *[inaudible]*?

DH: In back of that store, yeah, and the cabinet shop. And the window and door shop and stuff was behind that store. Then a few years later, they went across the railroad and started stacking lumber over there in the road. There's supposed to be a road on that side of the railroad, just like there is on this side. But Scott Candler and Reid decided that Tucker'd be better off without a road there *[laughs]*, so they built a building in it, stacked lumber in it and put a fence

around it, and got title to it by the squatters' rights or something. So Scott Candler told him if they fenced it in, he could have it.

Then there wasn't anything from Cofers' store then until you got to the Gulf filling station on the corner of Lawrenceville Highway and Main Street.

JH: Yeah, the Gobers' house—

DH: The Gobers?

JH: And they had—the Gobers had a house before you got to the station, don't you remember? They had a house there.

DH: No, I don't remember.

JH: You don't remember?

DH: No

JH: OK. Well, they did. I remember.

DH: They—

RUTH [last name unknown], *from audience, off-camera*: Yeah, I do, too.

JH: Yeah, Ruth remembers, so we got it made.

DH: Then you go across the street, and there was a service station, coming back up Main Street on the other side, and there was a filling station there. Then the Morris's house was in there somewhere about where that tire company and stuff is now.

JH: [*Recording skips.*] [Inaudible—could be “first” or “Morris”?] house on Main Street. And I recall, when I first went to work—and I believe it's when I went to work at Sears, when I was sixteen; I worked between the school terms. And Betty Morris rode with us; we always had carpools at that time. And when we'd pick her up, we would kid her about living on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, and that used to make her so mad! [*Laughs*] And I'm sure that, at this day, she could buy and sell every last one of us [*laughs*].

DH: Yeah. All right, then come on up to the railroad, and Cofers had a long, narrow building along the railroad, built on railroad right-of-way. They paid rent on the land to the railroad, I'm sure. But they had a long warehouse there where they have parking now for employees and stuff. And then you cross the street, across the Railroad Avenue, coming on back up Main Street, was Dr. Andrews's drugstore. The Masonic Lodge met up over it. The Masonic Lodge wasn't constituted till 1940. And then a few years later they built the lodge building.

Now, come on up the street, then the next one was Hulsey Andrews, Dr. Andrews's son. And he had a filling station--a little candy, and a couple of gas pumps that sat out in the middle of Main Street. It's what's—[*Recording skips.*] The first building there on the corner was Dr.

Andrews, and then it was next to it. I think it's a frame shop, where the new picture frames and stuff is now.

JH: I think so. Uh-huh

DH: Was about where Hulseley was. He had two gas dispensers that sat out in the road there. And then the later years Hulseley had kind of, he went around on the Railroad Avenue and opened a store. And they sold that property on Main Street.

Then the next one was Mr. Peavy, a man we was talking about a while ago, had a little feed and grocery stuff there. [*Recording skips.*] And this was, Mr. Peavy's, was about where that dance studio or something that, you know, bought Mama Petty's lot.

JH: Yeah, the tea room, but--

DH: No, the tea room's in the bottom of the lodge hall, on the other side that Mr. Griswold [spelling?] bought after the hardware store burned down, well, the building that the hardware store was in, burned. And then my grandmother sold that property to a Mr. Griswold [spelling?]. He built a two-story building there now. But the best one that got built in there in the later years was the—the gal that bought Preacher Charlie's house up here—I mean bought the Lindsey [Lindsay?] house, that was the decorator, her store was—

JH: Oh, yeah, Joy Morrow

DH: Joy Morrow. Then—

JH: Well, now, Daniel, before—

DH: Mr. Peavy had that store, and then Uncle Lou had a store, Lou Allen Rogers. Then his house was next door, Lou Allen's house, where the lodge hall now stands. And then Uncle Lou's garage was next to that. Then there was the alley that's there now. That alley was open at that time. It wasn't open going the other way, but it was open going that way. And then the bank was next.

JH: Uh-huh. But now, back up a minute. At one point the post office was in one of those buildings.

DH: The post office was in the brick building that--when Hulseley Andrews tore down his daddy's old two-story building, they built back that brick building that's on the corner now, and that was the post office. And he built that building for the post office.

JH: Yeah, but even back further than that, the post office, there was some boxes in one of those buildings close to Hulseley's original store. Do you remember that? Before it was--

DH: The post office was in the back of Cofer Brothers' store--if I remember right, until Hulseley built that building, tore down the other thing, and built that building, and moved the post office in it.

JH: Right

DH: I don't think the post office was there or anywhere else in there on that side. It was in the back of Cofers' store.

JH: Yeah

DH: And then we got enough people, the post office was big enough to be in a free-standing building. And Hulsey bid on it, and I bid on it. I wanted to put it down there on Lawrenceville Highway in that building that we bought, the land from Preacher [inaudible name] built beside Carl Garmon [spelling?]. I wanted to put it down there, and Reid Cofer wouldn't have that. He wanted it to stay in Tucker, and I guess it was best for Tucker that it stayed up there. But anyway, Hulsey built that building; and the post office went in there.

Then, let's see, we're back up to the--Uncle Lou Allen's house and garage. He gave that property where the house was, to the lodge, [*Recording skips.*] tore down. We moved it around there where C&S Bank is [*Recording skips.*] on Main Street. And then we moved it—the Masonic Lodge—moved it around there to where C&S Bank is now, and then Cofer brothers gave the Masonic Lodge that property that the Masonic Lodge is setting on now. But they had to move that house so they could keep the employees living in it for the land. Then Sam Jolly [spelling? Could be "Jolley"?] bought, I guess from Uncle Lou, I guess.

JH: I guess so.

DH: I guess he bought it from Uncle Lou and built that building that is Fountain's pharmacy now. Then you got a little street in there, and then what's now that little park [inaudible] the Bank of Tucker, forever plus a little bit. Lloyd and Pierce [spelling?] Burns built the bank, and they owned it for several years, and then got too much money in Tucker, and Burns was too conservative, so they had to get somebody else to run it. So the Cofers run it. The Burns [sic]—not being critical of Burns [sic], but they wouldn't loan you nothing but twenty dollars on a milk cow. And they'd loan all of the schoolchildren money, ten or fifteen dollars. But they wouldn't loan nobody no money, I mean money. And there was too much money in the bank, so Cofers took it over and started loaning construction money and built a lot of things, loaned money to a lot of builders, and done the town a lot of good. Then the thing got even too big for Cofer brothers, and Reid told me one day he either had to learn how to merchandise money or get out; and he said he'd rather get out. So he sold to C&S.

But then next to him was a little bitty building that was the barber shop, Morris Webb's barber shop. And then a few years later Morris Webb built the two buildings that's there now, the barber shop and whatever that next one is.

JH: Beauty shop

DH: Beauty shop. Morris built them, and he moved in one of them, and Marian [spelling? Mary Ann?] Thaxton started a beauty parlor in the other one. In the little building that he moved out of in there, Mr. Hannah had a real estate office in there, auction thing and stuff. And then [*Recording skips.*] that Morris Webb and the beauty parlor, Marian Thaxton, then they—next building was a automobile garage for a long time, and then it got converted to the bowling alley. And it was duck pins, I believe that they call it, the small pins, and the small balls, was there for several years. Then there was a building beside that; that was a blacksmith shop. And I don't remember what his name was right off. The other blacksmith shop in town was around behind the post office, was Mr. Cottingham. And—but I don't remember that man's name.

Transcribed by Claudia Stucke

Recording #2

Transcription begun 10/6/2022, cgs

DH: Then there was a little, bitty—no, I built a little, bitty building down beside the blacksmith shop, which part of that building now is Charlie Lawford's [spelling?] office. I built it for a little restaurant for a guy named Haygood. His main specialty was buckwheat hotcakes and coffee. And they lived down on Fellowship Road somewhere on down, two or three miles down. But they had a nice, little, bitty restaurant there. It was probably about half as big as Charlie's office is now when Charlie bought it, remodeled it, then it got bigger.

Then across the street was a house the Arnolds lived in. Beck Arnold lived in a long time, and Mutt Arnold lived in a long time. Mutt's wife is one of the Worthys, the original Worthy family that's been in Tucker forever, and Mrs. Arnold's still living. [*Recording skips.*] Where Tucker Federal now stands—and Mrs. Arnold lived there. When her and Mutt married, Mrs. Arnold now lived out on Tucker—Old Norcross Road. Willie Arnold, I couldn't think at the minute what her name was. She married Mutt, and they lived out on Old Norcross Road till Mutt died, and she still lives there. But they lived in the house there.

Then the next thing was the Carrolls' house, Mr. Claude Carroll and his wife [*Recording skips.*] [inaudible] lived. Before you get out to the Cofer Annex now was a house that was in there, and they moved that house out onto Tucker-Chamblee [sic] Road, but then they combined that property there and built a Colonial Store on it, Colonial grocery store. That is the Cofer Annex that's been added onto, the Mansard change and stuff. But originally it was a Colonial grocery store. [*Recording skips.*]

The Arnolds lived there, and then the next thing was the Carroll property, and then the next thing was the old Tucker schoolhouse. It was a big, two-story wood building, and they—the school moved out of it in 1929, I believe, and moved into the brick building on LaVista Road. But it was a big, two-story building. The janitor, Hal [inaudible—could be “Goser”?] lived in the schoolhouse, in part of it and after the school moved into the brick building, and he was the janitor for the school. And then long years after that, that was all tore down, and that’s when the Cofer Annex become there; it was the Colonial Store. And then the next thing was the Baptist church that [inaudible—could be “did” or “didn’t”] face Main Street. Go around on the right side, going toward Lawrenceville Highway, at that time, there wasn’t anything there until you got up there where Clyde Waters lived, and then people lived in that. [*Recording skips.*] The Burns built a house next to the Baptist church on LaVista Road. It was a big, two-story house; and the most of the time, when I was a kid, it was rented out to schoolteachers—five, six, seven, eight schoolteachers lived in it. And me and Dean sold them kindling and wood blocks for their stoves, and we made our money in the kindling business.

JH: Well, let me tell you how we made our money. Marion and Allie Carroll lived upstairs. They were career ladies. And they would stand and holler out the window for one of us to come and get the money to go to the store and get something for them. So we would go gladly do it, because when we carried back whatever they had ordered, then they would give us a dime. And I can recall, I was the richest woman in Tucker when Marion—Miriam, it’s Miriam—and Allie would want us to go to the store. And that was a big deal.

DH: Oh, yeah. We made kindling for a lot of them.

JH: We got—the Hopkins kids got rich on that corner, let me tell you. [*Laughter*]

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: Off of schoolteachers

JH: Off of schoolteachers or anybody—and I used to sell Cloverine salve, too. I—

DH: There was the woman that was my teacher in the fourth grade. She was a Steele.

JH: Steele, right

DH: And then she married Worthy.

JH: Right

DH: And they lived—the Steeles lived downstairs. They had the whole downstairs. And then—

JH: And then the Broomes

DH: --then Broome moved there for a while, in the downstairs.

JH: And then Robert and Ada Ray and Betty Westbrooks and Barbara Crawford lived in that house. They lived downstairs in that house with their mother and father and Gene, they had a

brother named Gene. But I remember that I was such an enterprising young lady. I must've been about ten, I guess, nine or ten. And I saw in the paper where if you ordered Cloverine salve that you could sell it, and you could make a profit. And so I ordered it, and I never will forget, I had to sell it for a quarter a box, and I don't recall what I made, but I thought I was wealthy.

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: Tell us what color that salve was, what it was used for.

JH: It was kind of—

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: And what was it in?

JH: It was in a little tin box, and—

RUTH [last name unknown] *off-camera*: I've got [inaudible] at home now.

JH: Ruth has one right now. It was a little, flat box. [*Recording skips.*] I was a very enterprising young lady at about nine or ten years old. I saw this ad in the paper where you could sell this Cloverine Salve. And so I decided, well, I'm going to order that so I can make me some money. So I ordered it, and, as I recall, I sold it for twenty-five cents for one of these little boxes.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER [*off-camera*]: And that's fifty cents.

JH: This says fifty cents, but it was twenty-five cents at that time, as I recall. Or that's what I sold it for. I probably got a dime out of it or something. I don't know. But anyway, it started me on my road of learning how to manage money. And another experience that I had in learning how to manage money was we had this grocery store across from the schoolhouse. It was called—it was Thomases' store. And Bill Thomas, his—Bill and Gertrude—Bill and Gertrude Thomas, and their children were Jake—

DH: Jake was their brother.

JH: Oh, their brother. OK, Lyle—

DH: Lyle was one of their—

JH: --that's Dot Thomas's first husband, was Lyle Thomas. Well, this was their son. But anyway, what they did, every day at lunchtime at school, Bill would fix hotdogs, and he would bring them across the street. We were not allowed to leave the school property at lunch. And so Bill would bring them across the street and sell them for a nickel apiece. And then he'd go back across the street.

Well, of course, with the Hopkins family, we all went home for lunch, because Mother was at home, and she fixed a hot lunch. We didn't know anything about the cafeteria; we couldn't afford to buy anything in the cafeteria when we finally got one in high school. But anyway, what I would do is I would tell Bill, "If you would bring me a hotdog"—I didn't have a nickel that day, and I said, "I'll pay you tomorrow." So tomorrow I would pay him for that hotdog, and he'd bring me

another one, and I'd pay for it the next day. I don't know when I ever caught up, but that was another way I learned in managing money. I must have been seven or eight or nine or something. I don't know what gave me that courage at that age.

But another thing I remember about managing money, too, was when I was fourteen, I worked at Cofer's after school and on Saturdays. Well, I decided one day that I would like to buy a bedroom suit [sic]. So I go—I didn't talk to my mother or daddy about it at all. But I went to Papa Plummer, who had the hardware store across the street, and I said, "Papa, I want you to loan me fifty dollars. I want to buy a bedroom suit [sic]." And I said, "Now, Papa, I'll pay you back ten dollars a week until I get it paid back." Well, he didn't ask me a question. There was no discussion. He just went to the cash register, opened the cash register, and gave me fifty dollars; and I went and bought that bedroom suit [sic]. And every week I paid him ten dollars until I paid that fifty dollars back.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER [*off-camera*]: How were you making your money?

JH: I was working at Cofer's. See, I was working at Cofer's after school and on Saturdays. So I don't know how much I made, but I made enough to—

DH: Not very much more than that

JH: --I know it wasn't much more than that, but I made enough that I knew I could pay that ten dollars a week. And so that's how I got into the financing business [*laughs*].

[*Recording skips.*]

DH: I heard you built the brick house and then the rest of that land that the Burnses owned from whatever that street is—Second, Fourth, or whatever that is goes up by Tucker Federal and on up through there—was a cotton patch. And the Burnses—Lloyd Burns used to get people out of the chain gang and let them live on the farm and work on the farm until their sentence was out. He would feed them and house them, and they had a little more freedom than they did in jail. And he would post bond or whatever he had to do—he was a lawyer—and get people out of the chain gang to do the farm, or do part of the farm. They had people that lived there all the time that worked on the farm, and all that work—the Stone Mountain Industrial Park is the biggest part of that property, was Burns property and was farmed—cotton fields and cornfields and stuff out there. And Lloyd Burns, he would get people out of the chain gang to tie them together with the crops. He built that stuff over there behind Britt's, Brymond Acres, and there with chain gang people.

When we moved to Tucker in 1932, the Cofers owned that house that Mother lived in until it burned in '47. And their daddy was a doctor, and part of that original old house that burned was Dr. Cofer's original office on LaVista. [*Recording skips.*] Where mother's house is, there's beside

the high school and across the street from the Baptist Church, was the Cofers' daddy rented the house from them in 1932. Then in '32 and '33 he rented that house and the land up to the middle of Oak Street, and all the way down Oak Street. Then that was a farm, and Daddy rented the—sub-rented the farm to the Tollisons [spelling—Tollesons?] that lived—Buzz and something-Tollison [spelling?] lived over at Clarkston, and they tended the farm. There was fourteen—if I remember right, now, fourteen acres, and Daddy sub-rented that. Daddy rented the whole thing—the house and the farm. [Recording skips.] Where Mother and Daddy lived, their old house, was part of Dr. Cofer's office around the turn of the century; but we moved there in '32 and rented the house and the farm from Cofers. We subleased the farm to the Tollisons [spelling?], and we never did work the farm. Then in 1934 Daddy bought the house, and Daddy cut Oak Street. And half of Oak Street was on the Cofer property, and half of it was on Mr. [inaudible—sounds like Umpfers'—could be Humpfer(s)?] property, who lived up there where that bank is now, was the [Umpfers'?] property. And where all them condominiums are was the [Umpfers'?] property and half of Oak Street. Well, the [Umpfers?] done some building and stuff, and Mr. [Umpfers?] developed down half of Oak Street, and Daddy developed half of it with Cofer brothers, for Cofer brothers, or however you want to say it. But Daddy built most of the houses down the left side of Oak Street, and Mr. [Umpfers?] built most of them down the right side. [Recording skips.] I don't even remember the stream at all.

Before Oak Street was cut, it was, like I say, it was the school property, and then Cofers had that strip through there, the old house. And they owned some school property to the middle of Oak Street all the way down. And it was a little bit of a farm down there where certain of--right down below where the Deantons was woods. And then from there back up was open farming land, and it was farmed. And one year Daddy wanted to clean up some of that down there, back where, on down past the Deatons a little ways, where the Thomases lived, he wanted to clean up part of that turnip salad patch. And Mr. Ethridge was scared of snakes, so me and Dean was put down there to keep the snakes off Mr. Ethridge [laughs]. If we'd ever seen a snake, we'd have [inaudible]. But me and Dean got poison oak on our legs and poison ivy on our legs, so Dr. Andrews had to come to the house two or three times. And he told Mother he was afraid our feet was going to rot off of our legs. It got so bad, we couldn't even get up, we couldn't stand up. Our legs just durn near rotted off. [Laughs] He [inaudible] [Recording skips.] on down through there, but then on down where Ernest lives, and a house or two back this side of there, we didn't cut at that same time. This was a little later on. And then it went on down and turned and come out over where it does now.

JH: Yeah, and that's been in recent years, not too many years.

DH: We built them houses on the right in front of Ernest there, about four or five in there. But, good Lord, that was in the '60s when we built them.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Well, Daniel, I remember that branch very, very well.

DH: For some reason, I don't remember it. Mother used to take me down through there every year, and I'd have to dig up a few dogwood trees and bring them up and plant them in the yard. Never a one of them lived, but God knows I brought back a bunch of them.

And another old house there where the Waters lives—but the Waters didn't live there then; some guy lived there that had a pony. [*To JH*] What was that guy's name? He was about our age and had a pony that lived there a little while. And I got on that pony—I was going to ride that, something. And he come down LaVista Road just as wide-open as it'd go, and then all at once, he stopped, and I went over the top of that pony [*laughs*], nose first in that road out there. [*Recording skips.*] Hog—

JH: Yeah, we had [*inaudible*].

DH: --a big, red sow—hog from Mr. Gosey [*spelling?*]. She had fifteen pigs in the first litter. So me and Dean decided that would be a money-making machine. So we went and bought that thing. And then it had sixteen pigs for us, and then that old gal got sick and died. And we had to feed two or three of those pigs. Mother warmed the milk in a baby bottle, and we had to feed two or three of them pigs with warm milk in a baby bottle, but we kept all the pigs alive. But their old mother just died.

JH: Well, you know, another thing that was interesting for us—of course, we all respected the Cofers so very much—and Daddy—we had a goat, and somebody would get a goat cart. I don't know where we got it from.

DH: We got it with the goat.

JH: Oh, we got it with the goat? OK. But anyway, we'd ride around with that goat. Well, Mr. Kelly Cofer got in that goat cart and rode with us—probably Daniel and them. But we thought that was something else. If Mr. Kelly Cofer would ride in that goat cart, it was OK. [*Recording skips.*]

DH: All them white-knuckle spots on it. We had the sharpest goat and wagon in the world.

JH: I mean, it was class. It was class.

DH: Then when Daddy run over Doyle, our baby brother, with the trailer, then Daddy didn't make me and Dean sell the goat. It belonged to me and Dean, but Daddy wanted us to sell it, afraid Doyle—he'd run over Doyle right through here and just crushed him flat as a flitter. And he was getting well, and Daddy was afraid he'd get in that goat and wagon and get hurt. So we sold

the goat and wagon. But we had it a long time. We [inaudible] run that trailer [inaudible] a T-Model Ford to that thing one day [*laughter*]. Me and he had a board of directors meeting, and we decided we had to buy gas for that T-Model; didn't have to buy nothing for the billy goat, we'd just keep the billy goat. We went and swapped with them. And I was heartbroken. But we wouldn't swap with him, because you had to buy gas for that T-Model [*laughs*]. [*Recording skips.*]

JH: Which house was that?

DH: That was the old house that was where the Waters' house is. Then when they moved it around there, and some of the Ashworths still live there, I guess. Sue, doesn't she? That old house over there in front of Mildred's?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: This was back on the back side.

JH: Right [*Unidentified speaker makes inaudible comment.*] It's on Pine Lake now, but it's across from Mildred's house, the next house up. But it was on LaVista Road [inaudible].

DH: Yeah, it was on LaVista Road.

JH: That was Dewey Ashworth's mother and daddy.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Yeah, and they were church members.

DH and JH concur.

JH: I can't remember—

DH: Yeah, Mr. Ashworth come down. I dug up a bunch of the backyard at home to plant me a Irish potato patch. I worked like a dog, digging up this Bermuda grass and fixed about three rows of potatoes. And they come up, they's the prettiest things. Great, big, nice lines. I was really proud of my potato patch. And Mr. Sanford Burns—uh, Sanford Ashworth come down there to the house one day, said about buying a hog we had. And he looked at my potato patch, and he said, "Pshaw!" Said, "They went to [inaudible—could be "vine"?] on you, didn't they?" And I had no more idea than a frog what he was talking about [*laughs*]. But when I dug them potatoes up, I got some about that size [*Gestures to indicate the size of a potato*] and then some damn small ones. [*Laughter*] [*Inaudible sentence*] But I never will forget Mr. Ashworth saying, "Pshaw!" Said, "That went to vine on you, didn't it?" He knew what that [inaudible] vine was, I didn't know. I thought They was pretty. [*Recording skips.*]

This ain't church business, I don't guess, but we had this hog, and Daddy would go take trucks when they had men wasn't doing nothing, take trucks and go to South Georgia and buy hogs. They put them all down in this back lot up there behind the house. They'd tell me and Dean what to sell each one of them for, you know. And that hog was supposed to have pigs, but he didn't know when. So we put her in the barn. So Mr. Ashworth come down, wanting to buy it. We told him it was thirty dollars. And he said, "I'm going to have to think about that a little bit." So he

come back the next day, wanting to buy it. So we went back up to the barn, and the old gal had about six pigs and was still having pigs, and we told him it ain't for sale no more. So me and Dean made a check for thirty dollars and left it in Daddy's supper plate, and by then, them six-week-old pigs'd sell for six dollars apiece, so that's thirty-six dollars, and she's still having pigs.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: So you bought it from your daddy?

DH: Oh, yeah, me and Dean wrote him a check for thirty bucks and put it in his plate. Daddy didn't say a word, he just picked it up, looked it up, put it in his pocket, and after supper he went down there to see why we wanted the hog [*laughter*]. It had eight pigs, and eight sixes is forty-eight, so that's a pretty good deal.

And then a guy come by, wanted me and Dean to kill that hog, wanted to grind it up for sausage after the pigs got grown. That was the only thing I reckon I ever killed in my life. And me and Dean had a dickens of a time trying to kill that hog. But Bobby Broome killed one. Daddy sold one to Hal Gosey [*spelling?*] when he lived over there in the old white house that used to be the schoolhouse. He didn't tell us that he had sold it, and we didn't know it. So we was over there somewhere fooling around and saw this hog out there that got out of Mr. Gosey's [*spelling?*] lot, just there behind the schoolhouse. So we went down there and told Daddy that this hog was out over there. He sat there [*inaudible*] right cute-like, he said, "Well, catch it or kill it, one." So we went back up there. We couldn't catch the thing, and then come out Bobby Broome and he whopped it with a limb, laid it down on the ground, killed it deader than a doornail. Jut hit it one lick across the head there with that limb, and it died. So along about suppertime or a little after suppertime, Mr. Gosey come up there and told Daddy, said, "Man, I just don't know, but something's wrong with that hog you sold me. It's laying down dead as the [*inaudible*]." Daddy got mad as fire, not that we killed it, but that we didn't come and tell him so they could dress it and do nothing about, just left her [*rest of sentence inaudible*]. But Bobby Broome killed that thing.

In later years, he was the sheriff of DeKalb County. His daddy was sheriff before him. But they lived in that rock house that was in the Baptist church parking lot. And he killed that hog, he whopped that thing. We had it kind of hemmed up between an old building, a knocked-down old barn or something, and a tree or two, and it come out at Bobby, and he whopped it with that stick and killed it dead as a doornail.

JH: He had a twin brother. There were Bobby—it was Bobby and Billy Broome, and the daughter—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Billie Jean

JH: --Billie Jean—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Martha Jean

DH: Martha Jean

JH: Martha Jean! Yeah, Martha Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Broome [inaudible] that house.

DH: I saw Billy in Lavonia six or eight months ago, looked like he was 200 years old. I hadn't seen him in I don't know whenever.

JH: I thought one of them had died.

DH: Well, not that I know of.

JH: I don't know where I got that.

[Recording skips.]

DH: Carsons' house.

JH: Oh, yeah!

DH: That was the only thing that was there, and that was originally--Reid or Kelly one, I think Reid lived in that house.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Both of them

DH: Both of them didn't live in it?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: In the Carson house? Same house that's there now.

DH: Yeah, right

JH: On the left?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: On the corner

DH: Yeah, on the corner there. Reid and Kelly both lived in it then. And there's another old house there where Dillard lives there, across the Lawrenceville Highway, that—

JH: Now, didn't Mr. Kelly and Miss Louise live in that house that burned down?

DH: Not that I know of. All of the time that I know of, they lived in that house, the brick house, the big house. It was done, and then, like I say, Reid started working on his sometime after Kelly moved in. And I did not remember where Reid lived, but Jean said they lived in that Jolley [Jolly?] house at that time that they was rebuilding the old house over there and adding onto it like it is today, and Jean lives in it today. Her husband was a--

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Who is her?

JH: Frances Langford

DH: Frances Langford, she was a Britt, and her mother and daddy lived across the street from where she lives now. He was primarily a sawmiller, but every year he would set up this syrup mill in the front of the house that they lived in—that Mr. and Mrs. Britt lived in—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Across the street

DH: --across the street from Frances, and make syrup there. This house that the Cofer girl just redone and stuff, her—Frances Langford's brother built that house on in the late '30s, I guess, or early '40s. I can't think of what his name was, but he built that house, and he built one that was out there that Emory Chesnut and them lived in a long time, Jack Gatlin.

JH: Kilpatrick wasn't it?

DH: Yeah, Kilpatrick was their brother-in-law.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: This was the street then, the present Lawrenceville Highway was a dirt street.

JH: Right

DH: Now, the Lawrenceville Highway was paved in '28 or '29, Lawrenceville Highway was. There wasn't nothing else in Tucker paved, but Lawrenceville Highway has been paved all the time that I ever knew.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: It wouldn't have been WPA?

DH: No, that was before WPA.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: All right, and what about the railroad track?

DH: The railroad's always been right where it is. There was a wood bridge there until probably the early '50s, that concrete bridge was built there. But there's always been a bridge over the railroad, and it's been right there. That rock house, the Burnses paid some people a dollar a load for rock on a two-horse wagon. And the man's wife and three or four daughters picked up the rock out on the farm and brought them to the edge of the road, and then the man and two or three boys and two mules hauled up there and unloaded them, and they made two loads a day. So they got two dollars for two mules, two boys, the daddy, the mother, and about four girls.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: How do you know this?

DH: Because I was there. I knew they'd paid for it. [*Unidentified speaker asks inaudible question, off-camera.*] [*Recording skips.*] Well, he bought it. Cofers built it for Preacher Sam. And that woman that her husband was a chiropractor still lives there, I reckon. And then Mr. Mundy was on the corner, and he was the school principal for a long, long time.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Now, is this the same house that's there now?

JH and DH, *in unison*: Right

DH: And it's been added on to the back of, and—

JH: The florist now.

DH: The florist is in there now, but it was Mr. Mundy's house, and he laid out Oak Street and drew a plat of it. Gene Cofer's got the plat, signed by W. C. Mundy, on Oak Street, because we didn't have no surveyors then. Mr. Mundy done it.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Oh, my goodness

DH: He signed the plat, and Gene Cofer's got it. But then we come back, and Mr. Randolph was a schoolteacher. And then along about '36 or '37 DeKalb County got real high-class. [*Recording skips.*] Oak Street, down on the end of Oak Street, Mr. Randolph, Ms. [*inaudible* last name—sounds like "Flife"?], [*Recording skips.*] and four boys and one girl.

JH: C. A. Randolph is Kent Randolph's father.

DH: Kent's father and mother, and then they had a sister named Ruth, and they had another boy named Everett and Douglas and—

JH: Wallace

DH: Wallace [*Recording skips.*] some kind of high-class, and Mr. Randolph had to quit teaching school, because he didn't have enough degrees in college. He was the best teacher that ever was, as far as a teacher is concerned. He'd make you behave and learn what he wanted you to learn. But he didn't go to college enough, so he had to quit. So then he went to work for Cofer Brothers and done estimating and stuff for Cofers in the lumber business. They had gone in the lumber business by then. And then Mr. Randolph contracted to build that house that's there now beside mother for three hundred dollars, [*Recording skips.*] mother's house. There's a real estate office in it now, but he contracted to build it for three hundred dollars, do the labor. And he—I worked for Mr. Randolph for fifty cents a day. And I run the leveling machine, I set the windows and doors and everything—fifty cents a day. So that makes this other money we was talking about a while ago not so bad, you know.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: When was this?

DH: Probably '34, '36, somewhere in there. But I worked for fifty cents a day. And Daddy paid brick masons seven dollars a thousand to lay brick then. And they put that brick on them high chimneys and stuff, had to build them scaffolds on up and up? Seven dollars a thousand they got to lay brick. And Douglas and Wallace laid the brick on that house next door to mother.

JH: That was Mr. Randolph

DH: That Mr. Randolph was the—he was the general contractor. But Douglas and them laid the brick on the thing, and I done the carpenter work on it, most of it. Then, years later, we built a garage behind that house. Mama Kitty brought Billy out to the country. [*Laughs*] Going to leave him a day or two, and we got out there, we was putting a roof on that thing. Me and Dean didn't have no shoes and socks and shirts and nothing like that. Didn't have nothing but a pair of

pants. Well, we'd get up and go to work, and Billy, he was a city boy. He always had on shirt, socks, and shoes and stuff. [Inaudible] Billy had to go with us.

JH: Billy Plummer, we're talking about.

DH, *laughing*: And he got over there on that tin roof, and it baked him to the bone. Now, he didn't get to come back to Tucker no more till they moved to Tucker.

[Recording skips.]

JH: Well, OK, do you want me to start?

DH: Yeah—

JH: OK, Papa Plummer—Claude Asa Plummer, Sr.—was married to Caroline Elizabeth Golden. And their children were Mary, Lottie Bell, Claudie, and Allene [spelling?]. And in the course of time, Papa and Mama separated, and Papa remarried, and he married Kate Ayers [spelling?]. And from their marriage, Billy Plummer was born. He and Daniel are close to the same age, and Billy and Mama Kitty and Papa lived in Atlanta. Papa had his leather shop in Atlanta on Gilmer Street, and they lived on DeKalb Avenue. And they went to Park Avenue Baptist Church. And in about 1941, I believe, when Granny Plummer died, that lived on Main Street, Papa inherited her—the house on Main Street, and—

DH: Uh-uh-uh-uh

JH: Oh, I'm not telling it right.

DH: Granny Plummer and Lou Allen [spelling?] gave that house to Papa long before Granny Plummer died.

JH: Oh, OK

DH: This must've been '36 or '38 or something. And then we added the back porch and the—what was the dining room and then one bedroom and then the bath over here onto the house. But Granny Plummer and Uncle Lou Allen owned that jointly, and they gave that city block to Papa.

JH: And that was on Second Avenue?

DH: Yeah

JH: Oh, that house was on Second Avenue—

DH: They owned the other city block where the Drummonds lived. And the Drummonds bought it from Lou Allen. And Granny didn't own part of that block, Lou Allen owned that block. But they got that from Lou Allen on an arrangement that they had to pay rent. They was paying seven dollars a month rent, and they had to pay the seven dollars a month rent as long as Lou Allen lived. And then they had money set aside to pay Lou Allen's estate, and that's the way Papa bought the store on Main Street. He paid ten dollars a month rent to the store on Main Street until

Lou Allen died, and then he had war bonds set aside for the six hundred dollars—he paid six hundred for the lot and the store. And then he had them set aside so when Lou Allen died, he went and got the war bonds out of the safe-deposit box and took them over and handed them to Claude Blount at the Fulton National Bank, and Claude Blount was later a DeKalb County commissioner. But he was Lou Allen’s administrator. And Papa went and got the bonds and handed them to him so he didn’t have to negotiate with the estate at all. It was a pre-arranged deal. The minute Uncle Lou died, it was Papa’s property; he just had to pay the estate. And Drummonds, the same way.

JH: Oh, OK

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: And then from there [inaudible].

JH: OK, well, of course, Billy came out—when they were here, he started school at Tucker High School, and Billy was never active like us. He had some problems, physical problems—

DH: Mainly his feet

JH: Mainly his feet, and so he was not an active person. He read books, and he just constantly read. He has a tremendous library at this time. Well, I recall, he would loan Mother books to read. He would say—as an example, he would say, “Well, I want Jeannette to read this book.” And he would give me this book. Well, I’d take this book home, and Mother would read it before I read it. And then she’d say, “You take that back to Billy. I do not want you to read that book.” And I would take it back to Billy. Never cracked a book; I would just take it back to him, because I was not supposed to read that book.

But Billy has always been a very sweet person. We’ve always, you know, appreciated the qualities that he has. But he just simply has never gotten involved in things as much as—naturally, with one child—it’s different when you’ve got six children, so, you know, so—but it was a delight to have them in Tucker. It was always such a thrill, because used to, when they lived in Atlanta—of course, they didn’t come out very often—and I was telling my son, not too long ago, when I go to his house, I’ll say, “Well, I’ve got to go.” He’ll say, “Mother don’t go yet, don’t go yet.” And I remember telling Papa Plummer, when they would come out to our house, it seems like me they’ve stayed two minutes, and they’d be gone. And I said, “Papa, don’t go yet. Don’t go yet.” But as parents you just, you know, feel like you’ve got to go on. But we had a loving, wonderful family relation with our parents and with our grandparents. And I think that we’re so fortunate.

[*Recording skips.*]

DH: He didn’t do anything but stay at home and read.

JH: Now he would say that he’s sorry, because I heard him say that not too long ago, Daniel—

DH: Then he worked in the hardware store. Daddy had the leather shop in there, so he pushed the leather shop back in Main Street into real crowded corners and made the hardware store and Billy supposedly run the hardware store—if he felt like it. If he didn't feel like it, he'd go home and read a book, and Papa would run both ends of it.

JH: You don't put things like that on tape [*laughs*].

DH: Well, I don't care.

JH: You better be careful.

[*Recording skips.*]

DH: Then the hardware store and the merchandise in the hardware store and the perishable stuff in the leather shop was all sold. And Mama Kitty got the money from the perishable items. Then Mama Kitty couldn't sell the real estate. As long as she lived, it stayed it rented. They rented out two rooms of the house that she lived in, and they rented the store on Main Street and the store over there halfway between there and Main Street on the back of what's Cofers' store now. But that was Papa's property, but that's where I built the little leather shop when he left Main Street. And they rented that to Ottis Hewitt's widow. She made a mojo in that place for years and years. And a mojo is a little tapered spring with a piece of lead on it. And she made the mojos there forever and shipped them worldwide.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: And what was that used for, Daniel?

DH: To knock your lure loose when you was fishing. You'd fix this mojo on there sling it, and it'd go down the line and knock your lure loose, and you could keep on fishing. If you hung the lure on the log or a twig or something down in the lake, take the mojo and knock it off. Ottis Hewitt of Tucker Mattress Company mother and daddy, the Hewitts, had Ottis and Raymond. And Ottis was a painter, and in later years, Ottis invented the mojo. And Mrs. Hewitt, after Ottis died, and he died many years before Raymond, but after he died, she made the mojo over there in that little shop. Paid Mama Kitty fifteen dollars a month or twenty dollars a month or something. But she made the mojo in there. She bought the spring and then just melted a piece of lead and put it on there to get it heavy enough to go down a fishing line and knock the lure loose.

Bill went to work then for Beck and Gregg, and then his job got eliminated at Beck and Gregg with—not computers, because they wasn't along then, but bookkeeping changes and stuff. And his job got eliminated, and then he went to work at Sanders Paint. He worked at Sanders Paint in bookkeeping a long time, and then that got eliminated with computers and stuff. And then he went to work for this guy that he works for now—

JH: Frank Carlock

HD: Frank Carlock, and he built a house—or I built it, and Papa paid for it, paid something on it, and then Billy had a mortgage on it—in a corner of Papa’s old property. And then Billy lived in that for a long, long time, and then he sold it, and he moved over in them apartments. I guess he’s still living in the same apartments. But Billy just never did—never was able to really get out and go and make any money. And Billy’s had a real tough time. [*Recording skips.*] But many, many years later, after he was fifty or fifty-five or something, he started going to law school some.

JH: At Georgia State, I think.

HD: Two or three nights a week or one or two nights a week, after the kids got on up. Maybe after Bobby—*Recording ends abruptly.*

Transcribed by cgs