

LOUISE McCANNON, *to audience, chatting and milling around*: If I can have your attention for just a moment, I want to ask you to go ahead and get you something to eat, and don't stop eating just because we're starting to talk. Get some coffee or something to drink or whatever you wish. My name is Louise McCannon. I'm not really sure how I got involved in this, but I have got involved in it. I am with Dunwoody Homeowners, and we're delighted to have such a great turnout today.

A while back, Suellen Mears said to me, "We need to video the history of Dunwoody." And I thought that was such a terrific idea, because we have a great history up here; and we're going to lose it. And so that is the purpose of this day, to remember Dunwoody. Where's Rob? Our current president of Dunwoody Homeowners is Rob Augustine, and Nick Nicodemus is with Nick [sic]. He's served two long terms-- and there he is. All the members of the Dunwoody Homeowners Board, I'd like for you to just raise your hand or stand up or let us see you, because this group works real hard for the community, and I know a lot of you are not familiar with us.

Suellen, you're from the Historical Society. Would you like to say something?

SUELLEN MEARS, *walking to front of room*: Sure, always [*audience laughter*]. Louise does know how she got into this, because I asked her to. What we try to do at the DeKalb Historical Society is go out into the community and learn about the history and video it for our Archives. That's what our role is, is to preserve and collect and disseminate the history of our county. Our founder, Jamie Mackay, a former Congressman for the Fourth District, continues to say, "History matters, and it scatters." And I think when we look around us, we know how quickly that happens. And I, as the Director of the Historical Society, and my board are very, very invested in this community [in? and?] wanting to have a semblance of the pieces of the community, as much as we can keep in place.

And a lot of times when I go to speak to youth groups and to school groups, one of the things I think about is how for some of us to be able to take our children and our grandchildren back to where we went to school or back to where we hung out with our friends is not going to be possible. So many of the ways we keep that is through our photographs and our memorabilia and to video people who can remember what it used to be like. And that's what this is about. And what it continues to do, from our perspective, is to tie us together as a community. We're an awfully big county, but

Dunwoody is a vital part of the county. And as we continue to share our history with each other, then we can keep connected.

So, I'm very grateful to Louise for being willing to take on this project for us and also to the Homeowners Association for your support. And I'd like to introduce our President of the Board for the Historical Society Lynn Menne, who is back here. [*To LYNN MENNE*] Do you want to say anything?

LYNN MENNE: You've said it all here [rest inaudible]. [*Laughs*]

SM: Thanks. So again, thank you for being here. It's going to be a lot of fun. What we find a lot of times, as we're doing these programs, is once the audience gets started, too, it grows and expands. And so please let this be a participatory activity, where we can all share what we remember. And thanks for being here. And thank you, Louise.

LOUISE McCANNON: I had asked--I had written Ms. Ethel Spruill here, which you know, and Manget Davis and several of you to be prepared to talk a little bit. And I'm going to let you sit over here so this video man can get you. And I'm going to let you begin, and David Chesnut? I saw David come in. [*People move around in background and relocate as directed.*] [*Inaudible off-microphone comments*] That'd be great. They can still hear. And David? You know the history, too. David? Come on up here with me. [*Calls a few more names; inaudible*] [*Inaudible off-microphone conversations*] Mr. Austin? Yeah, Glenn Austin? We'd like to get settled [rest inaudible]. And once we get started with two or three, we're going to get comments from everybody before the day is over. Mr. Davis, come on up here. We're just going to get started, and we're going to talk. Mr. Davis, right here. Who's going to go first? [*More off-microphone conversation*] Kathleen, I don't see her. [*Calls more names; inaudible*]

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *laughing, off-camera*: That's Budweiser, I don't know what you call it.

[*Off-camera conversation and moving around continue.*]

LM: OK, well, we will get it all in here by the end of the day. [*To Ethel Spruill*] Would you like to get started and tell [inaudible] about when you first came to Dunwoody and what you know about it and all of that, get us started?

ETHEL SPRUILL: How long you want me to talk? [*Audience laughter*]

LM: Well, we all came here [inaudible] the Railroad House.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Tell them about Nash's store, Ms. Ethel.

ES: Shall I stand or sit?

LM: Whatever's comfortable.

ES: Well, I am Ethel Warren Spruill, and I came to Dunwoody to live in 1933, February the 7th. It was real rural, and I came and spent my honeymoon rambling in the woods, because we had this terrible, terrible snow. And so I don't think I have to speak a long time about the growth of Dunwoody, because the people--the young people have seen the growth. But we had the one school on the top of the hill, and it was muddy. And Steve [inaudible] was one of the teachers.

Now, as far as the railroad, I think it had ceased in the late '20s. But everybody knew their neighbor, there was great love, great unity, and the expansion has been so great. I was a Baptist, but my family, the Spruills, were all Methodist. So, I was converted into the Methodist church [*audience laughter*] [inaudible] about a hundred, and the attendance around fifty, and the growth has been--now that Dunwoody Methodist Church has around 3,000 members. Growth, growth, progress. And we have become a metropolitan Atlanta of all our business, growth. But due to Stephen holding onto the land, maybe we wouldn't have a Perimeter or a Northpoint. So, I'm sure my few minutes are up and over [*audience laughter*] after living out here sixty-two years.

DAVID CHESNUT: Mr. Davis, when did you move here? You've lived here almost all your life, just about, haven't you?

MANGET DAVIS: No, I lived half my life before I came here [*audience reaction; some laughter*].

DC: When did you move here?

MD: We moved here in '36, I believe--'36 or '37, after Ethel had been here a few years. [Inaudible comment] I was born over here in Marietta not very far away, and I grew up in the country on a farm in northwest Georgia, a little town named Cave Springs it's on the road to Alabama out of Georgia. And I was always a country boy. And when I worked in Atlanta, I had to stay away from the country, and I always hoped to get back to it. And we would drive out on Sunday afternoon and see some country sights.

And at one point we got into the Dunwoody area, and Mr. Calhoun Spruill, who was a cousin, I believe, of Stephen, he had a sign up "For Sale" on acreage down the road. And I was attracted to that sign and promptly met Calhoun Spruill, and we came to an agreement. And I was able to borrow enough money to buy a few acres out here.

And when I was in the building and loan office where I borrowed the money, somebody in there said, "When you get to Dunwoody, don't ever say anything bad about anybody there. They're all related, [*audience laughter*]-the Womacks and the Spruills" and named about half a dozen families. He said, "They're all intermarried, and if you say something bad about one of them, you'll be in bad with all of them" [*audience laughter*]. So, I have never said anything bad about any of them, because there wasn't anything bad to say about them.

We moved out and started in an old farmhouse that had vertical, 12-inch boards with 4-inch strips over them. And we lived in that house two or three years and got the weatherboarding changed and still live in that house. And it's been a wonderful experience to move here. Our family in Decatur was in the Presbyterian church, and we first considered driving back to Decatur every [sic] morning to go to Sunday school and church at the Presbyterian church. But that was too much, and so we joined the Methodists. And we have a wonderful church in Dunwoody all these years.

DC: When did Mrs. Davis become the principal for or start teaching at the school? Because all my life she was the principal of Dunwoody School.

MD: Well, soon after we moved here, she called DeKalb County-- [*ES speaks to him, inaudibly*] registration office, and she said that the teachers out here--the teachers are fine, but the school is not a good school. "You want me to have to drive my children back to Decatur to school?" And he said--first, the principal was a Methodist minister without a church, and he was teaching till he got into a church. So, the superintendent said to Elizabeth, "Why don't you just take the school? We need a new principal, and the office is now open." So as a result of that conversation, she became principal of Dunwoody Elementary School for twenty-five years. And she knew all the children by name, and she knew their parents. And if a child misbehaved or had to have correction, she would take the child in her car to the child's home and talk to the parents. And that was her method of discipline.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Mr. Davis, where is your home streets-wise?

MD: It's on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: OK

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Right across the road

LM: Right across the road. Mr. Davis is still right across the road.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: I didn't realize that was your home, sir.

ES: Tell them about anything you lost, it was always at school.

MD: Yeah, Ethel reminded me that when Elizabeth was principal, we had--this was the school--when she was principal, she would take my tools and all my personal belongings--chairs and beds and everything. I said, "The first time I come home and my bed is over at the school, I'm quitting" [*audience laughter*]. That never happened at school. She was a great, wonderful person, she was.

ES: Tell them about after she retired, her writing of the book. After she retired, we wrote the book [rest inaudible].

MD: After Elizabeth retired from the school, she joined up with Ethel, and they wrote this book, *The Story of Dunwoody [Its Heritage and Horizons]*. It was published in 1986, I believe--about the mid-'80s--and it's had three printings. Elizabeth and Ethel went around over the county and borrowed pictures from different people who had pictures of Dunwoody, some of the Dunwoody belles and beaux, and into the history of Dunwoody. And they compiled a book, *The Story of Dunwoody*.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Is that's the one that's on the table?

LM: Uh-huh

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: And how much does it cost?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Fifteen. And Ms. Ethel said she'd be glad to sign it for anyone who wished to purchase one.

LM: And this is the Elizabeth Davis Storytelling Room. So, Elizabeth was principal at the old Dunwoody Elementary School, and I guess she continues to live in this room. So, it's very appropriate that we be here today in this room.

DC: What you really need to keep in mind is in those days we had only one high school in the north end of the county. That was Chamblee High School, and the high school and the elementary school were in the same building. And we only had one principal, it was Prof Smith, Mr. M. E. Smith. All the students, from the first grade to the seniors, never referred to him as anything but "Prof." And if you look around, there's a lot of people that graduated there--my daddy and myself and I know Glenn and [inaudible] graduated together there. But that high school fed from Dunwoody; Doraville, where Mr. Bickers--his son's a doctor in town--was the principal; Chamblee, of course; Brookhaven. So, there were four elementary schools that fed the high school.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: And Cross Keys

DC: Well, Cross Keys was not built until J. Foster Goolsby, who succeeded Prof, came in. The first school that was built was Sexton Woods Elementary School, and they moved the elementary portion of Chamblee Elementary over to Sexton Woods, and then that became a total high school. And then in 1960 or '61, they opened up Cross Keys, which was the second high school in this area. And then later on in the '60s, that's when they did--no, [*Prompted by audience members*] Sequoyah. Sequoyah, and then Peachtree came into existence. But that's kind of the chronology, but at the time it was Dunwoody, Doraville--I forget the name of the person that was at Brookhaven, but--

ES: Well, now, David, before then they had small schools, like just Chesnut Ridge over here at Spalding, and then they had one at Morgan Fall [sic] and one at--and that was in the early 1800s. And then these larger schools, when we became private--not private school. What were the schools? Public schools, that's when Chamblee and Brookhaven and all and Dunwoody were built.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: David, we've got [inaudible] with us [rest of sentence inaudible]. He graduated from Chamblee High School about 1923.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: '26

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: '26, born in Chamblee eighty-five years ago.

LM: I think it would be interesting for everybody to raise your hand if you graduated from Chamblee High School. [*Audience reaction*] There were quite a few of us.

[*Several speak at once; inaudible*]

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Oh, look!

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: There were quite a few of us.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: What years did you hear [rest inaudible]?

[*Several speak at once; inaudible*]

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: [Name inaudible], when did you graduate?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: '26

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: In '26. Who graduated before?

ES: She was one of our teachers up at Dunwoody Elementary.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Well, maybe she could tell some stories on some of these people [*audience laughter*].

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: I'm sure they were not all Methodist [rest inaudible]
[audience laughter].

DC: You talking about stories, I think one of my favorite stories from growing up in this area--you have to understand this is in the early '50s--Earl Donaldson--and the house that we live in is his great-grandfather's house. His grandfather lived on Vermack there, along about where the road from [inaudible--___ Lake?] comes across. Moved there in 1935 to settle, and when my house was sold to settle his granddaddy's estate, and Mr. William Tee [sp?] is buried out there in the backyard.

But Earl and I had been--we rabbit-hunted a lot, and we had been losing the dogs down in the swamps, where Murphey-Candler Park is. So, we skipped school one afternoon and cut out early, about right after lunch, and went home and got our shotguns and went by the Longs' and picked up their dogs and got my dogs and went and got Earl's dogs, and we had a pretty good pack of hounds, and went back over there, because we knew where to jump this one rabbit that would go down to the swamps. And we were going to kill him, because he was ruining our rabbit-hunt. And Earl had an older brother, and there were several older guys, and we were going to be the heroes; we were going to get this one big buck rabbit. So, the dogs got back in the swamps, and we went into the swamps after them, like our plan was. And we ended up somewhere on the other side of where the Murphey-Candler Park is, because all the ballfields down there was swamps and honeysuckles. And we ended up not too far from Red Spruill's--that's Carey--I never knew--

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Carey or Ewell?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: No, it was Ewell.

DC: Ewell! I never knew him as anything but Mr. Red.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Ewell

DC: That was Ewell. And not too far from his cornfield--it was dark, and there was no houses back in there. We called the dogs in, got a great big pile of pine straw and covered up and pulled the dogs around us. And about 4:00 that morning, my daddy and Mr. Spruill found us [audience laughter]. They had the whole north end of the county out looking for us. And we were somewhere along behind where Montgomery School is back in the woods. That gives you some idea about--and there was nothing between the creek--that is, there was nothing between what is now Harts Mill Road and Mount Vernon. I mean, it was nothing--there was no development in

there. You could shoot in any one direction and didn't have to worry about hitting anything. And this was in the mid-1950s.

Glenn, when did you and Marguerite graduate? I know there's some stories--there's two or three stories I hadn't gotten the truth of yet, and--

GLENN AUSTIN, *rising to stand behind his chair and speak*: OK, I'm going to have to stand up. To give you [inaudible], yes, Marguerite and I were in class together at Chamblee. And we had a '28 Chevrolet, four doors but no windows, you know. And we would get a big [inaudible] to go with us to a pool on the other side of Chamblee, and we were cruising down through there, and Marguerite had her foot out where it shouldn't have been, hanging out, leg. And we hit a tree--she hit a tree. And so she was badly injured--not too badly, but that was one of the stories.

While I'm up, I'll just say a couple of things. I've been here--I'm 73, and I've been here 66 years, living here, and still a member of the church up here. It was--I think it was a close community in the years that I remember. I know that rarely anyone ever moved into the area, and it was quite conservative. And there was a couple who eventually married. And the way they courted was he drove in the front seat, and she sat in the back seat. But somehow they got together. We never saw that part, but they got together.

Now, in contrast to that, when Manget and Elizabeth came out here in the early '30s, they really showed us the way. They'd cruise down the road, and there was still room on the right side for two people [*audience laughter*]. She was in his lap with her arm around him, you know [*audience laughter*], and the town really did talk [*audience laughter*]. That's right.

MD, *laughing*: Shame on you! [*audience laughter*]

GA: I will just say that my father, when he came here and married my mother, they made two or three decisions: one was if they ever had any children, ever had any, they'd all have a chance for a college education. Well, they didn't have an idea that they'd have six; but they worked it out anyway, because the older ones helped with college, and it worked out. They kept their promise. She taught school over the course of fifty years here. The only thing to break it up was the births of children. And I think that in school it was an awful problem, because Eddie, my poor little brother, and I, we got in more trouble, because they would go, "Ms. Austin, Eddie did this, and Glen did

that,” and we were always wrong. We really were always wrong [*audience laughter*]. And the kids knew that, so they gave us a hard time.

I do remember the railroad track. I used to chase baseballs--the Dunwoody diamond, where the Amoco station was--piece of our property, was fifteen acres there. And the backstop was right there against the railroad [*inaudible*]. Ran up to first base, ran down to second base, level from second to third, and it was kind of cruising from third home. And I looked at it, I thought it was the greatest thing to chase those balls down that railroad track. And that’s over down the railroad toward the corner house there. And my parents would let me do that. You got sixty-six years of it, or something like that, you have a hard time--maybe a question or two that y’all might have of me.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Now, where did you live, when you lived here as a boy?

GA: We lived north--our property started at Ashford-Dunwoody on the right--about right there. Went all the way up to the county line, just about, on the right, Fulton County. And it was an angle, forty-five acres there. I was born in a house right across from the chapel at the church in 1920. And we lived on the property on the right going down. The old homeplace site is still there, but it’s been remodeled; and the Baptist church has that. My late brother John’s house was torn down, and ours was torn down when we sold to the church for a great project; but it never worked out. It was going to be a home for the elderly. But I lived right there then, for thirty-seven years the green house on the right, sitting down there in the woods--the first house on the right heading toward Sandy Springs. What else? Anything?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Does the property include Austin Elementary School, where that is?

GA: No, it did not.

DC: When did Nash’s store get built?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: There’s a picture of Nash’s store right here.

GA: I don’t know. It was moved up from down south Dunwoody, I guess it’s south. It was moved--it was more or less the depot, and it was moved up there, became Nash grocery, the post office there, get gas there. And--let’s see--I was going to say something about that.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: And the school was named for your mother?

GA: Yes, and the way it happened, we knew someone was going out for it, Ms. Elizabeth Davis, and had worked toward it, and we thought was perfectly in order, our whole family, because she was the latest principal. But right at the last--and we didn't know a thing about it--I was called at Rich's and said--John Ramsey, who was our rep here, "Glenn, how many of your family can be in Decatur tonight?"

I said, "I don't know. I think I can. What's going on?"

He said, "We're going to name the school for your mother."

Well, that's the first we knew about it. But when we found out, it could not be named for someone alive, Elizabeth Davis said, "Well, it ought to be Nettie Austin."

So that's how that happened, it was just a matter of a few hours that something going on there for us. I went down there that night.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Could you tell about--something about the old cemetery that's on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road there to the right just past the village? [GA sits down.] The family cemetery?

UNKNOWN NAME [*daughter of SUE KIRBY JAMESON, seated next to her*]: Mother, tell them about the cemetery.

SUE KIRBY JAMESON: It was [inaudible] church in front of the cemetery originally. But the church was abandoned; it was a Primitive Baptist church. But it was--no, it was a community cemetery. We used to live next door to it when I was a child. And it has always been a community cemetery from that time and still is.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I think that cemetery has been used for burials as recently as the last five years, the last time I checked.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: There is a fund going, it's a continual thing. There's enough money, and people give yearly to keep the fund going, to keep it clean.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: What's the name of it?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *seated next to ES*: [Name inaudible] could tell you, he's in charge of it.

Man referred to rises and speaks: What did you want to know?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: The name of the cemetery.

STANDING SPEAKER: Well, the Dunwoody Cemetery is located on north of here, I guess it is. And it's adjacent to our old homeplace. And I got elected for a two-year term as part of the cemetery trustees about ten years ago [*audience laughter*]. We've still have no election, so I'm stuck with it, I guess.

One interesting thing--we were talking about the school--I'd like to share with y'all. Nobody has mentioned Ms. Chambers. She was one of the teachers at school, and Ms. Chambers had a reputation. If anybody misbehaved, you got your teeth shook out. She'd grab you by the shoulders, shake you so hard, you'd think your head was coming off. One interesting thing I remember about Ms. Chambers was that we had devotionals every Monday morning, which you could do that in schools; now they wouldn't allow it. And she'd [inaudible] saying, "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin" [audience laughter]. I still remember every word of that thing [audience laughter]. That was one of the most interesting things I remember about Dunwoody School.

Another important thing was always [inaudible] to us kids was that you get to go get water. Of course, they didn't have any running water in the old school, and we had to go in Cheek's pasture and go to the spring, get a bucket of water. And boy, that was a favorite thing, to get to go get a bucket of water. She'd always appoint two people that hadn't misbehaved usually that day to go get a bucket of water, because she could trust them, maybe [laughter]. We had some wonderful times over at Dunwoody School.

About the cemetery, we still have a fund that we try to keep up the cemetery. We have done pretty good on it; just had very successful people making donations. We have a fellow that cleans it usually three times a year. And so that helps out. We used to try and just meet and everybody help clean it up, but that got to where it was kind of a chore to get people together. So now we have this one fellow that does that.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Can you tell us what families are buried in that cemetery?

STANDING SPEAKER: Not really [laughter]. The Kirbys, the Spruills, the Carpenters, Copelands, Andersons, Donaldsons. [Several people make suggestions; mostly inaudible and off-camera.] Yeah, Lowells, Mannings, the Cheeks. There's quite a few locals.

DA: Y'all have just about named everybody that lived in Dunwoody [laughter].

STANDING SPEAKER: I could keep on talking about Dunwoody School [rest inaudible]; *starts to sit down but is called back*.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*:: Mr. [inaudible name], why don't you tell us about the well? You were telling us about a public well?

STANDING SPEAKER: Oh, yeah, the public well that used to be down here in the forks of the road. I wish that I had had a picture of that, kept that thing; but I didn't. I

do have a picture of the old Dunwoody Store, if anybody wants to see it. [*Simultaneous audience comments, inaudible*]

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: You have a picture of the school?

STANDING SPEAKER: So the well, we used to walk to school, of course, but that was unusual. The grammar school kids had to walk; the high school kids could ride the bus. [*Unidentified man hands photograph to speaker, who thanks him.*] But we couldn't ride the bus, and we always enjoyed walking home. There were always four or five of us going the same direction. We'd usually come out across the road from the schoolhouse and go up the old railroad track that Glenn mentioned a while ago. That was a thrill to walk up that thing. But we'd always get to the public well on the corner from Nash's store; we'd have to draw us a fresh bucket of water. They had them old gourds that stayed out, and everybody drank out of the same gourd [*laughter*]. We didn't know about sanitation back then. [*Holds up a large print of Nash's store.*] Here's a picture of Nash's old store if anybody wants to see it closer.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Were there any other stores out here other than Nash's?

STANDING SPEAKER: Yeah, they had three stores [*inaudible*] when we were going to grammar school down there. There was Nash's, [*inaudible*] Mayfield's right in the [*inaudible*] there, and up above [*inaudible*] Brown's store. It was a prosperous town back then, really.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: That's a marvelous picture. [*Rest inaudible*]

TOM WALLACE: Have you heard of the gin that used to be up here?

STANDING SPEAKER: Yeah, the old cotton gin that used to be up on the corner.

TW: It blew up?

STANDING SPEAKER: Yeah

TW: Had a steam generator?

STANDING SPEAKER: Yeah

TW: I had an uncle that was killed in that.

STANDING SPEAKER: What was his name, Tom?

TW: Manning

STANDING SPEAKER: Manning?

TW: Yeah

STANDING SPEAKER: Which Manning is that? I remember [*inaudible*].

TW: Well, let's see, I'll try and remember. There's a bunch of Mannings, as you know--

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Tom, why don't you stand up? Tell us a little bit.

STANDING SPEAKER: You can have the floor.

TW: My mother went to school here; she was born in 1892, and she was [inaudible; possibly her last name before she married]. Her father had a sixty-acre farm just down the road at Mount Vernon, Mount Vernon Way during the Depression. Nobody could pay their rent around here, so he lost it. But my mother went to school here; it was a three-room school. She got water out of the spring back there. And my grandfather's buried in the cemetery down here, and I've got a couple of sisters buried there, too.

When my father met my mother, he was a railroad man from Atlanta. He used to come over on this railroad. He came up here to see a friend one time, and he introduced him to my mother at that time. And they lived here for a while, but finally moved to Roswell, and that's where [rest inaudible]. I've been back here since 1965. You know, this train used to come all the way over to Roswell, but it turned around and went back [rest inaudible]. And I had seven brothers and sisters, one of them born [inaudible]; I was born in Roswell. That's about all.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: The train went from Atlanta to Roswell by way of Dunwoody?

TW: Chamblee. Spur. Went from Chamblee to Roswell, and backed back; it didn't turn around over there. There's no turnaround.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: There was no turntable.

TW: It never crossed the river, the Chattahoochee.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: It ended at Roswell--

TW: It ended right at the bridge.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER; *camera finds her in the audience*: And there's a house up there that faces the wrong way on Roberts Drive at Roswell? And that was the engineer's home. Remember that? And it faces the wrong direction from the road, and that's because he had to watch where the train was parked at night. And then he'd back up down to Chamblee with it.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Mr. Wallace wrote an interesting article for the Gas Light newspaper on the history Chamblee. Because I used it as a reference when I was writing a paper in high school. Now, you correct me if I'm wrong, Mr. Wallace, but when they submitted the charter for Chamblee, they submitted the name of it to be Roswell Junction. And the postal department or whoever it was that approved those things would not approve Roswell Junction because the confusion that it would have made. So, they asked for permission to take the name of one of the signers of the petition, and they chose the name of a Black section hand by the name of Chamblee; and that's how that town got its name. Isn't that correct, Mr. Wallace? [*Audience expresses interest*]

TW: That's right.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *camera moves to find him in audience*: However, there is a controversy. [*Audience reaction; laughter*] There was also a prominent citizen in Norcross by the name of Chamblee who was involved with the railroad, and it's never been resolved.

DC: That was probably some of his relatives. [*Audience laughter*]

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *seated two seats up from ES*: Well, I'd just like to say that I don't remember the train; but I came shortly after the train stopped running. I was born down in the General Dunwoody old house down on Chamblee-Dunwoody, where the Redfield tennis courts and swimming pool are today. And if you can picture Dunwoody back then, there were not very many, if any, paved streets; very few automobiles. And from where we lived down on Ashford-Dunwoody, there was no bus to take the children to school. You got to school the best way you could.

Thank goodness we had a good school. I attended Dunwoody; there were three teachers. Glenn's mother, Mrs. Nettie Austin, had grades one, two, and three. And she would let some of the older people in the third grade hear the reading from the first grade, so I got to do that pretty often. But it was fun. And, of course, Mrs. Chambers, when I went, taught fourth and fifth grade. And if you can imagine a teacher now having that many lesson plans--of course, I don't guess they did lesson plans way back then. And then Mrs. Davis was my teacher at Dunwoody, and she taught me sixth and seventh grade, as well as being principal of the school. And Frances Spruill's husband's mother, Ms. Ola Spruill, was the first lady who had our lunchroom at Dunwoody. And

that lady would cook for the whole school. Now, you can imagine, we weren't very large, so it's not--just try to imagine small things then.

But we had a good time, and it's been fun to see Dunwoody grow. And I would just like to say that we had genuine people way back then. And we have genuine people in Dunwoody today.

ES: We worked in unity.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Ms. Spruill, when you first came here--

ES: And Kathleen and [inaudible].

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Can you hear me, Ms. Spruill?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Ms. Ethel? Who's that?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera, to ES*: She's asking you a question.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Do you know where, when you first came here, Mount Vernon Road was Lawrenceville Road on the east side and Spruill Street on the west side?

ES: No, it was Mount Vernon and Ashford-Dunwoody--

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: It had already been changed?

ES: --when I came.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Do you know--does anyone here know where the name Mount Vernon came from?

ES: The family of Ashford, the old homeplace, is still standing, that's called the Ashford Club, down there at the end of Peachtree and Oglethorpe.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: But how was Mount Vernon named?

ES: I think it was named for Mount Vernon--and I can't think of the person who bought Arlington Cemetery, and it was named for Mount Vernon in Virginia. It is hard for you people--you new people and homeowners--to think how rural this area was. And the only reason Elizabeth and myself wanted to write a book of Dunwoody because the heritage was being lost, and most areas of the community had a book, and why shouldn't Dunwoody?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I have another old map that shows Mount Vernon west as being Paces Ferry.

ES: As you know, all of the roads are named for old settlers. And I could name them. When I came, we only had--the only social events was Mr. Kellogg's. He would, on the 4th of July--you remember how he would always have some event of a picnic or

climbing a greasy pole or something. But we did have--at the end of school, we would have these spelling matches. And when I came to Dunwoody from Atlanta, we had very, very few church suppers. And I don't know why they named me president of everything, but I was a leader, and we needed leaders. And it was David's mother that helped us, and the Donaldsons always helped. And it was always a benefit dinner. And we would go out to--someone would promise a chicken, and sometimes we'd have to go out and chase the chicken up. [Inaudible comment] It's been quite an eventful time to see the growth of Dunwoody and all of the fine leaders.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: David, is your family connected with Chesnut Drive?

DC: Which one?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: The one over on--isn't it Chesnut Drive the--

DC: Yeah, it runs between Buford Highway and Chamblee-Tucker? Yes, that's--my grandfather's farm was--

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: The old Chesnut home over there--

DC: That's right, that's my grandfather, David Gladney Chesnut.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Right

ES: He was a friend of my husband.

DC: The Chesnuts went all the way from basically over on Tilly Mill all the way, just kind of stretched out across to Tucker. Miss Ethel's related to my grandmother, who was a Warren. And their homeplace is the J. W. Warren homeplace. It's still standing right across from Warren School on--as a matter of fact, a foster child of my two aunts--I had two aunts, one taught third grade at Chamblee for forty years, Aunt Abby. And then she had--Eva, who was a nurse, worked for the county extension service. And they reared two foster children. Both of them were old maids, but they reared two foster children, and Joe Reese still lives in the--who's like a child but still lives in that house, and he inherited it when Aunt Abby died. But that's where--and I lived on Chamblee-Dunwoody at the Corner of Harts Mill, which was then Sexton Road, was where I grew up. And--

ES: Well, I have known Dunwoody since I was about nine years old. My father had an old Maxwell, and we would come to visit the Warrens, the Armisteads. And then my father would bring parents of the boys that were going overseas to--at Camp Gordon.

DC: I really ought not to tell you this, but it'd be a shame for the Historical Society not to get this in their records. The map that he showed y'all, the calendar with Nash's store, which is the Amoco station up here, my father ended up owning that piece of property at one time. And he sold it to Amoco for \$20,000 and thought he had cut a fat hog in the ham [*audience laughter*]. If that gives you some idea--and that would have been in the late 1950s--if it gives you some idea. You couldn't buy that corner from Amoco now for \$2,000,000. But that's where the--and Daddy got every penny that that place was worth when he sold it.

ES: Yeah, but David, the Nash store was in a dwelling down there before--

DC: Yes, ma'am, it was--

ES: And that was the depot where the train stopped.

DC: Right. That's correct, and it was--Daddy ended up with it because of the same thing that Mr. Manning's talking about. Times got hard, and payments couldn't be made, and they kind of cut a deal, and he sold gas and collected rent based on the amount of gas that was sold.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Dave, ask Mr. Davis--you mentioned that when he purchased his property for a home, what did residential property sell for?

DC, *raising voice, addressing MANGET DAVIS*: Mr. Davis, how much did you pay for your place?

MD: I can't remember. Something like eight thousand.

DC: But how many acres did you have with it?

MD: Sixty-three acres [*audience reaction*]

DC: [*Inaudible*] sixty-three acres and a house

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: [*Inaudible*] 1933, somewhere around in there was around 25 to 30 dollars an acre, right out Mount Vernon about half a mile to the intersection of Chamblee-Dunwoody.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: I wanted to ask other than David out here running around in what's now Murphey-Candler, this ball park over here, was that some of your recreation, between the rabbits and baseball? What'd y'all do out there?

DC: Well, we had a lot of fun.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: I'm sure you did!

DC: I mean, well you--

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: What you could put in a recording today.

DC: Well I was fixing to say, you got to understand that you could turn a child loose, and there really wasn't a whole lot that they--we fished Peachtree Creek, and you'd just come home with supper, with bream that came out of the creek down there. That was not unusual at all. But we played baseball. There was a big--and Bill [inaudible name--could be Arnott?] can tell you more about this than I can, but there was Bud Cruse [spelling?]-and this was in the '40s and '50s, shortly after the war, this was a big baseball town up here, Dunwoody in particular, because Bud Cruse ran kind of a semipro baseball team that was all of the best high school and college players. Bud was a house painter but really wanted to be a baseball manager and was. Bill, I think you were involved in some of that, weren't you?

BILL--: No, not really. [Inaudible comment]

DC: Oh

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Bill, you've been out here a long time. Let's hear a few words out of you.

BILL--: Well, I don't think I'd say anything that hasn't been said--[*Inaudible due to ES's speaking; her comments are inaudible as well.*] And I stayed there until we built [rest of sentence inaudible]. Right now, the house I'm in is about a hundred yards from where I lived then. Where the church is now, you know, the church [rest inaudible].

SKJ's daughter: Well, the social function out here in Dunwoody long years ago were the two churches. I mean, the social life was about the church, where we had the--yeah, Ebenezer and the Baptist church and the Methodist church. And those were--

ES: And then there was the Presbyterian.

DC: Well, even when I came along in the '40s and '50s, if you had the youth groups--they have youth groups now, and they have them all planned, but the whole community--we went to the Presbyterian church in Doraville. But anytime that the Dunwoody Methodist group had a party, we all went to the Dunwoody Methodist group. Anytime the Chamblee Methodist group had a party, we all went there. And you just--if you had a friend that went to that church, he may take or she may take five or six people; so even though the churches themselves were relatively small, the youth events, and that was all the social life there were, were--You might have fifty, sixty children at a party or an event that was planned by--[inaudible] we didn't go to Bible study groups, but we went to parties [*audience laughter*].

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: Glenn, what were you going to say?

GA: I hesitate to bring it up. My dad--my mother gets kind of credit for a lot of things and maybe should. And we hesitate to talk about the family, but my dad was a carpenter. He was--the church, he did a lot of work there [rest of sentence inaudible]. But he peddled groceries down Peachtree Street in a covered wagon, and Roswell Road was mud at that time--or dust, one or the other. And he gathered it up from all the community. But one of the first things he did after marriage was buy a set of law books, because he sensed a need in Dunwoody for someone to know a little bit about law. And so, he was a justice of the peace for about thirty-one years, I believe.

MD: They called him "Judge."

GA: They called him Judge. And somebody ran against him one time and got two votes [*audience laughter*]. I think that was [inaudible] that good. I don't mean that, but it's a good-- Now, Nash grocery store, that's where he held court, I guess when a problem arose; there'd be no definite schedule. But I do remember Judge Clarence Peeler from Decatur told a story. Now, I'm not going to mention names, because I'd be in deep trouble [*laughter*], but he had to hold court one day, there was a father and a son. The father said, "This is my dog." The son said, "This is my dog." So, my dad had to listen to them out, and he awarded the dog to the father. The son went down to the house, got a shotgun, went over where Mr. Will Donaldson [spelling? could be "Dolleson"?] was keeping the dog, and shot him dead [*audience reaction*]. Judge Peeler tells that story. I'm taking the Fifth.

SKJ: Glenn, let me tell you something about your daddy. We were living in Dunwoody when the lights came on, when the power company ran a line through. And everybody got an electric light bulb into their front porch. And somebody said--I think it was the first night--I think it was a Saturday that we got the lights turned on-- somebody said, "Well, Mr. Glenn Austin sat out on the front porch and [inaudible-- sounds like "found"?] that light all night long and tried to get it to go out [*audience laughter*].

GA: That's why he went to law school [*audience laughter*].

SKJ: I don't think he really did it.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: What year did you get electricity? Do you remember at all what year that would have been? What year would that have been?

GA: What year?

SKJ: Oh, well, let me go back into ancient history. I think my daddy and mom looked in the market bulletin and found a farm for sale on--well, it didn't have a name. But it was where Spalding and Pitts Road connect, out in the country: three-room house for sale, forty acres of land. That sounded good to them, because my daddy had to leave the post office at Marble Hill, because his health was bad. The doctor told him to get outside. So, they bought a farm. They didn't know anything about farming, and their five children didn't either. But we put our things--they did, put things on the train at Marble Hill, and we moved by train. Came down to Atlanta, back to Chamblee, and then back on the little road, little [inaudible] road from Chamblee to Roswell, from Roswell to the River--did go across. And that was called Powers Station. I think that in the history that you'll find in the book, the Kirby family, all this is written there. But anyway, that's where we lived when we first came here. It was the first whistle stop past the Dunwoody station.

But I want to tell you about the first post office that Dunwoody had--that is, in my memory, the first one I remember. You remember--well, the house still stands where Myra Cheek Crook and her husband lived. It was brown at one time--I think it's white now--I noticed it as we came by today. Florence Spruill, I understand, lives there. Well, the post office was back behind the train station and back from the Crooks' house, I think it might have been--it wasn't much bigger than our corn crib down on the farm, where we used to live. But Miss Columbia Cheek, the main sister of Mr. J. U. Cheek, who owned the gin, was the postmistress.

And my father, Tolleson Kirby, carried the mail from that point for twenty-six miles around Sandy Springs and on down towards Buckhead and then back to Dunwoody. But this little post office, where Miss Columbia Cheek sorted the mail, my daddy went up in horse and buggy and hitched the horse to the fencepost nearby and sorted and loaded his mail, and then he went around his route. It was a daylight-to-dark job. And in the wintertime, when it was so cold, Mama would put a brick in the fire and heat it good and hot, and he would put it in the little thing you put your feet on, and when he came by our house, he would get that and put it in his buggy so it stayed warm part of the time. But he carried the mail about from 19--somewhere between 1915 and '20 to his death in 1930. And before the end of his career, he was able to buy a T Model Ford. And then the route--the twenty-six-mile rural route--was a lot shorter [*audience reaction*]. He did not have to spend so much time on the road.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Hey, there, Glenn. There used to be three homes up here--three little houses; there's only one now, where the flower shop is, right across from Bruno's. What were those--

SKJ starts to speak, just as the recording cuts ends abruptly. Recording continues on 2012.3.62b City of Dunwoody.

Continuation of 2012.3.62a; likely gap between recordings 2012.3.62a and 2012.3.62b. First few comments inaudible.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Is that what they were? Connected with the railroad?

SUE KIRBY JAMESON: The people who worked with the railroad lived there.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Where was the railroad station?

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: But I would show you. I don't know where any of the buildings are now. We'll start with the house. [*Inaudible exchanges among participants*]

GLENN AUSTIN: Is it right at the intersection of Nandina and--

SKJ: Yes, just before that.

GA: And then on the other side--

SKJ: As you come from Roswell, it would be on the left.

GA: Yes, right at the intersection.

SKJ: Yes, the train track. And the road just came right beside it. Right in front of the house that we've mentioned where Florence Spruill lives now. The railroad crossed the big road, the dirt road, and came into a real deep cut just as it came on this way. And I don't know which way we're facing now, but it was just beyond the road as you go toward Chamblee and followed the road more or less as it got down to the [inaudible]--well, where 400 is now. And then the railroad went to the left and the road to the right. The road--Chamblee-Dunwoody Road [inaudible] where it is now.

DAVID CHESNUT: Part of the track went through where the Chevron station is on either side of 285. It touched both those parcels, because I did the title work on that, had to clear up the one that's on the inside of 285. And part of the trestle probably is--used to could be seen from the Chamblee Methodist. It was flower land then. There was all--where the Methodist church is down there now was all greenhouses, which was

presided over by a gentleman by the name of Mr. Pat Patterson. It was owned by [inaudible].

EDITH SPRUILL: Dr. Fisher

DC: Well, you're right, it was owned by Dr. Fisher.

SKJ: But it connected with the Chamblee railroad.

DC: That's right.

ES: And went forwards and back. Well, I'd like to say how I like--I won't take the time to say how we arrived at our name of Dunwoody, because I think most of us own the book by Elizabeth and myself. But it was spelt "W-double O-D-I-E," as Sue told of the story of the first post office. So, if you don't have a book, we have some books for sale here. And it tells the story of Charles A. Dunwoody, who fought in the Civil War and was wounded and walked all the way from Calhoun back. And it was he who started the growth and bought where Kathleen said she was born, up there at Redfield. The Spruills owned Redfield. It is named for the first family, but everyone thinks this is named for the red clay of Dunwoody, which is not right. Read the story [*rest of comment obscured by other conversation, which is also inaudible*].

WOMAN SITTING ABOUT FOUR SEATS UP FROM SKJ: I want to tell a story that I think says something about the community of Dunwoody. And I think this is true and wasn't made up. One of my aunts, Renee Purdy [sp?] was a friend of one of the Austin daughters. And at some point, maybe when they were eight or nine years old, Renee got a birthday present from the friend. Which sister would it have been? [*Several people answer, "Sarah."*] Sarah. And it was an amaryllis lily, and my aunt took it home to her house, and my grandmother, I understand, planted it. And it multiplied. And as grown children left my grandmother's house, my Uncle B. J. took some with him, and they multiplied. And my Uncle Dwight, I suppose, took some with him. My mother took some with her. All these years, we've always had red amaryllis bulbs. When I left home, I took some with me. My children have planted them in Florida and Maryland, and only the last two or three years learned that they came originally from Mrs. Austin's house. And I treasure them now, and I think that says something about the community that was here, too. Love, swap, and share.

LOUISE McCANNON, *off-camera*: Before we end the day and everything, I would like for everyone who are what I call the "original people"--not people like me, who have only been here about twenty-five years--to give your name for the video and give

one sentence, kind of a fond memory of what you would like to remember at any time. David, we're going to start with you.

DC: I'm David Chesnut. I was born and reared on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. And it wasn't a real fond memory, but I remember when my dad was delivering gas to Nash's store, I was about eight years old. I spilled a large amount of gas from the truck and got my tail burned [*laughter*].

GA: You want me to say something?

LM: Yep, give your name.

GA: I'm Glenn Austin. I was born here in 1920 in an old house across from the chapel. There were six children involved. All of our activity really was built, as someone said, around the church, around the school, and in the family. And there was a closeness there of lasting impressions--not teaching by the word only but mostly by example of all the people that lived in Dunwoody during those years. And I look back upon it, and it was a great place to grow up, and I appreciate it.

LM: Manget?

MANGET DAVIS: I've already spoken. My name's Manget Davis--spelled M-A-N-G-E-T, Mah-zhay [*laughter*]. I'm so often called "Man-jay" and "Mon-jay" and every other pronunciation. It is pronounced the French way--"Mah-zhay." I've already given my connection with Dunwoody, so I won't repeat that.

LM: Miss Ethel?

ES: I was born in Sugar Valley--that was in Gordon County--July 13, 1908. I was five years old when my mother died. I was related to the Bandys, the Warrens, the Russells, and it's all through that area and the Bandys. I was reared by my grandmother and grandfather, who we lived across from a boarding school at that time. And M. L. Britton, [*inaudible*] become principal of Tech. I loved the country, and when I was finished high school, it was a consolidated school in Sugar Valley, I went to live with an aunt in Chattanooga and finished high school there and business college.

In 1927 I came to Atlanta, and in 1933 I married Stephen Spruill. And I have been out and have enjoyed the unity, the greatness, of Dunwoody, and all of the many friends that I have. And I've never known anything but to love and to respect my fellow man.

SKJ: I'm Sue Kirby Jameson. I was born in Pickens County, Tate, Georgia, up in the mountains. And I think, if I remember correctly, I must have been about five years

old when we moved to Dunwoody. And I've lived pretty close around that area all my life. I live in Roswell now. The thing I remember--among the nice things I remember about Dunwoody in those days--when we were growing up, there weren't many people Dunwoody--there weren't many young people. But the Methodist church had preaching services twice a month; so did the Baptists. I happened to be a Baptist, but we would go to the Baptist church the first and third Sundays, stayed for preaching. We'd go to the Methodist church second and fourth Sundays, stayed for preaching. And then we had organizations--BYPU, Baptist church met every Sunday night. The Epworth League also met every Sunday night. But we fixed that--on the first Sunday and the third Sunday the Baptists had preaching at night, too. We would go the Methodist church, the Epworth League, at 5:30. Then we'd go to the Baptist church at 6:30 for BYPU. Then we'd all stay for church. On the next Sunday we'd do the opposite thing; we'd have BYPU at the Baptist church first, then we'd go to Epworth League in the Methodist church, and then we would stay for church at the Methodist church. So, we got to see everybody every Sunday. It was great. And that was our social life--that was just about what we had.

Well, I remember one time we went to Stone Mountain--ten of us in a Model-T Ford, in it and on it and hanging around it--and went to Stone Mountain and spent the day. That was a great time, too. But mostly it was just--it was a close-knit community, everybody knew everybody else, and we were all poor, but we didn't know it. And everybody loved everybody, just about. That's what I wanted to say.

KATHLEEN SPRUILL MIERS: My name is Kathleen Spruill Miers, and two things that I remember--happy things. I remember when Ashford Dunwoody became a paved road, and I thought that was *[rest of comment drowned out in audience laughter]*. Because right down in front of Perimeter Mall, there used to be this terrible mudhole; and invariably somebody would always get stuck in it and would always come to our house to get help to get out of the mudhole. So that was a real nice thing.

LM: Could you tell us what year that was approximately?

KSM: About 1930--

SKJ: In the '40s

KSM: Was it that late? Anyway, late '30s.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I'm still wondering about that electricity. When did that come out here?

KSM: Well, I'll have to think about that.

SKJ: It came to Spalding Drive and Pitts [Phipps?] Road as late as 1950--'45, I'll say.

LM: All right, let's go ahead, and anybody else would like to give their name and say anything, a quick one about what you remember?

KEN ANDERSON: My name is Ken Anderson.

LM: Would you stand?

Mr. Anderson stands.

OFF-CAMERA VOICES: Speak real loudly. Speak loudly.

KA: I don't talk very loud. My name is Ken Anderson, and I was born here in Dunwoody in 1937. My great-grandfather was Calvin Spruill, who Mr. Davis bought the property from. And my grandfather was Ambry Carpenter, and he taught Industrial Arts, as they called it--it was really blacksmithing--at Chamblee High School. Of course, my first-grade teacher was Glenn's mother, and, of course, we was in school with Mrs. Davis, who was principal all those years. I think I had one year under Mrs. Chambers before she either retired or something. But that was the great fear for kids in elementary school, was getting old enough to be in Mrs. Chambers's class. But we did survive that. By the time I came along, they did have a bus to haul all the kids from this part of the country over to Chamblee High School. And having worked for the Smith brothers, which was M. E. and Harold Smith at Chamblee High School, M. E. was the principal, and Mr. Harold Smith taught there. And they looked after this Industrial Arts Class, and also the county canning plant was at the high school. And my grandfather, when school wasn't in session, he ran the canning plant. And so, Prof Smith knew me from day one. And, boy, I got in more trouble [*laughter*], Prof knowing me, and I think he was expecting more, [inaudible] was able to deliver. But I delivered enough to get in trouble a lot.

But the gentleman asked about Mount Vernon Road. I believe Mount Vernon was named in 1936. The WPA, which was one of Roosevelt's programs, hand-dug that road out from what it was. It was called Powers Ferry before that time and went from--

OFF-CAMERA VOICE: You mean Paces Ferry?

KA: No, Powers Ferry. And it was a continuation of where Powers Ferry leaves Mount Vernon now and went straight on through. And I believe that's what the old land grants say. My mother's family arrived here in Dunwoody in 1829 and had lived on

what is now Mount Vernon. There are three of us still living on the original property that came out of that land grant. And my mom, who will be eighty-nine this year in May, and her sister, who will be eighty-five in March, all live right in a row on Mount Vernon. We're still on the original property. The rest of it has been sold off as generations passed on and was divided up and so forth.

The railroad that has been mentioned, the Roberts family originally owned and built that railroad, which Roberts Drive is named for. It was sold to the Southern Railroad around 1900. Mr. Ike Roberts continued to be the engineer and was the only engineer it ever had. And I think it [inaudible] somewhere in the 1924 range. And to answer the lady's question, I don't think she ever got it, about the cemetery, that it was called New Hope Cemetery [*positive audience comments*] is the name of it. Sue here's got a picture of the sign [inaudible]. But I'm like Sue, all of us were poor country folk. But everybody else was, too, so you didn't know the difference. But we had a great time. As John David talked about it, we had plenty of room to hunt, to fish, and do whatever we wanted to. The ballfield that was mentioned earlier about [name inaudible] and his ballfield, that was on Mount Vernon, about where the Georgia Federal Bank building--that may have gone out of business, but where the Dunwoody Village Parkway goes down into the village--the ballfield is right along in there.

UNKNOWN SPEAKER: That was second one?

KA: Right, that was where [inaudible] had his big team to play. Many a Saturday and Sunday afternoon we spent watching ballgames and chasing foul balls that came over the fence down into the woods, so we had a big time.

LM: Is there anyone else?

KA: One thing I failed to mention, and as we were talking a lot about the churches, my dad was pastor of the old First Baptist Church of Dunwoody in the mid-'40s. And after retiring from a 28-and-a-half-year career with General Motors, I now work for Dunwoody Baptist Church. So, we're carrying on the tradition in the family.

[*Off-camera background conversations interfere with audibility of other speakers' comments.*]

LM: Anybody else would like to--[*speaker rises, speaking, without identifying himself*] give your name.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: [Inaudible] social life a while ago. Sue kind of touched on it about how we'd alternate going to churches. But we had an ulterior motive. Each

[inaudible] you better go to each church so you'd get your name in the pot for the Christmas tree party. [Inaudible] had a Christmas tree, and everybody drew names. Well, you better go to church for two or three months before Christmas anyway to get your name in the pot. So that was one of the highlights I remember about the church functions. You don't see that anymore. Churches don't have Christmas trees. They used to have a Christmas program, everybody got up and made a speech--little kids, especially. And then they gave out presents. Santa Claus usually came out.

LM: Anyone else? Want to give your name and tell them your favorite memory of Dunwoody.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *rising*: My favorite memory of Dunwoody was one time I was invited to a birthday party down at the house that had the mudhole in front of it.

KSM, *off-camera*: My favorite house!

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *continuing*: The most elegant-looking gentleman I've ever seen, with his watch-chain going across to his pocket, and that was Mr. Ewell Spruill. That [*pointing to KSM*], I think is this granddaughter, I used to ride to town with--

KSM, *off-camera*: I'm the daughter, but thank you [*laughter*]. [*Various simultaneous audience comments*]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *continuing*: I didn't know I was that old! My daddy was Hal Henson [Hinson?], one of the meanest men in this area.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: But he was a very good guy.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *continuing*: [Inaudible phrase] Your folks were down on that side. That first house, that place up here, where all the chestnuts are, [inaudible comments from at least two people] didn't quite like him because he'd let them pick them for half the profits, which he never saw any profits [*laughter*]. And I [inaudible] when I came out of the Navy. I [inaudible] in the Navy. And I came back here because my daddy was paying me a hundred dollars a month in 1946, and the government was paying me a hundred dollars a month under the G.I. Bill. And I didn't have but two children up there then, and I nearly became--either the first Scoutmaster in this area or one that succeeded a defunct troop, I don't remember which it was. And then right away we had to move. Now, was I lucky, or was I unlucky? [*Laughter*] Those are my memories of Dunwoody, but that gentleman there named Ewell Spruill was really an elegant gentleman. [Next comment inaudible]. That's my story.

MALCOLM DAVIS, *standing*: I'm Malcolm Davis. I'm Manget Davis's son, Elizabeth Davis's son. And I'd just like to tell a little reminiscence from about the time World War II started. To put it in perspective, Glenn Austin's mother was teaching the first, second, and third grades in a three-room schoolhouse here about the time the parsonage was built up at the Methodist church. Kenneth's father was the preacher over at the Baptist church, and that's about the time it was, a little bit before Ms. Barrow moved out.

A friend of mine and I, on rainy days, would go down here on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, which was paved but had not been paved too long. And when it would rain, we would scrape up the dirt, the sand that had washed down the road, and build a dam across the road and make ourselves a swimming pool [*laughter*]. And we would wade and splash around, and about once or twice a day a car would come by and run over the dam and break it down, and we would get mad and shake our [*inaudible because of laughter*]. So, you can get an idea how much Dunwoody has changed since the start of World War II. I'd like to hear a few words from Mrs. Barrow, if she'd be so kind, about the Tilly Mill end of town.

MRS. BARROW: Well, we moved out here in 1948, '47--'46 or '47, I think. And I thought it was the end of the world. My husband wanted to get out of Atlanta and have some land and bought this place on Tilly Mill Road by [*rest inaudible*]. And I cried all the way out. And I had a little six-month-old baby, and we had a little well, and every time it rained, the pump would go off, and we didn't have any water. And we had a telephone that everybody had on the same line. So, it wasn't very long till the minister from the Methodist church rode his bicycle down to see us. And then Mrs. Spruill and Mrs. Floyd came to see me one day, and we started to the Methodist church, and then I began to love the people, and it was wonderful.

And one of the highlights was our Home Demonstration Club. We used to meet once a month. We learned to cook and sew and do all kinds of things. We entered in the fair out at Panthersville, and we always came out real good on that. And that's some of the main [*inaudible*]. I was a Baptist from Druid Hills Baptist Church, and then I joined the Methodist church. My daughter was Joan Barrow, and my son Billy Barrow.

LM: We've got about five minutes before we have to kind of get ready to vacate the room. [*Brief exchanges ensue, off-camera.*]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Could I have the floor?

LM: Yes, you may have it. You have one minute.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: I didn't know there was going to be so much conversation about the railroad today. I'm delighted. One of the youngest people in the room, a friend of mine, [inaudible] Michael Pitts [sp?]. Michael is a police officer in Roswell, and he's also the historian for the Historical Preservation Society in Roswell, as well as the National Park Service in Roswell. He's written a couple of books in the past, including one about the Federal raid on the mill in Roswell, when they shipped the workers off to that--raise your hand, Michael. [*Michael stands and is recognized.*] The point is, Michael has just completed two years' research on the Roswell-Chamblee Railroad. He's the world's leading authority [*laughter*]. He knows everything there is to know about it, and he's getting ready to publish a book totally devoted to the Roswell-Chamblee Railroad. So, if any of you have any questions about the railroad, you've got the resource right there.

LM: Thank you.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *sitting*: Thank you.

LM: We look forward to your book.

[*Camera pans to a group of people in a corner (one of whom is Mr. Pitts), who exchange inaudible comments relating to the upcoming book.*]

FIRST NAME CAROLYN, *just in front of the group where Mr. Pitts is standing*: Louise, I have one more question. I'm [inaudible phrase] speaking to all these people. I know y'all have been here awhile, but when we first moved up, we were rambling around in the woods, and we ran up on an area that is now River Oaks. And I believe one of the Cowan brothers has a home there now. But we were told that was an old hunting resort or summer place for the Nunnally family and that there were wealthy families that built places like that out in this area as a retreat for their families. Do you all know anything about that, and that was interesting to me.

KSM: We used to have a Wardlaw family, who had a large farm out on Mount Vernon, and there was acreage involved in that. But I'm not aware of the Nunnally--

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Off of Spalding, Carolyn?

CAROLYN: Yeah, it's off of Spalding. It's where River Oaks is back over to the left there. Back in there.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I think the guys at the old [Morris? Norris?] [inaudible] lived down the road here for a long time.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: You think that might have been what they were talking about?

CAROLYN?: But this was on Chamblee Dunwoody about where Broomfield is, a little bit south of that.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Oh, OK

LM: I want to thank all of you for coming. I think Suellen had a good idea that we needed to do this. And I thank her for motivating us to do it. I know y'all could talk; we could all talk all day. As I said, we have to let the children have their room back about 2:00. So, if you've got anything else to say, or you want to record your name or anything, there's still two video cameras, and I'm still holding one, and we'd be delighted to--

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *interrupting, off-camera*: [Name inaudible], you want to tell them about--what do you want to tell them about?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Tell them about having to rebuild Chamblee High School when it burned down.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I won't tell that, but I will tell that my father is the man that secured the land from Mr. [first and last names inaudible] for the Chamblee High School public school location and that I worked all summer long in the building of the school, toting bricks, mortar, and everything, and saved all my checks. And at the end of the summer I asked my dad to cash my checks. He said, "It's too bad. The money's all gone," so. [*Audience reaction*]

KSM: I'd just like to say on behalf of all the old-timers that we thank you for getting this together. We enjoyed lunch, and we do appreciate all the effort that went behind it.

Audience applause

SUELLEN MEARS: On behalf of the Historical Society, I cannot tell you what a pleasant event this has been for me. Louise has been working on me since about August, about what I knew or thought I knew about Dunwoody. And this has been an incredible experience. To come here and feel the warmth and the love you have for your community, it's just astounding. And so, from the Historical Society's perspective, not only did we get your history, but we got something much deeper that we will carry with us for a long time; and I really appreciate that. And that's what we ought to be about in our community. So, thanks a lot. It's been fun. Louise, thanks.

LM: Thank you.

As those present gather to leave, the conversations continue among themselves for a few minutes until the recording ends abruptly.

END OF RECORDING

Transcribed by cgs