

Three unidentified people are seated at a table: left to right, an adult man with his elderly mother, who is being interviewed by an unidentified woman, who is later referred to as "Delia." The recording opens in the middle of the elderly woman's comments. They are identified in this transcript as son, mother, and interviewer.

MOTHER: . . . paper, and I said, "Oh, I did? I am?"

And she said, "Yeah."

Well, nearly everybody works, you know, anymore, [inaudible] you don't see them, except they go to school. You know, they've got school. [Inaudible] all of them, anyhow.

SON: Mother?

MOTHER: I'm getting old enough now that I forget names.

SON: Mom?

INTERVIEWER: That's all right.

SON: Mama, hey, Mama. We're going to talk about Clarkston.

MOTHER: I'm telling her everything I know. [Laughter] You better get a lot of paper here.

INTERVIEWER: We have to get acquainted, don't we?

MOTHER: Yeah, that's right.

INTERVIEWER: All right. We will, though—

MOTHER: You might know some people I know.

INTERVIEWER: I think I might. I went to school in Clarkston for a while.

MOTHER: I'm sorry, I'm hard of hearing. [Inaudible] I'll see if I can do any better. Now, what did you ask me?

INTERVIEWER: I went to school in Clarkston, I did.

[Inaudible simultaneous comments]

MOTHER: Where did you live?

INTERVIEWER: I didn't live in Clarkston, but I went to school there.

MOTHER: Who was your teacher?

INTERVIEWER: Mrs. Ellington—

MOTHER: Oh, [inaudible]—

INTERVIEWER: --Mrs. [inaudible]

MOTHER: --of mine. See, I was younger. Ms. Minnie Thompson was mine.

INTERVIEWER: OK. Tell me about your schoolteachers and what school was like in Clarkston when you were there.

MOTHER: Just a two-room—

INTERVIEWER: OK, two rooms—

MOTHER: We had a big curtain, you know, like awning.

SON: That separated the two rooms?

MOTHER: Well, you know [inaudible] all the children [inaudible] younger. And [inaudible] the younger ones, [inaudible] wasn't interested but mine. But then you [inaudible], and lots of times they changed, and I forget all of them, but I particularly remember Ms. Minnie Thompson.

SON: How about the other one? Was her name Marie? OK.

MOTHER: I used to--you know, but [inaudible] call me my name, Mary.

SON: I said the other teacher.

MOTHER: Yeah, she's Ms. Minnie Sutton, Marie Sutton.

SON and INTERVIEWER: Marie Sutton

MOTHER: And her father worked in Atlanta with Tech, and they had to ride the train every morning at seven o'clock to get to work on time. But everybody along the way did.

INTERVIEWER: Tell me about that train. Describe it to me. Tell me what it was really like—

MOTHER: It was just like any other train, and I was dying to get on there, but I was too young. But I worked hard to get there, but my daughter—sister, then--she [inaudible], see, I've gotten sister--

SON: [Inaudible comment]

MOTHER: --my sister and daughter mixed up, and I dream about them, [inaudible] I have dreams. But anyway, she went to school here. And I forget the name of the lady that had a girls' school, and she went to school here with a friend down there named Rose Barrow. And I wish I knew [inaudible], but I don't think she's living now.

INTERVIEWER: Now, that school where it was all girls, girls' school [inaudible].

MOTHER: Everybody

INTERVIEWER: Oh, everybody? OK.

SON: Was that Aunt [name inaudible], went to school here in Decatur?

MOTHER: Yeah, with her friend Rose [background noise; comments inaudible] finished up down there, you know, and came down here. But I didn't get that far. So before I got to going, we moved back to Atlanta.

INTERVIEWER: All right. The Clarkston school went through what grades?

MOTHER: Did it do what?

INTERVIEWER: What grades did the Clarkston school cover?

MOTHER: Oh, I think it went to eleven or twelve.

INTERVIEWER: OK

MOTHER: Mm-hm. And—

SON: Did you study music in that school?

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: Did they have music?

MOTHER: Music? No, no, [inaudible] any kind of music. But I just—this was outside. Did you ever hear of Ms. Head?

INTERVIEWER: No, I don't think I have. Who was she?

MOTHER: Well, she didn't teach at school. She was a music teacher.

SON: Where was she?

MOTHER: She was out in Decatur somewhere. I didn't know her house. I never did go to it. But she had us to come to the city hall, and she taught there. And she had—we had the music lessons in the summer, you know, during that time, during vacation. And I was one of them [inaudible] anything, but I loved music. And I said the first thing that I ever played--I was a little girl--was "Just As I Am" with my finger and played "Just As I Am." So I've always played but can't play now on account of my [inaudible].

INTERVIEWER: Was this on the piano that you played?

MOTHER: Always had a piano, all my life. And we had a flat-top, you know, the kind like this. And my other grandmother had a black—oh, what do you call—

INTERVIEWER: An upright or grand--

SON: Spinet?

MOTHER: No, it wasn't a spinet, it's [inaudible]—

INTERVIEWER: A grand piano?

MOTHER: No, but the make of it, I mean.

INTERVIEWER: Baldwin?

MOTHER: A nice—it was a nice piano. But this other one was nice, too, but it just was bought a little sooner.

SON: Mother, tell her about your Grandfather Kinney.

MOTHER: Grandfather Kinney, well, he always lived there, as far as I knew, see. And when we lived in Atlanta, my father [inaudible] every Christmas, every New Year, vacation, we'd come down here and spend his summer with them, and he'd come from work on Saturdays and come to see us. Mama had three or four children, and she wanted to bring them to the country, you know. And so Grandpa Kinney had a farm—a big one—up there at—do you know where the Coolidges live?

INTERVIEWER: Near the Coolidge Road?

MOTHER: The property came together—

INTERVIEWER: Yes. Is that near Coolidge Road?

MOTHER: Huh?

INTERVIEWER: Is that near Tucker, and then Coolidge Road and Clarkston?

SON: Where is it? Where did the Coolidges live?

MOTHER: Lived just over the line. We [inaudible]—his property came to the line. And he had a lot of property there. [Inaudible phrase] grapes and things and a lot of fruit and had all kind of cantaloupes and watermelon and everything. And then from the house, backdoor steps, we'd come on down and go down in his pasture. He had a nice pasture.

SON: What line was the house on? The Clarkston line or the Decatur-Atlanta line or what line? When you said the house right on the line—

MOTHER: Right on the highway. Right on the highway. And the Coolidges came down every summer to spend their vacation, and then she had a—Mr. Coolidge had a sister who came. Her name was Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Martin, they lived in another section of town, because Mr. Coolidge had his a long time. I guess he didn't have room for her. He had several boys and one girl, Carol Coolidge. And you know, I'm not going to remember any of them—

INTERVIEWER: That's all right.

MOTHER: --and then the little daughter, I believe it was Mary Frances Coolidge. I'm not sure [inaudible]. But they came down, and they were wealthy people in Atlanta, real wealthy. And so Mr. and Mrs. Martin and her family, they lived here. But you

know, we had nice people to come down and live for the summer. And we'd all meet at church, you know, at times. And we—

SON: What church?

MOTHER: We joined to the Baptist church.

INTERVIEWER: In Clarkston?

MOTHER: I've been a Baptist since I was this big and always will be. And—

SON: Well, Grandpa Kinney, he had that store that apothecary--

MOTHER: He had—no, Grandpa Kinney had this store down here, had everything.

SON: Where, in Clarkston?

MOTHER: Yeah, on the corner.

INTERVIEWER: In Clarkston?

MOTHER: In that brick corner, it's still probably there. I don't know, I haven't seen it lately.

SON: What all did he have in there?

MOTHER: Oh, everything. They had [inaudible—could be “cloth”?]. And I know one thing, he had a barrel of brown sugar. And, you know, when we'd come back from school with friends, we'd come in, a bunch of them, and we'd go find that brown sugar and go in there and get some. He had to call us down.

INTERVIEWER: That sounds good.

MOTHER: We all liked that brown sugar. I wouldn't have anything too sweet now—

SON: When did they put the post office in there?

MOTHER: Oh, yeah, and his store was kind of a corner—it had the whole corner. And so I don't remember this first part about the post office or who had it or how we ever got any mail. I just don't remember that. But I do remember that they had an election, and the [inaudible] my father had died [inaudible]. Mama had to come home, and she had four, and—let's see--I'm the middle one—three girls and a boy. And so when we came down, the people elected him. I don't really remember anything about it since it happened. So the government came down and built it on the corner, built a [inaudible], putting in the boxes and everything, and put a door, and you had to go in Grandpa's store so she wouldn't be alone [inaudible comment] to get into the post office.

SON: And what was her job?

MOTHER: She was the postmistress. But now I can think, I don't know of any before her.

INTERVIEWER: And what was her name?

MOTHER: Ida

INTERVIEWER: Ida?

MOTHER: Ida Johnson

INTERVIEWER: All right

SON: Ida Marie

MOTHER: No, she didn't have any Marie. That's my name.

SON: Well, your name was Ida Marie, but what was her name, just Ida?

MOTHER: Ida Louella

SON: Louella! That's what I was trying to—

MOTHER and INTERVIEWER: Ida Louella Kinney—

MOTHER: --before she married, of course. And—I don't know how old she was when she married, but Papa died so young and left her with so many children.

SON: Well, are the Kinneys of Clarkston, did they have that apothecary downtown?

MOTHER: I don't--down—you mean under that viaduct? I don't—

SON: What's that street?

MOTHER: I don't know what he had. I just remember him talking about him having it, a business down there under the viaduct.

SON: What's that street?

MOTHER: That's McDaniel, I think it is.

SON: Yeah, [inaudible] right, McDaniel Street, that's right. So I think that that Kinney's Apothecary is the place under there that was the same Kinney as out there.

MOTHER: Well, I don't know that. I was too little [inaudible].

INTERVIEWER: I understand. But you remember brown sugar, don't you?

[Laughs]

MOTHER: I remember a lot. And so then my other grandfather, Johnson, he had a place down there, too. And I remember—

SON: Down where?

MOTHER: Under the viaduct. And I don't know what he sold, either. But they both did—both of them did well and made plenty money.

INTERVIEWER: What was that Johnson, your Grandfather Johnson's, first name?

MOTHER: George

INTERVIEWER: George

MOTHER: George N. Johnson. I don't remember what the N was for—I guess Nathan or something. George N. Johnson.

SON: You were pretty good friends with the Jollys?

MOTHER: Oh, yes

INTERVIEWER: Tell me about some of the families in Clarkston that were your friends.

MOTHER: Oh, well, the Jollys I don't know. But I knew them from the beginning until the end. I don't know whether there's any down there now or not. But the youngest one was Kate, and she married Henry Wansley.

SON: The Wansley Moving Company?

MOTHER: Uh-huh

INTERVIEWER: OK

MOTHER: [Inaudible] Henry was correct. The Wansley is right, but Henry Wansley--that might have been his brother. Rube! Rube was her husband.

INTERVIEWER: Rube

MOTHER: I thought that was wrong. Well, we sat together in school; you had double seats, and Kate and I were good friends, very good friends. And while we were there for a while, you know that big [inaudible] house down on the corner [inaudible]? Well, we lived in part of that.

SON: The Walls' house

MOTHER: The Walls' house. So we lived there a while. But Kate was always after me, because all of the older ones were going out and marrying and getting a wedding, the girls. And so Kate was always having me at her house, and I enjoyed it, and she did. And I remember that one night I was spending the night there, Mrs. Jolly went out and got a featherbed and put it on the bed, and Kate and I slept on that featherbed. That was new stuff to me. And then another thing she had, they, like my grandfather, they had a big farm. And he killed hogs, and so did my grandfather. And they made sausage, and they had a box on the back porch where they kept it. And so

when Kate and I got up for breakfast, she'd go in there and get us some of that sausage and cook it for our breakfast. Just a little old thing like that [inaudible].

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I have. When you killed hogs, did you have a special time for that, like a hog day or just a whole day? What did you do at hog-killing time? Did all the family help? How did you children participate in that?

MOTHER: In what time?

INTERVIEWER and SON: In hog-killing time.

INTERVIEWER: When you killed hogs, hog-killing day. Did you work with your mother and father, or did you go off and play?

MOTHER: I worked some, but I got on the train to go Atlanta to work. And, of course, I went to school some up there, the Southern Business College. But [inaudible] what you want to know at this question. I didn't understand it.

SON: The sausage that was on the back porch? She just wondered, did you ever participate in the hog-killing or—

MOTHER: Oh, land, no. No, I didn't have anything to do with it. I remember at my other family where we lived, I have a picture of that house in Austell, because that's where we lived then. And, of course, I don't know what the Jollys had there, but I know they did it, and we liked it. And, let's see, what else do you want to know about that?

INTERVIEWER: All right. What are some other friends that you had in Clarkston besides the Jollys? What name [inaudible]?

MOTHER: It was several Jollys in [inaudible] home was here. There was Jolly, lived over on the other side, and Tim Jolly lived next door to us one time.

SON: Were they in the store business?

MOTHER: [Inaudible] not to bother. The father was past all that, because he [inaudible]. We're the same age. And—

SON: Did they compete with your Grandpapa Kinney?

MOTHER: Well, Grandpapa was the end of the line, and he had a long piece of property way down to here. And we took in some boarders, and he had two houses, and down here he had a fish pond, where one time he got a bright idea, and he started making some concrete blocks. So he made some concrete blocks, and he built himself a house up here in the vacant lot on his own property.

SON: Who, Grandpa Kinney?

MOTHER: Yeah, uh-huh. I'd like you to take me by there. How far is it from here?

SON: Well, I might do that. What was that other family that you used to see a lot of?

MOTHER: Estes?

INTERVIEWER: Yes, tell me about the Estes.

MOTHER: Well, they were Estes. The Estes, there were four of them, you know, [not] counting their mother and father. So we—they were there before we were, and [inaudible] we lived in the second house. And it was Vera and Maynard and Newport and—who did I tell you the [inaudible]—Clark.

SON: Clark

MOTHER: Uh-huh. C-L-A-R-K.

SON: Vera, Maynard, Newport, and Clark, plus the mother and father.

MOTHER: What was their name?

SON: Estes

INTERVIEWER: Jabez? Jabe? Did you call her father Jabe Estes, or Jabez?

MOTHER: I think it was. And see [rest of comment inaudible], you know. And [inaudible] had a brother, [inaudible]. They lived in another place, but I didn't know him. But they lived on the same street—Main Street.

INTERVIEWER: Main Street?

MOTHER: Mm-hm

SON: You lived in two houses in Clarkston.

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: You lived in a second house in Clarkston.

MOTHER: Oh, yes.

SON: What was that street?

MOTHER: Oh, I don't know.

SON: It's around the corner.

MOTHER: [Inaudible comment] It didn't have a name that I remember, and anyhow I don't remember it. Did you ever hear of Minnie Gouch?

INTERVIEWER: No, I didn't know her. Tell me about Ms. Gouch.

MOTHER: Well, I don't know much about her, but I lived on—we lived in that boarding house. And then when it was vacant, we moved back two houses to [rest inaudible]. And then next door Miss Minnie Boyd lived, but I remember her.

SON: Miss Minnie Warwick

MOTHER: And she [inaudible]. She'd always have [inaudible] entertain the young ones. She'd play songs from way back and love songs for us, you know. We'd sit around while she played.

INTERVIEWER: Tell me about those songs. Do you remember any of them? Can you sing any of them or hum them?

MOTHER: Do I remember what?

INTERVIEWER: Any of the songs that Ms. Warwick played. The music. Do you remember how it sounded?

MOTHER: What—how it sounded?

SON: She said, "Do you remember any of the songs that Ms. Warwick played?"

MOTHER: I probably did [inaudible] as little love songs.

SON: What are they?

MOTHER: I couldn't [rest inaudible]. [*Sings the chorus from the old song "Give My Love to Nellie, Jack"*]:

"Give my name to Nellie, Jack,

Tell her once—and kiss her once for me

She's the sweetest girl in all the world

I know you'll say the same—"

I can't sing.

INTERVIEWER: That's good! That's interesting.

MOTHER: But anyway, there was one, and then—I don't know, we had so many. And that's what we did lived on, and she—and then one week we had—the town hall, you know. Then the Methodist Church was here, and the Baptist Church was over here. And so when we went to prayer meeting, it's nights, on Wednesday, all of the young folks went, they didn't what else to do, everybody was there. But then after that was over, they'd come to my house, and I'd play and sing and sing with them. And we had a lot of fun. That's the way we entertained ourselves.

SON: Mother plays by ear.

INTERVIEWER: Good! That's marvelous.

MOTHER: I play by ear and by note.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, that's wonderful. Who were some of the ministers at the church, some of the preachers—

MOTHER: Oh, I wish I could remember that. But to my knowledge, [inaudible] was under a tent meeting for the Methodists [inaudible] Nate Thompson, but I forget the name of our church [inaudible]. I forget his name. But that brings back somebody else I know. Did you get that?

INTERVIEWER: Yes, oh, yes.

MOTHER: Did you ever hear of the Rains? R-A [E?]-I-N-S, Rains? Well, they [inaudible], as I told you, nearly everybody came down there [inaudible], and we didn't have anything to do with anybody but the [inaudible] we [inaudible] family. Well, now, you see, you go around there, and you know [inaudible]?

SON: Yes, she knows—

INTERVIEWER: Yes—I know about it.

MOTHER: You know, you cross the railroad, go up the hill, and there's the town hall and the Methodist Church and then the Baptist Church—

INTERVIEWER: Yes

MOTHER: And then the street, and the street goes out into another one. And there on the corner was where the Johnsons lived. Now, they're no relation of mine, but [inaudible]. And then we turn back this way, and what was I trying to find out first?

INTERVIEWER: You mentioned the Rains.

SON: Rains

MOTHER: [Inaudible] the school, went to school that way, down at the school way down there somewhere. What was the name?

SON: The Rains

INTERVIEWER: Rains

MOTHER: Oh, the Rains, oh, they were the nicest people. It was Mr. and Mrs. Rains and Wilhelmina and Miss Beulah. And Wilhelmina was my age, and she joined the church when I did, along with others. And they didn't have a baptistry, see, so we had to go to the water. And so I went from Grandpapa's, through the pasture on down to the creek till I met the others down there. They had to come around this way somewhere to get to it. But I was there, and we were all baptized there in the creek.

SON: What creek was that, do you know?

MOTHER: Sweetwater Creek

INTERVIEWER: Sweetwater Creek

MOTHER: Wait a minute--Sweetwater Creek—Sweetwater—no! Peachtree, I believe. Anyway, we'll find out which one it is.

INTERVIEWER: All right

MOTHER: Because we had another farm in Austell, and I think it was Sweetwater.

INTERVIEWER: I think you're right. I think Peachtree Creek fork runs there near Sams's farm. Do you remember Mr. Sams's farm? Sams? R. F. Sams's farm? Dick Sams?

SON: Sams. You know Mr. Sams and his farm?

MOTHER: I know—they—I know where he lived and all, but did they—and they lived out at the end. They lived across the street, I believe, across the railroad up there [inaudible] to the Coolidges [inaudible]. They lived on that side, I believe it was, I couldn't be sure. But he had—he died--worked for the same company Hiram did.

SON: Who's that? Mr. Sams?

MOTHER: Mm-hm

SON: Who'd he work for? Who—oh, Jamie and Caroline McKenna.

[Inaudible responses]

SON: Did you or did they have--

MOTHER: [Inaudible] McKenna, I believe that was [rest inaudible]. No, that wasn't--[inaudible] Reed, and we were good friends. We were the same age, and we—and [inaudible] had the prettiest little garden you ever saw. And every Saturday afternoon, the four o'clock train came in, and he brought her [inaudible]. And he was a [inaudible—could be "Campbell"?] of the [inaudible—could be "Campbell"?] [inaudible—could be "Broom" or "Brewing"?] Company in Atlanta. He was [inaudible] part of it. And so he--they wanted to get married, and you know, she didn't give up and go to Atlanta and have a big wedding, which she could have done. They were such lovely people. And they liked me, and they take me out to their house and had dinner [inaudible]. Then they [inaudible] and brought back to the church to [inaudible]. But I was crazy about them, and they were me. And so Miss Vera had this wedding, and all her class—she taught our class, too. And so she just wanted to get married, and then she had to have a lot of flowers and things, you know. So the class got together and

went all out in the fields and everywhere and picked goldenrod and anything that was growing, and it made a pretty altar.

INTERVIEWER: That's pretty!

MOTHER: And you know, she was a beautiful thing, and he didn't mind [inaudible] he was well-to-do. And I'll never forget that wedding. And they just come in the summer and go back to town, but we knew one another well enough. But I was-- that wedding was what I wanted to tell you. Now, what else?

INTERVIEWER: All right, I'd like to know more about the wedding. What did people wear? What kind of clothing?

MOTHER: Well, [inaudible]. We'd wear, you know, like I was telling Irene, my daughter, coming up here, we were talking about the clothes. One of Kate's sisters, one of the Jollys. She was a beautiful girl, too. Now, all of them were beautiful, but what I'm getting at, and I'm no [inaudible] beauty she was. And she—and she had friends—Miss [inaudible]. And they lived in one of those houses there close to the Baptist Church. And then Julian Pace, he was a minister. But I don't think he taught [inaudible], but he had been teaching, preaching somewhere [inaudible].

SON: But you said, I think you were talking about clothes.

INTERVIEWER: The kind of clothes they wore

MOTHER: Oh, they wore the prettiest clothes you ever saw. Did you ever see— now, who was that girl in the movie, where she and her sister sang so much [inaudible]? She's not doing so much now. She hurt herself, fell and hurt herself. Don't you remember that girl in the movie?

INTERVIEWER: I should remember. I'm not sure which one you mean.

MOTHER: Well—

SON: Is it a old movie or a new movie?

MOTHER: You know, we rented [inaudible] to see [inaudible]

SON: Was it George Washington or something?

MOTHER: No, now I'm talking about down in Clark—down in--

SON: Well, that's all right.

MOTHER: Well, I don't know. But anyway—what did--

SON: We were talking about clothes.

INTERVIEWER: Clothes at the wedding [inaudible].

MOTHER: They had [inaudible] and lace.

INTERVIEWER: [Inaudible] and lace--beautiful, right?

MOTHER: Just made beautifully, and I had some, too. And I learned to sew all by myself. Mama had plenty to do, and I used to make doll clothes myself. And I got [inaudible]. Once in a while we'd go barefooted. [Inaudible] hurt my foot. And I remember one time I stuck a nail in it, and so they humored me by getting a card table and putting it—the house was up off the ground, and you put your [inaudible] out, and [inaudible] made doll clothes for my dolls. And some of Mama's baby clothes I [inaudible], you know, the underclothes [inaudible]. And I don't know, I just sewed all the time, because I had to sit there and do nothing. What the others did, I don't know. But I would like to sew. I've been sewing all my life until now. Since my eyes are bad, I can't do any sewing and no reading and no what else.

SON: Who all was in your class, Mother?

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: You remember who was in your class?

MOTHER: Just the Suttons. There was two or three Suttons—there's four Sutton girls [inaudible]. Let's see, there was Hazel and Howard and Harold and Winfred, and they called him Fred. Now, Hazel, I understand, is gone now. But I think Fred is still living, but not here. I don't know where. We had—my daughter [inaudible] had a party for me [inaudible], and that's a long time after that. And [inaudible] Tribble—do you know [inaudible] Tribble or Jean Tribble?

INTERVIEWER: I remember that name.

MOTHER: Uh-huh, well, they came. And—

SON: Who else was in that school class? The Suttons and Kate, John—

MOTHER: Yeah, Kate [inaudible] younger sister of that other one was Carol. She left town to get married herself. And so Kate married Rube Wansley. They moved right next door to them, you know there's a wide place between them. And so they [inaudible]. Rube finally died, and Kate died not too long ago. Kate died in—

SON: Who else was in that class?

MOTHER: I can't remember [inaudible]. What class you mean? Sunday—

SON: Any class

MOTHER: Oh [inaudible] I've got a picture—school picture.

SON: Do you have a school picture? Sometime if you'll give it to me, I'll make a copy of it, and I'll give it to Delia.

MOTHER: Do you think she'd be interested in it?

INTERVIEWER: I certainly would. We keep pictures like that for people to come and do history studies and so forth to see what it used to be like in the early schools and churches. I was wondering about your family life, your shopping. When you needed groceries, when you lived in Clarkston, where did you go?

MOTHER: Well, before we left Clarkston, my older sister went—came—went to Bessie Tift, went to college at Bessie Tift, but she didn't stay long, because she got homesick. But we all hated that, because we did everything we could and made everything pretty for her. She had pretty clothes, and she was a pretty girl. But I think she was in love. She was in love with one of the Barretts. You've heard of the Barretts? Oh, there's a lot of them. There's Mrs. Barrett, Rose—no, Edgar—Rose I said, and Deely [spelling?]

SON: And who?

MOTHER: Deely [spelling?]

SON: Deely [spelling?]

MOTHER: Deely [spelling?] and Wiley and Otto and Estelle. That's all.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, my

SON: She's—you're a marvel.

INTERVIEWER: That's marvelous!

SON: She's marvelous how she remembers these people.

INTERVIEWER: All right. Now, you remember the Barretts. And let's see, our question was—

SON: Where'd you buy groceries?

INTERVIEWER: Where did you buy groceries? Where did you shop?

MOTHER: Wait, honey, I didn't understand—

SON, *to Mother*: She asked you about where y'all shopped in Clarkston. Did you buy groceries?

MOTHER: Oh, yeah, we bought them from Grandpapa, of course. But he had so much envy from the others. Now, Kate, as I told you, and I were the best of friends, and the family liked me. But those two—now, I don't want you to tell that—

INTERVIEWER: All right

MOTHER: --because of that, those brothers were so mean to my grandfather. They were jealous of him, because he had the best store, had everything in it. He had

the post office, and he had good friends. He had a lot to do with the Masons. But they were younger, but they were grown men, but they were so jealous of him, everybody knew. You know, [inaudible] envy—that's the right word [inaudible] between them. And so—but they didn't interfere with Kate and I, because we were just good friends. We loved one another. I went over to see her while she was sick. I come down here—Richard would take me sometimes. And so Kate came, and she got sick and was in the hospital. And so I got—I was going home, back to wherever I was—where was I living? Where I am?

SON: Maybe

MOTHER: And so Richard took me. And during that next week she died. But she was always glad to see me. She said, "Oh, there comes Marie!" And—but we really loved one another. We were--

SON: Well, Mother, did you know—how did you get around, transportation-wise? Did you have a buggy?

MOTHER: No, we—it wasn't that bad. We went on foot. We went on our feet. But, you know, one thing about it, Kate did have a chance—it wasn't traveling, but, as I told you, her father had a farm, too. My grandfather did, too. And her father I know had one horse. And so we tried to ride that horse for fun. But we'd ride it sometimes, just around a little. Now, my grandfather had two big white horses, one named Fred, one named Nellie. And he kept them for a long time. And he had one of the biggest, pretty carriages with the fringe on the top. And we lived at that end of Clarkston, and the schools were at this end. And so if the weather was bad, then he had [inaudible] work that he did everything—

SON: What was his name?

MOTHER: Tom. That was his name, Tom. And when he would bring in [inaudible] all to the farms, so he drove. See, my grandfather and grandmother had two children [grandchildren?] our age, and so we all got in the carriage, and we came to school. And the school lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon. And then—but there were other times when it snowed and get cold. You know how everything thaw up, [inaudible]. Well, we wore overshoes and greatcoats, and we walked. We had fun during then. And sometimes after church, especially the Baptists [inaudible] afternoon, well, it just happened that way. So then we went out to walk the railroad track. We'd walk on the line, see, and just something to have fun. We didn't know what to do.

There wasn't anything to do. But we all would do things. Everybody did it some. I happened to do some of it, and let's see what else. And we—

SON: Did Hiram court you on the train out there?

MOTHER: Who?

SON: Hiram

MOTHER: Who courted me?

SON: Hiram

MOTHER: Hiram? Well, no, he didn't. He'd come on—he come all the way to Atlanta, not that way. But--

SON: I say, did he come to Clarkston?

MOTHER: Yeah, that's where he met me. He came to Clarkston to see my sister, because he met her at school. And he dated her at school, boys' school. And so he came down on his bicycle to see my sister, but she wasn't there. And so I happened to be there. I [inaudible] but I was outside, you know. And so he got to meet me. And so, of course, we talked, Mama and all, but he was talking [inaudible]. And so we sat there—I don't know what we talked about now, I've forgotten. But I know when I started to go home, he ran home with me. He took his time [inaudible]. And of course, I had the piano there, and we started playing and singing from then on.

INTERVIEWER: And made beautiful music together

MOTHER: And I tell you, I enjoyed that, and he loved to sing. And I can look back now and just imagine [Inaudible]—now this is just before we married--I could hear him singing. I'd look up at him, and his mouth was—his head was thrown back, and he was just singing. He sang tenor. But the other boy that I went with sang—

SON: What was his name?

MOTHER: Tom Blair. You ever hear of [inaudible]?

SON: Tom Blair? Where'd he live?

MOTHER: He lived on the way to school—

SON: In Clarkston?

MOTHER: In the Bishop home

SON: In the Bishop home?

MOTHER: And then—what was Esther's husband's name?

SON: Darden

MOTHER: Darden. I think they lived there, too, later. Let me see what else—

SON: What school did Hiram go to in Decatur, the boys' school?

MOTHER: I don't know what the boy's name--maybe she [the Interviewer] does.

He and Hugh both, the older brother—

SON: Hugh and Hiram went to that boys' school?

MOTHER: I don't know what the name was—

INTERVIEWER: Is it the Donald Fraser School?

MOTHER: Huh?

INTERVIEWER: The Donald Fraser School in Decatur? That was a school for boys on Clairemont.

MOTHER: Uh-huh, but I don't remember the name of it.

SON: Donald Fraser

MOTHER: Oh, yeah

INTERVIEWER: That's it?

MOTHER: Yeah, that's it. I couldn't remember.

SON, *to Interviewer*: She can't understand you as well as my pitch.

INTERVIEWER: All right

MOTHER: No, I didn't know the beginnings at all, but I just knew my husband. And he knew me and liked me so well, he was always coming to see me. And he got— finally he got a job from Mr. Clayton that built the courthouse.

SON: This courthouse?

MOTHER: The courthouse—

SON: In Decatur?

MOTHER: Atlanta

SON: Oh, in Atlanta

MOTHER: Mm-hm, and he was a bookkeeper. And so he told me he thought he [inaudible]. And you know, he'd been out in the yard, and [inaudible] we'd do that every day.

INTERVIEWER: That sounds romantic.

MOTHER: We really thought a lot of one another, and he'd meet me each time when I got off of work to go home with me.

SON: What did your brother do in Clarkston?

MOTHER: I didn't have but a little brother.

SON: Oh, he was too young.

MOTHER: Yeah. He was—I think he wasn't more than twelve or fourteen or something like that. No big brother. I had three brothers, but two of them are dead, babies. And this one lived for a while, and he got tired of [inaudible] left here, and he went out West. And so we didn't see much of him until he—well, he'd write, but we didn't see him very often. But one afternoon Hiram—my husband was named Hiram—we both hated it. He hated his name, and I did, too. But we had to have it.

SON: Where did you go to the hospital? Did y'all have a hospital in Clarkston?

MOTHER: Wait a minute, [inaudible] what sick people do. We didn't get sick. Oh, we had Dr. Collinsworth. He lived on the street. We didn't have a hospital, though, but he came to see us, Dr. Collinsworth.

SON: Did he have a buggy?

MOTHER: I imagine he did, but I don't remember. I bet he did. And then we had another doctor, and I can't think of his name. And then when my little brother died, we wanted one of them, but the one we wanted had gone hunting, and my little brother died. He had the croup, and this other one didn't know how to do it. And they—oh, my, I hate to think—

SON: Well, did you have undertakers in Clarkston?

MOTHER: No, but we had in Decatur. But I don't know but—using those. I think we took them to Atlanta. H. M. Patterson buried all the Johnsons.

SON: H. M. Patterson

MOTHER: H. M. Patterson. And in Decatur, Mr. Turner's. I worked with Myrtice Turner. Do you know her?

INTERVIEWER: You did? No, I don't, but I know the men, the Turners.

MOTHER: So I don't know who she married, but I knew—

SON: Where did you work with Myrtice?

MOTHER: At the telephone company. She worked on this side, and I worked on that side. We had a lot of books to keep, you know, and lines to be changed and everything. I was about seventeen or eighteen. I married when I was twenty-one.

SON: Where was Ms. Head?

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: Where was Ms. Head, the music teacher?

MOTHER: Oh, she was down in this part, and we lived up in this part.

SON: Were you talking about in Clarkston or in Decatur?

MOTHER: I'm talking about Clarkston now.

SON: Did she have a husband?

MOTHER: Wait a minute—it might have been Decatur. [Inaudible] come on the streetcar.

SON: They came on the streetcar from Clarkston?

MOTHER: Virginia, Virginia did, because she [inaudible—could be “lived in”?] Decatur. But Minnie had taught at the town hall. That was a good time. You know, I hate to brag on myself, because I've always been timid and all, but you know I've managed well in my life. Like everybody says to me, when they found out how I won, they said, “You must've had a good life.”

I said, “Well, I sure have.” I said, “I've tried to live right, and I have a lot of friends.” And I didn't dare [say], “I've got better friends than I have relatives.” [Interviewer laughs.] I've got some good friends, real good friends.

And—but anyway, Ms. Head, I [inaudible] say, Kate and I both liked music. She could play better than I could by ear. I could play by ear and notes. And she could, too, but she could do better, and I'll give her credit. So during this recital she gave with us, we had a piano solo—duet. I knew I'd ball it up somehow.

INTERVIEWER: That's all right.

MOTHER: And so they gave me the bass; she played the treble. Well, I didn't want it, because I didn't want to play it, but I liked to play my way. So Ms. Head wanted you to play by note, but I had my own tune, you know. And then she—did you ever hear that song, “I'm tying the leaves so they won't come down, so Nellie won't go away”? She tried to teach me that, and I wanted to play it my way.

SON: What's the rest of the words?

MOTHER: I can't remember them right now.

SON: What was the title of that song?

MOTHER: “I'm Tying the Leaves”—so the wind won't blow them away, so Nellie won't go away. You know, Nellie was going to die, you know, when the leaves turned. And so he says he's up there tying the leaves. And then she had one that had a ring around like this and all of us were dressed up, and we all had a song to sing. And I was thinking of the song the other day, and I knew that I thought it was so sweet. Let's see how that goes. It'll come to me, because it's the prettiest thing.

SON: What's her first name, Ms. Head?

MOTHER: I don't know Ms. Head's first name, but she was sweet and sweet to me, and I loved her. And she knew I was backward, and she tried to bring me out, you know. I've always been shy. I remember one time when I was little and living in Atlanta—lived on Ashby Street then, that's where we lived first. And even just a relative was coming, and I didn't want [inaudible], so I ran and got under the bed, I didn't want to see them. I'll never forget it.

INTERVIEWER: Music is so much of your life.

MOTHER: Huh?

INTERVIEWER: Music is so much of your life.

MOTHER: Yeah, I remembered every bit of it, and I can't remember it. I was telling Virginia about it.

SON: Did y'all sing—did you ever sing in the church choir?

MOTHER: No, we just sang church music. We'd just sing [inaudible]. It was kind of a choir. I even played the organ there sometimes.

SON: At the First Baptist—at the Baptist church?

MOTHER: No, sir. At the Methodist is where I played, but I was Baptist. But I played at the church. At this time, they wanted--Ms. Mauck--did you know Ms. Mauck?

INTERVIEWER: Mauck?

MOTHER: M-A-U-C-K. She was a big Methodist. It's her daughter. She had a grown daughter, a beautiful daughter. And she played the organ, and she had a daughter next to her, was nice-looking but not as pretty, but pretty enough. She played violin for church. And then we had a man to play the cornet. His name was Curtis Oslan [spelling?] lived right down there. I think I'm in Clarkston.

SON: I know. That's OK.

INTERVIEWER: That's all right.

SON: Curtis what?

MOTHER: Lived on that main street and lived on the corner. And we lived on this other corner.

SON: He played the clarinet?

INTERVIEWER: Cornet, I believe she said.

SON: Cornet

INTERVIEWER: Cornet

SON: And what's his name—Curtis what?

MOTHER: Oslan [spelling?]

SON: Oslan [spelling?]

MOTHER: O-S- [inaudible—sounds like “L-A-N”] And they had two children, Curtis Oslan [spelling?] and—I knew before I made the mistake I thought of the name—oh, yeah. Rosalie. I don't know if any of them are living or not, so we just got away, you know, and haven't been back.

SON: So they played the cornet, the violin, the organ—

MOTHER: Yeah, we had that kind of music, but it wasn't the same people. But the Maucks played the organ and the violin. And so one Sunday, they wasn't there, and they knew I could play, and they asked me to play, and I played in Sunday school, just one time. Just one time. And then they had a celebration—you know, those were the times they'd have celebrations. And so most [inaudible] they don't separate much.

SON: You talking about the Baptists and the Methodists?

MOTHER: Yeah, and that's when we had—we had a Christian in the afternoon. He came down here Sunday at four and got [inaudible] at the town hall and preached for a while.

SON: A Christian preacher?

MOTHER: I don't know his name.

SON: But y'all had a celebration?

MOTHER: Well, we had a celebration—had a celebration. And so I know my grandmother, she got the horse and wagon hitched up. And she went—she was a good cook, and one of the main things she made was salmon croquettes. And I loved those the way she made them. And let's see, what else did I have in mind before that?

SON: Well, I think you were talking about getting together with the music maybe, the celebration.

MOTHER: Oh, yeah, that I was going to play—I had to play there—just a little bit, for the same reason, something happened. They wanted somebody to take it upon them at this particular time. And I played a little of it, but I couldn't do that well, but I could do enough that they could sing.

INTERVIEWER: Was the celebration every year?

MOTHER: Yeah. Now this, I don't know where this celebration was. We had one at Indian Creek, we had one at—

SON: Indian Creek?

MOTHER: And then they had one at—I can't think of it.

SON: What's that—

MOTHER: Played at Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom Kinney [inaudible]. He was at Tucker.

SON: Tucker

MOTHER: Tucker, Georgia. He had a store there, just like Grandpapa. But he didn't have as large a store, he had a small one.

SON: Did you ever go to Rehoboth?

MOTHER: I've been there. They have things there, but not [inaudible] remember much about it. But I've been there. Whatever they went, the crowds, we went, too. But right now, I guess you know about Helen, Georgia, don't you?

INTERVIEWER: Yes

MOTHER: And I wanted to be there today, but I couldn't be there, because of coming here.

SON: Well, we'll go there another day.

MOTHER: Yeah, but then they don't have all this stuff all the time, do they?

SON: Yeah

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I think they do.

SON: They do in October.

MOTHER: Well, we have a home—we built a home in—where [inaudible] lived?

SON: Austell

MOTHER: No, now

SON: Lithia Springs. But we don't want to talk about Florida. We're just going to talk about Georgia.

MOTHER: I'm telling her everything.

SON: Yeah, well, don't talk about Florida.

MOTHER, *to Interviewer*: You can scratch out what you don't want.

INTERVIEWER: OK, I want to know about the FaSoLa singings at the courthouse, if you came to visit those.

MOTHER: Oh, I don't know anything about that except they have a lot of people everywhere. And every—once a summer they meet at the town hall, and they sing that DoSoLa [sic], and of course, I don't know anything about that.

SON: Do the men sing it or the women?

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: Did men and women sing?

MOTHER: Yeah, yeah, they both did. They loved it. They must've been way back, I don't know. When they came every Sunday—

SON: How did it go?

MOTHER: I don't know, just, when singing a song, they'd use—sang the note instead of the tune, I don't know. But anyway, they sang. And they sang well.

SON: Where, right here at this courthouse? In Decatur?

MOTHER: Every month, every year.

SON: And the people come in from Clarkston and everywhere else to this courthouse?

MOTHER: Mm-hm. And anyhow, you know, we didn't have much to do. And every time there was something, your daddy and I would go.

SON: Well, did you—did the whole crowd sing, or just the chorus?

MOTHER: Everybody could.

INTERVIEWER: How did you get here? Did you come on the train or walk?

MOTHER: No, because it wasn't very far. I don't know how we came. But we were here—

INTERVIEWER: Did you stay all day?

MOTHER: I don't know. You know, it's not but five miles. But that's too far to walk. But we were here. I don't know how we did it, but we were here along with everybody else. It wasn't private.

INTERVIEWER: Did you bring picnics, or where did you eat?

MOTHER: Huh?

INTERVIEWER: Did you bring a picnic lunch? Where did you eat?

MOTHER: No, we didn't. I don't know whether the others did or not. But we didn't—

SON: Do you remember eating here?

MOTHER: Huh?

SON: Did you remember eating around here?

MOTHER: No, no, they just, you know, popsicles, I think—not popsicles but something. Ice cream, I think they did. I mean, I wasn't in that crowd. I was too

young. I just had—I just remember little things that happened when I was young and that I knew pretty well.

INTERVIEWER: What was the funniest thing that ever happened to you in Clarkston? Do you remember any funny stories?

MOTHER: Do I remember--?

SON: She said, "Do you remember any real funny stories from Clarkston?"

MOTHER: Funny?

SON: That happened to you, maybe? Did you have anything funny happen in school?

MOTHER: No, not me. I don't remember that. I wish I did, but I don't.

SON: How about in the store? Anything funny happen at Grandpa's store?

MOTHER: Well, I told her about that. I told her about the barrel of that brown sugar they had. We all liked it. And we used to sneak in there to get some after school. And Grandpapa caught up with us and had us to stop.

SON: Where was all the other Kinneys?

MOTHER: Well, they're all together—

SON: I mean where—did he have brothers?

MOTHER: Oh, yeah. Well, Uncle Tom lived in Tucker, but that's the only one. Well, he had a sister somewhere, Uncle Tom. And Aunt Georgia, I think, was her name.

SON: Aunt Georgia?

MOTHER: Aunt Georgia. I think that was her name. But we called—

SON: What about—was there much left over from the Civil War then? Was there anything going on after the war?

MOTHER: Not that I know of. No, I didn't [inaudible] the war.

SON: I know, but I mean, do you—did they have anything—do you remember any stories of anybody that was in the war?

MOTHER: No. No, but I can tell her something else. It won't be of interest, but you know, they had Masons, you know.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, mm-hm

MOTHER: And so when the Masons took a notion every now and then, they have a party, an ice cream supper, they called it.

SON: Ice cream supper?

MOTHER: So they would get tables, you know, and set them out in that place. And it was all—that was really something. And they put the white cloths on, you know, and then the way they made the ice cream and all, and had us girls to dress up pretty and go around and be waiters. And I won't forget that. That was real nice. That was some good occasion.

INTERVIEWER: And that was the Masonic Lodge in Clarkston?

MOTHER: [Inaudible] in Clarkston.

INTERVIEWER: Who were some of the men who were members?

MOTHER, *to son*: What'd she say?

SON: Who were some of the Masons? Did you know some of them?

MOTHER: Oh, I did, but I've forgotten. Of course, I—

SON: How about Grandpa Kinney?

MOTHER: Well, he's the only one I know, because my other grandfather wasn't there. But I knew a man, but he wasn't a Mason that I know of, but there was a big man with the Baptist Church, was [inaudible—could be “Dan Forest,” “Danforth,” or something similar; unclear if it's one name or a first and last name]. You ever heard of him? It was [inaudible—sounds like “D-A-N F-O-R-E-S-T”]. And--

SON: [Inaudible name] D-O-R-S-T [sic]?

MOTHER: And he was proud of me, you know, when I joined the church and was baptized. I was just about eleven or twelve. But I was the happiest girl, I thought I'd done the right thing, you know, and it would be that way all my life. And he joined the church and was baptized, but he left us, and so it hurt me. It hurt me like I don't know what. I had visions of having my husband and me and my two children going to church and sitting on the same—[inaudible].

SON: I turned Methodist.

MOTHER: He turned Methodist, I don't know why. He just—I don't know that. I guess we won't talk about that. [*Son and Interviewer laugh.*]

INTERVIEWER: All right, we won't talk about that.

MOTHER: Yeah, scratch that out.

INTERVIEWER, *laughing*: OK

SON: Well, I don't know whether she's got any more questions or not. Do you remember any policemen down there? Did they have a jail in Clarkston?

INTERVIEWER: Good question

MOTHER: Oh, I'm sure they had a jail, but where was it?

SON: Did you ever hear of anybody getting in a fight down there or anything? They drink any whiskey?

MOTHER: I don't remember that.

SON: You don't remember any trouble, do you? Was there a bank robbery?

MOTHER: I just remember—[inaudible] tell you now, those Jolly boys. I told you about them, [inaudible] they were so jealous of Grandpapa. They had a [inaudible] Halloween. They'd do bad things to the store. And I remember one time he put an old, broken-down wagon or something on top of the store [inaudible] and doing other ugly things, but that's the only thing [inaudible].

INTERVIEWER: So they did Halloween pranks and things. What about other holidays? What did you do at Christmastime? How did you spend the day?

MOTHER: You see, now, I wasn't there in Clarkston so many years to do that. So—what did we have for Christmas? I don't remember being there many Christmases.

SON: Well—

MOTHER: See, we went to the city. See, my father died [rest of sentence inaudible]. They both wanted us, and so Grandfather and Grandmother, they only had two children, Mama and their son, and so they wanted us to come live with them. So they got us back to Atlanta, and we moved over there on Whitehall Street.

SON: Did they ever hang anybody, anything like that, in Clarkston?

MOTHER: I didn't know if they did.

INTERVIEWER: Tell me about Clarkston and Tucker. They were small towns. If you were just describing them, how would you compare them?

SON, *to Mother*: She wants to know can you compare Tucker and Clarkston? Which one was the largest? Do you remember?

MOTHER: The largest one—

SON: Tucker or Clarkston?

MOTHER: The most prominent, you mean?

INTERVIEWER: Yes

MOTHER: Well, now, let me see. Well, I have to go by the church, because we didn't do anything else. The Maucks and the [inaudible name] were prominent in the Methodist Church, and the [rest of sentence inaudible; there seems to be mention of

“pallbearer for the baby” between inaudible comments]. But anyway, I enjoyed it, to a certain extent. I appreciated that.

INTERVIEWER: Yes

SON: Did you ever go to Tucker?

MOTHER: Oh, yes. Uncle Tom had a store there, and we’d go up there to see him once in a while.

SON: Do you think Tucker was a bigger city than Clarkston?

MOTHER: Oh, no. Tucker was just a little place in the road, almost. But he had a nice little store. I guess it grew.

INTERVIEWER: Where was his store? Where was the store?

MOTHER: It was right [inaudible] whatever town they had, such as it was. I just remember we went over—if we went, most of the time, we didn’t go in a buggy. We went in the wagon.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, all right.

MOTHER: And let’s see—

SON: Did you ever go to Covington or Lithonia or any of those—

MOTHER: No, that was too far from us. But that train that came and took all these different people to Atlanta to work came from Lithonia and then Stone Mountain and on. And every morning the trains full of young people going to work.

INTERVIEWER: Were all--the outside of town, was in all it all farm? You talked about farms. Did everybody grow a lot of food there?

MOTHER: I can’t understand—

SON, *to Mother*: Did everybody have a farm and grow a lot of food around Clarkston?

MOTHER: Not everybody, no. They—wouldn’t anybody tell you better that my grandfather was not a [inaudible], because he had a rig, and he had everything on it that you wanted. And now, the Coolidges, they didn’t take much interest for that. But we didn’t go [inaudible]. They were just down there for fun, you know, and having all the money they had, you know. And I know the route. We knew they were coming once, we sat in the front yard, because she [inaudible]. And they came down, and they had—what did I call them? Mary Frances? I think this was her. Looks like Mary Frances.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, Mary Frances

MOTHER: And they had bought her a little--bought a little buggy of some sort, and she had a pony, and they had some fringe on it, and that was the cutest thing. We thought that was something. It was so pretty to see. And then the one thing on Grandpapa's—now, I'm through with the Coolidges, that's about all I know about them. But they came and went to our churches, but now—[inaudible] what I was going to say.

SON: You lost your thought on Grandpapa. Well, that's OK. Well, I reckon we've talked about everything—the school—

MOTHER: And church

SON: --and music. That's a big thing, obviously. And did you—what are some of those other streets there? Do you—

MOTHER: They didn't have any streets.

SON: Well, the names of them, though, have now been named for the people—

MOTHER: But they got names now. They didn't have names.

INTERVIEWER: What about Brockett Road?

SON: You know the Brocketts?

MOTHER: I remember the name, but I don't remember the people.

SON: How about—isn't there another name of a road that goes right through Clarkston out towards Tucker, going out that way? There's a name of a road I thought she might know. It's named for a person. Is it Castleberry or—

MOTHER: I remember, wait a minute—

SON: --or Sprayberry or—

MOTHER: I forget the name. One of the [inaudible] girls that lived there, related to the Coolidges.

SON: Hester, Vera Hester. You know Vera Hester? Hester.

MOTHER: Oh, yeah, that's Vera.

SON: Estes

MOTHER: Well, I said she lived next door to me, but we hardly ever saw one another [inaudible]. We liked one another, you know, and were nice [inaudible]. And [inaudible] tells me she died recently.

INTERVIEWER: She did, it was last year. I don't have a copy of that death certificate—death notice. I will get it. But I have a picture.

MOTHER: [Inaudible comment]

INTERVIEWER: I don't know if she can see it well enough, but that was made in '85--

[END OF FIRST RECORDING, ONE OF TWO]

[SECOND RECORDING BEGINS; CONTINUES INTERVIEWER'S COMMENT]

INTERVIEWER: --when I visited with her. It's not a real good picture.

SON: She's been there to see her since.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, OK

SON: Yeah, like last year or thereabouts.

INTERVIEWER: If you'd like to keep that, you can [inaudible].

SON: Oh, thank you. All right.

INTERVIEWER: What about the Williams house in Clarkston? Williams.

MOTHER: Williams?

INTERVIEWER: Do you know them?

MOTHER: No, I don't believe I do. What is the first name?

INTERVIEWER: Ernest, Mrs. Ernest Williams. Here's the [inaudible—sounds like "Van Gores"?].

SON: Van Gores [spelling?].

MOTHER: Oh, Van Gores [spelling?], yeah. He lived back down in that way, you know. Down where the well was—

SON: Where the well was?

MOTHER: You know, there's a well in there [inaudible].

INTERVIEWER: Oh, a city well in the middle of town?

MOTHER: Uh-huh

INTERVIEWER: OK

MOTHER: And he lived back in there. I didn't know much about that part of town, because I didn't have occasion to go.

INTERVIEWER: Did you live near the McLendons?

MOTHER: Who?

INTERVIEWER: The McLendons?

SON, *to Mother*: McLendon

MOTHER: McLendon? Was she—she was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jolly. She's the oldest daughter. Was it Frank McLendon or—what is his name? I knew his name, but I—

SON: But she was a Jolly.

INTERVIEWER: Mm-hm

MOTHER: She was the oldest girl. And then there was Mary, and she married a Thibault [spelling?]. Remember the Thibaults? [Inaudible comment] Then there was—

SON: The second Jolly married Frank Thibault.

MOTHER: Right

INTERVIEWER: Cliff Thibault

SON: Cliff Thibault

MOTHER: I don't think anybody [inaudible] married [inaudible].

SON: Cliff, OK

MOTHER: That was Mary. And--but, see, I left there long [inaudible phrases] while I was there. I couldn't have been there but two or three years, and then I was gone then, and then I [inaudible] go back fairly often, you know.

SON: Well, they went in the summer for a long time before she moved here permanently.

MOTHER: I didn't know any of them. I didn't even know them [rest inaudible]. I just didn't ever come to Decatur. But I didn't know anybody but Hiram and his brother. But he had two sisters. Of course, I—knowing them after a while.

SON: Yeah. See if there's any other names here that make any sense. How about the Perrins? Do you know any Perrins? Perrin?

MOTHER: [Inaudible one-word question]

SON: "P"—Perrin

MOTHER: No, I—how do you spell all of it?

SON: P-E-R-R-I-N

MOTHER: Uh-uh, I didn't know that.

INTERVIEWER: What about Spivey?

SON: Spivey?

MOTHER: Oh, yes, I know the Spiveys. But I haven't got a thing to tell you, because I don't know about them.

INTERVIEWER: OK, all right.

MOTHER: But I know there was a Spivey lived on the main street, I think. I've forgotten, but I know they're there.

SON: Did you know any of the Morrisises?

MOTHER: [Inaudible]

SON: Eleanor Morris?

MOTHER: Who?

SON: Eleanor Morris? Mary?

MOTHER: No, but I know of the Morrises, just like I knew the Spiveys. But I didn't know them. I didn't have any to-do with them.

INTERVIEWER: What about Mr. Hampton, who was a postmaster?

MOTHER: What'd she say?

SON: She said do you know a postmaster named Mr. Hampton?

INTERVIEWER: Charlie Hampton

SON: Charlie Hampton

MOTHER: I never knew of him. I didn't know they had any [inaudible] until my mother went, and I [inaudible] know that she was going, and I think they decided they wanted to have one, and they just chose her. And she wasn't there long, but she was there a while. And then we went to Atlanta. I don't know who [inaudible].

SON: You don't remember the mayor, do you?

MOTHER: What was his name?

SON: I don't know his name.

MOTHER, *to Interviewer*: Do you know?

INTERVIEWER: I don't know. I was wondering who the early politicians were, the mayor, that you might know.

MOTHER: I can't—I didn't [inaudible] mayor.

INTERVIEWER, *laughing*: You stuck to the music, didn't you?

MOTHER: And right now, [inaudible] is our mayor.

SON: Yeah, well, don't want to get into that. Well, we'll see if Delia has anything else.

MOTHER: I gave her a whole lot of stuff.

INTERVIEWER: You did, indeed.

MOTHER: [Inaudible] you wanted, I know.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm going to type up the names and put them in our file, compare the information I already have. It's fun to read about the train, but it's more fun to find someone who rode it.

MOTHER: It stopped, you know, at all the crossings and picked up people. And they came in in the afternoon; about five, I think, they came back and brought everybody home.

INTERVIEWER: And I didn't know much about the Coolidges. I learned a lot.

MOTHER: Uh-huh, there was a—I gave you the name, I think—Edwin Coolidge—[inaudible name], I believe he's the smallest. And Harold and—

SON: What did they do, Mama?

MOTHER: Nothing important. They just came to spend the summer.

INTERVIEWER: Was it a—like a resort area? Did lots of people go to Clarkston in the summer?

SON: Was it a resort area? Kind of everybody came in the summertime?

MOTHER: What's the first word?

SON: Was it a resort?

MOTHER: No, everybody had a home, just like you and I.

INTERVIEWER: OK

MOTHER: And they had them, and they came back to them every year. They had the same home. I can't remember any.

SON: Well, it is interesting. I never thought about people from Atlanta summering in Clarkston.

MOTHER: Yeah, they came down there just for the summer. It was a nice little place, and [inaudible] people to stop here.

INTERVIEWER: That is most interesting.

MOTHER: Now, the [inaudible—could be "Campbells" or "Candlers"?] had a big store in Atlanta. You've heard of it, I guess. I have. Now, he got Miss Vera [inaudible] to go back and get married, and she could have had a beautiful wedding, because they could afford it. But she didn't. They went on and had that little country wedding, and had all these Sunday school class she had. But it was sweet as it could be, you know, and we all loved her to death. Of course, after I left, I worried about her, wondered about her, but I found out that she was in some hospital on Peachtree Street. And then one of Kate's sisters and one [inaudible], she was there, too, but we did get to see her. She was there. We were [inaudible] mention [inaudible] Virginia to her. I don't know what was wrong with her, but she was in bad shape in the hospital. I don't know what happened. Of course, I know they're gone, now. And the Barrett girl—I told you about

the Barretts, Mr. Barrett and Ed and Carl and Deely and Wiley and Otto and Estelle, all of them. But I don't know where they are now.

SON: I couldn't remember this kind of thing.

INTERVIEWER: It's marvelous that you remembered it, and I did make notes of the names.

MOTHER: What you going to give me for all them?

INTERVIEWER: Well, how about a big hug? [*All laugh.*]

SON: I guess we're going to go now.

INTERVIEWER: I'm grateful you took the time to come. I'm really pleased.

MOTHER: [Inaudible comment]

INTERVIEWER, *laughing*: I know that.

MOTHER: I'm teasing you. You [inaudible] all that stuff, and [rest inaudible].

SON: We've got to go home, where you can go over to Doug's house for dinner.

MOTHER: Oh, yeah. I forgot about that. But anyway—well, we just got here a while ago. What time is it?

SON: What year were you born in—18--?

MOTHER: 1893, May the 9th, 1893.

SON: And she has seen a lot of things happen.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have. I appreciate you sharing with us.

MOTHER: Well, I've enjoyed it, because you can see what kind of life I've had. I've had a good life, and I—

INTERVIEWER: It's agreed with you.

MOTHER: --and I'm proud of it.

SON: She's going to outlive us all. She's ninety-six working on a hundred.

MOTHER: That's just marvelous. And I'm real happy—

INTERVIEWER: And I have a lot of friends, and everyone I meet—

SON: Now, we can't get into those friends. You've got too many.

MOTHER: And [inaudible] turning out to be good friends.

INTERVIEWER, *to Mother*: Well, you're an interesting person. I could see why you would have friends. You take care. [*To Son*] We appreciate your bringing her up here.

SON: Well, we're glad to pick her brain a little bit.

MOTHER: He's trying to get me home. He's afraid I'll tell something on him.

SON: No, no

INTERVIEWER: Maybe we can do that another time.

SON: That's right. I've just got to get you home and let you rest where you can go to dinner at Doug's house.

MOTHER: Let her know that I was teasing.

SON: She knows that. Well, Delia, thank you.

INTERVIEWER: Well, I do appreciate it very much.

MOTHER, *to Son*: I told her you didn't want me to come, because I might tell something on you.

SON: That's right.

MOTHER: I said that I wanted her to know that I'm joking.

SON: I know that. She jokes with me all the time. We cut up and carry on.

MOTHER: I tell you, I love him to death, the old buzzard. [*Interviewer laughs.*] I don't see him often.

[*Voices fade as they leave. Recording continues silently for another five minutes, when INTERVIEWER returns and shuts it off.*]

END OF RECORDING

Transcribed by Claudia Stucke

