

David Williams History Papers UA 23-20-61-F-054

Name Lloyd B. Gross, Jr.

Interview Date 05-10-1993

Consent Form yes

Photographs yes

Narrator Questionnaire yes

Interview Contents yes

Transcript yes

VHS Tape Available No

VHS Tape Digitized /

Cassette Tape Available yes - 2 cassettes

Cassette Tape Digitized Not yet

Additional Information:

(Include any notes you would like to make here.)

David Williams History Papers

Person Interviewed Lloyd B Greer, Jr

Student's Name Rodger D Greagly

Interview Date 05-10-1993

Tape/Folder Number B1-F-054

Collection Number: UA 23-20-B1-F-054

People in

Transcript York Harbor - Cora Mahone - Roosevelt - Powell
Hall - Father Divine - A J Strickland - A W Varmedoe -
Cecil Thompson -

Subjects/Key Words in

Transcript Valdosta - Great Depression - poverty - cotton broker -
no money - plantation - Sea Island Cotton - Boll-weevil - Griffin
Hospital - South Georgia Medical Center - Food swapping -
Presbyterian Church - C.C. Varmedoe Clothing - NRA - WPA
Georgia State Women's College - Rabies - Studdabaker - C&S Bank
C.C. Varmedoe Company - TBKA radio - Valdosta Times →

Brief

Summary Work started at 6 years of age - His father
worked up in Atlanta during the mid 1930's to provide
for his family in Valdosta + Roosevelt's Action Plan -
Growing and buying food - Growing rows to pay for
medical care - + transportation - The day the banks closed
down -

Valdosta State College
Valdosta, Georgia

I hereby give without condition the tape recordings and their contents as listed below to Valdosta State College as a donation for such scholarly and educational purposes as the college shall determine.

LLOYD B. GREER, JR.
Name of Narrator (Print)

Lloyd B. Greer, Jr.
Signature of Narrator

RT. 8 BOX 294 (SKIPPER BRIDGE RD.) VALDOSTA, GA. 31602
Address of Narrator

Roger D. Gregory
Name of Interviewer (Print)

R. D. Gregory
Signature of Interviewer

1506 W. SATER ST. VALDOSTA
Address of Interviewer

April 25, 1993
Date of Agreement

May 10, 1993
Date of Interview

Reminiscences of the above named narrator on life in Georgia during the Depression

Narrator Questionnaire

Name Lloyd B. Greer, Jr.

Maiden Name

Address Rt. 8, Box 294, Valdosta, Georgia 31602

Phone Number (912) 242-8889

Date of Birth 11/30/20

Birthplace Valdosta

Place of Residence (city or county and state), 1920s-1940s. Continue on reverse.

1. Valdosta, Georgia, 1920-19Present 5. _____, 19__ -19__.
2. _____, 19__ -19__.
3. _____, 19__ -19__.
4. _____, 19__ -19__.
6. _____, 19__ -19__.
7. _____, 19__ -19__.
8. _____, 19__ -19__.

Family and/or individual occupations, 1920s-1940s.

- Student From 1926 - 1940
- Trucking Company (Freight) 1941
- U.S. Army 1942 - 1946 (Plus National Guard 1947 - 1969)
- Finance - Bank Officer (Loans) - Retired 1987
- _____
- _____
- _____

Interview Contents

NARRATOR'S NAME Lloyd B. Greer, Jr.

TAPE NUMBER One

PAGE (s) 1 - 10

TIME	SUBJECTS
<u>0 to .30</u>	<u>1. Introduction</u>
<u>:30 to 00:08</u>	<u>2. Family in the Mid 1920's</u>
<u>00:08 to 00:09</u>	<u>3. Early Depression</u>
<u>00:09 to 00:16</u>	<u>4. Cotton Industry in Valdosta</u>
<u>00:16 to 00:25</u>	<u>5. Building and Architecture</u>
<u>00:25 to 00:26</u>	<u>6. Recycling</u>
<u>00:26 to 00:29</u>	<u>7. Family Life</u>
<u>00:29 to 00:34</u>	<u>8. Bartering</u>
<u>00:34 to 00:38</u>	<u>9. Sunday Afternoons</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>10.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>11.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>12.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>13.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>14.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>15.</u>

Interview Contents

NARRATOR'S NAME Lloyd B. Greer, Jr.

TAPE NUMBER Two

PAGE (s) 11 - 29

TIME	SUBJECTS
<u>00:38 to 00:46</u>	<u>1. Young People</u>
<u>00:46 to 00:52</u>	<u>2. Work Programs</u>
<u>00:52 to 00:55</u>	<u>3. Eleanor Roosevelt</u>
<u>00:55 to 00:59</u>	<u>4. "Get Your Fresh Vegetables!"</u>
<u>00:59 to 01:04</u>	<u>5. Looking After People</u>
<u>01:04 to 01:18</u>	<u>6. Attitude Toward Medicine</u>
<u>01:18 to 01:23</u>	<u>7. Cars and Traveling</u>
<u>01:23 to 01:32</u>	<u>8. Banks and Money</u>
<u>01:32 to 01:35</u>	<u>9. Communications</u>
<u>01:35 to 01:40</u>	<u>10. "Hanging Day"</u>
<u>01:40 to 01:42</u>	<u>11. Beginning of Valdosta</u>
<u>01:42 to 01:44</u>	<u>12. Home School</u>
<u>01:44 to 01:48</u>	<u>13. Lasting Thoughts</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>14.</u>
<u> to</u>	<u>15.</u>

Interview of Mr. Lloyd Greer of Valdosta, Georgia
by Rodger D. Gregory
History 472
Spring Quarter 1993

The interview is conducted at Mr. Greer's home at Rt 8 Box 294,
Skipper Bridge Road, Valdosta, Georgia on May 10, 1993 at 8:00 pm.

TAPE ONE, SIDE A:

Interviewer: We are here with Mr. Greer. And just tell me first
where you were born, were you born here?

Narrator: I was born in Valdosta. Born on Jackson Street. I
was told I was born in my grandmother's house in
the back hall on top of the cedar chest at 9:00 at
night.

Interviewer: Was that true?

Narrator: It supposedly was...anyway that was in 1920,
November 30, 1920. Which was just a few years
before the depression, but times were beginning to
get tough then as I was told. My father was a
professional man. He was an architect, and had a
promising future here. In fact, it had started out
real good, his business here. But then, of course,
World War I slowed him up because building material
was unavailable. So he worked for his brother up
in Atlanta for \$10 a week and stayed up there until
after the war, then came back home. He and Mother
had my two oldest sisters, when I was born. Then
business started picking up a little bit. Money
was still real scarce. And building just at a low
ebb but he worked hard, just like he had a whole
city to build at once. Because he loved his work
and didn't amount to any money but he had a good
time.

But then along about 1926 or 27, I knew that times
were really tough. Because he cut off my semi...
well, yes, he gave me an allowance of a nickel each
two weeks. And when that was cut off I knew
something was wrong.

Interviewer: What could you buy for a nickel?

Narrator: Oh, you could buy a sack of pull-candy that you
couldn't hardly tote.

Interviewer: Is that a fact?

Narrator: Yes. Your little silver bells that you pay a nickel a piece for now? Shoot man, you could load a wagon for a nickel.

Interviewer: How did you use your nickel every two weeks? Was it mostly for candy?

Narrator: That was for how I wanted to use it. They wanted to teach me how to control money, I guess, even then. But they did start even then giving me some chores to do.

Interviewer: You were five, six-years old?

Narrator: I was six years old when they first put me to work.

Interviewer: What did you have to do?

Narrator: Well, I started bringing in some coal for the fireplaces. Just small buckets at the time, because I too little to bring much. I would go out and daddy would show me how to chop wood.

Interviewer: At six years old?

Narrator: Yes, I would make some splinter for the fireplace, you know kindling wood. And he taught me how to build fire from the fireplaces. We lived in a big house. We had nine fireplaces. That fast became my permanent job. I was the oldest son and I fell heir to that job until on up to World War II, I guess. That was the heat in the house. My job every day to keep those nine fireplaces stoked, during the winter.

Interviewer: Did you ever let them go out and have to rebuild or did you just keep them going all the time?

Narrator: Oh, there was so many of us by the time... No, there wasn't that many back then. Let's see Theo, sister, myself, I had a younger sister that died at a young age and my next brother was six-and-a-half years younger than me. So, there wasn't but the four of us really. Four kids in those days. But still we had to have all the rooms open.

Interviewer: Did the sisters have jobs too?

Narrator: They helped mother inside the house. They learned to cook, sew. One of them was more responsive than the other one. Naturally. But I was the only boy around, at that time, so I guess that is the reason

I was taught some things, that maybe, my younger brothers weren't taught. It was alot of fun.

Interviewer: How old were your parents when they had you?

Narrator: Daddy was thirty-three when they married. And he was almost ten years older than mother. So, they knew what they were getting into. At one time there was six living children up until two years ago. My oldest sister died. Up until then six of us were living. Mother actually had eight. A sister that was next to me, well, a brother would have been a year younger than me died at birth. And then the next one was a sister that had grown up in the same crowd that Phyllis did, my wife, she died when she was eight. Died of cancer. So, there was a gap there then of about six-and-a-half years before the next one that was born was another boy, and then two more boys after him. So I was almost by myself without any brothers. Until we were teenagers. So, I got alot of good experience that the rest of them don't have the advantage of. That's the advantage because it taught you how to work. It wasn't given to you.

Interviewer: You appreciate it now maybe not then.

Narrator: Yes.

Interviewer: So, you said you do remember the day the banks closed?

Narrator: Yes. That was 1929. Things kept getting tougher and tougher from about 1926 on. Alot of folks were bartering. They would go into a clothing store, for example, carry a mess of turnip greens and they lend you a bolt of cloth and you go home and make a dress.

Interviewer: Oh, so they didn't use the currency?

Narrator: No. It kept getting worse and worse. And practically the rich people back then, cotton brokers and people like that are the only ones that had anything. Cash money on hand and property.

Interviewer: Did they have alot of cotton brokers here?

Narrator: Yes. Valdosta was about the center of the south. At that time, believe it or not, it was the richest

town per capita in the world. So the Chamber of Commerce says. There was alot of money here. Alot of rich folks.

Interviewer: Did they have large plantation type farms?

Narrator: Yes, plantations here and most of the cotton was Sea Island cotton. And it was sold. If you are familiar with downtown Valdosta, most of Patterson Street and Hill Avenue was the cotton market. Just out in the open where they would sell all the cotton. A man here named Mr. Strickland, built a big cotton mill and started manufacturing thread and cloth. The mill is still out there. It has changed hands several times. The textile factory, Wilkinson Textile Company owns it now. Of course, they don't actually manufacture cloth but they make bedspreads, curtains and stuff like that and sell them. It is out at Remerton. But that was a big business. They had about probably 500 people working out there. All that stuff being done, almost by hand, type machine they had working with there.

Interviewer: They ginned it there and everything?

Narrator: It was ginned across town. They ginned the cotton out there into bales, they opened bales make thread and cloth out of it.

Interviewer: You said "Sea Island cotton," that is a particular type of cotton?

Narrator: Yes. The kind the bollweevil almost eradicated.

Interviewer: O.K. I knew there were two major types, I didn't know which one was which.

Narrator: Long bole. They sold a lot of it out of the port in Savannah. Went by rail from here to Savannah then from boat up the coast. My father rented an old office from Mr. Strickland during the depression. His architectural office was up on the third floor of the old office building, up over Mr. Strickland's office downstairs. He was paying \$10 a month rent for that office. It was three rooms. Of course it didn't have any heat in it. Most of the windows were on the north side. There was an alley right where the Nations Bank building is now it would run right through the lobby of that building. And there was an alley there and the door leading up to my father's office was in that

alley. Right above Mr. Strickland's office, the corner of the alley and the office.

Interviewer: He had the better office, Mr. Strickland did.

Narrator: Yes. And one winter, I don't know whether a limb blew into a plate glass window upstairs or some boy may have thrown a rock up there. I don't know, anyway, the pane of glass broke in one of the windows on the north side, right next to daddy's drafting board and it was a cold winter. The only heat he had was a little electric heater he put under his drafting board to keep his legs warm. So, he told Mr. Strickland that the window was broken and needed replacing because he was about to freeze to death. Like I say he was paying \$10 a month rent and he was due a little respect. Anyway, Mr. Strickland kept promising but he didn't replace the blame glass. I don't mean the whole window, just the one pane. He didn't do it and didn't do it, daddy kept after him. Finally Mr. Strickland said, "Now boy I'm going to replace that glass this week, but I'm going up on your rent a nickel a month." Daddy said, "It has been nice being with you these many years Mr. Strickland, you won't be bothered with me any more." And he moved. For a nickel.

Interviewer: For a nickel a month. The \$10 was a pretty exorbitant amount. A high class office.

Narrator: But, he would go up there and draw just like there was a boom going on in the building business.

Interviewer: And then no one was building, they didn't have anything to build.

Narrator: No. There was alot of things in the mill, but nobody had any money to start. But they would hire him and say, "Well, if you want to work on plans when things ease up we will build them." And he would take it under those premises. Some of them.

Interviewer: I guess alot of people ended up owing him?

Narrator: They ended up owing him but he never got his money. Like the Coke-Cola plant for example.

Interviewer: Oh, really. You would think those people would pay.

Narrator: You would think so. Incidentally, along about then was when, just after he came here, he was hired to

design what is now the Chamber of Commerce building. That was his first project in Valdosta. And it was the residence of Mr. York Harbor.

Interviewer: And didn't his widow give that?

Narrator: His daughter gave it to the city.

Interviewer: That is a pretty building.

Narrator: Well built.

Interviewer: Your father, he designed the hospital too?

Narrator: The original hospital. Well, in fact, he designed the old little Griffin hospital which doesn't exist anymore. Then they built Pineview, which was the forerunner of South Georgia Medical Center. He designed it. It was a big project. That was an \$11,000,000 building back then, that was in 1952. It was a pretty well furnished and equipped building. That was the last project he did. They started the foundation, that week he died.

Interviewer: He had all the plans done and everything. They were ready to build. So, he never got to see it.

Narrator: So the boys that worked for him, saw it through.

Interviewer: So, for him to get the contract to design the hospital, he had to be pretty well respected in the community?

Narrator: Yes. He had a big business. He just didn't care about making alot of money, as long as he could provide for his family. He didn't want to be rich. I asked him one day during the depression, I said "Daddy," you know how all boys are, wanting to know what their daddy's worth. I said, "Daddy, how much you worth?" I meant money. He said, "Well, let me see, what could you sell children for." That was his life. He didn't care about money as long as he could provide.

Interviewer: Do you think you have carried that through?

Narrator: I don't know whether I carried that through, I fell error to not having any. No, we have been well blessed. So was he, because even through World War I, the Depression, and World War II, on the heel of the next, he made alot of money the last five years he lived. And enough that he owed \$2.40 the day he

died. That was a current water bill that came that day. House was paid for. Automobile was paid for. Didn't owe anything and had money in the bank and owed \$2.40. He left mother doing pretty good. That's what he lived for. His family.

Interviewer: Sometimes you will see in the paper places for sale it will say...

Narrator: Greer home.

Interviewer: Right. That is a point of pride.

Narrator: You see he was working for an architect out of Atlanta. He finished Tech when he was sixteen years old. And was sent down here about three years later. He was working for an architectural firm in Atlanta, and they had the job of designing and building the high school in Jasper, Florida. So they sent him down here to supervise that building. It was economically not feasible to go back and forth to Atlanta and back down here just to supervise a building. So, they told him to find a room down here and rent it, and see the project through. So, he got a room in Valdosta because there wasn't a boarding house in Jasper. It is thirty miles away. And that was when he met my mother. She was a friend of the daughter of the lady that owned the boarding house where my daddy rented a room. Of course, they fell in love and married. But, from that project, he got alot of publicity, building project in Jasper. By the time they got through with that school, he had gotten permission from his architectural firm that he worked for to take about six projects on his own. Just to kill time while he was down here. People were so satisfied with his work that they advertised for him, word of mouth. So he resigned while he was down here and stayed. And the rest of it is history. They honored him, the historical society, and some other outfit here in town honored him year before last. And wanted to know if I knew if some houses were still standing that he designed or buildings in Valdosta. I said "Yes, I know quite a few." So we rode around all afternoon, and I listed 151 that were still standing. But even with all that, he didn't care anything about being rich. He could have been if he tried to collect what was owed him.

Interviewer: How did he provide during the depression?

Narrator: During the depression, he went back to Atlanta, and worked for one of his older brothers up there. Who was in the soap recycling business, back then.

Interviewer: You told me about the recycling business. Way ahead of his time.

Narrator: He would get scraps of soap that people were fixing to through away and carry it up there and boil it down, and make new cakes of soap.

Interviewer: He was working for his brother and how much was he making now?

Narrator: They paid him, I don't know, something like \$10 a week. He didn't have but two kids then.

Interviewer: Did he leave the family down here?

Narrator: Yes.

Interviewer: Alot of people did that, I guess, didn't they.

Narrator: They went where the work was. Now, during that time, my mother, my two older sisters, and myself, of course I was just a baby, we lived over at Grandmother's where I was born. And daddy would send money home each week. My mother's brother, and his wife and child and her sister, my mother's sister, her husband and child all lived with my grandmother. Everybody but my daddy, he was in Atlanta. My uncle, my mother's brother, sold the first electric refrigerator that was sold in Valdosta. And stayed in the refrigeration business. That was the coming thing then, and he had sold a few, so he stayed in the refrigeration business and sold some meat counters, walk-in coolers, and that kind of thing. Which weren't near as elaborate as they are now, but at least they kept meat from thawing. So, he pretty much fed the family, because he would go into the grocery stores and service their equipment and they would pay him in groceries. Worked out real good. And he was feeding all three families by working for these groceries. One grocery man didn't have groceries one week to pay him so he paid him with a butcher knife. He gave him a butcher knife.

Interviewer: So, even the grocery didn't have the groceries.

Narrator: No. They didn't have the money to pay for them from the farmers. This Mr. Strickland, that I was

talking about, my uncle went to him because he knew he had money and asked him if he would be interested in buying that knife. Nice butcher knife. Of course, I don't know what was so valuable about a butcher knife. Except everybody cut their own meat at home back then. And Mr. Strickland said, "No, I won't pay you cash for it, but I have got a check writer over there and I will give you for it." What good is a check writer if you can't write a check. Anyway, my uncle bartered with him and took the check writer. He had it in his possession when he called on a grocery man named Mr. Larus out at Naylor. Mr. Larus saw that check writer and he said, "You know, I have been wanting one of them there things. One of these days, I am going to have me enough money to write me a check. And I want to be prepared." So, my uncle swapped the check writer for some vegetables and brought them home.

Interviewer: He ended up getting the food after three transactions.

Narrator: That's the way things were done back then. People don't know that, alot of folks. They don't believe it if you tell them.

Interviewer: It is hard to imagine walking into a store now ...

Narrator: People just didn't have anything.

Interviewer: Were there plenty of goods to go around, just didn't have enough money to pay for them?

Narrator: That's right. People would swap goods. I had a cousin two years older than I was living in Atlanta, one of my daddy's brother's sons, he was just big enough, bigger than me, that when he wore his clothes two years they fit me. So, I got his hand-me-downs. His mother was real "shrewd" is not the word because she was to sweet to be shrewd, anyway, she was a good manager. And she bought him some nice clothes, some way. So, I always dressed pretty well. My mother and grandmother made my shirts and sweaters and socks. The pants and coats I got from my cousin. So, the women did the sewing. Made all the girls dresses and things and taught them to sew. The boys cleaned yards and chopped wood, worked on farms and that kind of thing. Everybody worked. And nobody minded working. Work and eat or don't work and starve.

Interviewer: When it comes right down to it you would rather eat.

Narrator: That's right.

Interviewer: My mother was telling me that she had dresses made out of flour sacks. Did that go on?

Narrator: Yes.

Interviewer: She said some of her nicest dresses were flour sacks.

Narrator: A lot of them, the flour companies were pretty cagey. They came out with some pretty fancy designs on those flour sacks.

Interviewer: Oh, so they marketed for that?

Narrator: You couldn't wear them out. They were just so heavy it made the girls' shoulders sag.

Interviewer: It created a bunch of droopy shouldered women.

Narrator: Those were the good days.

TAPE ONE, SIDE B:

Narrator: My mother was playing the organ for the Presbyterian Church. She started when she was sixteen. Played the organ 52 years. So, we would all go from there around to my grandmother's and eat dinner.

Interviewer: Tell me about how many people were eating at grandmother's on Sunday afternoon?

Narrator: After church we would all walk around to my grandmother's house, because it wasn't but about two blocks from the church. Let's see there was myself, her mother-in-law (my great-grandmother), mean as a snake, a fine woman just selfish that's all. Incidentally, her husband is the one that started the C. C. Varnedo's clothing. It still exists. My great-grandfather. Anyway, it was her and my grandmother, my mother and her three children, that is how many? Two, three, four, five, six...my Uncle S.M. and Aunt Christine, and Chris, Uncle Acem, Aunt Margaret, and Margaret Ann.

So, about nine or ten regulars there every Sunday for Sunday dinner.

Interviewer: Who is doing the cooking?

Narrator: Well, my grandmother was an excellent cook. I mean she was the old fashion type. She could cook the best roast beef, the best giblet gravy, and stuff that you ever put in your mouth. Anyway she had a cook, what was her name, Lizzy. And I'm telling you the truth, if anybody got up from that table hungry or dissatisfied, it was there own fault. And always topped it off with boiled custard ice cream, hand churned every Sunday. That was one chore we kids didn't mind doing.

Interviewer: Did you fight over who licks the paddle?

Narrator: We weren't interested in that. I wanted a big bowl. My grandmother would make a big cake, usually she made Angel Food because there was alot of egg whites left over through the week. They didn't throw away anything. If it was edible still they saved it. Something would come along could be used for.

Interviewer: Did they have their own chickens and things?

Narrator: They had a few chickens. But chickens were hard to raise during that time. She could keep about, she never did actually raise them. She would buy four or six at the time when she could afford it. And put them out there in a pen and let them eat until she decided she wanted chicken for dinner. That was the extent of her raising chickens, but she did buy them and feed them. And then all the kids would go out doors and play. I have three or four cousins that lived down the street, school friends that lived down another street, before the afternoon was over there would be twenty or thirty kids running around those yards. That is something you don't see today. There might be a baseball game on one vacant lot. Somebody rolling a hoop down the middle of the street. Take a barrel hoop off an old barrel falling apart. Get a coat hanger and bend it make a notch in it and they could roll that hoop 30 miles per hour.

Interviewer: Your toys and everything were your own ingenuity?

Narrator: Hand-made.

Interviewer: Your parents probably did not barter too much for Tonka toys and such?

Narrator: No. I remember one Christmas, I got a new skate wheel.

Interviewer: A wheel?

Narrator: A wheel. The first bicycle I got was, I was about in the fifth grade I guess. It was a twenty inch bicycle. One like a beginner starts off now. You know I rode that bicycle until I was a senior in high school.

Interviewer: That bicycle lasted a while.

Narrator: When I was in the seventh grade, let's see that would have made me thirteen years old, that would have been in 1933 so the depression was still going on pretty good. The old junior high school building was a block away from my grandmother's house at that time. And Ms. Cora Mahone was the principal, she was a strict old timey school mom. She had a room-in with my grandmother. In fact she boarded there, she took her meals there too. And she taught penmanship and also the principal. Well, we had a fifty-five minute lunch hour everyday. It was just a short block from the school to my grandmother's so I would go there to eat everyday. And I had to pay for that meal by carrying Ms. Mahone's penmanship papers back to school after lunch, that she had graded the night before. Of course, I got into one or two scrapes with some boys because they called me teacher's pet for carrying the teacher's papers. And then she would make me rake the school yard for fighting.

Interviewer: It was her fault you got into that.

Narrator: That's right.

Interviewer: What were the adults doing while you were playing when you were eating on Sunday?

Narrator: Oh, they were talking about family matters. Trying to figure things out, but nobody down in the dumps. No cross words. Just everybody pulled together. That's the only way you could live.

Interviewer: It seemed when you were talking that the family...You had to rely on one another.

Narrator: Absolutely. If you didn't they would ostracize you.

Interviewer: And you couldn't have made it probably. You couldn't have made it on your own.

Narrator: The only thing you could do was be a hobo on a train. Somebody would kill you. No sir, there were no lazy people around back then.

Interviewer: When did Roosevelt put into action those plans, the work program?

Narrator: It started in 1932. That NRA, National Recovery Act. Started WPA Work Project Administration. and its sister committee the WPA, Work Project Administration and Public Works Administration, that is PWA. One of them was for, best I can remember, was for government projects and the other was for local government or private. Or semi-private, like schools. Public schools. In fact, the stadium that Albany high school uses was made out of lime sink by PWA labor. They still use that stadium.

Interviewer: Do you know of any projects around here that they did?

Narrator: I did know but I can't remember them now. A lot of these highways were built with that money. Of course, they look like sidewalks now. Two cars meet on the road, one would have to get off the road and stop to let the other one go by. Incidentally in 1930, my daddy finally got one job that he could finally make a little money off of. Probably \$50, I don't know. Anyway, he had to go to Atlanta to get his blue-prints, the building plans. He could mail them up there but if there was going to be any government money involved, which there was on everything, like PWA projects, you would have to go up there and meet government and committees and so-forth. So he thought it was more feasible to buy an automobile and drive to Atlanta because it was going to take him two days to get to Atlanta anyway by train, bus or by car. So, my uncle in the refrigeration business needed transportation too. Around here the Ford place had two Chevrolet cars somebody had traded in, a '28 and a current '29 model. The '28, 1928 year model, had four brand new tires. And the other one had been driven less than a year. So, daddy said he would like the '28 model because those tires would

last him all those trips to Atlanta and back. So, my uncle could use the other one around here. The current model car, the '29, my uncle bought for \$79. Daddy bought the '28 model for \$60 with four brand new tires on it. And he slept in the back seat in Atlanta so he didn't have a hotel room to pay. \$60 for a car less than a year old with brand new set of tires. I still remember that old car. It was a holly color green with red wood spokes. That was when the street and all wasn't paved to Brookwood and that hill coming up from Brookwood on out was red clay. And when it would rain hard, it would leave the car at the bottom of the hill, because it would pull up that mud.

Interviewer: So the college there it was out in the boon-docks?

Narrator: It was Georgia State Women's College. It was right on the edge of town. Georgia State Women's College had about 200 students. Mrs. Roosevelt came down. That library was built. It is one of the administrative offices now.

Interviewer: I think, Powell Hall.

Narrator: Yes. Powell Hall. My father designed that building. And she came down, Mrs. Roosevelt, did and dedicated it. Ugliest woman you ever saw in your life. She drew a crowd out there.

Interviewer: She worked for the country though , didn't she?

Narrator: Yes, she did. She worked for the country and Father Divine. You have heard of Father Divine haven't you?

Interviewer: No, tell me about that?

Narrator: He was a black preacher. He was born and raised right here in Valdosta. He is in some history books. Alot of folks don't know about him. He got all sanctified up you know. He was converting everything that walked around here. He took a shine to Washington, someway, met Mrs. Roosevelt and she invited him to come to Washington to live. And because of that association, these blacks here found out that he had been politicking up there, and they gave him 24-hours to pack his bags and be gone. Father Divine.

Interviewer: That didn't go on too much, Mrs. Roosevelt being white and everything.

Narrator: No. I don't think the Pres. didn't like it too much either.

Interviewer: I don't imagine he did.

Narrator: Talking about the vegetables coming in from the farm. They were brought in on the back of a mule and wagon. And the farmers would go down through the residential neighborhoods selling their vegetables door to door. And chickens too. Butter, buttermilk, most anything you wanted that they sell in a grocery store, they sell it off the back of a wagon.

Interviewer: Did people buy food everyday?

Narrator: About once a week. Did I tell you what my sister told my mother about the turnip greens and black-eyed peas. She said, "Mother, are black-eyed peas as cheap as turnip greens?" "Yes." "Well, let's eat black-eyed peas next week." But they would bring huckleberries, black berries, mayhaws, and all kind of stuff like that. And all your vegetables.

Interviewer: So, they brought it from the farm on the wagons and everything, and they would ring a bell and you would come up there.

Narrator: Or holler. "Get your fresh vegetables!" And of course, most of the people who lived in town knew these blacks from out anyway. The blacks were usually the ones doing that. They were more enterprising than the whites were really. Of course, they stayed in fields. I tell you we had some close, close friends among the blacks back then. They would do anything in the world for you. And never opened their mouths about complaining. And vise-versa. Just worked. And the whites were the same way about them.

Interviewer: They had alot more harmony back then...

Narrator: Well, my mother had a maid, when we were growing up in grammar school. She worked for us for seventeen years. Now I hate to tell you the reason she quit, unannounced, she got a chance for 25 cents a week more money. Mother paid her \$3.00 a week. That was about average. She showed up at 7:00 in the morning and work until 5:00. Seven days a week. No, she got off right after dinner on Sunday.

Interviewer: And probably happy as she could be to have that job.

Narrator: She was a wonderful woman. She would pull a switch across me just as quick as mother would.

Interviewer: That's good to hear.

Narrator: My grandmother had an old refrigerator, ice-box really, out on her back porch that she use to keep vegetables and stuff in. My uncle, that was in the refrigeration service business. My grand-daddy died when he was about 12 years old, I guess. So, he grew up in a hurry, he was the man of the house from then on. By the time he was 20 years old, he had a brain of a fifty year old man, in maturity, and he was ruff. You didn't say a thing against his women folks or you got a fight on your hands. His mother, or grandmother, or sisters or cousins or anybody else. He drew the line. He ran that house and Maw, my grandmother, depended on him. Fine fellow, but he was hot-headed. And he heard somebody out on that back porch one night and he got a shotgun. He knew somebody was breaking into that refrigerator. And he leveled down on there just as they started running out of the yard. My grandmother heard them and she said, "Son don't shoot that man." "Well, mom, he is stealing all your groceries." "Well, he is probably hungry."

Interviewer: Now that boy worked as hard as he could to get her...

Narrator: Yes, sir. They would come by that house and knock on that door they ate and she couldn't resist them. She fed everybody that came by.

Interviewer: Did she put them to work for it?

Narrator: No. Maybe during pecan season. Pecans falling, she would put them out to pick up pecans. She just didn't want to see anybody go hungry. She fed them just like any one of us. The only thing she didn't take to kind of attention to was hobos off the trains. She said they were dead beats.

Interviewer: Were there alot of them around?

Narrator: Yes, there were. In fact, we use to go down to watch the freight train go by see them laying under the cars on boards. But when they would stop the train, let down to water for steam. They crawled

out and stay in town begging. And she turned them away. If they are too sorry to work, they are too sorry to live.

Interviewer: Times were tough, you had to draw the line.

Narrator: You had your own families to look after. But she would feed them, she would feed a black just as quick as she would a white, if she thought they were hungry.

Interviewer: I hear that the respect for black and white people was a lot different than it is now. You really did have a lot of respect for people, just as human beings.

Narrator: That's right, both had to earn it. But, those blacks would pass mama's house. In the afternoon she always found about an hour to sit on the front porch and rock. That was her time. And blacks would come down the front of the house going home. "Howdy, Miss Maggy." "Howdy, Lil." One of them passed there one day, didn't speak or do anything. Mama turned and said, "She didn't even nod."

Interviewer: Getting kind-of uppity, that was her way of keeping up with the community.

Narrator: Talking about them pecans. She had six or eight big trees in the yard. Always had nuts on them in the fall. She wouldn't let anybody pick those up because she would use that money to pay her taxes with.

Interviewer: Picked them up and

Narrator: Sold pecans. Probably got two or three cents a pound for them. My uncle, the one I said grew up so fast, my mother's brother, he loved to hunt. And he would go out and kill enough meat to feed us, during bird season. We ate a lot of duck and quail and doves, squirrels.

Interviewer: You can't eat much better than a squirrel. I like squirrels. So, you didn't really go very hungry?

Narrator: No, we didn't go hungry. We didn't know where it was all coming from, but we didn't go hungry.

Interviewer: The good Lord must have provided for you.

Narrator: I'll tell you back then one thing real interesting,

today you know, if your kid falls and hits a knuckle on the brick over there and skins the knuckle, you can't wait to get them in the car and carry them to the emergency room. See if it needs stitching up, get a penicillin shot, maybe stay in bed two or three days and everything else. My mother, was typical, I guess of other people then. When we got hurt. Like I jumped in a ditch out there one day and they had been digging a ditch to lay a pipeline. And I jumped down there about six-feet deep. And stuck a briar bush stem through my foot. That thing was about as big around as my little finger. Of course, the only problem is getting to the house. Mother looked at it, she said, "Well, sit down over there." She went and got her scissors and cut it off right at the bottom of my foot. Then pulled it through. There was some turpentine and a rag out there. Poured it full of turpentine and rapped the rag around it and said, "Now, get on out, I got work to do." That was typical. She did the same thing when I stuck 20 penny nails in my foot. Today, you have got to think about lock-jaw first thing, tetanus shot. Of course, I'm all for it. There is no telling how many of us would have died without it. It was funny about ten years ago, I guess it was or longer, she was living by herself after daddy died. I guess, she was in her eighties. The phone rang about 5:00 one Saturday morning. "Lloyd?" "Yes ma'am." "I think you better come see about me. I fell and I cut my head and I'm bleeding pretty bad." I said, "I'll be right there." I had her in the emergency room in about twenty minutes. When I went and got in her house, it looked like she had been butchering hogs in there. She had stumbled in the dark and fallen. And as she went down, she struck her head on the corner of a door facing. It was like a blade all the way down. It cut her head from her forehead all the way to the back of her head, laid it open. So, I got her to the emergency room. My brother, Dr. Mack, was on duty in the emergency room. Well, the nurses didn't know that was his mother. He took and laid her on the table, you know, he said, "Nurse, look around in that cabinet there and bring me a bottle of turpentine and some gauze." She said, "Sir?" He said, "Bring me some turpentine and a rag, I haven't got time to fool with this woman." That nurse's eyes almost bulged out. Finally he told her and started laughing. He said, "This is my mother. That's all she ever did with us."

Interviewer: Is Mack your younger brother?

Narrator: He is six and a half years younger than I am.

Interviewer: Did you ever have to straighten him out when you were younger?

Narrator: I tried. Nobody straightened Mack out. That is a book in itself. A real interesting life. We had some good times and some bad times together. There was just enough age difference that we irritated each other. We had some knock-down drag-out fights.

Interviewer: You probably caused him to be doctor?

Narrator: Could be.

TAPE TWO, SIDE A:

Narrator: Tried to chew me up when I was three years old.

Interviewer: Your mother was?

Narrator: Yes. We had just moved to Valdosta, I think. And my two older sisters and I were playing out in the backyard, one morning, and this Fox Terrier came tearing around the house, and my two sisters panicked and they ran in the house. Let the door slam and I was too little to reach it and I couldn't reach the handle. And all the time I was trying to get in, that dog was taking plugs out of me. He bit me five times. And actually took plugs of meat out of me. And mother heard me screaming and came out.

Interviewer: And you were saying the dog ended up being rabid?

Narrator: He was rabid. He bit me five times and then circled back around to Park Avenue from Alden, and bit a girl that lived back there. And then went back toward town to High Street and bit one of my cousins, before the police finally ran him down and killed him. And they sent him off for examination and sure enough, he was rabid. But, mother didn't wait that time she took me to the County Health office and they started me on rabies shots that day. It was 21 of them in my stomach. One a day

for twenty-one days. Every one of them hurt just as bad as the one before. Like for instance the nurse at that health office, her husband had just died of rabies not too long before.

Interviewer: My goodness, she was there taking care of you.

Narrator: That was quiet an experience. I remember every second of that experience. And I wasn't but three years old. Just like it was yesterday.

Interviewer: So, tell me did they hurt?

Narrator: Did they hurt? They hurt. To this day I do not walk up on a strange dog. In fact, sometimes I am overly cautious with my own dog. But I still like them better than I do cats.

Interviewer: What happened to the girl and your cousin? Did they have to have the same shots?

Narrator: Yes, they had to have them.

Interviewer: All three of you young ones?

Narrator: That was the only treatment for it then. I understand it now they have boiled it down to just one shot.

Interviewer: Yes, I think so, and they don't have to have it in the stomach either.

Narrator: Is that right? Oh, they hurt.

Interviewer: Did you cry?

Narrator: I cried on the last one. I remember mamma promised me an ice-cream cone if I could go the whole 21 without crying.

Interviewer: At the end it wasn't worth it...

Narrator: I tell you that last one about killed me. I got my ice-cream cone though.

Interviewer: Oh good, you deserved it after that.

Narrator: Man, those things hurt.

Interviewer: So, do they go right in?

Narrator: Right straight in the middle of your stomach. I tell you, if you have never seen a rabid animal, when they get ready to turn loose, you better be out of their way. There is no getting away from them. They will stick to you like fire. If mother hadn't of been there with that broom, he probably would have killed me.

Interviewer: Just ate you up.

Narrator: I guess she must have turned the broom side-ways and hit him with it. With the hard part. She was a little bit fearless herself.

Interviewer: She had to be.

Narrator: One time during the depression, daddy had taken an old car, I think, probably for a set of plans for a house. I don't know that, but where the car came from I don't know, but it was a great, big, old, square-looking Dodge touring car. No, it wasn't it was a Studabaker. Big as steel, boxy as steel. And my sister had just gotten her driver's licenses. And mother and daddy had been invited out somewhere and somebody came and picked them up. And they told my sister that she could drive the car, she and my other sister, but to go to this girl's house. Straight there and straight back. Be careful and don't damage that car, because we don't have the money to have it fixed. They had no more gotten out of sight then I decided I was going with them. I knew they were going to just ride around. They weren't going to that girl's house. I wasn't going according to them. Back then four door car's back doors opened toward the front. They were determined I wasn't going. I jumped on the running board, opened the right rear door, and jumped up in the back seat, just as we got to the carport. There was a post, column, the type you see on the White House, one of those big round ones, sitting up on brick pillar. I mean it took that door clean off that car. Hinges and all. Just ripped it right off. We drove around in that car for over a year without a door. Couldn't afford to have it fixed.

Interviewer: Did those girls put the blame on you?

Narrator: They put it on me.

Interviewer: There was no getting out of it. That's alright.

Narrator: Back then, back during the depression, daddy did have some work, anywhere in south Georgia. We would get in the old Chevrolet, I was talking about a while ago, and we'd go. He had a job over in Quincy, Florida, which is only about 70 miles from here. We'd get up at 4:00 in the morning. Get over there at about 11:00 that morning. He would look after his job, his work and his building then going home, we would eat a quick sandwich that had been prepared at home, we'd sit on them. Eating in the car or on the courthouse square and eat with the rest of the poor folks. And fill back up with gas. 7-cents a gallon. And head home. Get home about mid-night. All day. Dirt roads.

Interviewer: I was going to say, you are going 70 miles and it would take you from 4:00 in the morning to 11:00 to get there.

Narrator: It was two days just going from here to Atlanta. By leaving here at 4:00 in the morning and driving until after dark. And you never left to go out of town anywhere that you didn't pack a lunch. In the first place you weren't going to find a restaurant open. They are all locked. Out-of-business.

Interviewer: Tell what you were going to tell before about the day the banks closed.

Narrator: Oh, that was an experience. This was in 1929, I have forgotten the month or the day. But it seems to me like it was during the summer. Hot weather. I knew several pretty influential people here. Being raised here, naturally. Because the town at that time wasn't but about between 8-1,000 people, about the size of Quitman. And C&S Bank back then, well, First National was here then, they were the only two. C&S was were they still are now, Nations Bank, at one time. First National was at the corner of Theo and Patterson. Robert Humphery was there until they moved two or three years ago. I forget what is there now. Anyway, those were the only two banks in town. They got word that the stock market, that the bottom was falling out. Because most of the big investments then were made in stocks. Broke many banks. Well, by the time the banks, paid their broker's fees, and all this they were broke. And then the stock market fell because nobody had any money to buy the stocks. So the customer's stock that the bank had sold, wasn't worth two cents. So, everybody decided to make a run on the bank and get what money they had in

there out. They didn't have enough time. Bank president slammed those doors and locked them. The government, I guess it was, posted guards all around them. Everybody made a run on the banks. Some people were fortunate enough to get in there and get a little bit of money before they slammed the doors.

Interviewer: Obviously, they didn't have that much cash on hand anyway. And no way to get any.

Narrator: No way to get it. I mean, you think now about having \$2.00 in your pocket and saying, "I'm just broke as I can be." Some of those people didn't have twenty-cents, much less, two dollars. With a family and no way to get it. Some of these high-fluting merchants. Mr. A.J. Strickland, the cotton man, he didn't have any money. It went with those banks. Right off there was some suicides.

Interviewer: Right here in town?

Narrator: Yes. People just couldn't cope. Didn't know which way to turn because they were already just, well, didn't know which way to turn anyway. Then when they couldn't get their hands on the last dollar they had then blew their brains out. There was alot of that going on, but it was pitiful. There were lines standing out there. I remember C&S was the biggest one. Of course, one was on one corner and one was on the next corner. But, Hill Avenue right in between the two banks. So, there was two lines right down middle of Hill Avenue. Turning the corner. In opposite directions. And those lines were probably, today they would run from Nations Bank front door, up Patterson to Hill Avenue and then west pretty close to Toombs Street down there. And the same way with First National on the other side of the street. Everybody in town that had a dollar in the bank, was making a run on that money. You couldn't get any. So, before the day was over, it might have been the next day, everybody started using script money.

Interviewer: Script money is?

Narrator: S-C-R-I-P-T, script money, just an I owe you.

Interviewer: When did we get off the gold standard?

Narrator: I don't remember.

Interviewer: Because, back then they were on the gold standard.

Narrator: I think so.

Interviewer: So, they couldn't do like they do now, just sort-of raise the ceiling and print some more money.

Narrator: No. They would take a piece of paper like that and write it out in their hand writing.

Interviewer: Just a regular sheet of paper?

Narrator: That is what they call script money. I owe you five dollars for such-in-such type merchandise. Lloyd Greer. Give it to you and if somebody was gullible enough to take it off your hands. Pass it on. Everybody on the barter system.

Interviewer: So, you had to have something to get something?

Narrator: You sure did.

Interviewer: I think in my mind that the merchants did pretty good, because they had things.

Narrator: That is right. My great-grandfather had died by then, and my great-uncle, A.W. Varnedoe, ran C.C. Varnedoe Company. Who eventually left it to his son, and he just died about ten years ago. So, this is only the fourth generation that has ever owned that store. The last heir to that store finally died last year. It still goes by that name and always will. I think it was left that way. It is a nice store. An expensive store. My great-uncle that ran that after my great-grandfather died, he didn't suffer much because he had that store slam full of the most expensive close you can buy. Hats and gloves and shoes and stockings and everything a woman would wear. Plus, the whole downstairs of that store was just cloth.

Interviewer: Lace and everything?

Narrator: Thread, all kind of sewing material. Everything you needed. Of course, he was pretty well off.

Interviewer: People probably couldn't pay him money but they paid him in merchandise...

Narrator: He let the ones he knew have stuff, he would eventually get it back.

Interviewer: I wonder how he paid his bills?

Narrator: I don't know.

Interviewer: He must have generated enough money to....

Narrator: But, you would be surprised at the number of lanterns that came home. Didn't pay your electricity bill.

Interviewer: Didn't think about that. We weren't really so far advanced that people couldn't remember how it was before things were so modern?

Narrator: No. Let me tell you something, in my life time now, I suppose I am getting on up there, but this great-uncle that owned the store had the first radio. And I went around there to listen to the first broadcast in Valdosta. Amos and Andy Show. On TBKA, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The antenna for that radio, was one of these with the horn on top. The antenna came out of the back of the radio, out a window, up the side of the house, about twenty feet above the house on a rod, and then straight down to the next block up a tree. All that was an antenna to bring a radio show that you just could hear. When the wind blew that thing it would crackle something awful.

Interviewer: So, could you hear it?

Narrator: Yes, you could hear it. Up until then, the Valdosta Times had an office around on Hill Avenue. And Western Union was next door to them on one side of the street. And Postal Telegraph was across the street. So, election time, they would get the election returns by telegraph on one or the other of those companies. And the Valdosta Times right there between them would holler through a megaphone down through the street the latest election returns. And then the next morning they would put out an extra edition of the paper. Hollering "Extra" all over town, sell papers give the election returns. Until that radio showed up. And then the entire town would run down to Uncle Bob's house to hear the election. Because it would come in quicker that Postal Telegraph did.

Interviewer: And he would have it right there.

Narrator: Flies.

Interviewer: So, he was a pretty powerful fellow.

Narrator: Real powerful. There was a lot of funny things back then. That is funny now, it wasn't funny then. Well, some of them were too. Everybody enjoyed life because everybody was on the same level. And he wasn't stuck-up with his money. He would laugh about things just like everyone else would.

Interviewer: It made everybody be on the same level, I guess, didn't it?

Narrator: Yes, it did.

Interviewer: It brought everybody down to about the same.

Narrator: Because he needed groceries just like everybody else. So, he had better be good to that grocery man, if didn't want to have to get his wife clothes to sew that week. Put it off. Man that was some tough times though. I remember going up to the courthouse, when I was twelve years old, that would have been in 1932, and listen to the first court case I ever listened to. It was a, I forgot who the lawyer was. Anyway, there was a murder down there between town and Twin Lakes. And they caught two brothers that committed that murder. The whole town was up there to listen to the murder trial. Including a twelve year old boy. It was very interesting. They hung those fellows before dark.

Interviewer: Is that a fact?

Narrator: Yes.

Interviewer: Now, that was a speedy trial.

Narrator: Brown Murder trial. Brown was the couple that was murdered. I forgot who it was that murdered.

Interviewer: Why did they kill them? Did it ever come out why they murdered them?

Narrator: Robbery. My mother said that when she was growing up that, of course this doesn't have anything to do with the depression, but it is interesting. Jackson Street is right down town, and the old home place, they had about 25 acres of land. That land ran from about where Langdale Ford Company is now which is down Jackson Street and back to Magnolia Street and over to River Street. All that is about

three good city blocks. But all that belonged to the family. So that is just a couple of blocks from the courthouse. On hanging day, the ones under 21 years old weren't allowed downtown. And girls weren't allowed downtown period. No matter how old they were. If it was raining they would carry them across the street to what is now Jimmy and Mitchell's Package store, I guess it is still open. May be closed now, anyways, next door or a couple of stores south of Thaddus Street, where it crosses Ashley right across the street from the courthouse. On a rainy day they would carry people over there and hang them. Indoors because it was raining. Respectful. If it was sunshining they would hang them right there in the courthouse square.

Interviewer: Did they have gallows?

Narrator: They had gallows.

Interviewer: How often did that go on?

Narrator: A couple times a year, I think. I remember mother talking about. They weren't allowed to go downtown that day.

Interviewer: Did alot of the men go?

Narrator: Oh yes. A big crowd.

Interviewer: Just to see. A social thing, I guess.

Narrator: Like the wild west shows.

Interviewer: That is interesting.

Narrator: See, alot of those folks then. Valdosta is not that old. My grandmother, was moving in here as a young lady and married not long after it became Valdosta. Their family moved into Troopville out here. That was where Valdosta really was. Well, at first it was at Franklinville, then Troopville. When the railroad came through they moved the whole town to the railroad. It became Valdosta. And my grandmother married not too long after that. Most of this area over here, Indians were still in this area, right out here where this house is. There is Greer history somewhere with the history of Lowndes County. Dr. Schmier wrote it. Most of it is fairly accurate. It talks about the beginning of Valdosta. Well, my grandmother was a young lady

when they moved from Troopville to Valdosta. Part of my family came here when it just was civilized. My grandmother's father was a Baptist preacher among other things. Probably a merchant too, I don't know. The preacher didn't make any money then, they had to live off the land. They preached for food. Some still do.

Interviewer: Some people say that is the way it should be too.

Narrator: Yes. She was a Pardee. French. They came over here from Liberty County. That is where they moved in from France. Then married with the Varnedoes' which is also French. Then my grandfather on my daddy's side they was Scotch-Irish, I think. They came into South Carolina and moved down to Georgia from there. They went to Alabama first and then Georgia. My daddy was born in Alabama in Iron City. It doesn't even exist anymore. He was home schooled to the third grade. They talk about home schooling to be something new now, its not new.

Interviewer: How was his education? Was it pretty good?

Narrator: Well, they moved to Atlanta, and he started school in the third grade. He was six. And then he skipped to the fifth grade. And then to the seventh. I don't know when he graduated from high school, but he finished Tech when he was sixteen.

Interviewer: So, that home-schooling worked pretty well?

Narrator: It worked pretty well. He was one of eleven children.

Interviewer: Where did he fall?

Narrator: He was the, I think, he was the third or fourth child. His oldest brother died when he was 92 and he worked the day before he died. Tough stock.

Interviewer: Would you leave me with any lasting thoughts of the depression?

Narrator: Well, there was alot of good that came out of it, in all the bad. Two or three things separated the men from the boys. One thing, was one would work and one wouldn't work. And the ones that wouldn't work once it was over with, they didn't last in Valdosta very long, they moved on somewhere else. And this became a very prosperous town all over again. Another thing, the ones who stuck it out

and looked after their families, came out a whole lot stronger. Most of the social climbing....

TAPE TWO SIDE B:

Interviewer: Did everybody go to church?

Narrator: Everybody went to church. Went early and stayed late. Shoot, back then there wasn't anything for us. Our little old church in town would have a 150 kids in Sunday school. Presbyterian. That church was built to hold three hundred people in the sanctuary, and back then there were very few pews ever empty. Of course, the Methodist and Baptist were bigger than we were. A lot bigger. Everybody went to church.

Interviewer: I don't suppose they had any sort of stores on Sunday, did they?

Narrator: No. In fact, the store....

Pause in tape....

Narrator: It was after World War II before they even let the stores open on Sunday. You couldn't buy a loaf of bread or anything else. Gasoline. About the only thing you could buy was gasoline and medicine.

Interviewer: I heard the pharmacists rotated on Sunday.

Narrator: They did. Of course, they all knew each other and there wasn't but about four stores in town. Drug stores. They had a couple of what they call, tea rooms, open for Sunday dinner. Sunday lunch. They were about the only restaurants here and they went to hotels.

Interviewer: For visitors and things like that. So, not many local people went out to eat.

Narrator: No. But, the ones that came through the depression without self-destructing, came out really a lot stronger than they went in. My thinking. And the ones my age, were brought up to know what work is.

Interviewer: How does it make you feel to see everything given to the younger ...

Narrator: Terrible. They don't appreciate it. I guess I'm just too much from the old school. I believe in if you don't work you ought not to be able to eat.

Interviewer: What do you think about the government supporting the people?

Narrator: I think that is the worse thing in the world. Hand-outs. Go down to this, bless their hearts they are doing a good job, some people that deserve to go to the community soup kitchen everyday and eat. They deserve it. Because they have been abandoned completely. Old people, especially blacks, that have nothing. Nothing. I think they deserve some help. Most of them are good people. There are some bums that go down there every single day and load their bellies. And they don't get a lick of _____. Now those, maybe feed them for a month. If they haven't found a job in that length of time, I don't care what it is. And I think they ought to be caught. Now don't let Hillary hear me say that. The President would have me locked up. But I saw people working in the depression, and see how they have to work. And nobody starved to death. Lots of them. If you start a new job at less than \$25,000 a year you look down at it. That is ridiculous. And I really don't know where all the blame will lie. I think it would start at home. Because young people are not taught to work. My brother, Mack, Dr. Mack, had a magazine route one time. And he sold every magazine. He had a bunch of regular customers. But then he always got some extra magazines, because the more he sold, of course, the more money he would make. He would make a penny and a half a piece off each one he sold. Well, Mack was very enterprising, has been all his life. He could make up the tallest tale in a sales pitch you ever heard. He came in on the tail end of where he had to work but he didn't have to do it for a living. I mean, things were where if he didn't work, it didn't make a difference, as far as survivalship goes. Anyway, for his spending money he had this magazine route and he went in to see a man one day. And the man knew him but Mack didn't know that the man knew him. And as soon as he bought a magazine, he got on the telephone to call mother. He said, "Julie, I want to tell you something funny about your son." He said, " He came in and sold me a magazine and said He only had two magazines left and his daddy told him if he didn't sell out every magazine, then he was going to whip him when he got home. He said, 'Won't you

please buy my last two?" And the man did, and he looked out the window and he was out there counting the rest of his magazines. He said he must of had fifty out there on his bicycle.

Interviewer: That is pretty good. Telling a sob story.

Narrator: You just reminded me of a story. This happened back during the depression. A circus came to town. They had an extra big elephant. Alot of advertising about it. And the elephant went crazy before the circus ever started. And he went on a rampage. Jerked himself loose from his trainer, broke the chains and all and took off, and he was tearing up the town. So, this was a write-up in the paper not too long ago, a rewrite of what happened. Of course, they called everyone who was in town, who was able to try to capture the elephant. All men turned out with shotguns and rifles and pistols and everything else. They said the elephant was mad and needed to stop him anyway they could. He was tearing up everything. And they ran him down finally. I understand it was out hear on the edge of town, north of town. Out about Park Avenue, somewhere in there. Finally cornered him and shot him. But, he tore a wide path through this town.

Interviewer: Did you want him to tell a story about the painting?

Observer: When you got out of the service.

Narrator: Oh, I went in the army in 1942 and got out in 1946. August of '46. And I was tired, I wanted to get home and do nothing for a day or two anyway. She was with me and Donna was a young girl, we hadn't had Paula yet. Donna was about three, no she wasn't that old, she was about eighteen months. I hadn't seen my folks or her's either one for a good while. So, we wanted some time with the family. Well, the preacher that married us, Cecil Thompson, was the biggest worker you ever saw. And you couldn't get mad at him, because he worked harder than anyone else did. You tried to get mad with him, but then you get to thinking about it and you thought well, shoot, he's doing it I guess I can too. So, anyway, he is the one that married us. And he found out I was going to be home. So, I had gotten home this day and that night the telephone rang. "Well, welcome home." and I said, "Thank you preacher." "You haven't thrown away all your work

clothes have you?" and I said, "No." "I'll pick you up in the morning about six o'clock." I figured we were going fishing. So, I said "Fine, I'll be ready." Well, I put my fatigues back on. He came. We went down to Twin Lakes. He had gotten enough building material and help, getting folks together. They built a church down there on the lake. Twin Lake's Presbyterian Church. But it needed painting.

Interviewer: So, here you are.

Narrator: Here I am. First day I had had off in four years.

Interviewer: He wouldn't wait around for a day or two.

Narrator: And the two of us went down there and we painted that church. Concrete block wall.

Interviewer: Now, he saw you coming, didn't he?

Narrator: He saw me coming. I reneged when we got to the steeple. I told him I was not going up on it. But the thing about it, he was right down there with us. We painted that church. Well, most of it.

Interviewer: He didn't want you to get use to that ease of civilian life to quick, I guess.

Narrator: You know, he did a good thing when we were all in service. We had two services every Sunday then, morning and night. And Moody was going great. Alot of servicemen in and of course everybody was service oriented. Everybody was in the same boat, just about everybody had a son or husband or somebody in the service. He had the telephone company then, run a line into the sanctuary. And it was once a week, wasn't it? He would pick out three names and the parents would get on the phone right then in church and call whoever was in their family in the service. He would let them talk, three or five minutes. They called us.

Interviewer: That is great.

Narrator: Of course, what all can you say in three or five minutes with everybody listening. It was a treat, just to hear some voice from home. That was the way he was. He just died about three or four months ago, maybe.

Interviewer: Cecil Thompson?

Narrator: Yes. Great fellow. He and Marshal were roommates at seminary. I don't know whether you have heard of T. Marshal, he was one of the Presbyterian greats of all times. He was the Chaplin of the United States Senate. Cecil was quite a fellow.

Interviewer: Well, I think I have picked your brain enough, don't you?

Narrator: I feel like I just rambled all the way through without saying a whole lot.

Interviewer: You said alot.