

Archives Summary with Images

08/02/2019

Matches 651

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2007.32.1 Documents	Family Tree of Jones family including birthdays and wedding dates. Jones Family			Third Floor Storage


A 2007.32.2 Documents	Copy of newspaper picture from August 25, 1940 featuring a photo and brief caption about the Jones family at the Canton Golf Tournament. Rube Jones, Louis Jones, Jr., Bob Jones, Tyre Jones, Turner Jones, Tom Jones, Albert Jones, P.W. Jones, Jr., and L.L. Jones, Sr.			Third Floor Storage
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A 2007.33.1 Document	Article from the Atlanta Journal Constitution, Thurs. March 5, 1970 "Sherman Spared Galt House: 4th Generation at Home" Galt Family Civil War			Third Floor Storage
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A 2007.34.66 Documents	Appraisal of Collection and Article about Collection The appraisal of the collection was conducted by Steve Lewis of American Arrowheads. The article was written by Richard Johnston about how the collection was found during 1930's in Woodstock, GA.			Third Floor Storage
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A 2007.35.1 Film	Eight 8mm videotapes of interviews with local citizens including: Bill Hasty, Sr. Ben Ghorley Louis Jones, Jr. Glenn Tippens Magdalene G. Tippens Also shows a demonstration of a telegraph by Glenn Tippens. Filmed in the year 2003			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2007.36.1 Documents	Letter written by Sam Tate, describing Tate house and subsequent sale of property. Dated 1924.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.7.1 Documents	US War Board Authorization to begin construction forms for house located near intersection of Sixes and Noonday Church. dated March 1945			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.8.1 Documents	Copy of an article about John Keller Moore from Descendants of John Moore and Mary Keller Moore: an Economic Genealogy. Featuring Moores Mill and Finchers Mill, along with liquor distilling in Cherokee County.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.9.1 Dish	A place setting used in the dining room of Miss Cleve and Miss Amelia Rudasill during the 1930's when many Canton teachers came next door to their house for lunch. Possibly donated by Frances Rudasill Owen, who was their niece and also a teacher at Canton High School in the 1950's. One plate measuring 6 inches in diameter. One plate measuring approx. 7 inches in diameter. One plate measuring approx. 9 inches in diameter. One small bowl measuring 5 inches in diameter.		Restricted	Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	One saucer measuring 5 inches in diameter. One teacup standing 2.5 inches high with a diameter of 3.5 inches.			
A 2008.10.1 Map	A version of the 1895 Map of Cherokee County. Possibly an original.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.12.1 Documents	Research paper on Clara Bedell, utilized accession 2006.39.6			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.13.1 Document	Copies of Pictures of Nelson School and Gym from early 20th century			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.16.1 Documents	Checkbooks from local banks. 6 from Etowah Bank 2 from Citizens Bank 1 from Bank of Canton			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2008.16.3 Documents	Medical Record Tablet that belonged to W.D. Fronebarger, Frances Richardson's father.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.4 Documents	<p>Bills from local businesses with addresses including:</p> <p>Canton Dodge</p> <p>Burton Supply Company</p> <p>Wilson's Color Center, Sherwin Williams Paint</p> <p>B&B Parts Co.</p> <p>D&D Metal Fabricators</p> <p>McCurley Auto Parts</p> <p>Dover and Tatum Machine Shop</p> <p>W.L. Bulloch, Lettering for Truck</p> <p>Garrison's Insurance Agency</p> <p>Anderson Electric</p> <p>Canton Wholesale Company</p> <p>Baskin Robbins, Sandy Springs</p> <p>Etowah Bank</p> <p>Bank of Canton, Drive-In Envelope</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.6 Documents	<p>Freight Receipts for L & N Railroad with names of local businesses separated into groups that date from 11/31/1917 to 1/3/1918, 1/10/1918 to 1/21/1918, 1/14/1918 to 1/25/1918, and 1/23/1918 to 1/30/1918.</p> <p>Most tickets display dates, name of shipper, origin and destination, item, train and car identification, price to ship, and name of receipt.</p> <p>Four Folders</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.7 Documents	<p>12 Letters to and from railway agents, dated January 24, 1919, January 25, 1919, and February 5, 1919.</p> <p>3 Letters written on L & N Railroad Company stationary to Coggins Marble Company, Georgia Marble Company, and American Marble & Granite Company concerning shipping prices to points in Louisiana, dated February 28, 1910, April 15, 1910, and February 3, 1911.</p> <p>5 mailgrams written to and from railway agents on prices to ship rough or dressed marble to points in Louisiana, dated May 20, 1910, June 6, 1910, November 15, 1910, November 28, 1910, and December 28, 1910.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.16.8 Booklet	<p>Peruna Almanacs featuring astrological information and information about how to cure catarrh (infection of the mucus membranes). Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company published almanacs as advertising material for their patent medicines. The almanacs also feature information on palmistry, as well as endorsements from people regarding Peruna patent medicines. Most feature holes in the top left corner for string, so that they could be hung on a nail for easy consumption.</p> <p>One almanac, in English, for 1913.</p> <p>Two almanacs, in Spanish, endorsing Peruna in Mexico, both from 1913. One missing January, February and March pages.</p> <p>One page featuring calendar for two years, published by The Peruna Company, discusses the drugs La-cu-pia and Man-a-lin available for symptoms of blood humors and infections and constipation.</p> <p>One almanac, in German, featuring astrological information, as well as information on Catarrh. Also has string in top left corner still attached for hanging.</p> <p>One cover of booklet with the history of Peruna, showing their beginnings in a log cabin-like structure, to a modest building, to a large corporate site in Columbus.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.9 Documents	<p>Southern Railway System</p> <p>Memorandum Way-Bill for Empty Cars</p> <p>Approx. 65 bills</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.10 Booklet	<p>Supplement No.8 to East Bound Virginia Points</p> <p>Booklet listing rates for points in Virginia, appears to be missing pages.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.16.11 Documents	Mailgrams and Letters dating from 1909-1912, written from agent to agent or agent to Marble companies on the rates for shipping rough or dressed marble to points in KY.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.12 Documents	Mailgrams and Letters written by Railway agents to agents or to local Marble companies on the shipping rates of rough or dressed marble to points in Minnesota. Dated 1908-1912.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.13 Documents	Mailgram and Letter, dated 1909 and 1911, on shipping rates on rough or dressed marble to points in Wyoming.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.14 Documents	Letters and Mailgrams, written to and from Railway agents and also to local Marble companies on the shipping rates of rough or dressed marble to points in Pennsylvania (PA).			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.15 Documents	Letters and mailgrams written to and from Railway Agents and also written to local Marble companies, dated 1907-1912, with shipping rates on rough or dressed marble to points in Missouri (MO).			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.16.16 Documents	Letters and mailgrams written to and from Railway Agents and also to marble companies, dated 1908-1910, with shipping rates on rough or dressed marble to points in Arizona (AZ).			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.17 Documents	Miscellaneous Railway Documents, including mailgrams, letters, way bills, freight bills, and circulars. Dating from 1908-1911.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.18 Documents	L & N Railroad Company Ledger Sheets from 1933 showing local businesses transactions with the railroad companies.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.19 Map	Real Estate Atlas of Cherokee County, Published 1985			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.20 Documents	Miscellaneous Documents of W.E. Richardson Including: War and Navy Departments V-Mail 1957 American Legion Membership Card 1955 Withholding Tax Statement 1956 Hunting and Fishing License Pay Stub from Jones Mercantile Co., 1955 Motor Vehicle Operator's License			Fourth Floor Storage





Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Coker's Hospital Stationary Bank of Canton Check, Partial United States Defense Savings Bonds Series E Order Form			
A 2008.16.21 Eyeglasses	Eyeglasses, unknown age Possibly belonged to Jack Richardson's Aunt May			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.25 Yearbook	Hickory Leaf Yearbook from Hickory Flat School 1951			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.34 Book	Funeral Guest Register for Amy Perry Richardson Born 1894 in Tate, GA and died in 1961 in Canton, GA Mother of Jack Richardson			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.44 Documents	Honorable Discharge Paper from the The United States Army, W.E. Richardson Served in World War I as a private, paper issued in June 1919. When Historical Society received document, it had already been laminated.			Fourth Floor Storage


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A 2008.16.45 Documents	New Flag, Pole Dedicated July 4th in City Park, Clipping from Newspaper Dated Thursday, July 9, 1959 Jack Richardson and American Legion			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.16.159 Diary	Copy of Augustus M. Reinhardt Diary Commencing October 3, 1878			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.16.160 Documents	Transcription of Augustus M. Reinhardt Diary Transcribed by Peggy Ricks In the folder with the copy of the original diary.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.16.161 Documents	Registration Card for William E. Richardson (Bill)			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.16.162 Documents	Letter written to Amy Perry Richardson from Carl on North Canton Store Stationary September 3, 1960			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.16.163 Bill-of-sale	Copy of bill-of-sale between Gus Coggins and William E. Richardson For water rights, pipes, and lights for the residences in North Canton for the sum of 3,000 dollars.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.16.164 Documents	Resolutions on behalf of William E. Richardson, passed December 1, 1956 Resolutions passed by the First Methodist Church, the Lions Club, Jones Mercantile Company.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.18.4 Electronic Image	Copy of Stock Certificate for Canton Cotton Mills, dated 1911			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.18.5 Electronic Image	Textile Waste Treatment At Canton Cotton Mills by Louis L. Jones, JR. December 1965			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.19.1 Documents	Cherokee Brown Rifleman Flag information and picture sent to us by the Chicago History Museum, where the flag is accessioned. riflemen			Third Floor Storage
	Information from museum: Object: Flag Material: Silk, Cotton Country: U.S., Confederate States of America			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	<p>Artist or Maker: Alfred H. Watson Date: 1862 Dimensions of Flag: 55" x 35" Condition: Fair, paint cracked and missing in several places. Top right and lower corners missing.</p> <p>Description: Front: Silk flag with painted designs on both sides, copied after the 1st official Confederate flag. The flag has a blue union, two red bars, and one center white bar. Attached to the union are six white cotton stars. Three of the stars are marked in pencil: 1) Painted by Alfred H. Watson; 2) Presented to E.S. Collins by her Aunt M.G. Watson, Aug. 1874; 3) 1862 at Canton presented to S.E. Galt (Galt) and accepted by N.G. Rheinhardt. Painted in red across top of flag "Cherokee Brown Rifleman".</p> <p>Back: Design is painted on white silk; it depicts a background of four mountains, a river, and a row of trees. In the foreground, a snake coils around a cotton plant. LET ME ALONE is painted above the snake's head.</p> <p>Remarks: Company colors of the Cherokee Brown Rifleman, Georgia</p> <p>Source: C.F. Gunther Collection</p>			
A 2008.20.1 Documents	<p>Flight Over Etowah River, January 2008 DVD Shot by Jack Fincher Shows Etowah River, surrounding area, fish traps. darter fish count subject folder also includes information on Etowah River Trail</p>			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.21.1 Document	<p>North Canton Store, Branch of Jones Mercantile Co. Sales Tickets from 12/23/1936 and 12/24/1936</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.22.1 Documents	Canton High School Diploma, 1923 May Burnes Found in the attic of home at 157 Roy St. Ball Ground, GA			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.19 Program	Nelson High School Basketball Schedule and Players, 1935-1936.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.21 Card, Greeting	Christmas Card and Envelope written to Mrs. Doris Wood from Dolly Ponder, 1937			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.22 Postcard	Postcard written to Mr. Bill Wood by Thad, 1937			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.23 Letter	Letter and Envelope to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Woods, Nelson, GA from Mrs. John Beek from Minneapolis, Minnesota.			Fourth Floor Storage
				

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A 2008.22.24 Envelope	Envelope addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wood, 1937			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.25 Letter	Letter written to Mrs. Bill Wood from Lillie Wood, 1934			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.26 Print, Photographic	<p>Invitation to Silver Tea addressed to Mrs. Bill Wood, 1934</p> <p>The invitation reads:</p> <p>On Wednesday, August 22nd, you see From 3 o'clock to 7 there'll be A Silver Tea for you to attend A dime or more you'll bring or send Mrs. Prather's doors will be open wide Waiting for you to step inside.</p> <p>(In handwriting below) Nelson Baptist W.M.S.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.27 Program	Class of 1923, Nelson High School Graduation Program			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.22.29 Certificate, Achievement	Common Schools of Georgia Certificate to Lorene Bryson High School Diploma			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.30 Calendar	Calendar page from the Bank of Ball Ground from October 1916 featuring the Notre Dame Cathedral in France.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.49 Documents	Three pamphlets about clothing for 4-H Club Girls, First, Second, and Fourth Year, March 1935			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.50 Supplement, Newspaper	The Marble Cutter, Nelson High School newspaper, May 1929			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.51 Documents	Three War Ration Stamp Books Hennevieve B Kelley Sam T. Kelly Hennevieve B Kelley 10/2014: 1 on display in museum			First Floor Museum

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.22.52 Magazine	American Childhood, December 1930 Magazine about and for the American Child			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.53 Documents	The Diet Prescription and Oher Information for the Diabetic Also includes a menu, as well as directions from the Roper Hospital in Jasper on how to care for the patient, Mrs. Kelley.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.54 Program	1942 Station Hospital Camp Claiborne Lousiana, Christmas Dinner Menu and Company Roster			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.55 Map	Advertising map created by Mentholatum Company, No Date			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.56 Pamphlet	The Art of Living Successfully, A Digest of Wit and Wisdom November 1938			Fourth Floor Storage

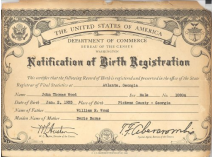
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.22.57 Documents	Miscellaneous Pamphlets on Food and Food Preparation Including information on: Brazil Nuts Pork, Beef, Lamb, Veal Charts Kitchen Planning, 1916 Cream of Tartar Cooking with cold, cold meal ideas Baby's diet, strained foods Home Canning Food Chart, food nutritional values Cooking Folder 1,2,3,4, Leavening, Quick Breads and Loaf Breads, Meats and Vegetables and Cakes Cookie Recipes			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.58 Documents	Miscellaneous Educational Pamphlets and Brochures Including: The Story of Salmon The Story of Coffee A Catalogue of Plays Teacher's Catalogue Occupational Guidance, Georgia Program for the Improvement of Instruction in the Public Schools, March 1938 Answers for the Problems and Examples of Child Life Arithmetic Outline for Cleanliness Teaching Georgia State School Items Manuel for the Elson Readers, Book Two Best Primary Recitations Catalog School Tests, Scales, Books, Workbooks Publications for Schools, Cleanliness Institute The Star Spangled Banner: A Brief History 4th Annual Cherokee County Fair 1930- on display in the museum			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.59 Documents	Miscellaneous House and Housekeeping Pamphlets Including: One Floor Favorite, House Plan Housekeeping Hows and Whys: Floors, Furniture, and Woodwork 1969 Edition, Rights and Responsibilities of those who receive social security disability benefits 1949 Rexall Family Almanac and Moon Book Cities Service Oils and Gasolines Map of the USA Instructor's Outlines First Aid Course, by The American National Red Cross Report on Economic Conditions of the South US Department of Agriculture Cotton Fabrics and Their Uses			Fourth Floor Storage

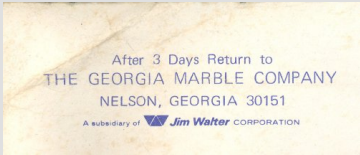


Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Country Gentleman Service Department, Handbook of Table Setting and Serving Modern Fabric Cleaning Teachers Manual on Dyeing, Tinting, Drycleaning, and Bleaching Fabrics and Designs for Childrens Clothes			
A 2008.22.63 Pamphlet	Miscellaneous Educational Booklets including: The Star Spangled Banner: A Brief History Cleanliness Institute: Publications for Schools A September 1938 Catalog of School Tests, Scales, Books, Workbooks, and related materials Best Primary Recitations, 1915 Manual for Elson Readers, Book Two, 1922 Georgia state School Items, 1929 Outline for Cleanliness Teaching, 1931 Answers for the Problems and Examples of Child Life Arithmetics Occupational Guidance: Georgia Program for the Improvement of Instructions in the Public Schools, 1938 Teacher's Catalog: Entertainments, Plays, Operettas, Supplies for Teachers, 1939 A catalogue of plays, 1938 The Story of Coffee The Story of Salmon			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.64 Documents	Miscellaneous Documents including correspondence and bank documents			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.65 Documents	Cloth Samples and Information from 1928 Including Corduroy, Beacon Cloth, Glass Toweling, Damask, Japanese Crepe, Underwear Crepe			Fourth Floor Storage

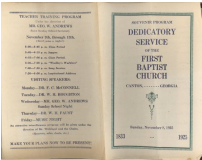


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A 2008.22.66 Notebook	Biology and Philosophy School Notebook that belonged to Jo Bryson and Susan Thornton			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.67 Book, Instruction	The New Rational Typewriting Course book for typewriting, 1923			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.68 Postcard	Antique Postcards, 20th century from California, Georgia, Florida, Innsbruck, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, New York, North Carolina			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.69 Documents	Six Advertising Booklet from Roberts Marble Co. with sewing needles and needle threader Printed in 1940 Four are missing needle threaders and all are missing some needles			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.74 Social Security Cards	Social Security Engraved Plate of John Thomas Bryson and Social Security Card of Maye Burns Bryson		Restricted	Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2008.22.80 Booklet	Miscellaneous Booklets and Pamphlets on Food Preparation and Hostessing including: Parties for All Occasions, Selected by the Delineator Service A Guide to Royal Success in Baking, by the Royal Baking Powder My Party Book of Tested Chocolate Recipe, Baker's Chocolate Practical Handbook on Leavening, Rumford Baking Powder Marvelous Meals with Minute Tapioca Jack and Mary's Jello Recipe Book How to make good coffee, Maxwell House Cranberries and How to Cook Them, Eatmor Cranberries A Plan for the Day's Choice of Food, General Foods 2 Food Charts, General Foods The Hawaiian Islands and the Story of Pineapple, Canco Pineapple Canned Food Facts, American Can Company All about canned foods, Libby's 100 Foods Showers and Anniversaries, The Delineator Service			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.81 Book	General Information and College of Arts and Sciences, Bulletin, The University of Georgia, Athens May 1940			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.82 Book	American Red Cross Textbook on Food and Nutrition: A Study of the Basis of Food Selection By Ruth Wheeler, 1927			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.88 Booklet	Beckley Cardy's School Buyer's Guide Catalogue, 1939			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2008.22.89 Booklet	Visual Instruction in Nature Study By Ernest Crandall Published by The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.90 Book	Georgia Program for the Improvement of Instruction, Guide to Curriculum Improvement By MD Collins, State Superintendent			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.92 Book	Georgia State School Items, Course of Study for Elementary Schools			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.94 Documents	Envelope Containing Solicitations from Rich's, Inc of Atlanta World Masterpieces Book Solicitation			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.95 Documents	General Foods Consumer Service Department Organizational Chart			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2008.22.96 Map	1938-1939 Virginia Highway Map			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.97 Certificate, Birth	Birth Certificate of John Thomas Wood, Born January 2, 1933 Son of Doris Burns and William R. Wood Born in Pickens County, GA			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.22.98 Book	Memorial Service Book for John Thomas Bryson Born January 15, 1883 and died November 2, 1964. Married to Amye Cook and Maye Burns Parents W.S. Bryson Rhoda Jane Hooper Children Harold Bryson Jane Bryson Lorene Bryson Sisters Mary Barrett and Stella Harrison			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.99 Book	Riggs Class Record Book			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2008.22.102 Documents	Singer Sewing Diagrams, 6 Different Diagrams			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.103 Pamphlet	The Book League Review Solicitation			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.22.104 Electronic Image	Envelope Return Address Letterhead for Georgia Marble Company, Nelson A subsidiary of Jim Walter Corporation			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.32.2 Electronic Document	Copy of Letter on CCM Stationary written to Jesse Samples, Jr. from Eugene Owen December 29, 1961			
				
A 2008.34.32 Electronic Image	Aerial of Canton Mule Barn on North Street RT Jones House Courthouse Main Street			Third Floor Storage
				

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A 2008.41.3 Newspaper	Copy of Cherokee Intelligencer, Dated February 16, 1833. First Issue by Howell Cobb			First Floor Museum
A 2008.41.4 Documents	Accession List of Newspapers given to the AHC by Nell and Bill Magruder			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.41.5 Documents	Souvenir Program Dedicatory Service of the First Baptist Church, Canton Georgia, November 8, 1925 Speakers Included in the Program: Jones, Newton, Vaughan, Moody, Wolslagel, Cutts			Third Floor Storage
	A 2008.41.6 Documents	Program for the Presentation of Portraits at the Bank of Canton, 1928 RT Jones, Sam Tate, BF Crisler, William Galt Artist was Charles F. Naegele		Third Floor Storage
	A 2008.41.9 Electronic Image	Copy of Program from First Baptist Church, Canton, 1918 Shows original church which was located north of the parsonage and was later torn down.		Third Floor Storage
				

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A 2008.41.12 Clipping, Newspaper 	The Cherokee Advance Articles about Coggins Store B.F. Coggins Store and Jones Mercantile Partnership Burton Franklin Coggins history per Judson Roberts			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.41.13 Newspaper 	The Cherokee Advance, September 25, 1914 Canton Grammar School being built on Academy Street in front of the Etowah Academy.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.41.15 Documents	Documents and Letters from the Grisham family List of Letters in folder and images of letters on the M Drive under To Be Catalogued-Magruder Collection			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.43.6 Electronic Image 	Copy of Teacher's Monthly Report from Riverdale School in Canton, 1923 Cleo McClure was the teacher.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.44.1 Documents 	Jones Park is located behind the two churches (Zion Baptist and St. Paul AME) on Crisler Street. The property was deeded to both churches. Now named Burge Park Copy of Jones Park Opening Program, Canton The Program Reads: Jones Park Opening A Colored Recreational Center			Third Floor Storage



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	<p>Canton, GA. Saturday, June 17 Hrs. 2 to 5 pm Program Song Invocation by Rev. P.R. Geer Song Object of Meeting Stated Talk: What the Park Will Mean to the Colored People by Rev E.P. Yorpp Song by Quartet Talk: Extending Thanks for the Gift on Behalf of the Colored Citizens by H.W. Ware Talks by the following white friends: Mr. P.W. Jones, Donor Dr. J.T. Pettit, Mayor Mr. E.A. McCanless Col. A.J. Henderson</p> <p>Acceptance of Park by W.A. Thompson Song Benediction by Rev. P.R. Geer</p> <p>The entire colored population is expected and urged to be present and our many white friends are cordially invited.</p> <p>Refreshments free for all</p> <p>Park Committee</p>			
A 2008.44.2 Documents	Copies of Personal Letters and Stationary of Magnolia Thomas Hotel Canton Stationary letterhead			Third Floor Storage



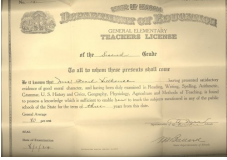
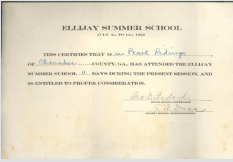
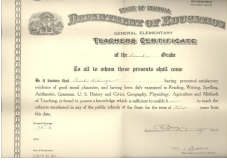

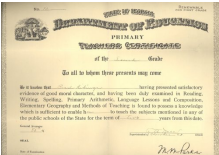
A 2008.44.3 Documents	<p>Copy of Letter to Magnolia Thomas from United States Department of Agriculture Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Letter about Election and Poll</p>			Third Floor Storage
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Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.44.4 Documents	Copy of Handwritten List of Pastors and Deacons of Mt. Olive Baptist Church, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.44.5 Documents	Copy of Insurance Agent's License, Magnolia Thomas, 1953			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.44.6 Documents	Copy of Woodstock and Canton Telephone Directory, 1969			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.46.3 Book	First Volume of Harmony Baptist Church Records dates from 1839 to 1870			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.46.4 Book	Second Volume of Harmony Church Records dates from 1874 to 1910 Miscellaneous documents in this volume:			Fourth Floor Storage
				
	Letter of dismissal for Nannie Creamer from New Beulah Primitive Baptist Church Elder W.W. Lord and Church Clerk Leon Wildes, dated March 15, 1947 in Hazlehurst, GA			
	List of names of persons that have belonged to Harmony Church.			

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	<p>Bill from Rudasill Printing Company, Publishers of The Cherokee Advance- lists birth and death dates -October 27, 1848 and died November 1, 1927</p> <p>Resolution passed by the Primitive Baptist Church of Christ at Tickanetley, Gilmer County that lists Levi Laney as a member.</p> <p>Resolution passed by the Primitive Baptist Church of Christ</p> <p>List of names and dates</p> <p>List of those baptized with The Little River Association of Primitive Baptist</p> <p>Letter written by GW Mooney clerk and J.H. Weaver of The Primitive Baptist Church of Christ at Tickanetley, dated October 27, 1923</p> <p>List of names and dates of members</p> <p>Milton County Bank statement for OB Garrison</p>			
A 2008.46.5 Book	Third Volume of Harmony Church Records dates from 1910 to 1940			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.46.6 Book	Fourth Volume of Harmony Church Records dates from 1940 to 1960			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.46.7 Book	Fifth Volume of Harmony Church Records dates from 1962 to 1977			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.46.8 Book	Sixth Volume of Harmony Church Records has no dates available, but mentions deaths in 1960s			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.48.1 Book	City of Ball Ground, GA Master Plan September 28, 2007 Done by Lew Oliver Inc.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.49.1 Documents	Copy of Article from Cherokee Tribune, January 30, 1975, on Canton Textile Mills			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.57.1 Documents	Teacher's Contract and Envelope Pearl Ridings Hillhouse's Teacher's Contract with Cherry Grove School in Cherokee County, dated from January 16, 1919.			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.57.2 Documents	Teacher's Certificate and Envelope Pearl Ridings Hillhouse's Teacher's Certificate for General Elementary Education in 2nd Grade, dated 1924			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.57.3 Documents	Ellijay Summer School Certificate and Envelope, 1922 Certificate belonging to Pearl Ridings, stating that she attended the Summer School from July 3rd to July 14th, 1922 and is eligible for proper consideration.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.57.4 Documents	Teacher's Certificate and Envelope, 1920 General Elementary Education Certificate in 2nd grade, belonged to Pearl Ridings Hillhouse.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.57.5 Documents	Teacher's Contract and Envelope, 1920 Contract with Liberty Schoolhouse in the Boling Subdistrict of Cherokee County, dated January 1920			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2008.57.6 Documents	Teacher's Certificate and Envelope, 1922 Primary Teacher's Certificate of the Second Grade, belonging to Pearl Ridings Hillhouse.			Fourth Floor Storage
				

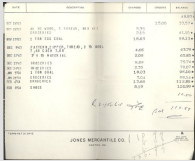
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.57.7 Documents	 <p>Cherokee Sales Company, Sales Information Sheet Lincoln, Ford, Fordson Cars, Trucks, and Tractors Sheet indicates that a roadster was sold to Albert Hillhouse in 1927 by R.P. Spears</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.58.2 Book	Soldiers Who Served in the Cherokee Legion Georgia State Guard			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.59.2 Book	Pfister Naphthols: Their Properties and Applications, 1955 Two Copies			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.4 Book	Research Report on The Operation and Optimization of Caustic Recovery Systems in the Textile Industry Published by the Institute of Textile Technology			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.5 Book	Indigo Information General Technical and Historical Manual for the use of Indigo No Author			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.59.7 Book	Indanthrene Dyestuffs on Cotton Piece Goods By General Aniline and Film Corporation, Dyestuff and Chemical Division Two Copies			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.8 Book	Manual for the Dyeing with Naphtol AS Products By Farbwerke Hoescht AG			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.9 Book	Calcobond Fiber Reactive Dyes by American Cyanamid Company			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.10 Book	The Dyeing of Polyester Fibres			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.11 Book	Calco Direct Dyes on Cotton Yarn by American Cyanamid Company Dyestuff Department			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.59.12 Book	Cibacron Dyes in Piece Dyeing by CIBA			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.13 Book	Drimaren-X, Reactive Dyestuffs for Exhaustion Dyeing by Sandoz			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.14 Book	Naphtol AS: Directions for Use and Application By Farbwerke Hoescht AG			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.16 Book	Brown's Book of Carburetors Book of Patents of Carburetors			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.17 Book	Sodyeco Dyestuffs for Cotton Yarns by Martin Marietta			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.59.18 Book	Drimaren R: Highly Reactive Dyestuffs for the Continuous Dyeing of Cellulosic Fibres by Sandoz			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.19 Book	Sandocryl B Dyestuffs by Sandoz			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.20 Book	Canton Cotton Mill information on different departments and machines			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.24 Book	Ethanol Production Processes			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.59.25 Documents	Information and Images of Dick Shuttleworth and Methane Machine 1970s			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.60.1 Electronic Image	W-2 Form, 1943 Bertha E.C. Painter W-2 Form			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.2 Electronic Image	W-2 Form, 1943 Robert C. Painter			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.3 Electronic Image	Coker's Hospital Payment Receipt, Canton, 1953			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.4 Electronic Image	Coker Memorial Hospital, Payment Receipt, 1960			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.5 Electronic Image	Sparks Furniture Company, Receipt, 1966 On North Street in Canton			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.60.6 Electronic Image	Jones Mercantile Company, Payment Receipt, 1964			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.7 Electronic Image	Jones Mercantile Company, Bill for Groceries and other Items, No Date			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.8 Electronic Image	First Mortgage Real Estate Note, Mill House, 1964			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.9 Electronic Image	Insurance Document for Mill House, 1964 Bertha Painter			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.10 Electronic Image	Insurance Document on Mill House, 1964 Bertha Painter			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.60.11 Electronic Image	Alester G. Furman Company, Real Estate Contract, Greenville, SC For Canton Cotton Mills Mill house, 1964			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.12 Electronic Image	Alester G. Furman, Real Estate Contract, Greenville, SC Bertha Painter, 1964, closing was at North Canton Gym			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.13 Electronic Image	Canton Cotton Mill, 25 year pin letter, 1959 Bertha Painter			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.60.14 Electronic Image	Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, CT, Group Insurance Policy For Bertha Painter and Ellen Painter			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.62.1 Scrapbook	Scrapbook of the Laurel Garden Club from January 2006 to January 2007			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.63.1 Documents	Cherokee County, Georgia Tax Commissioner's Office Credit Authorization for Errors in Tax Digest 1942			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.2 Documents	Cherokee County, Georgia Tax Commissioner's Office Credit Authorization for Errors in Tax Digest 1943			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.3 Documents	Cherokee County, Georgia Tax Commissioner's Office Credit Authorization for Errors in Tax Digest 1944			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.4 Documents	Cherokee County, Georgia Tax Commissioner's Office Credit Authorization for Errors in Tax Digest 1945			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.5 Documents	Cherokee County, Georgia Tax Commissioner's Office Credit Authorization for Errors in Tax Digest 1946			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.63.6 Booklet	Financial Statements for DJ McCurley, Tax Commissioner, 1948-1950			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.7 Booklet	Financial Statements for Tax Commissioner, December 1951			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.8 Booklet	Financial Statements for Tax Commissioner, December 1952			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.9 Booklet	Financial Statements for Tax Commissioner, December 1953			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.10 Booklet	Financial Statements for Tax Commissioner, December 1957			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.63.11 Document	Georgia's Old Federal Road Book on Development of a Historical Context for the Federal Road in North Georgia Book on Development of a Technical Context for the Federal Road in North Georgia Two Audio CDs for Georgia Federal Road Driving Tour Two Brochures for Georgia Federal Road Driving Tour, one with direc			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.63.12 Notebook	Cherokee County Comprehensive Plan 1997			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.64.1 Newspaper	Official 75th Anniversary booklet for Jones Mercantile.1954 Article from newspaper highlighting Jones Mercantile's Diamond Anniversary. Features administration and employees of the Jones Mercantile. Two Copies			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.64.2 Book	Copy of book on Robert Tyre Jones and the Jones Family			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.64.3 Documents	President's Report for Canton Cotton Mills Annual Stockholders Meeting, 1981			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.64.4 Documents	Copy of Transactions of Common Stock of Jones Mercantile and Index of Documents 1986			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.64.5 Documents	Canton Textiles Mills Copy of Notice of Special Meeting of Shareholders November 2000			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.66.1 Documents	Canton Theatre, Copies of North Georgia Tribune Articles			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.66.2 Documents	M & T Drive In, Copies of Articles from North Georgia Tribune			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.2 DVD	Canton Fire, June 29. 1955, Made by Richard Gray			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.3 CD	Alexander Inventory			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.5 CD	<p>Scanned Images from Greenes</p> <p>On CD 1</p> <p>Canton Cotton Mill Employee from Mill #1 and Mill #2</p> <p>Canton Cotton Mill #2</p> <p>Canton High School Diploma of May Burns Bryson</p> <p>On CD 2</p> <p>Aerials of Cotton Mill #1 and #2 from 1970s and 1930s</p>			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.7 Electronic Image	2007 Cherokee Remembers Addendum Panel			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.8 Panel	<p>Architecture Panel 36" x 42" Laminated</p> <p>Includes: Patrick Henry Hubbard House</p> <p>Gaddis/Meaders family</p> <p>Quarles Home</p> <p>Greene Home</p> <p>Roberts Home</p> <p>C.W. Groover Home</p> <p>Chandler/Edwards Home</p> <p>Atherton Home</p> <p>Dewar Mansion</p> <p>Wheeler</p> <p>Fowler/Hendrix Home</p> <p>Stripling/Lovelady Home</p> <p>Teasley Home</p> <p>Iris Dobbs Home</p> <p>Galt Home</p> <p>Nelson</p>			Fourth Floor Storage



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Ball Ground Canton Woodstock Union Hill Hickory Flat			
A 2008.69.9 Panel	Ball Ground Panels-2 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Roberts Home Post Office Kinsey Patterson Roberts Dam Cagle Hotel Frosty Bar (Lady pictured is Lenora Thacker Prince - mother of Bettye P. Young) Cotton Gin Mary Bramlett Ball Ground Band Dr. Saye Stripling House Bud's Barber Shop Mary Greenlee Central Church Depot Greenley Holcomb			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.10 Panel	Canton Panels-3 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Main Street Garage Etowah Manufacturing Cantex Canton Hotel Central Park (became Cannon Park in 2009) Canton Fire Mule Barn - North Street Augustus Coggins House (actually the A.B. Coggins house - Gus' parents. Gus' son Lee Rol in buggy) Jones Mercantile Brown Park Jones Family McAfee House Putnam House Main Street Coker Hospital			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Johnston Drug Store Canton Theatre Canton Depot Canton Baseball			
A 2008.69.11 Panel	Canton Cotton Mills Panel 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Basketball Team Mill Village			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.12 Panel	Education Panels-2 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Union Hill School Etowah Institute Little River Academy Canton High School Bus Holbrook School Ball ground School Free Home Canton Elementary Canton High Othello Reinhardt Band Cherokee County Training School Basketball			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.13 Panel	Holly Springs Panel 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Marble Quarry E.M. Barrett Store Map James Baxter Owens and George Baxter Owens Railroad Cotton Ragsdale Building Depot			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.14 Panel	<p>Industry Panels-2 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated</p> <p>Includes: Creighton/Franklin Gold Mine Cherokee Mills Crescent Farm Cotton Brick Mill Gold Kist Poultry Fred Haley Farms Etowah Poultry Georgia Marble Roberts Marble Cherokee Marble Railroad - Locomotive</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.15 Panel	<p>County Introduction Panel 36" x 42" Laminated</p> <p>Includes: Civil War Railroad Trail of Tears Land Lottery</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.16 Panel	<p>Lifestyle Panels-2 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated</p> <p>Includes: Canton Woman's (Women's) Club Ball Ground Baseball Glee Club Boy Scouts Prize Class Singing Convention Maid and Matron's Club Bible Class Canton Drug Store Wofford's Store Jones Mercantile Union Hill Methodist Gospel Temple Canton First Baptist Woodstock Methodist Rev. Moon Baptizing Fourth (4th) July parade Denim Day Carnival</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Lester Vaughn Vera Bradley Louise Darby Betty Jo Cox Nelson			
A 2008.69.17 Panel	Nelson Panel 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Blue Ridge Marble Dewar Mansion Boys Basketball Saloon Mercantile Nelson Hotel Hoyt Chapman Georgia Marble Bethesda Church Burdines Weiner Stand			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.18 Panel	Waleska Panel 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: Cadet Reinhardt Mary Stuart Witham Hall			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.19 Panel	Woodstock Panels-2 Panels Each 36" x 42" Laminated Includes: J.H. Johnston Home Johnston Company Sam Dawson Dr. Boring Depot Railroad Schedule (L&N) Dean Family House Dean's Drug Cotton Warehouse Bank Woodstock Magnolia Thomas House			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Posey Dobbs Little River Mill (Rope Mill) Dorn House Woostock Baptist The Cotton Warehouse was also a movie theatre and hardware store at one time.			
A 2008.69.20 Panel	Aerial of Canton Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.21 Panel	Ball Ground Baseball Team Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.22 Panel	Ball Ground Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted depot Central Church			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.24 Panel	Boy Scouts Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Jimmy Bishop, Unknown, William Kimberly, Ted Klein, Charles Hammontree, Donald Bishop, Jimmy Hamby, Jimmy Goss, Lamar Cantrell, Frank Kimberly, Benny Harbin			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.25 Panel	Brown's Park Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted First Baptist Church Canton			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.26 Panel	Confederate Veterans Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Brown's Park Canton			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.27 Panel	Downtown Canton Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted 1957			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.28 Panel	Field's Plantation Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Miss Lucy (slave) Lake Allatoona			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.29 Panel	Fire Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Cantex			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.30 Panel	Holcomb House Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.31 Panel	John Thomas Beavers Family Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.32 Panel	<p>Little Girl in Holly Springs Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted</p> <p>Girl is Pamela Owens Rountree, daughter of station master.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.33 Panel	Mill Worker Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Charley Loggins			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.34 Panel	Nelson Car Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Helen Humphrey Beck 1930			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.35 Panel	Operator Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Young woman working as a phone operator locally, June 1924			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.37 Panel	Students Skipping School Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Wheeler Lumber Ball Ground 1903 on April Fools day			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.38 Panel	Woodstock Aerial Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.39 Panel	Woodstock Street Scene Picture 36" x 42" Laminated & Mounted Millicent Barnes Fox and Bertha McAfee Barnes, on Arnold Mill Rd, circa 1940			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.42 Panel	Aerial Panels-3 Panels- 36x42 Laminated Canton Ball Ground Holly Springs Waleska North Canton Jasper			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.43 Panel	Buddy Alexander Panel - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted Buddy, Frances, Tommy & Joyce Alexander			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.44 Panel	<p>Business Panels-4 Panels - 36x42 Laminated</p> <p>Includes: Rogers Store Bank Canton Canton Theatre Main Street garage Mid City Pharmacy Green Rail Key's Jewelry Butterworth's Kessler's Jones Mercantile Canton Drug -Front row, left to right: Brenda Young, Rebecca Thompson, Wanda Weaver, Mrs. Glenn (Clemmie) Cox, Glenton Watkins, Faye Hill, Bobby Fowler, Doris Fowler. Back Row, left to right: Billy Whitmire, Laud Bearden, Wallace Fowler, Billy Cagle, WW Fincher, Jack Fincher, Sr., Grady Cagle.</p> <p>Red Oak Tastee Freez M&T Kwik Chik WCHK Priest Home Furnishing Barbeque Dixie Inn Atomedic Hospital Post Office Waleska Pine Crest Inn Ingram Trucking Ball Ground Depot Haley Farms Roberts Store</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Dixie Poultry Lawson Poultry			
A 2008.69.45 Panel	Education Panels-3 Panels - Each 36x42 Laminated Includes: Hi-Y Club - Joel Garrison (seated), Howard Barton, Gene Moore, Hugh Thacker, and George Dick. Hickory Flat Basketball Canton Elementary Cherokee County Training School Reinhardt Buffington Canton High Dance Holly Springs Elementary Halloween Carnvial Reunion Teachers			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.46 Panel	Community Panels-3 Panels - each 36x42 laminated Includes: Scout Troop 81 Lake Allatoona Cherokee County Training School Scout Troop Kemp Tailoring Shrine Club Ulla Westbrook Dance Studio 4-H club Pink Ladies National Guard Lions Club Little League Kiwanis club Hickory Log Church Canton First Baptist Sunday School Woman's Club FFA Cherokee Rhythm rockers Holly Springs Baptist			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.47 Panel	Crimes and Accidents Panels-2 Panels - Each 36x42 Laminated Includes: Flood Jones Mercantile Lance Truck Liquor still Louis Payne garage drive-in field's landing Cantex			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.48 Panel	Event Panels-3 Panels - Each 36x42 Laminated Includes: Allatoona Dam Canton Drug Canton High Reunion Key's Jewelry Denim Doll Jaycees Poultry 4th July Celebration Georgia Marble WCHK Circus Hotel Canton Dean Rusk Reinhardt			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.49 Panel	Blair Market Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.50 Panel	Bowling Alley Restaurant Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted Cantex			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.51 Panel	<p>Bradshaw Party Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted</p> <p>Bradshaw Party at PW Jones House 3/1958 L-R Helen Jones Cissy Jones Delan Floyd Nita Bedelle Martha Hendrix Joyce Alexander Sue Ellen Bradshaw Debbie Smith Mitzi Whitmire Sally Andrews Mitzi Hopkins Jan Patterson Melissa Bass</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.52 Panel	<p>Canton Aerial Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted</p> <p>There are many historic buildings visible in this photograph that have been lost over time in Canton. Notably the P.W. Jones house by Brown Park in the upper right, the Dupree House in the center where the Dance Academy is presently located, the R.T. Jones house in the bottom right corner, the Teasley house to the middle left, and Ponder's Grocery Store in the top left.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.53 Panel	<p>Canton Central Park Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted</p> <p>Became Cannon Park in 2009</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.54 Panel	Canton Elementary Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted. date printed is 1963, but Ben Bradshaw is in photo and he says it is 1958			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.55 Panel	Canton Snow Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.56 Panel	Cherokee High Dance Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.57 Panel	Downtown Parade Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.58 Panel	Georgia Marble Tour Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.60 Panel	Jaycees Beauty Contest Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.61 Panel	Liquor Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.62 Panel	<p>Lost Canton Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted</p> <p>Teasley House, P.W. Jones House, R.T. Jones Memorial Library, Dupree House</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.63 Panel	<p>Marble Columns Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted</p> <p>Georgia Marble Company Shipping the new White House Columns from Nelson to Washington D.C. April 1959 Before John F. Kennedy's inauguration in 1961, the White House exterior was renovated to replace much of the original sandstone with more durable marble. The Georgia Marble Company was responsible for making the 24 columns and other ornamental fixtures.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.64 Panel	North Canton CCM Picnic Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.65 Panel	Mill Housing Flood Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.66 Panel	Mt. Pisgah Baptism Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted Forsyth County			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.67 Panel	Nell Galt Magruder Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted Ralph Turner Canton High			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.68 Panel	School Bus Picture - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted Cherokee County Training School May 1955 Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Billingslea are the couple to the far right. Mr. Billingslea was the principal and Mrs. Billingslea was a teacher at the school.			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.69 Panel	Worley Shoes Pictures - 36x42 Laminated and Mounted			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.71 Panels	Aerial of Canton, 1940s panel - 36x42 Laminated			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.102 Notebook	Chronicles June 1989 through Dec. 2006			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.103 Notebook	Chronicles Feb. 2007 through			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.104 Notebook	News articles about the Historical Society, Jan 2005 through			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.105 Book	Cherokee County Recipes and Recollections, 1993			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.106 Directory, Telephone	Canton & Holly Springs Telephone Book September 1977 Includes listings for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marblehill, Woodstock			First Floor Museum
A 2008.69.107 Directory, Telephone	Canton & Holly Springs Telephone Book September 1976 Includes listings for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marblehill, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.108 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book August 1973 Includes listings for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marblehill, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.109 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book August 1971 Includes lisitngs for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marblehill, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.110 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book July 1970 Includes listings for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marblehill, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.111 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book July 1969 Includes listings for Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, Marble Hill, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.112 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book October 1968 Note on front cover: Do not use this directory until after 2:01 A.M. Sunday October 6, 1968 at which time many numbers in Canton will be changed. Use your present Directory until this date.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.113 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1968 2 copies			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.114 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1967			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.115 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1966 Has a book cover			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.116 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1965			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.117 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1964			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.118 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book March 1963			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.119 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book February 1962			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.120 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book January 1961			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.121 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book January 1960			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.122 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book October 1958 2 copies, 1st has a book cover			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.123 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book September 1957			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.124 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book May 1957 Note: Cover states Temporary Directory			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.125 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book November 1955 Note: Cover states corrected to November 1955			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.126 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book January 1954			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.127 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book June 15, 1952 Note: Yellow tag attached with Canton Cleaners & Laundry and Kessler's ads			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.128 Directory, Telephone	Canton Telephone Book November 1, 1950 Note: red tag attached with ad for White Top Taxi and Telephone Directory Advertising			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.129 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Mill #1 1899 - 1923 Two Panels Canton Cotton Mills Laminated Includes George W. Brooke A.C. Conn R.T. Jones Jabez Galt T.W. Hogan			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	A.B. Vaughn. Cotton Manufacturers Association of Georgia Meeting 1906 Canton Cotton Mill #1 Child Workers Charles CK Cobb Galt Bottoms Galt Family Field			
A 2008.69.130 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Canton Cotton Mills 1925-1948 3 Panels Laminated Includes: World War II Canton Cotton Mill #2 Osnaburg Fabric 50th Anniversary of the Mills Denim Dollar Days Denim Day Carnival Pinecrest Inn Louis Jones, Sr. Field's Farm (later flooded by Lake Allatoona) Charlie Cobb Louis Jones, Sr. Melvin Young Louis Jones, Jr. Mildred Martin #1, 1937 D.E. Dunwoody i Louise Lowe Amos Adams Johnny James Bennon Martin Thomas Rickey Elvie Graham Flora Cantrell Louise Pruitt Musiette Andrews Amie Doss Hazel Jones Flossie Roland Thad Hester AJ Pendley Mr. Wade J.C. Norton A.P. Norton			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Lindsey Fowler			
	Digah Westbrook			
	Jack Wade			
	Lee Wynn			
	Rube Perry			
	Carol Smith			
	Cliff Yother			
	Robert P. Jones			
	Frances Rolan			
	Mary Darnell			
	"Bill" Stewart			
	Amanda Perry			
	Dot Douglas			
	Ethel Groves			
	Eva Wehunt			
	Nan Ponder			
	Pauline Wilson			
	Marie Chastain			
	Chlora Boling			
	Alma Ponder			
	Betty McDaniel			
	Jim Wheeler			
	Vern Wheeler			
	Nan Ponder			
	David Donley			
	Mr. Owen			
	Jack Hamby			
	Alice Cobb			
	Charlie Cobb			
	Tom West			
	Perry Bennett			
	"Mule" White			
	Jess Blalock			
	Dan Scott			
	Hubert Tillery.			
	JT Lowery			
	Colonial Grocery Store			
	Town House Restaurant			
	Martha Greene			
	Gene Bell			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.131 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Building of Mill #2 1 Panel Laminated Canton Cotton Mills			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.132 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Jones Family 1 Panel Canton Cotton Mills Includes: First Baptist Church R.T. Jones family Paul Walker, Emily Foster, May Reynolds, Albert Vaughn, Louis Lindley, Robert Permedeus, Jack Walker, Eleanor Frances, Rube Coggins, Louise Jones, and Robert Tyre Jones, Jr			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.133 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Canton Cotton Mills 1949-1962 3 Panels Laminated Includes: World War II Canton Cotton Mill #2 Osnaburg Fabric 50th Anniversary of the Mills Denim Dollar Days Denim Day Carnival Pinecrest Inn Louis Jones, Sr. Field's Farm (later flooded by Lake Allatoona) Charlie Cobb Louis Jones, Sr. Melvin Young Louis Jones, Jr. Mildred Martin #1, 1937 D.E. Dunwoody i Louise Lowe Amos Adams Johnny James Bennon Martin Thomas Rickey Elvie Graham Flora Cantrell			Fourth Floor Storage

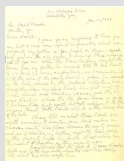
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Louise Pruitt			
	Musiette Andrews			
	Amie Doss			
	Hazel Jones			
	Flossie Roland			
	Thad Hester			
	AJ Pendley			
	Mr. Wade			
	J.C. Norton			
	A.P. Norton			
	Lindsey Fowler			
	Digah Westbrook			
	Jack Wade			
	Lee Wynn			
	Rube Perry			
	Carol Smith			
	Cliff Yother			
	Robert P. Jones			
	Frances Rolan			
	Mary Darnell			
	"Bill" Stewart			
	Amanda Perry			
	Dot Douglas			
	Ethel Groves			
	Eva Wehunt			
	Nan Ponder			
	Pauline Wilson			
	Marie Chastain			
	Chlora Boling			
	Alma Ponder			
	Betty McDaniel			
	Jim Wheeler			
	Vern Wheeler			
	Nan Ponder			
	David Donley			
	Mr. Owen			
	Jack Hamby			
	Alice Cobb			
	Charlie Cobb			
	Tom West			
	Perry Bennett			
	"Mule" White			
	Jess Blalock			
	Dan Scott			
	Hubert Tillery.			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	JT Lowery Colonial Grocery Store Town House Restaurant Martha Greene Gene Bell			
A 2008.69.134 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Mill Village Life 3 Panels Includes: Mill Village Riverdale Jones Mercantile North Canton Store Henry Williams Vesta Chastain Winnie Landrum and Gert Blackwell Beulah Blackwell Noah Lanning Alfred Landrum. Mollie Worley, Belle Barrett, Cratie Mae Barrett, and Marie Worley. Elmer Stephens Gober Beach, 1938 Sid Johnson, Elliot Baker, Jerry Holbrook, J.T. Holbrook, and Jerry Owen Homer Pharr Bill Lanning Harold Thacker Velmer Payne Fred Wallace Arnold Fowler Hubert Wehunt Ben Jones Harold Haithcock Andy Fowler Ned Vaughn Don Pinyan Glenn Fitts Don Hambrick Doyle Fowler Tommy Worley Leonard Romans Jack Hamby Paul Hudgins Slim Smith Hamrick Smith			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	W.A. "Nub" Williams Herbert Ashe Clayton "Sonny" Hawkins Sprig Paris. Edwin Vaughn Billy Woods Brannon Ridings Henry Kalb "Red" McFarland Bill "Red" Dills Ralph Gaither Paul Wallace Paul Cobb Carl Edge, Jr. Betty Cobb Jackie Foster Katie Jo Pittard Sue Edge Carolyn Hill Joyce Cobb Cleomae McClure Nan Ponder Anne Anderson June Bishop Sara Jo Stephens Marie Sutton Paula Cagle Patsy Smithwick			
A 2008.69.135 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Canton Cotton Mills Strike and the Union 1963 2 Panels Laminated Canton Cotton Mills Includes: Mill Strike Textile Workers of America Union Paul Swaity J.W. Mathis TWUA International Representative Geneva Hodgins Albert C. Fowler H.C. Johnson Lloyd Padgett Maggie Turner Marvin Gay Salty Dog Fabric			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Cohen Johnson Harold Key Walt White Thomas West Hubert Tillery Oney Thompson Mr. Scott Tommy Stokes John Samples Tom Brumbeloe Jimmy Carter Louis Jones Jr. Jesse Freet Samples Charles Cash Daryll Holbert Cindy Jones Jackie Samples Maude Samples Carol Chastain Imogene Vaughn			
A 2008.69.136 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Canton Textile Mills 1965-1981 2 Panels Laminated			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.137 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Life After the Mills 1 Panel Laminated			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.139 Panel	Cherokee Remembers 2009 Southern Textile Industry 2 Panels Laminated Canton Cotton Mills Two Copies Roswell Sibley Bibb Mill			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.140 DVD	DVD of I'd Climb the Highest Mountain			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.141 CD	CD of Georgia Colonial and Headright Plat Index, 1735-1866			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.142 Documents	Newspaper Article on Canton with aerial photographs, April 7, 1936			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.143 Documents	Letter written to Judge Howell Brooke from Joseph E. Brown, the grandson of Governors Joseph E. Brown and Joseph M. Brown Concerning property in Canton and Cherokee County, dated January 15, 1946			Third Floor Storage



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.144 Document	Letter written to Joseph M. Brown from Ben F. Perry, July 11, 1906 Concerning the dedication of Brown Park in Canton Also includes envelope			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.69.145 Documents	Census for the City of Canton, 1920 Includes information on number of people in the household, address, occupation, and religious affiliation. See PDF version attached in multimedia, Control F to search.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.69.147 Documents	Personal recollections of local areas on maps, includes the following locations: 1. Shoal Creek, Benny Blanton 2. Hickory Flat, Peggy Corbett 3. Hickory Flat, Virginia Hartrampf 4. Woodstock, Lisa Huskey 5. Ball Ground 6. Ball Ground, Rebecca Ray 7. North Canton, Carl Edge, Jr. 8. Sixes Road, Tom Krueger 9. Sixes Road Bells Ferry, Michael Deering 10. Waleska, JR Huddlestun 11. Waleska, Hallene Huddlestun 12. Holly Springs, Bill and Virginia Hartrampf 13. Holly Springs, Marcia Mosher 14. Holly Springs 15. Canton, Janet Green 16. Downtown Canton, Sylvia Wheeler Roberts 17. Canton, Tom Krueger 18. Canton, Ann Rutledge 19. Canton, Jan E. Pruitt 20. Canton, Charlotte Land 21. Canton, Dorothy Brooke 22. South Canton, Univeter, Carol Lavoie 23. Salacoa, John Bennett Jr. 24. Greater Sutallee 25. Arrowhead, Mike Seigle			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	26. Boling Park, Garner Williams 27. Salacoa, Margaret Pruitt 28. Waleska, Glenn McAllister 29. Sixes Road, Bells Ferry, Renee Deering 30. Ball Ground, Free Home, Maria Baldwin 31. Hickory Flat, Joy Bennett			
A 2008.69.148 Directory, Telephone	Canton City Directory Supplement (Telephone Book) 1974-2 Copies			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.149 Directory, Telephone	Canton and Holly Springs Telephone Book September 1980			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.150 Directory, Telephone	Canton and Holly Springs Telephone Book 1994-1995			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.151 Electronic Map	Map of the former territories of the Cherokee Nation, including the colonial and federal periods.			


Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.152 Electronic Image	Early Roads and Trails of Georgia			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.153 DVD	Public Broadcasting program on Woodstock's Centennial Celebration and a FutureWatch news clip on CNN about Dean's Store. Featuring Chuck Shide, Juanita Hughes			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.154 DVD	Canton Fire DVD Two Copies Filmed by Veachel Gray and Edited by Richard Gray June 29, 1955			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.155 DVD	Memories of Crescent Farm DVD			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.156 DVD	Crescent Farm's Racing Heritage DVD			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.157 DVD	Life in 20th Century Hickory Flat			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.158 DVD	Canton Cotton Mills DVD			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.161 Book	Roswell Voices: A Community Oral History and Dialect Study Also includes a cd of oral histories of: Virginia Adams and Amy Crawford Gail Bohannon Jannie Bohannon Dorsey Coleman Lodie Cook Elwyn Gaissert Aubrey Gentry Charles Grogan Lynn Hicks Myrtle Knuckles Grethel Lovelace Artie Martin Marie Hembree Martin Alexander Nuckles Chessie Rucker Billie Southard Joseph Strickland Sabin Strickland David Sullivan Sybil Williams Josh Brannon Bob Hicks Rachel Votta Jessica Yanulavich			Third Floor Storage



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.162 Pamphlet	A Guide to The Historic Textile Mill Town of Roswell, Georgia			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.163 Book	The Second Federal Census 1800 South Carolina Laurens County			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.164 Program, Theater	The Atlanta Theatre Playbill for the week of December 6, 1915			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.165 Booklet	Report of the President of the Georgia Division United Daughters of the Confederacy 1923, Augusta, Georgia			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.166 Booklet	1790 Tax List of Elbert County, Georgia			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.168 Booklet	The Dedication of the Ilah Dunlap Little Memorial Library, The University of Georgia, Athens			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.169 Booklet	Virginia Military Institute Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Battle of New Market May 15, 1939			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.170 Booklet	29th Annual Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy Georgia Division Chapter A Augusta, Georgia St. John's Methodist Church October 23, 24, 25, 1923			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.171 DVD	Promotional DVD for Etowah River Greenway in Canton, Georgia			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.172 Booklet	Handbook of Information about the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial being carved by Gutzon Borglum on the precipice of Stone Mountain near Atlanta under the auspices of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.173 Program, Theater	The Playbill for the Ziegfeld Theatre, 1948 Showing Magdalena, featuring Irra Petina. The Ziegfeld was built in 1927 and razed in 1966. A new Ziegfeld was built in 1969.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.174 CD	CD of personal recollections of local areas on maps See 2008.69.147			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.177 Booklet	Canton Public Schools Catalogue 1918-1919 List of Faculty and Officers and also the graduating class of 1918, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918 Also discusses the school's purpose, discipline, finance, curriculum, and courses of study for different grades.			First Floor Museum
A 2008.69.178 Pamphlet	Etowah Institute Catalogue 1893-1894 Includes a roll of students from 1892-1893, list of the Board of Trustees, and faculty. It also includes a course of study, information on a special course, business department, music, military tactics, physical culture, general information, building and equipments, discipline, library, literary societies, boarding, and calendar. Etowah Institute subject file included.			First Floor Museum
A 2008.69.181 Directory, Telephone	Supplement to Woodstock, Georgia Telephone Directory September 1969			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.69.184 Bill	Modern Copy of a Confederate States of America \$10 Bill			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.69.186 Document	Copies of Articles from North Georgia Tribune on Floods, April 2, 1964			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.69.187 Document	Copy of Article from Cherokee Advance on Flood, April 9, 1886			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.69.194 Panel	Francis Marion Purcell House, Free Home, c1914. Panel, 2010 Cherokee Remembers. Now Free Home Traditions			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.69.195 Panel	John Howell Farm Cutting Wheat, Orange, c1910			Fourth Floor Storage


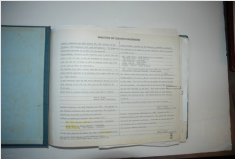
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.71.2 Electronic Image	Copy of Article on Jim Wheeler when he was made Vice President of Sales and Merchandising at Canton Cotton Mills.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.71.3 Electronic Image	Program for the Eighth Annual Conference of the Textile Division of the American Society for Quality Control January 30, 31, and February 1, 1958			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.74.1 Electronic Image	CCHS Cookbook, reprinted in 2008. Digital copy Recipes and Recollections			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.75.7 Electronic Document	John Torrentine Simpson receipts for medical services performed			
				
A 2008.75.8 Electronic Document	John Nicholas Simpson, Scott and Simpson Store receipts and documents Tax Collector documents			
				





Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.75.10 Electronic Document	Cherokee Advance Subscription Receipt, 1885			
				
A 2008.75.11 Electronic Document	L. Black and Son Builders and Contractors Receipt for Building Materials for John N. Simpson Possibly for the home that is now the Cagle Home			
				
A 2008.75.12 Electronic Document	Biographical Information for John N. Simpson			
				
A 2008.75.13 Electronic Document	Copy of Graduation Invitation for Medical Department at the University of Georgia, 1891			
				
A 2008.75.15 Electronic Document	Death Announcement of John Ross Simpson			
				



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.75.22 Electronic Document 	Warranty Deeds and Bond of Title 1. John A. Scott and Ben F. Perry and John N. Simpson, December 25, 1891 2. Janus H. Killy and John A. Scott, December 24, 1886 3. John N. Simpson and John A. Scott and J.C. Boger, March 4, 1887			
A 2008.75.23 Electronic Document 	Letter from JD Howard to JN Simpson, March 27, 1891			
A 2008.75.24 Electronic Document 	Maddox, Rucker, & Co. Dealers in Fertilizers, Scott and Simpson Store Bat Guano Fertilizer			
A 2008.75.25 Electronic Document 	Masonic Lodge Resolutions of Respect Death of Brother John N. Simpson			
A 2008.75.26 Electronic Document 	Masonic Lodge, Resolutions of Respect, Brother Rufus R. Wiley September 7, 1899			





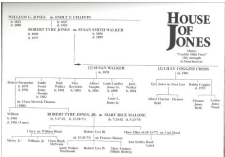
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.75.27 Electronic Document	Bank of Canton Resolutions adopted by the board relating to the late John N. Simpson, director in the Bank of Canton.			
				
A 2008.75.29 Deed	James Yates to George M. Taylor, September 2, 1835 Land Lot 1246 District 3 Section 2 Sworn August 16, 1847			
A 2008.75.30 Deed	Henry McConnell to George Taylor, August 23, 1837 Land Lot 48 District 7 Section 3			
A 2008.75.31 Documents	George McDaniell, 1839 Letter			
A 2008.75.32 Deed	Hugh King to George M. Taylor, December 18, 1834 Land Lot 394, 395 District 15 Section 2 Recorded by James Jordan in Record Book D on page 45 in September 17, 1838			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.75.33 Deed	George Taylor to James Taylor and Jabez White, 1846 York District, SC Lincoln County, NC			
A 2008.75.34 Deed	Henry McConnell to George M. Taylor, August 23, 1837 Land Lots 330, 391, 392, and half of 319 District 15 Section 2 Recorded by James Jordan			
A 2008.75.35 Deed	James McConnell to George M. Taylor, December 13, 1855 Land Lot 402 District 15 Section 2			
A 2008.75.36 Deed	Lewis Adams to George M. Taylor and Samuel Cobb, November 5, 1839 Land Lot 789 District 2 Section 2 Recorded in Book D of Deeds on page 515 by James Jordan			
A 2008.75.37 Deed	Henry McConnell to George M. Taylor, August 18, 1843 Land Lots 330, 390, 392, 319 (south half) District 15 Section 2 Recorded 1851			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.75.38 Deed	Wiiliam Rollins to Benjamin Hudson, December 13, 1834 Half of Lot 319 District 15 Section 2 Recorded March 27, 1838			
A 2008.78.1 Electronic Book	Copy of The First 100 Years: A Brief History of the Goshen Baptist Church 1888-1988			
				
A 2008.79.1 Electronic Image	Images of First Baptist Church of Woodstock Records, 1963-1987			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.79.2 Electronic Image	Images from First Baptist Church of Woodstock Records, 1988-1997			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.53 Document	Bobby Jones: Stroke of Genius Screenplay The screenplay for the major motion picture starring Jim Cavaziel and Clare Forlani. The movie follows the life and career of Bobby Jones, grandson of Robert Tyre Jones of Canton. It was released in 2004. Folder also contains newspaper accounts of Bobby Jones' death. Demarbelizing Bobby Jones			Third Floor Storage


Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Crowning the King: Grantland Rice and Bobby Jones			
A 2008.80.54 Electronic Document 	Electronic Copy of Newspaper Clipping of Marriage Announcement for Clara Malone Jones and William Harman Black, II. Photograph features Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones, Jr. (Bobby Jones), Clara Malone Jones, and William Harman Black, II.			
A 2008.80.55 Electronic Image 	Workers pouring the bronze for the Bobby Jones' bronze relief. The plaster mold for the relief is located in our archives on loan from Sue Cochran.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.80.56 Electronic Image 	Portrait of Bobby Jones from which his relief was carved. Portrait was enclosed in an envelope from JK Watt in Edinburgh, Scotland.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.80.57 Electronic Document 	Letter to LL Jones, Jr. from Jones, Bird, and Howell Law Offices about the Bobby Jones Commemorative Stamp. Also a copy of the stamp.			

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.80.58 Document	Copy of The Philosophy of Work and Service of RT Jones, Canton, GA by W.M. McLaurine, Atlanta, GA November 24, 1925			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.80.59 Electronic Document	Newspaper Article and Photographs about Bobby Jones Plaster Relief James K Watt carved the relief for a medallion for O.B. Keller and then gave the relief to Louis Jones, Jr.			
				
A 2008.80.60 Electronic Document	Image and Article from The Atlanta Journal about Bobby Jones Relief, November 30, 1930 James K. Watt Louis Jones received this newspaper at the same time he received the plaster relief.			
				
A 2008.80.61 Documents	Four articles about James K. Watt, sculptor for Georgia Marble. Watt carved the bas-relief of Bobby Jones, which he later presented to Louis L. Jones, Jr.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.80.62 Electronic Document	Letter written from Bobby Jones to RT Jones on January 11, 1928. RT Jones offered to help Bobby and Mary Jones purchase their home.			
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.80.63 Electronic Document	Letter written to Louis L. Jones, Jr. from James K Watt with condolences over the closing of the Canton Cotton Mills. March 20, 1981			
				
A 2008.80.64 Electronic Document	Photographs and captions from about Bobby Jones and the Jones family.			
				
A 2008.80.65 Electronic Document	Bill from Inferno Art Foundry for Bas-Relief Bronze Casting of Bobby Jones 1995.			
				
A 2008.80.66 Electronic Image	Louis L. Jones, Jr. being presented with plaster bas-relief of Bobby Jones by James K. Watt			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.67 Electronic Document	Family Tree of Bobby Jones, from the book Life & Times of Bobby Jones by Sidney L. Matthew			
				

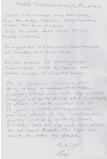
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.80.68 Electronic Image	Photograph of a young Bobby Jones, by Thurston Fletcher of Atlanta			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.69 Electronic Image	Image of Bobby and Mary Jones' children, Clara or Mary Ellen with Robert Tyre Jones, III.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.70 Electronic Image	Image of Bobby Jones with his son Robert Tyre Jones, III			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.71 Electronic Image	Robert Permedeus Jones, father of Bobby Jones.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.80.72 Electronic Document	Correspondence from Louis L. Jones, Jr. and Sidney Matthew about the loan from RT Jones to Bobby Jones.			
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.80.74 Print, Photographic	<p>Album of Photographs of Canton Cotton Mill Employees and Machines, probably taken for the book Man, a Town & a Mill circa 1949.</p>  <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Young boy and girl on bicycle- Glenn Bailey and Charlotte Cantrell Ghorley in 8th grade at the time. Other photo of young boy and girl in album is of Charles Cobb, Jr. and Nancy Doss on lunch break from school at CK Cobb house. 2. Mr. Emmett Bishop, farmer from Keithsburg. 3. Canton Cotton Mill workers loading cotton onto truck for shipment. 4. Emmett Bishop in Cotton Field 5. Cotton Bale 6. Canton Golf Club and Swimming Pool 7. Academy Street Mill Housing 8. Lakeview Drive Mill Housing 9. Lakeview Drive Mill Housing 10. Randall Bagwell in the Canton Cotton Mill Testing Laboratory 11. Canton Cotton Mill Machine Shop, Mill #2 12. Baling Cloth, Mill #2, Mitch White 13. Cloth Shading, Mill #2, AJ Coker and Farrell White 14. Cloth Inspection, Mill #2 15. Cloth Inspectors, Mill #2, Johnny James 16. Sanforizing Machine, Cloth Room, Mill #2 17. Weave Room, John C. Williams 18. Indigo Dying, Mill #2 19. Spinning Frames, Mill #2, Smith Edge 20. Slubber Room, 2nd Floor, Mill #2 21. Doffing and Spinning Frame, Mill No.2, Carter Allen 22. Slubbers, Mill #2, Loyd Goss 23. Slashers, Mill #2 24. Beaming Frames, Mill #2, Olin Payne, W.A. Williams, Tom Green 25. Cotton Warper, Mrs. McFarland 26. Indigo Dyeing, Mill #2 27. Cotton Drawing Frames, Mill #2, Mrs. Ellis 28. Mr. West changing sliver cans in the card room of Mill #2. 29. Pickers, Mill #1 30. Pickers, Mill #2 31. Drawing In Machine, Dan Bryant- Tie In Machine that sets the weave pattern for a weaving machine. Weave Room 32. Canton Cotton Mill Office on West Main Street, now Board of Education Offices 33. Aerial of Canton, Looking West towards highway 5 34. Aerial of North Canton and Mill #2, looking east 35. Aerial of downtown Canton, looking east 			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	<p>36. Aerial of downtown Canton and North Canton, looking north east</p> <p>37. Aerial of the south side of downtown Canton, First Baptist Church and Academy Street mill village.</p> <p>38. Aerial of downtown Canton, looking at Marble mill, mill #1, mill village, and Gold Kist Poultry.</p> <p>39. Aerial of downtown Canton, looking east from over the Rock Barn</p> <p>Album also includes unscanned portraits of Colonel Robert P. Jones, LL Jones, Jr., Ben P. Jones, Jeff Groves, M.B. Young, and CK Cobb.</p> <p>40. Baling cloth, Mill #2, A.J. Pendley</p>			
A 2008.80.85 Album	First Baptist Church of Canton, Church Directory and Yearbook with Photographs			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2008.82.1 Book	With Faith and Vision: Little River United Methodist Church written by Odie Mae Long			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.85.1 Electronic Image	<p>Canton Textile Mills First Union Officers</p> <p>L-R Geneva Hodgins, Recording Secretary, Albert C. Fowler, Treasurer, H.C. Johnson, Vice President, Lloyd Padgett, President</p>			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.85.2 Electronic Document	Agreement between the Canton Cotton Mills and Local Union No. 1604 May 1964			
				
A 2008.85.3 Electronic Document	Agreement between the Canton Textile Mills, Inc and Local Union No. 1604.			
				
A 2008.85.4 Electronic Document	TWUA Local 1604 News, Union News November 30, 1969			
				
A 2008.85.5 Electronic Document	Textile Labor, Canadian Edition, June 1968 Article about Canton Textile Mills			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2008.85.6 Electronic Document	Program for the opening of the Union Hall			
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2008.85.7 Electronic Document	Newspaper Article about dedication of Union Hall.			
				
A 2008.86.5 Documents	Ore, Water, Stone, and Wood: Historical and Architectural Investigations of Donaldson's Iron Furnace, Cherokee County, GA			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.86.6 Documents	Documentation of Open Mine Shafts: Blankets Creek Gold Mine Complex Allatoona Lake, Cherokee County, GA Some information is omitted to protect the sites.			Third Floor Storage
A 2008.87.1 Documents	The Wreck of the Little Hook, copy of information. Train Wreck on Etowah River, 1926 Same as 2010.3.2			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.2.7 Documents	Village Housing: Policies and Regulations, Canton Cotton Mills Booklet on the Policies and Regulations of the Canton Cotton Mill Villages			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.5.2 Documents	North Canton Store Receipts and North Canton Store Service Station Dates from the late 1930s, under the names of Elmer Stephens, Easter Stephens, John Stephens, Evelyn Stephens			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.7.14 Folder, File	Connecting to Collections Bookshelf Publications including: 1. A Call to Action National Conservation Summit 6/27-28/2007 Video 2.Flyer & magnet for website www.imls.gov/collections 3. The Bookshelf User's Guide 4. Capitalize on Collections Care 5.Framework for Preservation of Heritage Collections poster 6. IPI Media Storag Quick Reference for negatives, prints, tapes, CDs & DVDs Guide 7. IPI Media Storage Quick Reference Wheel 8.Emergency Response and Salvage Wheel 9. Field Guide to Emergency Response 10.Connections to Collections DVD			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.8.1 Electronic Document	Frank's Tomato and Garlic Pickles Recipe			
				
A 2009.12.1 Notebook	Real Estate, Design & Advocacy. Training held in Grand Isle, VT 2006. Executive Director, Stefanie Joyner attended.			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.12.2 Notebook	Training materials from 2000 session held in Hot Springs, AK. Board member Judson Roberts attended.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.12.3 Notebook	Materials from session held in San Antonio, TX in 2005. Executive Director Stefanie Joyner attended.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.12.4 Notebook	Session on real estate and community initiated development. Held in Grand Isle, VT in 2000. Board member Judson Roberts attended.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.12.5 Notebook	session held in Atlanta in 2005. Board members Judson Roberts, Kathy Day and Marcia Mosher and Executive Director Stefanie Joyner attended.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.12.6 Notebook	Materials for Statewide & Local Partners (CCHS is one) & Executive Director Orientation & Lobby Day, Washington DC 2005. Executive Director Stefanie Joyner attended.			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.13.1 Notebook	Preferred Practices for Historical Repositories			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.13.2 Notebook	Tools of the Trade: Museum Collections Care and Preservation			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.13.3 Folder, File	1. Guide for the Selection and Development of Local Government of Local Govt Records Storage Facilities 2.Managing Records on Limited Resources 3. The Daily Management of Records and Information 4. Protecting Records 5. Using Microfilm 6. Applying Computer Technology to Records Systems 7. Archival Programs for Local Governments 8. Shelter from the Stormy Blast Assorted Worksheets			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.14.1 Book	Killing a Hog- Graphic Description		Restricted	Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.15.2 Map	Two Maps of North Canton Prepared by Georgia Department of Public Health November 1955 Shows Canton Cotton Mill, Mill Village, Churches, Baseball Park, Road systems			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.15.3 Map	Map of Pea Ridge Prepared by Georgia Department of Public Health June 1959 Shows Canton Cotton Mill, Mill Village, Churches, Baseball Park, Road Systems			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.1 Documents	Jones Mercantile Company North Canton Store General Ledger 1954 Also includes list of businesses that they did business with: Brown Distribution Company Bylo Furniture Company Dinette Parts Duane Chair Co. Eastern Venetian Blind Company Chatsworth Mattress Company Beck and Gregg Hardware Atlanta Stove Works Brown Stove Works Cowan Supply Company Dealers Supply Company Edwards Harris Company Flooring Distributors Frank M. Katz Inc GE Supply Company Horne Wilson Inc. Gate City Table Company L- Gee Company Marsh Furniture Company Jones Mercantile Company Logan Company C.M. McClung and Company Peaslee Gaulbert Corp National Sales Company			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Southland Distributing Company Staffins Johns Company Southern Wire and Iron Work GW Summerous and Company Siegler Enamel Range Company Spartan Man Company Roxy Furniture Rosenfred Company Ranger Man Company Tenenbaum Bros. Young Hardware Company Vol. T Blacknall Company Walnut Wood Carving Company Wright Air Conditioning Corp			
A 2009.17.2 Documents	Jones Mercantile Company North Canton Store Check and Sales Records, 1974 Also lists customers			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.3 Documents	Jones Mercantile Company North Canton Store Sales and Account Receivable, 1939-1940 Also list of tools used at North Canton Filling Station and list of customers.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.4 Documents	North Canton Store Sales of 1939 and Accounts Receivable of 1938			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.17.5 Documents	North Canton Store Individual Sales Records, September 1957 to January 1958			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.6 Documents	North Canton Store Monthly Sales Records April 1928 to December 1935			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.7 Documents	North Canton Store Individual Sales Records April 1946 to August 1946			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.8 Documents	North Canton Store \$5.00 Coupon Books, One Case			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.9 Documents	North Canton Store \$2.00 Coupon Books, One Case			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.17.10 Documents	North Canton Store Sales Tickets 1936			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.11 Documents	North Canton Store Sales Tickets 1936			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.12 Documents	North Canton Store Sales Tickets 1936			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.13 Documents	North Canton Store Sales Tickets 1937			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.14 Documents	North Canton Store Blank Sales Slips			Fourth Floor Storage





Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.17.15 Documents	North Canton Store Pay Envelopes			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.17.16 Documents	<p>May Perry letters reprinted in the Pickens County Progress June 1926-July 1929</p> <p>May Perry was a missionary and principal at a Baptist girls school in Abeokuta, Nigeria, British West Africa.</p> <p>May Perry's family was from Jasper, Georgia and she was related to Jack Richardson.</p>			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.18.1 Electronic Image	<p>Family Bible Pages of Dr. John Wood Lewis and Sarah Maria Earle</p> <p>Some other family lines dispute the middle name of "Wood" and insist that it was "Washington"</p>			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.18.5 Documents	<p>Copy of a letter by John W. Lewis written to the President requesting a pardon after the Civil War.</p> <p>June 17, 1865</p> <p>Cartersville, GA</p>			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.18.6 Documents	<p>Copy of correspondence between John W. Lewis and others</p> <p>James R. Brown</p> <p>Janus L. Orr</p> <p>Samuel Tate</p> <p>Eli McConnell</p> <p>J.P. Brooke</p> <p>Filed under "Lewis" in subject files.</p>			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.22.1 DVD	Interview with Dr. Mahan about the Cups and Rings Stone at Reinhardt College. Three Copies. Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.2 DVD	2009 Historic Preservation Awards Banquet Three Copies - created by Jack Fincher			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.3 DVD	Interview with W.F. (Bill) Garrett World War II experiences and experiences in the Eisenhower Headquarters. Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.4 DVD	CCHS Public Service Announcement			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.5 DVD	CCHS Meeting on Holly Springs			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.22.6 DVD	Dean Rusk sharing his experiences in Korea and Vietnam A part of a series recorded by the Southern Center for International Studies in May 1985.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.7 DVD	Dean Rusk on his childhood in Cherokee County A part of a series of interviews recorded by the Southern Center for International Studies in May 1985.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.8 DVD	CCHS Meeting with John Brown on the Cherokee County Poultry Industry. Feb. 17 2004 Two Copies, one in Hard CD Case, one in FC 8			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.9 DVD	Glenn Tippens and the Telegraph Machine Interview Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.10 DVD	CCHS Meeting on the Canton Cotton Mills with Ray Pettit			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.22.11 DVD	Magdeline Tippens Interview Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.12 DVD	Bill Hasty, Sr. Interview Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.13 DVD	Ben Ghorley Interview Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.14 DVD	Glenn Tippens Reflections Interview Oral History			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.15 DVD	Louis Jones, Jr. Interview Canton Cotton Mills Oral History			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.22.16 DVD	CCHS Membership Meeting on Long Swamp Creek Archaeological Dig Featuring Terry Lotti of GDOT and Lynn Pietak of Edwards Pittman Two Copies			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.22.17 Map	Seven Topographic Maps of Allatoona Reservoir, 1929 1. Map over Woodstock, Hwy 92, Little River 2. Map over Little River, Toonigh, Woodstock 3. Map over the City of Canton and surrounding area 4. Map over Sutallee and Field's Bridge Landing 5. Map over Bartow and Cherokee County line, Galt's Ferry Landing and Highway 92 6. Map over Cobb and Pauding County, Acworth 7. Map over Laffingal (Laughing Gal) and Bartow County			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.1 Documents 	Deed between J.M. Gant and N.H. Wyley Oct. 22, 1887 Lot number 436 Dist. 2, Sec. 2. \$275. Cherokee Co.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.2 Documents 	Deed between E.M. Day and John Rusk Dec. 29, 1886 Dist. 2, Sec. 2, Lot number 565. \$200. Cherokee Co.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.3 Documents 	Isaac MConnell to Joshua MConnell and Joshua Bates. June 16, 1860 Lot number 434. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. Cherokee Co.			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.4 Documents	Land Lottery Grant Certificate to Spencer Bruce Dec. 10, 1840 Lot number 745 Dist. 21, Sec. 2. Also includes Survey Plat and Original Seal			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.5 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga - Land Lot Deed 1847 Lot Number 565. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. Silas Floyd Uriah Stephens			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.6 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga. Land Lot Deed- 1841 Lot Number 745. Dist. 21, Sec. 2. William McGinty William Perkinson			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.7 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga. Land Lot Deed- 1856 Lot Number 434 & Lot Number 431. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. Isaac McConnell Sarah Case (Cose)?			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.8 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga - Land Lot Deed 1841 Lot Number 671, 672, 673, 695, 697, 744, 767, 768, and Lot Nuner 769. 400 Acres William Perkerson John Lewis			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.9 Documents 	Brook (Brock) Deed Lot Number 363. Dist. 15, Sec. 2 John Brook (Brock) David Brook (Brock)			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.10 Documents 	Deed- 1889 Lot Number 363. Dist. 15, Sec. 2 Mary Brock Martha Tyler			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.11 Documents 	Indenture, 1895 A.M. Harp and S.M. Harp, District 15, Section 2, Land Lot 363 or 369			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.12 Documents 	Cherokee Co, Ga- Agreement on flood control of mill dam- Joshua McConnell. 1874.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.13 Documents 	Cherokee Co, Ga - Land Lot Deed 1839. Lot Number 493. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. Thomas Hancooke John Cheatham			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.14 Documents	Indenture William to John Nabours, 1837 District 4, Section 1, Land Lot 482 Now in Lumpkin County, formerly Cherokee County			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.15 Documents	Deed (Illegible) Roberts District 3, Section 2, Land Lot 113			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.16 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga- Land Lottery Grant Lot Number 569. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. John Mayn George Crawford			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.17 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga- Land Lot Deed 1845 Lot Number 493. Dist. 2, Sec. 2 Cheatham to Neuton (?) July 29, 1844 John Cheatham			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.18 Documents	Cherokee Co, GA - Land Lottery Grant Lot Number 695 Dist. 21, Sec. 2 with Seal William Allen John Brison Richard Thomason John Park			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.19 Documents 	Cherokee Co, Ga- Note- 1887 R.J. Bates Massey Land Lot 434 and 431			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.20 Documents 	Cherokee Co, Ga, Land Lot Deed 1853 Lot Number 569. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. John McDavid John Mayn Edward Edwards			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.21 Documents 	Land Lot Deed. 40 Acres Lot Number 132, Dist 4, Sec. 2. Jacob Keykendall Charles Flint			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.22 Documents 	Cherokee Co, Ga. - Land Lottery Deed Lot Number 497. Dist. 2, Sec. 2. Willis Porterfield James Daniel			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.23 Documents 	Cherokee County, Ga. Deed Land LOT Number 6. Dist. 15, Sec. 2 with Seal 1832 Thomas Copeland Elijah Croxton James Anderson John Ramsey Land lottery deed with seal			First Floor Museum

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.24 Document	Cherokee Co, Ga.- Land Lot Deed. 1872 Lot Number 497. Dist.2, Sec. 2. James Daniel John Skinner			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.25 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga.- 1877 Agreement John McDavid John McDavid A.F. Norton E.G. McConnell			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.26 Document	Cherokee County, Ga. Land Lot Deed. Lot Number 673. Dist. 21, Sec. 2 William Grisham Clark Phillip Kroft E.G. McConnell			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.27 Documents	Cherokee Co, Ga - Land Lot Deed. 1878 Lot Number 434 and Lot Number 431. Dist. 2, Sec. 2 Joshua McConnell B.H. Wiley			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.28 Document	Title Abstract. Lot. Deed Lots 363, 358, 359, 360. Dist. 15, Sec. 2. S.M. Harp R.H. Stelle J. M. Steele Joesph E. Brown R.W. Boon Joesph M. Brown			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
	Addie Russell Martha Tyler A.C. Harp Joseph Gresham S.M. Harp			
A 2009.23.29 Documents 	Cherokee county Deeds. Canton, Ga.- Main street. Old McFather House Lot Number 195. Dist. 14, Sec. 2. Bobby L. Pope Sanford A. Rice Adrianne B. Rice Olin Fincher Charles E. Day Sr. Mc Afe Jesse A. Mclain E.O. McFather			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.30 Documents 	Lot Deed. Dec. 28, 1916 Lot Number 363. Dist. 15, Sec. 2. R.H. Steele S.M. Harp			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.31 Documents 	Deed. Sept. 22, 1910 Lot Numbers 358, 359, 360. Dist. 15. Joesph M. Brown R.H. Steele Steele's Bridge			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.32 Documents 	Deed Lot. 1856, David Brock, Lot Number 393			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.33 Documents	Deed portions- Harp & Steele. Nov. 26, 1910 and Tyler & Kirk, LL 363, District 15, Section 2			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.34 Documents	Deed-William F. Clayton-Steward Clayton- 28 Feb. 1853-Cherokee County- Land Lot 315- District 13-Section 2 \$60.00 Consideration 93 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.35 Documents	Deed-William J. Braselton and Henry H. White- James H. Smith- 2 Feb. 1881- Land Lot 315- District 13- Section 2 \$350.00 Consideration 90 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.36 Documents	Deed- W.J. Timmons- Alonzo Smith- 31 Aug 1889- Cherokee County- Land Lot 316- District 13- Section 2 96A. \$510.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.37 Documents	Deed- W.J. Payne- A.E. Cook- 9 Feb. 1914- Cherokee County- Land Lot (Part of 145, 315, and 316)- District (Part of 14 and 13)- Section 2 35A-96A \$1200.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.38 Documents	Deed- Alonzo Smith- W.J. Payne- 21 Dec. 1907- Cherokee County- Land Lot (Part of 145, 315, and 316)- District (14 and 13)- Section 2 40A, 35A, and 96A \$1,200.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.39 Documents	Deed- Edward E. Lewis- J.J.A. Sharp- 24 Dec. 1878- Land Lot 316- District 13- Section 2 \$90.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.40 Documents	Administrator's Deed- Benjamin F. Cowley- J. D. and W. A. Patman- Dec. 1978- Cherokee County- Land Lot 145- District 14- Section 2 \$181.25 160 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.41 Documents	Administrator's Deed- B. F. Cowley- E. E. Lines- Dec. 1878- Cherokee County- Land Lot 316- District 13- Section 2 75A.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.42 Documents	Deed- D. P. Cline- W. J. Timmons- 19 Nov. 1888- Cherokee County- Land Lot 316- District 2- Section 2 \$510.00 Consideration 96 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.43 Documents 	Deed- Wilkins Rickerson- Nancy C. Rickerson- 8 Sep. 1894- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572 and 571- District 2- Section 2 80A. \$325.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.44 Documents 	Closing Statement- Elbert B. Anderson- G. Hughes Total Paid \$2,650.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.45 Documents 	Deed- Sarcy C. Dickerson- John F. Anderson- 20 Dec. 1894- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572- District 2- Section 2 \$325.00 Consideration 80A.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.46 Documents 	Security Deed- C.A. and J. F. Anderson- Mrs. Agnes Coggins \$600.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.47 Documents 	Deed- Joel M. Massey- Wilkins Rickerson- 9 Dec. 1879- Cherokee County- Land Lot 513, w/ 1/2 571- District 2- Section 2 \$250.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.48 Documents	Deed- A. F. Norton- Wilkinson Rickerson- 9 Mar. 1881- Cherokee County- Land Lot E 1/2, 571 \$100.00 Consideration 20 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.49 Documents	Note- J. Y. and C. A. Anderson- Mrs. Agnes Coggins- 6 Dec. 1908- Cherokee County \$600.00 payable in 5 years			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.50 Documents	Grant- State of GA. George W. Crawford- Ezra Dagget- 3 Jun. 1846- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572- District 2- Section 2 40A.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.51 Documents	Deed- J. W. Riece- A. F. Postore- 15 Aug. 1870- Cherokee County- Land Lot 571- District 2- Secion 2 40A. \$40.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.52 Documents	Deed- William Riece- A. F. Postore- 15 Aug. 1870- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572- District 2- Section 2 90A. \$50.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.53 Documents 	Deed- William Allen- Benjamin Lane- 22 June 1833- Cherokee County- Land Lot 695- District 21 50 Acres Consideration- \$300.00 Deed drawn in Emanuel Co.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.54 Documents 	Deed- James Derby- John R. Adams- 28 Aug. 1882- Pickins County- Land Lot 162- District 4- Section 2 30 Acres \$105.00 Consideration			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.55 Documents 	Deed- 29 Jan. 1861-John H. Newton- Edgar M. Day- Land Lot 493- District 2- Section 2 40 Acres \$1,200.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.56 Documents 	Deed- 1837- Phillip Thurm- Hancock- Clarke County- Lot 493 40A.- Formerly Clarke County			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.57 Documents 	Deed- 11 Mar. 1861- Joshua Bates- Anderson D. Smith- Cherokee County- Lot 434 1/2 of Bates' interest. \$1375.00			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.58 Documents	Deed- 13 Mar. 1880- Russell J. Bates- W.S. Deverell- 40A. Lot 497- District 2- Secion 2			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.59 Documents	Deed- 13 Jan. 1885- Jobey Galt- L.S. Conners- Cherokee County- Lot 767, 768, 746, 745, 695, 696, 817- District 21			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.60 Documents	Deed- 27 Feb. 1880- Joshua McComwell- N. H. Wiley- Cherokee County- Lot 434 and 431- District 2- Section 2 1/6 Interest in above Property			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.61 Documents	Deed- 11 Jan. 1875- Martin Chamlee- A. H. Wiley- Cherokee County- District 2- Section 2- Lot 341 too A.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.62 Documents	Deed- 18 Oct. 1859- E. L. Newton- John H. Newton- Cherokee County- Lot 493- Section 2- District 2 40 A. \$150.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.63 Documents 	Deed- 1 Oct. 1852- William T. Day- Reuben Day- Cherokee County- Lot 565- District 2- Section 2 40 A. \$150.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.64 Documents 	Deed- 15 Mar. 1862- Joshua Bates- A. D. Smith- Cherokee County- Lot 434 and 431 \$580.00 Part interest			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.65 Documents 	Deed- Rowlen Day- A. B. Day- Lot 585- District 2- Section 2			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.66 Documents 	Promissory Note- Jacob W Kurklendal- Charles F. Flint- 10 Jul. 1882- Cherokee County- Land Lot 97- District 4- Section 2 \$400.00 Consideration Note is secured by above lot.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.67 Documents 	Promisory Note- Jacob W. Kuyhendall- Corbin Banking Co.- 10 Jul. 1882- Cherokee County- \$32.00 Consideration Copy of noty and Transmittal letter.			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.68 Documents	Bank Promisory Notes			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.69 Documents	Transputial Letter- The Corbin Banking Co.- A. W. Roberts- 23 May 1890 Return of loan papers For Kuykendall			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.70 Documents	Promisory Note- A. H. Cowart and N. H. Cowart- J. M. Richards- 1880 Half of Note Missing			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.71 Documents	Bill of sale- A. W. Roberts- Thos. M. Clarke & Co.- 30 Jun. 1886 \$20.43 Amount due in 60 Days For Hardware			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.72 Documents	Requests for Credit- G. G. Hain- Roberts & Coggins- 18 Apr. 1879 & 14 Feb. 1879 \$1.50 & \$2.50 Request Credit for Thomas Lloyd			Fourth Floor Storage
				



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.73 Documents	Promisory Note- W. N. Do- Roberts & Coggins- 6 Jul. 1879 \$5.77			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.74 Documents	J. Spencer Turner Co. by F. B. Dobbins- Mrs. A. Roberts- 24 May 1901 Will Send Mrs. Roberts Samples and Prices As Requested			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.75 Documents	Masonic lodge dimit (Blank)			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.76 Documents	Statement of account- A. M. F. Hawkins- H. B. Holcomb Various amounts			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.77 Documents	Past Due Account- Joseph Byers- P. H. Lyon- 7 Jan. 1887- Cherokee County 44.68 Acres 2 Logs not paid for			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.78 Documents	Sheriff's Sale- W. H. H. Seudder, Jp.- A. W. Roberts- 27 Apr. 1876- Forsyth County \$9.00 Consideration Sale of one Sorrel Mule That Belonged to A. B. Dusham			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.79 Documents	Reciept- A. W. Roberts- J. B. & J. C. Richards- 8 Apr. 1883 \$25.32 & \$52.10 To pay promisory notes			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.80 Documents	Mortgage- J. B. Richards- J. C. Richards- A. C. Canst- A. W. Roberts- A. S. Fausett- 13 May 1882- Cherokee County- Land Lots 317, 316, 292, 293 Notes For: \$1600.00, \$880.00, \$200.00, \$200.00, and \$400.00 190 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.81 Documents	Note- From: Doory Thomson- To: A. W. Roberts- 6 Dec. 1878 \$6.00 For seed Will pay A. W. Roberts			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.82 Documents	Letter- From: J. R. Traves- To: W. D. Anderson- 28 Apr. 1877 Concerns sale & taxes on land not described.			Fourth Floor Storage
				

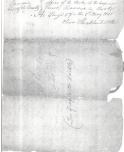
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.83 Documents	Forclosure of Landlord Lien- A. W. Roberts- D. W. Roberts- 3 Dec. 1891- Cherokee County \$98.00 Forclosure on 7,000 pounds of seed cotton			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.84 Documents	Court Order- Cherokee Court of Ordinary- O. W. Pritt, Ordinary- Alfred W. Roberts, Administrator- 10 Sep. 1886- Cherokee County Order to sell personal property of Joseph Byers, Deceased			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.85 Documents	Note- Payments on note- William Bryant & A. D. Suddeth- A. W. Roberts- 25 Aug. 1880- Cherokee County \$24.00 paid 11 Dec. 1880 \$20.00 paid 2 Nov. 1881			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.86 Documents	Reciept- Paid by: Abraham Wyatt- To: Hardy Strickland- Apr. 1868 \$100.00 8 Acres For a lot of land			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.87 Documents	Certificate- W. White- A. W. Roberts- 27 Jul. 1886- Ball Ground Has to do with a champion churn.			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.88 Documents	Offer to sell- Stephan Mills- Wm. G. Hendrix- 15 Jun. 1868- Cherokee County- Land Lot 38- District 3- Section 1 \$100.00 asking price			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.89 Documents	Foreclosure of land lords lein- A. W. Roberts- B. W. Roberts- 3 Dec. 1891- Cherokee County \$98.00 B. W. Roberts failed to pay A. W. Roberts \$98.00 due for rent on land.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.90 Documents	Deed- Cherokee County- Land lot 326- District 4- Section 2			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.91 Documents	Deeds- Cherokee County-Land lot 32- Section 2			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.92 Documents	Deed- William G. Hendricks- 26 Jan. 1869- Cherokee County- District 3 \$100.00 40 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.93 Documents 	Power of attorney- A. G. Scott- Russel J. Bates- 6 Nov. 1891- Cherokee County P. of A. to recieve accounts and sell his interest in land near the town of Roswell in Cobb County			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.94 Documents 	J. M. Massey- R. J. Bates- 6 Aug. 1885- Cherokee County- Land lot 560- District 2- Section 2 \$350.00 40 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.95 Documents 	Deed- N. H. Wiley & B. F. Wiley- R. J. Bates & J. M. Massey- 6 Aug. 1885- Cherokee County- Land lot 434, w 1/2 431- District 2- Section 2 \$2500.00 60 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.96 Documents 	Executors Deed- E. W. & J. B. Day exector of will of Reuben Day- R. J. Bates- 30 Dec. 1889- Cherokee County- Land lot (440, 10a.)(The north side of 497 50a.) \$475.50 60A.			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.97 Documents 	Deed- N. L. Grant of Milton Co.- R. J. Bats of Cherokee County- 14 Feb. 1877- Habersham County- Land lot (part of lot 64)- District 10 \$30.00 165 Acres In other place grantee name is R. J. Bates			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.98 Documents	Assignment of accounts- Lewis Kimbo- R. J. Bates- 1 Mar. 1886- Cherokee County Assignment of Lewis Kimbo's accounts for R. T. Bates furnishing supplies. This instrument signed by T. Currow. 2 Copies of same instrument			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.99 Documents	Assignment of Accounts- Taylor Portas- R. J. Bates- 1 May 1888- Cherokee County Taylor Portas puts a lien on his accounts in return for R. J. Bates Furnishing him with supplies.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.100 Documents	Assignment of accounts- James R. Breedlove- R. J. Bates-1 Jan. 1885- Cherokee County James Breedlove puts a lien on his accounts in return for R. J. Bates furnishing him with supplies.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.101 Documents	Promisory notes(3)- B. W. Roberts- The Atlanta Guano Co., The Kennesaw Guano Co., and Geo. W. Scott MFC Co.- 27 May 1891- Cherokee County \$30.00/\$34.86/\$5.60 Due Dates are 1 oct.1891 and 15 oct. 1891			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.102 Documents	Reciept- 11 Dec. 1884 \$600.00 Recieved from- A. W. Roberts			Fourth Floor Storage
				



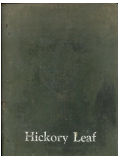
Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.103 Documents	Reciept for a registered letter- 7 Dec. 1872			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.104 Documents	Sheriff's Deed- E. G. Gramling, Sheriff- W.R.D. Moss- 2 Jun 1874- Cherokee County- Land lot 316- District 13- Section 2 \$12.00 145 acres Property of E. R. Christian			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.105 Documents	Grant- State of GA by Charles J. Mcdonald, Gov.- George Edmondson- 1 Jul. 1848- Cherokee County- Land lot 571- District 2- Section 2 40A.			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.106 Documents	Surveyor's Plat- 15 Aug. 1832- Cherokee County- Land lot 429- District 3- Section 1 40 Acres Robert Radiford, Surveyor			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.107 Documents	Surveyor's Plat- 15 Aug. 1832- Cherokee County- Land Lot 359- District 3- Section 1 40 Acres John Brewster, Surveyor			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.108 Documents	Joseph N. B. Nix- Jacob M. Scudder- 27 Nov. 1833- Cherokee County- Land lot 429- District 3- Section 1 \$100.00 40 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.109 Documents	Deed- Thomas H Jones- Jacob M. Scudder- 29 Sep. 1838- Cherokee County- Land lot 214 and 787- District 3- Section 1 Originally Cherokee County now Forsyth County \$200.00 80 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.110 Documents	Power of Attorney- James B. Edwards- Wm. P. Anderson- 19 Dec. 1878- Cherokee County- Land lot 73- District 3- Section 1 Acres 40 P. of A. to sell the above property. Originally Cherokee now Forsyth			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.111 Documents	Deed- James Milford- Jacob M. Scudder- 4 Jan 1859- Cherokee County- Land lot E 1/2 362- District 3- Section 1 \$75.00 20 Acres Formerly Cherokee now Forsyth			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.112 Documents	Deed- Charley Morrison- Land Lot 428- District 3- Section 1			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.113 Documents 	Deed- David Blackwell- Jacob M. Scudder- 18 Jun. 1836- Forsyth County- Land Lot 472- District 3- Section 1 \$40.00 40 Acres Extra info. from list of deeds			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.114 Documents 	Surveyors Plat- 12 May 1832- Cherokee County- Land Lot 974- District 2- Section 1 40 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.115 Documents 	Administrator's Deed- Jesse Smith, Estate- Alonzo Smith- 6 May 1905- Cherokee County- Land Lot 315- Section 2 \$105.00 35 Acres Jefferson Smith, Administrator			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.116 Documents 	Deed- Richard Edmondson- John W. Riece- 1863- Cherokee County- Land Lot 570- District 2- Section 2 40 Acres \$40.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.117 Documents 	Deed- John F. Anderson- Elbert B. Anderson- 30 Oct. 1941- Cherokee County- Land Lot 509,571,572- District 2- Section 2 120 Acres \$750.00			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.118 Documents	Deed- Wm. Reese- Ami T. Sherwood of Bibb County- 11 Mar. 1861- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572- District 2- Section 2 40 Acres \$40.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.119 Documents	Deed- A. F. Norton- J. M. Masfey- 16 Dec. 1878- Cherokee County- Land Lot 572 w 1/2 of 571- District 2- Section 2 \$250.00 60 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.120 Documents	W. H. Teasley- J. F. Henderson- 30 Jan. 1906- Cherokee County- Land Lot 500, 509, 571 & 572- District 2- Section 2 40 Acres \$300.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.121 Documents	Application for loan- J. G. Anderson and C. A. Anderson- G. J. Teasley- 16 Dec 1908- Cherokee County- 500, 509, 571 & 572- District 2- Section 2 160 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.122 Documents	Deed- C. J. Lutz- John F. Anderson- 26 Mar. 1902- Land Lot 509 & 500- District 2- Section 2 \$300.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.123 Documents 	Deed- J. F. Anderson- W. A. Teasley- 10 Jan. 1902- Cherokee County- Land Lot 500, 509, 511 & 512- District 2- Section 2 Each Lot 40 Acres \$300.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.124 Documents 	Deed- Elca Porter- J. F. Anderson- 23 Sep. 1919- Cherokee County- Land Lot 509- District 2- Section 2 40 Acres \$250.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.125 Documents 	Administrators Deed- J. M. McAfee, admin.- E. E. Lewis- 4 Apr. 1876- Cherokee County- Land Lot 316- District 13- Section 2 \$75.00			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.126 Documents 	Deed- Seward Clayton of Cobb County- W. J. Brasilton & Henry H. White- 1 Jan. 1878- Cherokee County- Land Lot 315- District 13- Section 2 \$180.00 90 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.23.127 Document 	Deed- E. N. C. Pitman & J. D. Pitman- Alonzo Smith- 8 Feb. 1893- Cherokee County- Land Lot 145 (E1/2)- District 14- Section 2 \$300.00 80 Acres			Fourth Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.23.128 Documents	Sheriff's Deed- Samuel T. Thimbell, Sheriff- William F Clayton- 3 Jun. 1850- Cherokee County- Land Lot 315- District 13- Section 2 Property of Isaac Cloud \$30.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.129 Documents	Deed- J. J. A. Sharp- D. D. Cline- 12 Dec. 1884- Cherokee County- Land Lot 316- Section 2 \$200.00			Fourth Floor Storage
				
A 2009.23.130 Documents	Pieces of Miscellaneous Deeds and other records			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.23.131 Documents	Copy of Unemployment Report Card, National Unemployment Census, 1937			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.24.1 Electronic Image	Hickory Flat Yearbook, 1951			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.24.2 Electronic Image	1949 Census on Hickory Flat Community with list of families and improvements and a map			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.1 Postcard	Postcard of Etowah River Bridge in Canton, 1913 Addressed to Mrs. Mary Lackey at 14 McAfee Street in Atlanta			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.2 Postcard	Postcard of the South Side of Main Street in Canton, 1909 Postcard published by Fincher Drug Store Shows the Bank of Canton, Fincher's Drug Store Addressed to Mr. Linton Dean, Woodstock			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.3 Postcard	Postcard of Depot Street looking South, Canton 1913 Depot Street is now East Marietta Street and according to notes on the back, Ms. Elizabeth Johnston's house is on the left and the Ellis Hotel or the Park Hotel is on the right.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.4 Postcard	Postcard of the Eiffel Tower, 1896 Written to Mr. Elijah A. Brown, Washington Street, Atlanta from the top of the Eiffel Tower, July 24, 1896			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.25.5 Documents	Newsletter of Atlanta Stamp Collector's Club, September 1984 Includes an article written by John Kovalski about a letter that was postmarked from Creighton, Creighton Gold Mine, and sent to Wooley's Ford in Forsyth County Georgia.			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.6 Bill	Georgia Railraod Company Bill stating Freight and Charges for an oil painting for Mrs. Joe E. Brown. It states that painting is being held in bond until the fee of 25.90 is paid. December 11, 1895			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.7 Envelope	Envelope addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Brown in Milledgeville, GA Dated 1857			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.8 Envelope	Envelope addressed to the Hon. Joseph Brown, Atlanta, GA From California			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.9 Postcard	Postcard from Antwerp Belgium addressed to Elijah Brown from E.B., possibly Elizabeth Brown dated August 24, 1895 The postcard was written from the Hotel St. Antoine			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.25.10 Postcard	Postcard from The Hague, Netherlands to Mrs. Elijah Brown, August 30, 1895 Mentions Queen Wilhemina of the Netherlands			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.11 Postcard	Postcard from Glasgow Scotland written to Mr. Elijah Brown August 26, 1896			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.12 Postcard	Postcard from Genoa (Genova) Italy to Mr. Elijah A Brown, April 16, 1896 Reached Atlanta by April 27, 1896			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.13 Postcard	Postcard from Sutallee, GA to Canton, GA, August 24, 1908 Addressed to Ms. Margaret Hubbard from Alma Boston			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.14 Envelope	Envelope from Creighton, GA to Wooley's Ford, GA, February 11, 1889 Creighton, GA was home to the Creighton Gold Mine and Wooley's Ford was located in Forsyth County The envelope is addressed to Miss Mellie Rivers			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.25.15 Envelope	Envelope from Canton, GA to Euharlee, GA, June 7, 1895 Addressed to D. Lowery			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.16 Postcard	Postcard from Glasgow, Scotland to Atlanta GA, August 24, 1896 Mailed to Mr. Elijah Brown, 159 Washington Street in Atlanta. Arrived September 3, 1896			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.17 Postcard	Postcard of the Pine Crest Restaurant and Motor Lodge from the 1960's Holly Springs, GA on Highway 5			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.18 Documents	Letter and Envelope to Cobb in Macon, GA 1861-1875			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.19 Document	Copy of Bank of Canton Postcard with Canton postmark, December 1912			Third Floor Storage
				

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.25.20 Document	Copy of Cherokee Tribune Article, September 3, 1989 on John Kovalski On his postcard collection			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.25.21 Document	Article on antique postcards from the Atlanta Journal Constitution, 1991			Third Floor Storage
				
A 2009.26.1 Documents	Newsletter, The Student Prints, from a school in Blue Ridge, Georgia, May 1931			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.2 Documents	Personal Notes on Southern Baptists and Religious Enlistment			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.3 Documents	Three pages that include Ruth Higgin's resume and rough draft of letter to a potential employer			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.26.4 Documents	Canton High School Green and Gold Newspaper, September 1929			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.6 Documents	Provisional Junior College Teacher's Certificate for Ruth Higgins, October 23, 1930			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.7 Documents	Professional College Teacher's Certificate for Ruth Higgins, July 13, 1936			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.9 Documents	Bank of Canton Checks and Statement Ruth Higgins Account			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.10 Documents	Pocket Reference Guide to Army, Navy, Marine Corps Insignia, March 1943			Third Floor Storage



Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.26.12 Documents	Loan Agreements from 1931 for Ruth Higgins Specifically October 1, 1931 October 24, 1931 November 21, 1931 December 18, 1931 with envelope			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.13 Documents	List of students at Canton High School			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.26.14 Documents	Letter to Ruth Higgins from Mrs. Duke, June 3, 1925 Envelope filled with dusty thread, possibly flowers?			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.27.1 Electronic Image	Transcript of Oral History of W.G. Booth conducted by Dr. Tom Scott, Kennesaw State, 1995 COBB COUNTY ORAL HISTORY SERIES NO. 33 INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM G. BOOTH CONDUCTED BY THOMAS A. SCOTT THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1995 Cobb County Oral History Series, No. 33 Interview with William G. Booth Conducted by Thomas A. Scott Thursday, June 15, 1995 Location: Rare Book Room, Kennesaw State College TS: Mr. Booth, why don't you begin by telling us a little bit about your family tree and how you came to have the blacksmith ledgers that you're donating to our Rare Book Room? WB: Well, it seems that the ledger was kept by John Stanley			Third Floor Storage

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	<p>Gibson' who married a Nancy Harris.2 John Stanley was born in 1831. He's the son of Elijah Gibson who married Winifred Stanley, and Elijah must have been born in 1800. John Stanley had a shop here in Big Shanty. Elijah was the first settler in this section [of the county] ; he moved in here soon after the land lottery in 1832 or '33.</p> <p>TS: This is Elijah Gibson?</p> <p>WB: This is Elijah Gibson, right. My mother who is the granddaughter of John Stanley Gibson tells me that Elijah's father died at sea and Elijah was orphaned and that he was apprenticed to the Roberts family. I don't know how much truth there is; this is hearsay. Wiley Roberts, who was a big landowner in this section /settled here and had many slaves and had a plantatio'up north toward Acworth and right on down as far as the Roberts Road way down here at Town Center.</p> <p>TS: What's called Barrett Parkway now.</p> <p>WB: Yes. One of his daughters married a McAfee. The McAfee house is where some of Sherman's officers stayed during the War and it's still standing; it has an historical marker for it.</p> <p>TS: Right. That's Bells Ferry where what used to be Roberts Road and Bells Ferry come together, Barrett Parkway and Bells Ferry today.</p> <p>WB: Right. That's a part of the old Roberts farm. One of 'John Stanley Gibson, born 15 August 1831, died 31 July 1883, buried in Kennesaw Cemetery.</p> <p>'Nancy A. Gibson, born 18 August 1833, died 5 October 1892, buried in Kennesaw Cemetery.</p> <p>his sons was the manager of the Kennesaw Hotel back before the War. They were a very prominent and very wealthy family. The rumor is that Roberts kind of brought him [Elijah Gibson] along; he must have moved in about the time that Roberts came here. Roberts settled in here, and also there's a Thomas Harris. [My mother's] story was that Thomas was an overseer for Roberts. Roberts had over fifty slaves. He had a lot of slaves and a big plantation. So that's the story that they all came in here very soon after they could buy up some land the year after the Lottery of 1832.</p> <p>TS: Now, how was Thomas Harris related to John Stanley Gibson?</p> <p>WB: Well, John Stanley Gibson married Harris's daughter, Nancy A. Harris. Harris had a home up on the old Shiloh Road there leading in [to Kennesaw], and that's where Gibson was too. Gibson was up towards Shiloh and over from Elijah's cabin, which was later moved up to Kennesaw. It's there located now.</p> <p>TS: The one that they just recently moved into that business</p>			

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	<p>complex?</p> <p>WB: Well, it's right in behind the Methodist Church right beside the museum.</p> <p>TS: Yes. Right between the Big Shanty Museum and the old Methodist Church.</p> <p>WB: Yes. They brought that cabin in there...I think that's Elijah's cabin. Probably built along in latter part of the 1830s. He was a tough old guy, Elijah was. They say he broke his leg out working. So he cut him a sapling and strapped it up with some rope and hung on to the mule, and it dragged him back home. But anyway, Elijah had several kids. John Stanley then, who married Nancy Harris -- John Stanley was born about 1831. John Stanley had a wagon shop, and he was pretty literate. He kept ledgers, and you could tell from the ledgers he kept that he was fairly literate. He had a wagon shop and by the time of the Civil War, they said he built a good many gun carriages and things for the Army.</p> <p>TS: Let's see. John Stanley Gibson would have been about thirty years old then when the Civil War broke out.</p> <p>WB: Something like that. At least thirty. He was born in '31, and by that time he'd had Fletcher. Fletcher Gibson was born in 1857. Fletcher was about eight years old at the latter part of the War. Fletcher had helped his</p> <p>father. They stayed pretty busy there working on this military stuff. Then when Sherman came in, the story is they migrated and went to Greene County back over in there where they came from.</p> <p>TS: Where you say he came from?</p> <p>WB: We think he probably came from over in that section. Anywhere a good many of the folks came over from Greene County. Fletcher helped a good bit, and then he learned blacksmithing. So after they got back then from the War things were pretty slow. But they made a go of it. John Stanley had a store and went together with a Carrie. Those two had the store together. Then the ledger -you'll see an inventory where one bought out the other. I think John Stanley Gibson sold his share of the store to Carrie, Theodore Carrie.' The connection between the Carries and the Gibsons was that John Stanley had married a Harris girl, Nancy Harris. The story of the Carries who lived just across the street in the old Carrie house there which is still there...</p> <p>TS: Right, that's where Big Shanty comes in to Cherokee Street.</p> <p>WB: Right. And right across the street there is where they moved the old cabin, you know; and Fletcher lived in a little house right next to that.</p> <p>TS: Right next to the Carrie house?</p> <p>WB: Across the street. The Carries were right across the street</p>			

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	<p>from where [some of] the Gibsons lived. I'm not sure where John Stanley had his shop, but they had this store we think maybe over in town; we're not sure. But anyway he sold out later on to the Carries, but did nothing but just his shop work, he and Fletcher.</p> <p>TS: Now, you were saying about Nancy Harris, was she somehow related to the Carries?</p> <p>WB: Yes. Seems that old Gaspard T. Carrie was the son of Joseph Carrie who migrated from Haiti to Augusta, and we have the naturalization papers of Joseph signed by Jones.</p> <p>TS: Noble Jones?</p> <p>3Gaspard Theodore Carrie, born 1 January 1820, died 5 February 1902, buried in Kennesaw Cemetery.</p> <p>WB: Noble Jones, yes. I can bring one of those copies over. TS: Gaspard, did he use another name?</p> <p>WB: Gaspard Theodore Carrie. Gaspard married a Blodgett in Augusta. This was Lucy Angeline Blodgett. They had four children and then moved to Penfield. Then at Penfield Lucy Blodgett died. So Gaspard left one of the children with their grandmother and brought three with him. He came on over here and got him a job in Acworth as a printer. Then he spotted one of these Harris girls. So he married one of the Harris girls [Jane]⁴ who was the sister of Nancy. Then sometime later his older son, The, Uncle Theodore,' married another one of these Harris girls [Sarah Zenobia Harris]. So the father and the son married sisters. But anyway, that tied the Harrises up pretty well with the Carries.</p> <p>TS: The son was called The?</p> <p>WB: Yes. Uncle The and Theo, Theodore. I remember Uncle The very well.</p> <p>TS: Do you?</p> <p>WB: Yes. He had the little store right across from...and he looked after the depot. He was sort of the agent, the depot agent. He wore a derby hat and was a little bit slew-footed and a short fellow, very interesting little fellow. I was just a little kid then. He'd give me candy, and then sometimes he'd pull out the little rubber snakes and scare me.</p> <p>They were good cooks, the Carries were. Theodore, the old man, they called him Gaspard; I think they called him Judge, Judge Carrie. He helped to run the Lacy Hotel [after railroad service reached Big Shanty in the 1840s].. They'd stop here and get wood and water, and I remember the old water tanks where they'd stop. He helped to run the restaurant. They'd stop and, you know,</p> <p>4Jane E. Carrie, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Harris, wife of G. T. Carrie, born 9 February 1832, died 9 June 1914, buried in Kennesaw Cemetery.</p>			

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	<p>'John Theodore Carrie, born 4 September 1846, died 26 December 1928, married Sarah Zenobia Harris, born 1 December 1849, died 19 December 1919. Both are buried in the Kennesaw Cemetery.</p> <p>4</p> <p>get off here.</p> <p>TS: Yes, at the Lacy Hotel.</p> <p>WB: Yes. And the girls -- I think they were on duty when they stole the old "General."</p> <p>TS Andrews' Raid?</p> <p>WB: Yes, I think the girls were there. They were about ten years old or less. But anyway, that's the story of the Carries.</p> <p>TS: How did Judge Carrie get to be called Judge? What was he a judge of?</p> <p>WB: I'm not sure. He must have been a Justice of the Peace or something. He was pretty well respected and looked up to. He was somewhat older. And then he had several children by his second wife. One of them was Ben Carrie, Benjamin Carrie. Ben Carrie's daughter married Burtz. I think some of this land right in here where the college is was owned by the Burtz's, Frank Burtz. But anyway, one of the Carrie girls, the twins, Caroline Evangeline, we called her Carrie, married my grandfather, married William Absalom Booth who had just gotten back from the Civil War. He'd been wounded, wasn't very well-to-do, but he drove a fine white horse and came over and courted the girl. He was somewhat older. So he married the Carrie girl. The other girl never did marry. She was Lucy Angie.' But Caroline Evangeline married William Absalom Booth, and they moved over off Bells Ferry on Booth Road, that's named for the place where they settled. William Absalom had a cousin named John A. who lived in Marietta. The whole Booth clan moved up from Elberton after the War and settled in here.</p> <p>TS: Now, how does Lucy Blodgett figure in the picture?</p> <p>WB: Lucy Blodgett was the first wife of Gaspard Carrie. Lucy Angeline Blodgett. The Blodgett family came from Augusta. She must have been a little bit older than Carrie. Lucy was born in 1816. Foster Blodgett must have been her cousin. You know Foster Blodgett, do you from Augusta? Foster Blodgett...</p> <p>TS: Reconstruction politics.</p> <p>'Lucy Angie Carrie, born 6 October 1850, died 4 October 1926, buried in Kennesaw Cemetery.</p> <p>WB: He was in with the Bullocks; he knew [Rufus] Bullock and did pretty well. He was a good politician. He fought in the Civil</p>			

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	<p>War as a captain. He did a lot of projects in there in Augusta. Then Foster finally got into trouble, you know. They ran old Bullock off, and Foster fell into disrepute then. Anyway, they were right close together there. Foster was a little bit younger than Lucy Angeline, the first wife of Gaspard. Anyway, that takes up the Carrie group. Now their son, the result of the marriage of W.A. Booth -- W.A. had nine kids, had four boys and one of those boys was Eugene, E.T. Booth. The others stayed in and helped the old man farm. He was crippled and he taught school over at Benson [on Bells Ferry Road near Hawkins Store Road]. He was very prominent over at Noonday Baptist Church. He taught penmanship and singing, had his tuning fork and would go around to the different churches and teach singing, especially to the girls.</p> <p>TS: This was E.T.?</p> <p>WB: That was old W.A. Yes, he's the old soldier that got wounded in the Battle of Fredericksburg. So he made out, lived, had nine kids and one of the daughters married a Litchfield up at Acworth and other Harriston. Dad married Lucy Gibson. Dad, E.T., was one that walked to school. He would walk from over there to Kennesaw. He finished here at Kennesaw. Then finally he went to Mercer for a few years and then went to Louisville to the Baptist Seminary and got a pretty good education. Then he came back and lived on the farm over near the old home place there and had him forty acres and married Lucy. He taught school here at Kennesaw for three years, and we came over with him. We'd ride to school when the school was here. That was during World War I. I remember the trucks pulling through here going down the Dixie Highway with the soldiers...that was during World War I. I got through about the fifth grade, fourth or fifth grade, here in Kennesaw. So I was pretty well connected. I learned...I'd borrow Tom Swift books, and we learned about short-wave. The first radio -- we'd make our little crystal sets.</p> <p>TS: What year were you born?</p> <p>WB: I was born in 1908. Back when I was about three years old we moved to Kennesaw and lived here for awhile. Then we moved on to Rome, and E.T. Booth, Jr. was born in Rome. But we didn't stay long; we came on back to the farm. Then it was while we were living on the farm there that he would drive over in the buggy, teach school here;</p> <p>and we'd go back and forth, commute. Then after we'd been here for -- the War ended in about 1917 or '18 -- so we went over to Woodstock. He taught over there, and we'd commute over there for awhile. Then he thought we'd finally move to Woodstock. So that probably broke my relationship, but until we went over to</p>			

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	<p>Woodstock I was in pretty close touch with Big Shanty here and Kennesaw.</p> <p>TS: Where was the family farm that E.T. had?</p> <p>WB: It was right down at the corner of Booth Road and Bells Ferry, right at the corner. He had forty acres there which has now been made into a subdivision.</p> <p>TS: Well, there used to be an old house that a Ms. Booth lived in. I think maybe -- did she die recently? That's about where...</p> <p>WB: The Carrie, the last sister ...the old house up there just before you get, you know, the new highway through there, 575, right there at the corner of 575, that old house up there, that was where the Booths lived, that was the old Booth house.</p> <p>TS: So that's where E.T. lived?</p> <p>WB: That's where E.T. was born, and that's where I was born. TS: You were born in that house?</p> <p>WB: Yes, we were both born there. And old W.A., William Absalom, I think he practically built that place. He had some help from his brothers.</p> <p>TS: Well, now who was the Ms. Booth who was living in that house until recently?</p> <p>WB: That was Carrie, my aunt. TS: Your aunt.</p> <p>WB: Aunt Sister we called her. That was Carrie. Carrie and Bertie stayed there with Millard, one of the older uncles. They stayed there with my grandmother until she died. Then they kept on living there, you see.</p> <p>TS: So Carrie never got married?</p> <p>WB: No, Carrie didn't marry. And Bertie didn't marry, and Millard didn't marry. Millard Seale. Cliff did marry. Cliff was, next to Dad, the youngest. Cliff was quite the outgoing one. He wouldn't stay at home. He married</p> <p>a McNeeley right across the street from him. His son Ralph's daughter is Patricia Cook. That's the one that's a secretary here at the College and been here for a good many years. So, anyway, those boys though they had lived pretty hard. It was difficult. This was the time of the Depression, you know, and we called it the Panic back then. Those boys would hunt and fish down the Noonday Creek. We just grew up, you know...hut they kept something to eat there by hunting and all; they were good marksmen. Dad was a very good marksman; he was a good shot. Loved to fish. He went into the ministry then, and he would preach. He pastored several churches around, and he would preach and teach.</p> <p>TS: What denomination?</p> <p>WB: It was Baptist. He was over at Noonday. Then he</p>			

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	<p>preached there at Woodstock and taught school there at Woodstock. So he stayed there at Woodstock and taught from the '20's on up. He taught all of us; he would take us on up through tenth grade. We learned Latin, three years of Latin. We'd take one more year. I'd ride the train up to my last year in Canton. Some of the folks would finish their last year at Canton and some would be in Marietta, but we were a part of Woodstock then from about the mid-20's on till Dad died. He stayed there until he was ninety years old.</p> <p>TS: What was Woodstock like then?</p> <p>WB: Woodstock was ...when we moved in there we hit just at the boost, right when it was going good. Cotton was high, and everything was going fine. They had warehouses all over the place. The railroad didn't go through over there until around 1890. Then after the railroad went through there things began to boom, you know, the big cotton buying. Woodstock was the cotton buying center for maybe over a hundred miles, a five-mile radius around there. The first families to settle in there [included] the Fowlers. Mark Fowler settled there around 1840. Then another Fowler, his brother, settled down in Cobb County down two or three miles below. The Fowlers were related to the Durhams. The Fowlers and Durhams owned land all the way across the...and then the Bensons were tied with them. So one of the fellows married a Bentley and I think it could be a little bit related to this Bentley.</p> <p>TS: To Fred Bentley? WB: Right.</p> <p>TS: Did you say Benson or Bentley? WB: There were Bensons, yes.</p> <p>TS: But also Bentleys?</p> <p>WB: Yes. Bentley. There's one Bentley that one of the Fowlers married here, but one of [the Fowlers had a mill up here on the Tate Creek right up there at Bells Ferry. It was his daughter that Fletcher married. Fletcher married one of those Fowlers.</p> <p>TS: Fletcher, who's the son of John Stanley? WB: Yes.</p> <p>TS: Married a Fowler?</p> <p>WB: Yes, and she was related to the Greshams. The Greshams, the cemetery, and all that; that was one of her great-grandmothers was a Gresham. He married Nancy. He married the [daughter of the] Fowler who had the mill, Thomas Fowler, over at Tate Creek. So mother was kin to everybody over there; the Bensons, the Fowlers and everybody's cousin. So it helped us out when we got to either Woodstock or ...that was sort of two cities, you see, I was between Woodstock and Kennesaw; so we knew people very well.</p> <p>TS: Did it seem like a long way from Kennesaw to Woodstock or a short distance?</p>			

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	<p>WB: No, we lived about half way between on Bells Ferry. There was a little school right there named Benson School right were they tore that down.</p> <p>TS: Yes, I know exactly where that was.</p> <p>WB: You know where Benson was? Well, that was Dad's school. Dad taught there for two or three years, and I went to school there one year. Old W.A. taught there and some of his sisters taught there at Benson. Benson School was the center. They made a Sunday School there. Grandpa Booth was superintendent of it. Daddy bought his forty acres from the Bensons; the Bensons owned that land. So the Fowlers were right up above us there on the Shallowford Road. Right north of us was a Fowler place up there; so the Fowlers, Bensons...</p> <p>TS: The Fowlers were on Shallowford Road?</p> <p>WB: Yes, there was one of the Fowlers was up there. That was</p> <p>9</p> <p>the fellow that later on moved to Marietta and made the Dr. Fowler. That set of Fowlers [descend] from Mack Fowler, and a whole bunch of them [are] down in Marietta. The Bensons were big...we would run down to Marietta...we knew a lot of the Bensons and the Fowlers and all.</p> <p>TS: I've done a little bit of research on a man named Isom Gresham who was...</p> <p>WB: He was one of the slaves, and when the Greshams freed the slaves he gave old Isom Gresham some land over there and helped him out. Yes, Isom's wife used to cook the best pound cakes and the best fruit cakes and they'd all go over...</p> <p>TS: Millie?</p> <p>WB: Yes. And they would have lunch with her, and she'd feed them, you know. So everybody loved...one of her daughters married Walter Jackson. Jackson was our neighbor, and Walt used to babysit for us. And then the Slocum, John Slocum lived right across the street from me. His wife was Aunt Priscilla, and Aunt Priscilla used to give me honey cakes. Boy, I loved to go down and visit Aunt Priscilla. She had all kinds of herbs she would hang on the wall; she had little different kinds of bitter root and things that she...but Aunt Priscilla...and right across from where John Slocum lived Walt...we grew up with Walt. Walt talked very proper. He would say, "I has." He never would say, "I have." "I has". "Has you seen so-and-so?" But Walt Jackson was quite a character. All those were our neighbors right by my next door neighbors. Walt Jackson lived right back of us, Slocum down below us.</p> <p>Old Tom Lowe lived back on back there, and Tom Lowe asked</p>			

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	<p>Uncle Millard this: "Mr. Millard, what would you do if your..." -- it was his second wife and she was an old uppity, uppity darkie from Marietta and he said -- "What would you do if your wife called you a bald-headed old S.O.B.?" Millard said, "I don't know Tom, I can't help you much; since I'm a bachelor I can't help you." But one of the little girls turned out pretty well. I don't know if she ever found out about Tom or not. There were two of them, Alf Lowe and Tom Lowe. Alf was pretty bad to drink. The Chastain boys, the Chastains lived right across there. They were the big buddies; the Chastain boys and the Booth boys practically grew up together. TS: Now, we have an interview with Alfie Chastain. She married Howard Chastain and lived where Chastain Lakes is.</p> <p>WB: We called it Howard's Branch, you know... TS: Howard's Branch?</p> <p>WB: The Chastain's Branch, Put's Branch. Howard was...oh, boy, they were great fisherman. Dad and them would seine. They'd get in Noonday Creek and seine all the way to Woodstock and walk out. I remember we were seining once; I'd go along and carry the fish. I learned to swim that way. I stepped off in a hole where's it's real deep. I'd take an old toe sack, and they'd put the fish in there. One of the Chastain boys, Troy, the younger one, came to Dad and asked him about [majors]. He was going to college and Dad tutored him awhile. And he said, "Well, you better take agriculture if you're going to Georgia." So he went to Georgia and took agriculture and married a wealthy gal in Atlanta and had a big fertilizer plant. The Chastain Park that they have down there in Atlanta, he donated the land for that. Bill Chastain ran a dairy over here, and their land went on over to the rock quarry. Those guys that had the rock quarry, now, they really cleaned up you know. TS: We interviewed Cassie [Bill Chastain's wife].</p> <p>WB: Cassie was one of mother's big friends. Mother and Cassie would visit each other. Mother was quite a -- she was almost as bad as Fletcher about...Fletch had a great imagination. By the way, Fletcher showed up later. After he'd been gone for years, he came back and lived with us for a while. TS: Fletch is the son of...</p> <p>WB: Fletcher, that's my grandpa. TS: He left for awhile and then came back?</p> <p>WB: Yes, he turned up again, and he'd tell us the wildest tales about things that happened here. He said when he was a boy after the Civil War they had a job gathering up the bones up on Kennesaw Mountain [after the battle]. They'd gather the bones up and take them down to the cemetery. [He] said, some of the guys, they'd look to find skulls; and they'd find gold teeth and pop out</p>			

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	<p>the teeth, you know, and save the gold fillings. Back then all the fillings and all the dental work was gold, you know.</p> <p>TS: Fletcher would have been about eight or nine at the time?</p> <p>WB: Well, no, then after the War was over he was about fifteen years old. When they were gathering up the bones it was all over.</p> <p>TS: For the National Cemetery.</p> <p>WB: Yes. He had his job of gathering the bones, but anyway he told tales. Old Fletcher would tell us pretty wild tales. Mother was like Fletch. She liked to write scenarios and send them off to be made into movies.</p> <p>TS: What was your mother's name?</p> <p>WB: Lucy Gibson. That was Fletcher's daughter. Her mother was a Fowler, and her grandmother was a Gresham. So they were all pretty well mixed together there. But the Chastains -- Whit was the father of the Chastain boys. I remember he'd always drive a team of horses and have their heads up high, you know. He was a sport and a big politician.</p> <p>Then the cars came. We had a T-model Ford at the time we went to Woodstock. We went over and we had us a car then, but until then we'd run to see the cars go by. I remember how we'd run to see the threshing machines go by. They had the sorghum mill down on Bells Ferry there at the forks, right across at John Slocum's yard almost on...</p> <p>TS: When you say the forks, what do you mean?</p> <p>WB: That was where Booth Road hit Bells Ferry. Right there was the sorghum mill. And they'd make sorghum syrup and pour the skimmings on a big old hole and then they'd ferment ...some of these guys would go down and stick a syphon down in there and suck that stuff out and drink it. They'd get really drunk off the skimmings.</p> <p>TS: Did Booth Road always run the same direction?</p> <p>WB: Yes, it cut across...it used to be almost a private road. I remember that the folks that lived on it would work it. They'd get together and they'd work the roads every so often. All of them were dirt roads then, but it was suddenly a connector that cut across, instead of going up to Benson School and hitting Shallowford and coming across it cut across and made the loop in there, you see. For awhile Booth was about the only...I think later on we had some more on that road but we had it pretty well to ourselves over on that side.</p> <p>TS: It went across Bells Ferry?</p> <p>WB: It "t'd" into Bells Ferry. It goes down and hits Bells Ferry and then goes from Bells Ferry and then comes up and hits</p>			

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	<p>Shallowford. Shallowford pulls across from the Benson School right straight on across out Shallowford on that Shiloh. It turns to Shiloh.</p> <p>TS: Yes, I know what you're talking about.</p> <p>WB: So it hits Shiloh Road there. Crowder lived right there at the corner. One time one irate guy came in wanting to go over and beat Dad up or shoot him because he whipped his boy at school over at Kennesaw; and Crowder said, "Oh, no, you don'tGwant to go over there now." He said, "Those Booth boys are all dead shots and if you can hit one of them you just might as well give up; they'll find you. They'll hunt you down and shoot you." So he talked that old guy out, and he went on back home. That was Brother Crowder.</p> <p>TS: Tell me what happened to the blacksmith shop after John Stanley Gibson died in 1883?</p> <p>WB: I'm not sure where the shop was. I talked to some of the Carrie girls just a while ago to ask them where was the shop. I'm not sure where the shop was here.</p> <p>TS: Well, what happened to it after John Stanley Gibson died?</p> <p>WB: Well, after he died and Fletcher went off ...Fletcher ran it for awhile; and then Fletcher went off; and I think somebody else took it over or something. It disappeared. They moved it over to another place.</p> <p>TS: Well, the schools must have been pretty good in this area, weren't they? It seems like you got a pretty good education.</p> <p>WB: Well, I got my education from Dad pretty well. I went to first and second grades at Benson and then came over here then and went to third, fourth and fifth at the Kennesaw School. And Dad was the principal. He'd carry them through the tenth grade and teach them Latin and all that stuff. Then I went on through. I remember I had a Dr. Lester here in Woodstock. There was a Dr. Lester and a Dr. Ellis; and Dr. Ellis was our main doctor; Dr. Lester was his daughter who taught the fifth grade. I remember her. After we'd been here we went back over to Woodstock. Then from Woodstock on after I got up to the sixth or seventh grade I was under Dad all the way. He took me through the seventh grade right on through the tenth.</p> <p>13</p> <p>Everybody would be in one big room; and we'd all listen to the others and learn a whole lot, you know. You could learn your Latin, and he taught us and introduced us to medieval history and English history and through plane geometry and solid geometry. I took through Cicero; so I had a pretty good background. Then my brother, E.T. Booth, Jr., was almost four years younger than I am; but he skipped a grade or two; and he took Dad's course all the</p>			

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	<p>way through. Then he went to Reinhardt College for a year; and then he went to Georgia and finished in '32.</p> <p>After I went through I took a year at Canton and then went to Locust Grove Institute down in Locust Grove, Georgia and then finished there. My Uncle Charlie Gibson who was a dispatcher on the railroad over in Hattiesburg, Mississippi had me to come over to Hattiesburg and go to school over there. So I went over there, and he got me into Mississippi Teachers College. I had gotten me a work scholarship; so in about a couple of years -- I finished in 1928 -- I finished over there and taught a couple of years then in Mississippi and then came back home to Woodstock and taught a year here at Kennesaw. Then I decided Bilbo had messed up the accreditation on the Mississippi colleges; so I better get it straightened out. I went to a year of Georgia. So I finished over at Georgia...</p> <p>TS: The University of Georgia?</p> <p>WB: ...in '32, we both finished in '32. So I had two four-year degrees, one from Mississippi College and one from Georgia. Then after I'd finished at Georgia I taught school then. In '37 Dad went to county superintendent of Cherokee County and I stepped in and took his place here. I'd taught around several places here in Cherokee. I taught a year here, I taught over at Blackwell for a year, and I taught over at Holly Springs and another little school up in Cherokee and then back and got on at Woodstock. I went in as principal there at the little school in Woodstock and married, and my wife helped me. She's an Agnes Scott girl, and so we taught together.</p> <p>TS: What's your wife's name?</p> <p>WB: Alice Chamlee. She's an old family from Cherokee. The Chamlees came in there, the first settlers into Cherokee County. Her mother was a Michael. Her [mother's] sister was Moina Michael, the famous poppy lady, and had fame over at the University of Georgia for years, Moina Michael. Then another sister was Mae Michael who helped run Statesboro for a long time, Georgia Teachers' College; she was sort of the boss down there. And she</p> <p>was there when Jake Ward was there for a little while. She helped show Jake what to do.</p> <p>TS: Is that right? I've got an interview with Jake Ward.</p> <p>WB: You do? He was a good friend of mine. I knew Jake; I knew his brother. We used to run around together. Fact is, Jake kind of courted my wife a little bit. Then he finally married a girl from up in New York, I think, when he was teaching at West Point. My brother got his Rhodes Scholarship and came back to Columbia</p>			

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	<p>University and helped build a cyclotron and worked in the physics department. He was working there when they split one of the atoms. He helped split an atom with the cyclotron, and later on he got into the Manhattan Project and got on with helping to set up the gaseous diffusion method of extracting uranium. He worked for that plant in...</p> <p>TS: Oak Ridge?</p> <p>WB: Oak Ridge, yes. He was connected to Oak Ridge quite a bit. After that Manhattan Project was over he was [involved in other nuclear projects). Then I know he went over to the Bikini [Atoll), and he was there when they did the hydrogen explosion. He came back and then he got on with NATO and spent a couple of years in Italy working with NATO. Then he came back and got on with American Optical for awhile. Then was Dean over at Stetson College across the Hudson there. Then he's retired now though.</p> <p>TS: Where'd he get his doctorate?</p> <p>WB: He got his doctorate at Oxford.</p> <p>TS: While he was on the Rhodes Scholarship?</p> <p>WB: Yes. He did a good bit of work at Cambridge. He did physics, you know. He worked with Fermi. I remember during the War they flew over at night in a bomber one time to check up on radar, the black box, and so he was quite involved. We were right proud of him. Dr. E.T. Booth, Jr. He married a Savannah girl, Saffold. They have two girls. They had a daughter, two kids. One of them's a pretty good musician, a violinist.</p> <p>TS: Well, now, you got your second degree at UGA in 1942?</p> <p>WB: Oh, yes, then I went on and finally worked my Master's off at Emory. So I have a Master's degree from Emory.</p> <p>TS: Jake Ward was probably at Emory then about the time you were there, wasn't he?</p> <p>WB: No, he couldn't have been. Let's see. He [had] finished there. I did most of my work in summer school. I'd run in on summer schools and worked it off. I never did take off a year to do that, I just did summer school extension work. I was principal; and while I was teaching, during vacation time I'd go to...</p> <p>TS: So you were going to Emory while you were a principal at Woodstock?</p> <p>WB: Yes, so it was unbroken. So I stayed on there from about '38 until July, '72.</p> <p>TS: Until 1972? And you were principal all that time? WB: Principal and teacher, flunky.</p> <p>TS: And so principal from '37?</p> <p>WE: Yes, we took over at '37 on up until I retired. TS: In '72.</p>			

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	<p>That's a long time.</p> <p>WB: Yes, and Dad was there from '25 up till '37; so we had a span there of fifty years really of just Booths. The schools changed quite a bit. While I was in they dropped it down to the ninth grade, and finally they dropped it on down [to the] eighth grade. It was eighth when I left; and then soon after I left they dropped it down to [the fifth grade]. We had middle schools come out. They named one of the middle schools for Dad, you know.</p> <p>TS: Right. Booth Middle School.</p> <p>WB: Because Dad was there so long. He stayed and taught school and passed through the church at the same time. One of the old girls told her daddy, "I don't want to go to church. I have to listen to him all day at school. I don't want to listen to him again at...". But anyway, he lived a pretty interesting life. Back then members of the church had one Sunday a month. The Methodists had a Sunday; and the Presbyterians had a Sunday; and everybody would go together on the fifth one. But Dad had two or three other churches. He had Baliground and Woodstock and Locust Grove and Olive Springs.</p> <p>TS: Olive Springs? That's a long way. WB: That's Olive down in...</p> <p>TS: In Cobb County?</p> <p>WB: And then Locust Grove is right on across over there right close to it. He pastored all those churches and pastored Noonday for awhile.</p> <p>TS: Tell me about Smith Johnson.</p> <p>WB: Smith married my sister, Christine; and they had three children, two girls and a boy. Then my sister died, and he's married again. One of the girls [is] in Germany. I know Smith and them just went over and visited with them. The boy made his doctorate and finished at Emory. He's with NASA. He's married and got a couple of kids, but that's Smith, Jr.</p> <p>TS: Smith, Jr. got a doctorate from Emory?</p> <p>WB: Yes, he's a medical doctor. He checks out the astronauts before they leave and when they get down. He's one of the doctors there.</p> <p>TS: Now, Smith Johnson was a banker?</p> <p>WB: Yes, Smith's a banker and a land owner. He owns a good deal of property over there and still does. He's retired now.</p> <p>TS: Which bank was it?</p> <p>WB: It was a Woodstock bank. He's now retired. He was in the War. He was in the Pacific. He was on a ship that got sunk on him there one time in the Phillipines, but he loves to travel around and meet with all the boys.</p> <p>TS: Tell me, if I could change the subject a little bit, how the</p>			

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	<p>blacksmith ledgers have just stayed in the family down through the years?</p> <p>WB: Yes, Mother had them and stuck them away somewhere. Then after she died, I found them there. So I stuck them away in a safe place, and I happened to find them. I was afraid the old bugs would get in them, you know, to eat the paper; so I decided I'd send them over and let you look at them to see if they'd be of any use to you and be of any interest. Elaine [Hubbard] said she'd do so so [in letting the college know about the ledgers]. I'm glad we've ended up in a good place.</p> <p>TS: Well, I'm looking forward to telling students about them, so that they can do some projects with them.</p> <p>WB: Well, if they would like to check on some of the families that were living in this neighborhood...I noticed he had, well, Chastains and the Booths and different ones, the Fowlers, different ones, you know. Some of the Roberts had an account with him. It's interesting to see what accounts they had.</p> <p>TS: Well, we really appreciate your giving us those ledgers. Thank you very much.</p> <p>WB: I've enjoyed it. I hope it can be of some use, and I'm certainly very happy about the way it's set up.</p>			
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A 2009.27.2 Electronic Image	<p>Transcript of Oral History of Judge Sam Burtz, conducted by Dr. Tom Scott and Kathleen Scott, 1992 CHEROKEE COUNTY ORAL HISTORY SERIES NO. 1 INTERVIEW WITH JUDGE SAM P. BURTZ CONDUCTED BY THOMAS A. SCOTT AND KATHLEEN S. SCOTT MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1992</p> <p>Cherokee County Oral History Series, No. 1 Interview with Judge Sam P. Burtz Conducted by Thomas A. Scott and Kathleen S. Scott Monday, August 24, 1992 Location: Judge Sam P. Burtz's home, 108 Breezehill Lane, Canton, Georgia TS Judge Burtz, I wonder if you would begin by just telling us a little bit about where you came from and when you were born and such as that, and a little bit about your parents. SB All right. I was born here in Canton, July 10, 1920 in a little house down on Jarvis Street. My brother lives in that house, and I go to see him as often as I can. We sit there in that house and relive old times, perhaps in the very room where I was born. We had not had an opportunity to spend much time together until I retired, but for the last year or so we have grown closer than we've ever been. KS Is he older than you? SB He had a birthday last Saturday, and he's 78 years old. TS What is your brother's name? SB Joseph Lee. I've enjoyed these two years with him. TS What did he do for a living over the years? SB He was a surveyor. TS In Canton? SB In Canton. TS What were your parents' names? SB My father was Lee F. Burtz, and my mother was Nellie Lathem Burtz. TS Is that an old family in Cherokee County? SB Yes, it was; well, I don't know whether it was actually a part of</p>			Third Floor Storage

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	<p>the Lathems of Lathemtown. You know the Lathemtown community? But perhaps they must have been, because there aren't very many of them in the county.</p> <p>TS What did your father do for a living?</p> <p>remember correctly that they made maybe two or three crops after they were married before they moved to town. They came to Canton, and he was a rural mail carrier for awhile. He carried the mail in a horse and buggy from Canton to Hickory Flats. After he no longer did that, he got a job for the ordinary as a clerk. From that, he went into politics himself. He was elected tax receiver in about 1928. He served a term there--I believe he served two--and then he ran for Clerk of Superior Court. He was elected in 1932 and served until 1948. My mother stayed home and took care of the children.</p> <p>TS I remember once we did an interview with Judge J. J. Daniell in Cobb County who ran for ordinary about that time. The reason was that in the midst of the Depression he had been working at the textile mill, and they needed to get rid of some of their employees. So he didn't have a job, and that's why he ran for ordinary.</p> <p>SB Was Judge Daniell also a lawyer? TS I don't think he was.</p> <p>SB Seems like they had an ordinary down there at one time that was a lawyer. I thought it might have been Daniell, but it might have been somebody else.</p> <p>TS I think it was somebody else as I recall. I don't believe he had any legal training. But, at any rate, your father, in the midst of the Depression and the World War II years--and those would be your growing up years--was the Clerk of the Superior Court in Cherokee County. So I guess that meant that you spent a good deal of time at the courthouse while you were growing up.</p> <p>SB I did. I'd get out of school; and particularly if it was a rainy day and we couldn't walk home--we lived in south Canton some distance away from the school--I would go to the courthouse and stay and ride home with him. That gave me an opportunity to visit around the courthouse. Of course, I became thoroughly familiar with that building.</p> <p>TS What are some of your memories of those early days at the courthouse?</p> <p>SB I remember how we used to ride that elevator. I used to invite my friends to go along, the ones I walked home with. I'd just invite them to the courthouse; and we'd get on the elevator; and we'd ride up and down.</p> <p>TS Was that the only elevator in Canton?</p>			

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	<p>SB It was the only one in Canton. There was a freight elevator at one of the Jones' stores, but that wasn't like this at all. But the caretaker at the courthouse got tired of us riding up the elevator so much and kept telling us not to ride the elevator. We didn't listen. One day we were riding up and down the elevator, and all of a sudden it stopped. We didn't know what was going on. He let us sit there about an hour or so. Then all of a sudden the power came on; and the elevator came back down; and we walked out. He was sitting there in the window. We had to pass right in front of him. He didn't say a word to us. But we knew.</p> <p>KS Was that the end of your elevator riding days?</p> <p>SB Yes, that was the end of the elevator riding days.</p> <p>TS Did you sit in on cases and hear them being tried when you were visiting?</p> <p>SB Oh, yes. I would go to the courtroom--you know, back in those days, if they had cases that involved sex, they would run the children out. I believe it was any school child under the age of 16 had to leave the courtroom. The sheriff would pass through and make the determination whether you were 16 or not. Of course, the boys always wanted to go hear the rape cases. Always. But we heard other cases, too. I can remember seeing John Wood defend murder cases there and the other lawyers, Mr. Henderson, Judge Howell Brooke, he was a tax attorney at that time.</p> <p>KS Back in those days, Judge Burtz, the terms of the court would be three or four or fives terms a year. The jury trials would begin, and you'd have your grand jury come in. Nowadays, they run court just about every day in most places. Can you talk a little bit about the difference and how it was a big community event when court started?</p> <p>SB You're right, that's the way it operated back them. Three terms a year. I remember my daddy had some blotters and had them printed with terms of court on them. He would give them to his friends to keep his name before the public. I believe that the terms were May, August, and January. I believe those were the three months that they had court. Like you say, the judge would come. Of course, our judges back in those days were always from Marietta, because they had the population. We couldn't elect a judge up here. The judge would come up on Monday morning, and he would charge the grand jury and send them to the grand jury room to start their work. Then he would, most of the</p> <p>time, know what cases he had to try. He'd get out the civil docket, and he'd flip the pages until he came to a case he was going to call to trial. He'd call this case, and the lawyers would make an announcement whether they were ready or not. If they were ready,</p>			

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	<p>they went to trial. After the case was disposed of, the judge, if it was ended, would mark it off.</p> <p>KS He physically wrote in the book?</p> <p>SB In the book. I did that after I became judge. I made an entry in the docket. Civil cases probably would last two days, depending on the kind of case you had to try. Then he would call Solicitor Jones and tell him he was ready to start trying criminal cases, and they would begin those. In those days they didn't have the jail full of people waiting trial like we do now. The solicitor would stand there and call case after case, and there'd be no answer. The sheriff would call the defendant's name after the solicitor called the names, "State versus John Doe." The sheriff would call "John Doe, John Doe." If he didn't answer after the second call, the solicitor would say "Bond, State's ready." The judge would say "Let the bond be forfeited." He'd write in the docket, Bond Forfeited, BF, and the date. Then they'd call the next case. Sometimes that would go on endlessly. People would talk about it--how much time the courts waste calling all those names up there and forfeiting bond. But that was the procedure, that was the way it had to be done. Then he'd call a name, and some poor fellow back in the back would answer. They'd bring him down to the front, and they'd try him. Manufacturing whiskey or something like that. That's the way the court operated then.</p> <p>TS So, in effect, if somebody didn't want to stand trial, that this is the bond to get out on bail, that they're forfeiting?</p> <p>SB Yes, that's the one they made when they were arrested.</p> <p>TS So, in effect, they're just paying a fine and that's the end of the case.</p> <p>SB Absolutely. I remember one time up at Blue Ridge, Judge Brooke--I was just a young lawyer at this time--Judge Brooke was not able to come to court at that term. He got Judge [John E.] Frankum, who was later on the court of appeals, to come over there and try cases for him. He was a superior court judge in the Mountain Circuit then.</p> <p>They got to that part of the proceedings when the</p> <p>solicitor was calling his cases; and he was forfeiting bond, one after another. Judge Frankum just began to wiggle. They called a case, "State versus Richard Rowe." Some man got up in the back, and he came walking down to the front. The solicitor said, "Are you Richard Rowe?" He said, "No sir. I'm his brother. He sent the money for his bond forfeiture by me." Judge Frankum nearly jumped off of the bench. They was just sort of making a game out of the whole thing. He said, "Mr. Sheriff, where's the sheriff? I want you to go, take as many deputies as you need, and find this</p>			

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	<p>man, and bring him in to court." In just a flash the back doors of the courtroom opened, and everybody left.</p> <p>KS They were all afraid? SB Yes, they were afraid!</p> <p>KS What about controversial cases that you remember when you were a child? Are there any particular big murder cases while your daddy was Clerk of Superior Court you can particularly remember?</p> <p>SB Yes, one comes immediately to mind. There was a young fellow here in town. He drove a taxi cab. I'm going to try in my remarks to shield the identity of a lot of people, because they still have relatives living; and I don't want to hurt anybody. This young fellow, as I say, was a cab driver. He had this person approach him one night at his taxi stand down right across the street from the Canton Drug Company to take him some place. He did. Carried him right out this road right down here below the house right on up to the top of the hill up there where that store and service station and everything is, and turned off that side road there. Then, it was just a country lane, it was not a road then. The next day when they finally found him, he was in his cab; he'd been shot to death. They started a search immediately. Somebody, I think, had seen this boy in town; and he was a suspect. They caught him; and the feeling in the community was high, because the cab driver was a nice young fellow. He had some brothers that had established themselves pretty well in the community and were well thought of. I spent some time out at the library looking through the old Tribunes that Cherokee has, and the papers were full. Now, if somebody killed somebody else, they might get two columns. But they had front page stories about this thing. I'm just trying to remember, drawing on that information that I got out there, not that I remembered it, because I wouldn't have. I think that the murder took place, he was indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced and I want to say executed, I know he was executed,</p> <p>within six or eight months.</p> <p>KS Speedy justice. Different from today.</p> <p>SB Different from today. I know it wasn't a year. That one comes to mind immediately.</p> <p>TS Were capital cases routinely appealed then or almost never appealed to higher court?</p> <p>SB Most capital cases were appealed. That case went to the Supreme Court, and I left that out of it.</p> <p>TS Georgia Supreme Court?</p> <p>SB Yes. They had an appeal to the Supreme Court. It was affirmed by a full bench decision, and he was executed.</p> <p>TS Were cases ever appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court from the</p>			

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	<p>Georgia Supreme Court in those days in capital cases or did it just end with the Georgia Supreme Court?</p> <p>SB I can only speak for this area; I don't know of any case that went to the United States Supreme Court from this circuit.</p> <p>TS So you just didn't have that kind of judicial activism from the Supreme Court in those days?</p> <p>SB Right.</p> <p>TS Could you say a little bit about the history of the courthouse itself, the current courthouse in Cherokee County?</p> <p>SB Well, I remember when they built it. I was just a kid. I keep trying to remember the old courthouse, but I can't get up a good mental picture of it. I remember the night that it burned, because my daddy was working there at the time. He must have left home and went to town and then came back and made this remark. He said, "The courthouse burned down." That was awful bad for me, a seven year old boy.</p> <p>KS This is before the days of microfilmed records; the clerk of superior court was responsible for all that history.</p> <p>TS What happened to the records?</p> <p>SB They got them all. They got every record in the Clerk's office except Deed Book Q. I remember that one because in his office--I worked in his office some in the summer</p> <p>time when I was out of school--I needed that book for some reason. I said, "I can't find Book Q"; and he said, "You won't find it. It's gone." He told me how. He said it had been used in the trial of a case that day, as some page in it had been introduced. They left it in the courtroom, and when everybody went in to save the records, they went into the Clerk's office. I don't know whether they had a vault; I guess they did. But they got all of them out. They didn't know that that one wasn't there.</p> <p>TS Was this a wood building?</p> <p>SB No, it was a brick building. It was a brick building, but it had a lot of wood on the inside.</p> <p>TS Was it an electrical fire?</p> <p>SB It got a liberal dose of gasoline.</p> <p>KS That was the scuttlebutt, wasn't it, that it was done on purpose?</p> <p>SB Right.</p> <p>TS How long was it before they built the new courthouse?</p> <p>SB That one burned in 1927, and I believe the new courthouse was finished in, I want to say 1928, but that doesn't sound right. I believe it was 1929, because they had to get the bond issue up and get it voted on and approved and that took some time. Once they got that done, they started to work; they got a contract--a</p>			

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	<p>\$150,000.00 contract--to build a courthouse. They finished the courthouse within a year.</p> <p>TS So they got it all done before the Great Depression hit?</p> <p>SB Yes, they did.</p> <p>TS It's incredible to think that now you could build a courthouse for \$150,000.00, isn't it?</p> <p>SB Absolutely! I had some notes in my little talk about that. I thought that that would have generated more amazement. I don't know, maybe I just didn't put it to them in the right way.</p> <p>KS Spoken like a true attorney!</p> <p>TS Did you go to public schools in Canton?</p> <p>7</p> <p>SB I went to Canton High School. I graduated in 1937. I went to North Georgia College and stayed there for two years. It was a two year school then.</p> <p>TS Military?</p> <p>SB Military, yes. I graduated in 1939 and came back home and got married in 1940. A child! Willie B. and I have been married 52 years. I try not to remember disappointments; but there are some that you just can't erase from your mind; and that's always been a disappointment to me that I didn't go on to school.</p> <p>KS You mean beyond North Georgia?</p> <p>SB Yes, beyond North Georgia. This sense of loss has stayed with me all these years. As a matter of fact, two years ago, I went down to your school. . .</p> <p>TS Kennesaw?</p> <p>SB . . . and tried, well, I did get admitted, it just didn't work out for many reasons.</p> <p>KS I would think--if you became a lawyer--I would have thought that you would have had to go to law school rather than just reading back then. Did you get by reading for the law?</p> <p>SB Yes. The law didn't require a lawyer to be a graduate of an accredited law school or any law school. If you could satisfy the Board of Bar Examiners that you were qualified to practice, then you were allowed to practice. So that's the way I did it.</p> <p>TS Did you read in somebody's office?</p> <p>SB In 1941, Mr. Albert Henderson was a lawyer here in Canton. He is the father of Judge Albert Henderson on the United States Circuit Court. He would see me in daddy's office. I would be sitting at the typewriter recording deeds and things. He said, "You can use that typewriter pretty good." So one day he said to me, "How would you like to come over to my office and work for me?" I said "Well, I don't know. Let's talk about it." By that time I had changed jobs. I had a regular job for the state highway</p>			

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	<p>department paying me \$75.00 a month. That was a living. So I went over and talked to him. He said, "I need a secretary, and I'd like to have a man secretary. I'll hire you if you'll go--there's a business coming to town; I saw it in the paper last week. They're going to offer shorthand, typing, and business</p> <p>arithmetic, spelling, and all that. If you'll go over to that school and learn shorthand, I'll give you a job. I'll pay you \$60.00 a month." It was a \$15.00 cut. said, "I'll think about it"; and I did. But I knew I was going to take it. When I went up there to his office, and I saw all of those books, those leatherbound books, I was hooked. So I went back and told him I'd take the job</p> <p>The next year I went into the army and stayed for three years. I came back; and he told me, "I believe that we'll form a partnership." I never asked him for anything. He just told me that we were going to be partners. So he drew up a little partnership creedage, you know, how we were going to divide the money. I got a periodic increase in the take, had some signs printed up, "Henderson & Burtz, Attorneys at Law." I stayed with him five or six years. I wanted to try my own wings, you know; so I did. I went out on my own.</p> <p>TS Had you passed the bar exam before you went into the army?</p> <p>SB Yes. If I had not I probably never would have come back to Georgia. I was stationed in California, and I had an uncle that lived in Stockton, near the University of Pacific. They've got an excellent law school, and he begged me to stay and live there. He managed an apartment house; and he said, "I've got an apartment for you." He said I could go to the school at the University down there; and he said, "You'll just do great." I said, "Uncle Bill, I have a license to practice law in Georgia and I want to try cases now."</p> <p>TS You took two or three years out of the loop? SB That's what I did, came back home.</p> <p>KS Did your wife have any say in whether you'd go to California or not?</p> <p>SB No, because the army said that. You will stay in California. No, she left it up to me.</p> <p>TS What did you do while you were in the army?</p> <p>SB I was a cryptographer. That sounds like that there's a real brain. We didn't have to do a lot of figuring ourselves and decoding. Sometimes when the message would come in, of course, it came in code groups, by teletype. If they were all garbled, you might have to sit there at the machine and try this combination to try to get the</p> <p>message to come out in the clear over here where the tape was</p>			

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	<p>running. That was about the extent of it. It was more mechanical than anything else.</p> <p>TS Where were you stationed?</p> <p>SB Hamilton Field, just north of San Francisco. We lived in San Rafael. It was a wonderful little place. We got the opportunity to go back in 1973, I believe. I went to the National Judicial College. After it was over we went down to San Francisco and stayed a week, and we went to San Rafael and revisited.</p> <p>TS Let me ask you, first of all, how long did you have to read before you could take the bar exam?</p> <p>SB There was no specified period. I went with Mr. Henderson in 1941--I don't remember the month; we'll say it was mid-1941--and helped him prepare his cases. I read a lot without really having made up my mind that was what I was going to do, but Herbert Buffington was working for Grady Vandiviere who was the Solicitor General. He said to me one day--he was going to Atlanta Law School at night--"I'm going to the bar examination in December." I said, "You are?" He said, "Yes, why don't you just take it with me?" I can't remember what you had to pay to take the bar examination, but it must have been \$20.00. I said, "I'll think about it." We decided that we would take the bar examination together and got down a code and found out what the time was fixed at being: the Wednesday after the second Monday in December. That was the time that Judge Hawkins was holding court in Fannin County. That was the time for that opportunity to take it. That was in 1942. You asked me awhile ago how long I had to study. They didn't prescribe a time but I studied from 1941 to 1942.</p> <p>TS So about one and a half years by the time you took the exam?</p> <p>KS Did you go down to Atlanta to take the exam? SB No, we took it in Blue Ridge.</p> <p>KS You took it in Blue Ridge? And it was because the judge, in a sense, had to supervise the taking of the test, right--Judge Hawkins--and that was Fannin County in Blue Ridge? They held that in different locations all over the state in each circuit?</p> <p>SB Every superior court judge could give the exam. The Board of Bar Examination would send him the test. If he</p> <p>called and told them, "I have two young men who want to take the bar examination, and I need tests for them," they'd send them. It was left up to the judge in town from there on. We went the night before, Herbert and I did. I can't remember if we went up on the train. I want to believe we did. I loved that little hook and eye train. We either went on the train or the bus to Blue Ridge and got us a room at the Blue Ridge Hotel. We ate our supper, and then we</p>			

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	<p>just started studying. We were cramming for that examination. About 9:00 we heard a lot of commotion down in the lobby. It was John Wood and his entourage had shown up from court. He would come from Washington home to try cases. We didn't go down though. We stayed with our books; and in a little while somebody knocked on the door and said, "Judge Wood's down here in room so and so, and says he wants you boys to come down and have a drink." We went. We went down to his room. It was Judge Wood and Carl Tallent, his partner, who I later defeated for Solicitor General in the Blue Ridge Circuit; Green Jones--I'll call names now--and Green was there, the funniest looking little fellow you've ever seen. He was from Blairsville. But they were really having a party. We stayed there with them and had a few drinks, and he wished us well. We went back to our room and went to bed to get ready for that examination the next day.</p> <p>To show you how it operated, when we got to the court the next morning at 9:00, Judge Hawkins had appointed Mr. Tom Crawford as a proctor to stay with us. "Don't cheat, boys." He gave us the little room--are you familiar with the Fannin County Courthouse? You know, you go out the back room of the courthouse into a hallway; and then there's five steps right there that went up to the old jail and the sheriff's home. You go up that little flight of steps, and there's a door into a room at the top of the steps. That's where we took the bar examination. He told Mr. Crawford to come with us and stay there with us and attend to our needs. He gave us the examination then, and it was 50 questions. Essay type, no "yes" or "no" answers. Tell us your answer and then why. We took that thing.</p> <p>We'd asked Tom, "Mr. Crawford, we're not asking you tell us the answer, but what if so-and-so. . ."; and old man Tom would say, "I don't know, I don't know." He was just putting us off. A few years later, we were up there. Herbert was working for Grady as assistant solicitor. And we saw Mr. Tom trying a case. Herbert and I were sitting there just watching. Herbert leaned over to me; and he said, "You know what? You remember when Tom</p> <p>Crawford told us he didn't know the answers to those questions?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, darned if I don't believe him."</p> <p>KS Now this may get off a little bit, but I don't know of anywhere this is written down about taking the test. Nobody ever talks about it. When you talk about those 50 questions that were in there, was it set up in terms of a situation--this is the situation; "A" has done something to "B," and what would you do and why?</p> <p>SB Yes, they give you a factual situation, and then they ask you to discuss this situation from the standpoint of the separate parties</p>			

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	<p>and which side should prevail. It took the best part of the day to do it. From 9:00 until supper. I remember we went back to the hotel and ate supper. We ate at the table with Judge Hawkins and some of the other lawyers. He said, "You boys want to go back and try a little while longer?" Herbert and I had already decided that we needed a little bit more time. We said, "Well, if it's okay." To use an expression of the time, Court had broke that day. Judge Hawkins was going back to Marietta, and we were going to get a ride with him to Canton. We told him we would like to go back. We went back up there and worked a little while longer. I guess we stayed there until 7:30, turned in our papers and got in the car with him; and we came to Canton. That was on the 16th day of December. On Christmas Eve day the phone rang in our office. It was daddy. He said, "Congratulations, lawyer."</p> <p>KS So the test had been graded; and Judge Hawkins had sent a notice to the Clerk of Superior Court that the following were admitted to the bar; and because your daddy was the Clerk of Superior Court, he knew before anybody. He knew before you even got a letter telling you, right?</p> <p>SB Yes. He told me, "Judge Hawkins is going to be up here Monday to swear you in." I don't remember what day of the week that was.</p> <p>KS That was a wonderful Christmas present.</p> <p>SB It was! I told Mr. Henderson though, as soon as he said that, I just hung the phone up and said, "I'm taking the rest of the day off. See you." I started out and turned around and said, "I passed." He said, "That's not news to me." I went flying down the street--we lived just around the corner from our office--and I told B. I passed the bar examination, and that was a great celebration.</p> <p>12</p> <p>TS Back in Abraham Lincoln's day, they read Blackstone's Commentaries when they were preparing for the bar examination. What did you read?</p> <p>SB The Code. The Annotated Code. The cases cited under the various code sections. Herbert had access to some former tests; and we would read those things over; and we would try to find applicable law. We studied those cases so that we would be prepared in the event we had questions similar to that. Mostly, we read the Georgia cases, the Georgia Court of Appeals cases, some of the other works, like American Jurisprudence and American Law Reports and things like that. Mainly the Code and the Georgia cases decided by the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals.</p> <p>KS So you would learn, in a sense, how to approach a case based on the way the opinions were written by judges--because of this</p>			

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	<p>instance and that instance, you reached this conclusion.</p> <p>SB Right.</p> <p>TS As late as 1942, was that still the way that most lawyers became lawyers in Cherokee County, by reading and then taking the bar exam?</p> <p>SB I believe that I was the last one. I don't know of anybody that came to the bar after I did unless they had been to law school.</p> <p>KS You said that Herbert Buffington had gone down to Atlanta Law School for nights, and back at that time was it maybe one or two nights a week?</p> <p>SB I think so, I mean I don't know for how long a period of time.</p> <p>TS Do you think you lost anything by not going to say, the University of Georgia Law School?</p> <p>SB Yes. I've always felt a sense of loss for not having gone on, but that's just the way it worked out.</p> <p>TS What do you think that you've lost? The contact with other people from around the state?</p> <p>SB The contact with other people, and then, of course, you lost--I mean I can pick up a volume of Georgia Reports and read a case and read what the judges hold in that case. I know what they're talking about, but I'm looking at it from my point of view. You, as a law professor in a law school, might give me a little bit different</p> <p>13</p> <p>opinion. And I missed that. I didn't even have it in my studies, because I didn't bounce these things off of Mr. Henderson. He was busy doing something else. So I had to do it on my own terms.</p> <p>TS After three years in the army, did you feel a little rusty when you came back?</p> <p>SB No.</p> <p>KS He was young and eager!</p> <p>TS You didn't have to read it all over again to get back in the groove?</p> <p>SB No.</p> <p>TS So you practiced awhile as a partner with Albert Henderson, Sr. for about five or six years which would take you up to the early 1950's. What did you do after that?</p> <p>SB I continued in the law practice until 1956.</p> <p>TS On your own?</p> <p>SB Yes. I enjoyed it. I really did. When I made a fee, it was mine. If I lost a case, I lost it. In 1956 there was a great change taking place in our area politically. A man who had been in the solicitor's office for 20 years decided he wasn't going to run. He</p>			

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	<p>decided he was going to run for judge, which he didn't do; but that's what he said. I decided I'd get into politics. I had earlier thought about getting into state politics. You know, this all came naturally.</p> <p>I thought about running for representative one time; and John Wood--I keep coming back to John because he always kept popping up in my life --called me and say, "Sam, I want to come down and talk to you." Now for John to come to me. . . ! I said, "Judge, I'd be glad to have you." He came down to my office, and Carl was with him. He said "I understand you're going to run for representative." I said, "Well, I've been thinking seriously about it." He said, "Well, why don't you just wait this time? You're still young, and you've got plenty of time. Just wait and let Carl run this time, and I'll support you next time." That's the gist of a long conversation. I said, "Well, I'll get back to you." I thought about it; and I thought if I don't take him up on it, of course, I'll have two opponents. One pretty wealthy and influential. He was right, I had the time.'</p> <p>So, I told him that I'd just let it go. Carl ran, and in 1956 I ran for Solicitor General. So I stayed out of state politics. I guess it's the best thing that ever happened to me.</p> <p>TS So in 1956 you were elected Solicitor General?</p> <p>SB Yes.</p> <p>KS Which is comparable to our district attorney now, right?</p> <p>SB Exactly. I ran against the same fellow that I stepped aside for. He ran for it too, and Bud Pickett from Jasper ran. Bud was a Republican; but, you know, that was back in the days when Democrats and Republicans north of Cherokee took things seriously. Bud lost a lot of support, because everybody up there knew he was a Republican. His daddy had been chairman of the Republican party for years. He ran as a Democrat.</p> <p>KS Kind of what's happening in Cobb now happened up in that Blue Ridge Circuit. People are changing parties when they really weren't changing parties.</p> <p>SB It's happening here in Cherokee County.</p> <p>TS What was the Blue Ridge Circuit back then?What counties? Or were you in the Blue Ridge Circuit?</p> <p>SB Cobb had been, but Cobb came out in 1956. That's when we lost Cobb County. So we had Forsyth, Cherokee, Pickens, Gilmer, Fannin--five counties. Big territory. I worked hard all summer long in 1956, and I bought a little 1952 Ford. I believe it had 10,000 miles on it, and I drove every one of them myself.</p> <p>KS Just going from place to place politicking?</p> <p>SB Absolutely. Pass by and see a fellow out yonder in a field</p>			

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	<p>plowing a mule. I'd stop and go out across that thing--don't step on his corn--tell him who you are--"I'm running for this office; I'd appreciate your vote." Nine times out of ten, you'd get that guy.</p> <p>KS Because you went to him?</p> <p>SB Yes.</p> <p>KS This was before the days of direct mail.</p> <p>SB The end of it all in that race was that my hard work paid off. I got more votes than the other two put together.</p> <p>I carried Cherokee and Gilmer and Fannin counties. I got the majority of the counties. I won by a majority of the vote--any way that you look at it--from an election standpoint, I got elected. No question. No run-off. No nothing.</p> <p>TS Did they have run-offs then, in 1956?</p> <p>SB Yes, I believe so.</p> <p>TS I was thinking that came in later in Georgia, about 1964, but I could be wrong.</p> <p>KS He didn't worry because he didn't have one.</p> <p>SB That's right. I believe maybe you're right. But you had to have a majority, isn't that right?</p> <p>TS I don't know, back then, how it worked, whether it was a plurality or a majority in a three-way race.</p> <p>SB Well, I had it, either way. That's the point I was making awhile ago; I had it; either way you look at it, I had it.</p> <p>KS You didn't mention Fannin and Pickens. Was it an even split up there or did one other person. o o ?</p> <p>SB Pickett lived in Pickens, and he took his home county. Carl Tallent was a native of Forsyth County, and he took Forsyth County.</p> <p>TS Had he lost his race for the state representative? Is that why he was running for solicitor?</p> <p>SB No, he didn't lose it. Let's see. I don't recall Carl having been defeated. I think that he just didn't run again in anticipation of this thing. As I say, the word had gotten out that Vandiviere was not going to run again after having held the office for such a long time, and Carl was anxious to get into that.</p> <p>KS Carl Tallent? SB Right.</p> <p>TS Was your father still alive at this time that he could support you in this election?</p> <p>SB Yes, he was; and he was a lot of help.</p> <p>TS But he was no longer the clerk--or was he still clerk?</p> <p>16</p> <p>KS He quit in 1948.</p> <p>SB Yes, he was defeated in 1948. I furnished him office</p>			

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	<p>space in my office. He had been appointed by the grand jury as Notary Public and Ex Officio Justice of the Peace. He handled election business and stuff like that. They didn't have any retirement system. They didn't let him pay into a retirement system; and they wouldn't let him pay into social security; so when he was out of a job, he was out.</p> <p>KS That was back in the days when clerks were on fees. Now, as the Notary Public Ex Officio Justice of the Peace, was it sort of like a magistrate's functions nowadays?</p> <p>SB Right.</p> <p>TS You would have been about 36 years old at this time. In those 36 years had you seen much change taking place in Cherokee County? Particularly had World War II had an impact? Was the area changing at all or was it still pretty much the same the way it had always been?</p> <p>SB With reference to what? The court system?</p> <p>TS I was just thinking in terms of the whole, the way people made a living, the size of the population, those kinds of things.</p> <p>SB In 1956? Not a good deal had changed that I'd noticed.</p> <p>TS You know, Cobb's changing profoundly because of Bell Aircraft; but you're saying it doesn't go up to Cherokee County, that people are still working at the mill and so on?</p> <p>SB And continuing to do that. I remember the union came in and organized the mill in 1960. That was the year I was appointed as Judge. I had a strike at Canton Cotton Mill; I had a strike at the Georgia Marble Company; I had a strike at Bramco; and all three of them filed lawsuits.</p> <p>TS The union filed lawsuits or the company against the strikers?</p> <p>SB Tom, I don't remember who filed a suit, but it seems like it was the union.</p> <p>KS So you had to hurry up and learn a little bit more about labor law?</p> <p>SB I didn't learn much. I had some lawyers to tell me what</p> <p>the law was.</p> <p>TS Now, you say you were appointed Judge in 1960. So for four years you were the Solicitor General, and then you became Judge. Was it still called the Blue Ridge Circuit?</p> <p>SB Yes.</p> <p>KS Did you have a reputation of being a tough D.A.? SB I guess so, among the lawyers, anyway. Yes.</p> <p>KS You were hard on their defendants? Gave long sentences?</p> <p>SB Course, I didn't give the sentence, but I asked for long sentences. It didn't matter what I did because Judge Wood did what he wanted to do, just like I did after I became Judge. What I</p>			

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	<p>thought was the right sentence was the one I gave--I don't care what the D.A. says.</p> <p>TS Are there any notable cases when you were Solicitor General for the Blue Ridge Circuit that you can recall that you prosecuted?</p> <p>SB Oh, yeah. Murder case happened right out the street out here. I'm going too far back, because I defended that case. Let's see. You're asking about some I prosecuted. Well, I prosecuted several murder cases, several, in Cherokee County, not as many in Cherokee as you had in Fannin and Gilmer.</p> <p>TS Is there a reason for that, do you think?</p> <p>SB You know, I never have understood why it was always more. I'm just trying to pick out one in particular. prosecuted--this one will do to tell. There was a boy here in Cherokee County who came from a poor family, but good people. His mother was a little bit off mentally. He went out on this wild binge and he picked up a man, I believe down in Woodstock. Got him in the car at gunpoint and drove him through Cherokee to Pickens and on up into Gilmer County and pushed him out of the car and shot him. Luckily, luckily, it didn't kill him. He got back onto the road and flagged a car and told them what had happened. They carried him to a telephone, and they called ahead to Blue Ridge and told them to be on the lookout for this car.</p> <p>Hobert Brown was the deputy sheriff--no, I believe he was a city policeman; he was a night policeman. He had been deputy sheriff, and that's where I got acquainted with</p> <p>him. Anyway, he got the message. The patrolmen in the patrol stations patrol radioed him and told him to be on the lookout for this automobile. He answered back and says, "I've got it right in front of me right now." He turned on his blue light; the car pulled over; and Hobert got out of his car and walked up to the driver's side. Of course, he had his hand--he was a good cop--he had his hand on his gun; and he was ready to take care of himself. When he got up just close enough, this boy pushed the door open, stuck a sawed off shotgun out, and just blew him apart. But not before Hobert got off one shot, possibly two, from his revolver. Hit the windshield of the car--but the boy took off. They caught him up at Blairsville and brought him back and put him in jail, of course. Indicted him, tried him.</p> <p>Now, I don't want to say anything bad about the way they handled their affairs, but that boy was in a heap of trouble the minute he got into Fannin County and killed one of [their police officers]. Anyway, the family hired Herman Spence to assist me as Solicitor General to prosecute this boy for murder. I had gone to--they kept him in Fulton Tower for safe keeping; but I wanted to talk to him,</p>			

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	<p>because I knew what was going to happen. I went down to the tower, and they let me in to see him. I told the jailor, "I want to talk to him, just me and him. I don't want a jailor around." He said, "You going to go in his cell?". I said, "Yeah, let me in and then lock it." I went in the cell, and he was sitting over there on the floor. I went over and sat on the floor with him, but I couldn't get him to talk to me. I tried to get him to tell me why he'd killed him; and he said, "I thought he was going to kill me." I don't know why he thought that.</p> <p>KS He thought the policeman was going to kill him?</p> <p>SB Yeah, it could be that he was looking back and saw that he had his hand on his gun. I don't know. He just said, "I thought he might have killed me or was going to kill me."</p> <p>KS He didn't say anything about the other gentleman that he had picked up that he had taken down the road?</p> <p>SB No. So, when we tried him--he had a good lawyer appointed by Judge Brooke to represent him--a local man, old man Tom Crawford. He would steal your shirt just by picking the right jury. He knew everybody in the county. He knew who they married, how many kids they had, how many of them were legitimate and illegitimate--he knew it all. But for some reason a young lawyer from Marietta</p> <p>19</p> <p>somehow or other got into that case, and when he did Mr. Tom got out. He said, "He's got a lawyer, he doesn't need me." I said "He does need you Tom. He needs you badly." Of course, I shouldn't have been talking to him, but then we did things back then man to man. I said, "He needs you." He said, "Well, I just don't think I'll take part in it." I don't know whether the old man's pride was hurt. Anyway, it went to trial with this young lawyer representing him; and he put up an insanity defense. That was a real doozy. His mother had been in the hospital. He'd never been to a state hospital, but it seems like that he may have been--I know he had some mental problems--I know that. But I can't remember if he had ever received treatment. But anyway, we had a psychiatrist from the state hospital--yeah, he had been down to the state hospital because that's the guy that--yeah, he'd been to the state hospital and stayed a short period of time and they discharged him.</p> <p>KS And that's why it was a doozy for you, because you were the prosecutor; and here they were coming up with an insanity defense; and you were going to have to show that he wasn't insane.</p> <p>SB Yeah, and I got a brief on that thing downstairs. The psychiatrist said that he knew right from wrong; and that's that picky, picky test--right from wrong. He knew right from wrong.</p>			

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	<p>Winston Burdine--both of y'all are too young to remember Winston Burdine--but he was a local doctor from Blue Ridge. He had gone to higher and better things in Atlanta and had become a psychiatrist on top of it all. He came up to testify for the defense. To his credit, Winston told the truth. He said that the boy had a screw lose somewhere. Says, "I think he's a sociopathic personality." They asked him if he knew right from wrong. "Yeah, I think he knew right from wrong. I think he was capable of making that distinction." So we go to the jury and argued our case to the jury. I didn't take an oath when I was sworn in as Solicitor General to ask a jury to put a man to death. I didn't take that oath. I told my associate counsel before we stared, I said, "Now look, when it gets down to the nitrogro, buddy, I'm not going to ask this jury to give this man the death penalty. You can, if you want to." And he did. And they did.</p> <p>So Judge Brooke filed a motion for a new trial immediately. The case went to Supreme Court, and it was affirmed, full bench decision, as I recall. Let's see, that would have been in 1960; and after an appeal, and,</p> <p>20</p> <p>if it's affirmed or whatever, you had to have a resentencing. Judge Brooke died. I was appointed, and there I was with this case I had prosecuted. I called J.L. Davis in Cartersville and asked him if he'd go over there and sentence this man for me. He said he would. So we went together to Blue Ridge; and they brought him in; and he sentenced him to death. That's where he died.</p> <p>KS Now the reason you didn't ask for the death penalty in this case--was it because you felt that he wasn't inherently mean or because of the family, or, what was the particular reason that you didn't ask for the death penalty?</p> <p>SB I guess--this happened long about the end of my tenure in the District Attorney's office. I'm confident that before that time I had tried, well I can remember six or eight murder cases, I mean murder, up there; and I never got a conviction for murder. I didn't get many manslaughter convictions. I just didn't think it was right.</p> <p>KS It seems like there--an outsider coming in and looking in at things--that there's certain behaviors that might have been tolerated up there that might not have been tolerated anywhere else, because they--I don't know--everybody knows everybody else.</p> <p>SB Well, they took care of their own problems. Sometimes it was at the end of a gun; sometimes it was in a family gathering. But they took care of their own problems. The ones that wound up in court, they took care of those, too.</p>			

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	<p>KS But it does seem to be a different culture between Fannin County and Cherokee County. Wouldn't you say?</p> <p>SB I think so.</p> <p>KS As if it's almost from different countries.</p> <p>SB I just couldn't get out of my mind. These other cases that I had tried that there was no reason at all for that person who had killed another human being just walking away and then here you want me to send this one to the electric chair? Couldn't do it.</p> <p>TS Sounds to me that you were happier as a judge than as Solicitor.</p> <p>SB Absolutely. I never was happy prosecuting people. I</p> <p>never took any pride at all in that job. I had the pride that I did my job. I did it, but up to that point, I guess I didn't do it. I don't know, maybe I didn't; but I had somebody helping me; and he told them to send him to the chair.</p> <p>KS It takes a certain personality to be a district attorney for more than four years.</p> <p>SB Yeah.</p> <p>TS You said you were appointed as Superior Court Judge. Who appointed you?</p> <p>SB Ernest Vandiver.</p> <p>TS And this is to fill an unexpired term?</p> <p>SB Yeah, well, we were right in the middle of a campaign--not really a campaign, because neither of us had any opposition. Judge Brooke didn't have any opposition, and neither did I. We were running along smooth sailing, and he died. So I got appointed to fill his unexpired term and then the full term.</p> <p>TS And you were appointed to the full term also? So you didn't have to run that first time around at all?</p> <p>SB Yeah.</p> <p>TS Did you have any ties with Ernest Vandiver? Why did he choose you; simply because you were the only one that was running for Solicitor?</p> <p>SB I guess he chose me, because I had served a term as Solicitor General; and I knew him--had no particular ties to him--but I had known him since he was in the Governor's office. Of course, I had political friends that wanted me to have that job. They wanted me in preference to some of the alternatives. That's the way it was.</p> <p>KS That was also a common occurrence of moving from Solicitor General to Superior Court Judge.</p> <p>SB It was expected to happen.</p> <p>TS Ernest Vandiver--I guess the most famous thing that happened has to do with the integration of the University of Georgia the next year. I wanted to ask you about the black community leaders of</p>			

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	<p>Cherokee County or maybe the black community in general. I guess it was a pretty small community in Canton.</p> <p>SB Still is. Well, there's more now than in times past, but it's pretty small.</p> <p>TS Were there any black leaders? I guess there weren't any black lawyers at that time or anything.</p> <p>SB No. The black leader that I remember most was Reverend Stevenson. He worked at the Georgia Power Company. I guess you'd call him a leader of the black community</p> <p>KS What community was he from? Hickory Flats?</p> <p>SB No. He lived over in the black section, it was over in an area called Nineteen. A black section of Canton.</p> <p>KS It was called Nineteen?</p> <p>SB Nineteen.</p> <p>KS Why?</p> <p>SB I don't know. I've tried to find out, but I've never been able to.</p> <p>KS So he was probably a part-time preacher working at Georgia Power during the day and then had his church on the weekend.</p> <p>SB Right.</p> <p>TS How were blacks treated when they came into a relationship with the court?</p> <p>SB Well, I'd like to say just like anybody else; but I don't know whether that's very true or not. Frankly, I guess they got a better deal than some of the whites. And I don't know whether that was to their good or not. I mean, if a fellow did something wrong, he ought to pay the penalty; and he shouldn't be given a reward just because he's black. I don't know. But the important point was that we didn't have them in court much. You talk about somebody who's looking after their own business, they did; and this black leader and a few others, they would solve those problems; and they didn't get to court.</p> <p>KS Well, there just weren't that many here. You could probably didn't have more than 70 people, would you say, 70 to 100 people in Canton?</p> <p>SB Blacks? Oh yeah, there's more than that. I don't know how many more, but there's more.</p> <p>TS How many times were you re-elected as Judge?</p> <p>SB Well, I was appointed in '60; and I was elected in the election of '64. The first term that I served, which would have been from August, 1960 until the end of '64, five counties, I was the sole judge. In five counties. State court, traffic court, every court,</p>			

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	<p>juvenile court; they worked me to death. They didn't have somebody like this nice lady here [Kathleen Scott] to go around and count the cases to say, "You need another judge up there in Cherokee County; you're going to kill the one you got." I didn't have sense enough, or too much pride, I don't which it is, to say something to somebody and say, "Hey, look, I need help." But I didn't. And when the end of '64 came, I told the boys, I said, "Boys, you can have it; I'm going back to law practice." I bought me a house up the street, converted it to a law office; and I went back to the law practice. Had a whale of a good time. I made the only money that I ever made practicing law there. For four years. Then I got to thinking about it. I had built up all this retirement credit, and they changed the law. If I didn't go back, I was going to lose it all. So I decided I'd run again. I did. Nobody wanted the job, I guess. They didn't run anyway. So I was elected in '68, '72 and '76. I retired in '77.</p> <p>KS When did Marion Pope come in?</p> <p>SB Marion--when I came back in '68--Marion had been appointed the year before, if I'm thinking straight now. I think he'd been there about a year.</p> <p>TS So they had two judges at that time?</p> <p>SB We had two judges. That was one of the considerations for going back, was that not only was I going to lose my retirement, but I had help.</p> <p>KS When you went out in '64, who came in between 1964 and '68?</p> <p>SB Grady Vandiviere.</p> <p>TS So you retired in '77 and became a Senior Judge at that time?</p> <p>SB And continued to work steadily for two or three years. KS Just in this particular circuit or statewide?</p> <p>24</p> <p>SB Just in this circuit and in Cobb. Went to Rome several times, Gwinnett, just in this area.</p> <p>KS Not south Georgia?</p> <p>SB Not below the gnat line.</p> <p>TS What do you think of the system of using unelected senior judges to try cases? Is it a good system or does it have some flaws in it do you think?</p> <p>SB Well, I don't know, Tom. I'd like to think that I could try a case just as good today as I could the day I retired, but I can't. I don't go to sleep on the bench. I know some senior judges that do.</p> <p>KS Just because of the case law, do you think? Why, is it? In terms of technicalities or is it in terms of know --why do you think that you can't try a case today like you could in '77 or '78?</p> <p>SB Because there's been a lot of change in the law that I haven't</p>			

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	<p>kept up with. I would feel a little bit uneasy. You don't like to be in a position where you have to take what a lawyer says as being fact. You want to be able to listen to it and make your own decision. If you're in an area that's absolutely strange to you where some change is taking place, you've got to depend on him. It makes it difficult for you. It would for me.</p> <p>KS I have been concerned in the probate area--you mentioned that your daddy worked with an ordinary at one time and at one time the ordinary basically was the county commissioner plus he also worked in the probate area.</p> <p>SB That's been many years ago.</p> <p>KS Do you have a feeling about public office holders being non-attorneys like in probate or being--I think now in Georgia all magistrates have to be attorneys.</p> <p>SB Beginning soon. I know thatsaw some political ads in this last race. This lawyer said soon--and he gave the date--that the probate judge must be an attorney. "I'm an attorney; vote for me." I think that's okay.</p> <p>KS You were talking about having to depend on the different attorneys for knowing the facts of everything and that you felt that if you weren't current and up-to-date that you had to depend on them. Did you see the same thing in the probate court where maybe the person is not an attorney and has to rely on two opposing counsel to come</p> <p>up with the decision about a guardianship or.</p> <p>SB True. It's just human nature. You're going to listen to someone who you know has been exposed to that. Who has had an opportunity to learn about that. That's just a natural thing. I'm sure it happens.</p> <p>TS Do you want to talk about any of the cases that you heard as Judge that stand out above the rest?</p> <p>SB Tom, I've heard so many, I wouldn't know where to start.</p> <p>KS I'd like to have a docket book from Fannin and from each county and say, "Now, what about this?"</p> <p>TS Well, let me ask another way and maybe it'll lead into it. In those years that you were on the bench, did you see any changes taking place in this area that may have had an impact on the courts?</p> <p>SB The population changed and it certainly had an impact on the courts. We'd have three superior court judges and a state court judge, and a magistrate--I have to compare things to what it was years ago. The Blue Ridge Circuit had approximately 80,000 people, then the state court was created--I think that's a close figure. We had one superior court judge and one state court judge.</p>			

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	<p>Now, with 100,000 people in Cherokee County, we have three superior court judges. Of course, with Forsyth, they've got 100,000 here and what's over there, 75,000. Yeah, 175,000. You've got three superior court judges; you've got a state court judge; you've got a magistrate here and a magistrate there. This population explosion we've had up here is really making a change. Apparently, these boys down here stay busy all of the time. The jury cases, now that's just a lot of things happening. Lots going on. KS The terms of court extend from the beginning to the end in terms of jury trials.</p> <p>SB I don't know. I think they have an almost continuous term. Terms of court as we used to understand them is a thing of the past.</p> <p>TS Now long did you continue to serve as a senior judge?</p> <p>SB Well, until just a couple of years ago. It's been two years now since I've tried a jury case. I go occasionally if I can be of some help to them to hear a motion or something where there's not a whole lot involved.</p> <p>26</p> <p>TS So you had about thirteen years as a senior judge that you were active? I think you said you retired in '77.</p> <p>SB Yeah, '77. I worked pretty regularly.</p> <p>KS Did you ever learn shorthand?</p> <p>SB Oh, yeah.</p> <p>KS Have you always used it? Did you used to make yourself notes when you were on the bench about things to ask?</p> <p>SB I guess some of the dockets down there have shorthand notes.</p> <p>KS I was telling Tom that I would really like to get the dockets for your period of time and just go through them, page by page.</p> <p>SB Kathleen, you might be surprised. I didn't use the docket like a lot of judges did. A lot of judges relied on it, and they would make a lot of notes of the filings. Of course, the clerks were supposed to--every paper that was filed in a particular case--there's supposed to be an entry made in the docket by the clerk, the deputy clerk. Judge Hawkins--I never did exam the dockets to see what he did. I can remember, I can see it to this day, the way he would put JHH written all the way across to show that this case is disposed of. But whether he made other entries, I don't know. Judge Hawkins also took shorthand. He was a shorthand reporter. He was a court reporter before he became judge. Judge Hawkins was like me, not a law student graduate, and he went on to the Supreme Court. One of the better judges on the Supreme Court. There's no more of that.</p>			

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	<p>KS Is it Judge Hall that used to live on the other side of 575?</p> <p>SB Howell Brooke. That's the man I replaced.</p> <p>KS That's the gray house on the other side of 575? SB Sits up on the hill.</p> <p>KS Is there anything significant about you being on this side of 575 and him on the other side of 575?</p> <p>SB Not anything at all. We were the greatest of friends. I thought a lot of Judge Brooke.</p> <p>KS Now, did you build this house?</p> <p>SB No, I bought it three years after it was built. The people that built it divorced. I don't know how long they'd been married, but they had a little boy. I was coming up from Cumming one day, and I hadn't seen the house--I'd ride up through here sometimes just looking around at property in general, and I saw it. I'd always liked it; so coming home that day I saw that real estate sign down there--house for sale--so I turned up in here to look on the real estate sign. It was right up there by the mailbox. So I got the agent's number and went home and called him. I said, "I'd like to see it." He said, "Okay, I'll show it to you tomorrow." We came and looked at it and bought the next day.</p> <p>KS Where were you and Ms. Burtz living then?</p> <p>SB Directly across the street from Cherokee Federal Savings Bank downtown. That white house that's got the columns in front next door to Don Snell's office.</p> <p>KS How convenient. That was within throwing distance of the courthouse.</p> <p>SB We moved there in '75, I believe. It was nice. I held court on the front porch.</p> <p>KS Where did you live prior to '75?</p> <p>SB Over in South Canton in Ivy Road in the woods. B. wanted to move to town; and I didn't object; but my heart's still in it.</p> <p>KS You love those woods. SB I loved them.</p> <p>KS Was it an older home or.</p> <p>SB I built it. That was to have been home; but she wanted to get back to town, because I was gone all the time; and the kids were gone. Rebecca was all the way in school; and Sam was out married and working; so we moved to town. She liked that place down there, but I like this one. It was getting busy, and it's worse now. I couldn't live there now.</p> <p>KS If you come down the street from the courthouse on that same street, there's a couple of old houses right behind there, not way behind there; but there's Jarvis Street; and it looks rather boxy; but it does look like it's got to be at least an 1870's building. Would you know what building that is?</p>			

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	<p>SB Are you talking about the house across the street from the post office?</p> <p>KS Yes.</p> <p>SB That is--the Johnson girls live there. Two old maid school teachers. That's their home.</p> <p>KS Is it the family home?</p> <p>SB They've always lived there. Then if you want to see another real beautiful southern home, just go on down in front of the post office--go on down like you're going down the hill--look right on the end of the street up on the hill. . .</p> <p>KS And what house is that?</p> <p>SB The Galt home. The great, great, great-grandchildren live there now. That's the old Galt home there.</p> <p>KS Come back up the street to town and the Jones' department store is gone. What do you think the changes in the main part of town have been for people? It just seems like a real institution left when that closed down, and I was so thankful when the courthouse would have an annex over there. In terms of the growth of the downtown or the decline, what do you think is pushing it or keeping people from moving in and doing more in terms of offices downtown? I noticed that the Buffington house or property has been for sale for ages it seems like.</p> <p>SB I wish I could answer that but I don't know. I don't know what it's going to take, but I remember a similar situation--it was in another state--it was in Maryville, Tennessee--same thing happened to them up there. You may have been through there. There was a time when almost every store in that town was boarded up. We would go through Maryville on the way to Gatlinburg; but we haven't been in so long now that I've lost touch with Maryville; and I don't know whether there coming back or not. I don't know what it's going to take.</p> <p>KS Well, tourism seemed to help Maryville and Sevierville and some of the other towns around there. Do you think that we could generate economic development either through local historical societies or chamber of commerce groups to create more economic development for the downtown, like for Canton? Do you think you could foresee that? I mean, it really is an historic area and one of the things I wanted to get in with you, talking to you about is Tate and Nelson--some of those other</p> <p>29</p> <p>communities in Cherokee County--at one time or another were economically viable. I believe either Tate or Nelson had an opera. Do you think--if you travel to Gatlinburg--do you think that you</p>			

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	<p>can create some economic development to help these small towns in this area? Had you thought about it?</p> <p>SB No I hadn't thought about it. I don't know what's happening. Maybe it's just that the old settlers in Canton--they're all like me--they're getting old. They're not interested in getting out here and spearing up the kind of thing you're talking about. They've either made enough that they live on only their own welfare; so there's a lack of interest, that's obvious.</p> <p>KS Well, I was thinking about you talking about y' all living out on Ivy Road and then your wife wanting to move closer to town and boy, you really did move close to town--but I was thinking if you had the availability of zoning such that you could live and work in the downtown that you could get out and walk around more--there'd maybe be a little isolation and you wouldn't have to get in the car and drive somewhere to communicate with other people.</p> <p>SB You're talking about downtown Canton? I think that would be great, but you'd have to also have places for people to go eat. We have one restaurant in town. That's not enough. Grocery stores within walking distance would be a necessity, for those that want to pop a t.v. lunch in the oven. Course, that wouldn't bother B. and I; we eat out all the time anyway. I think that would be a good idea. That Buffington building would be a location for you.</p> <p>TS Judge Burtz, we really appreciate the interview this morning.</p> <p>SB Well, you're welcome. It's my pleasure.</p> <p>SPEECH OF JUDGE SAM P. BURTZ AT THE JUNE 4, 1992 MEETING OF THE CHEROKEE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY HELD IN THE COURTROOM OF THE CHEROKEE COUNTY COURTHOUSE</p> <p>I'm grateful for the opportunity of being here today; to tell you about this building that has been such a great part of my life, and about some of the people and events that are a part of its history. No one really knows where the first Cherokee County Courthouse was located. Marlins says in his history of the county, "It's supposed to have been near the present site occupied by the residence of E.A. McCanless on Cumming Street." Of course, that would be near the home of Louis Jones, Jr. on Main Street. Then about 1840 a new brick courthouse was built in the town park and was burned by Sherman's raiders in 1865. The third courthouse was another brick building in the same location built in 1874 and it too was destroyed by fire in 1927.</p> <p>When the courthouse burned in 1927, the people Voted in favor of a \$150,000.00 bond issue to build a new building. This was in</p>			

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	<p>August of 1927.</p> <p>The choice then was like ours in the recent sales tax vote--vote for it or get an ad valorem tax increase. A front page story in the Cherokee Advance put everyone on notice and everyone paid attention. The vote was 2306 in favor--42 opposed.</p> <p>The 4th Courthouse was the present white marble structure, which has been described as one of the finest public buildings in Georgia. When the court officials moved into their new offices in this building in November 1928, my father was among them and that was the beginning of a close attachment for me that has lasted to this day. I was really impressed by the white marble floors and staircases, the columns and the eagles, and for a kid who had to take his Saturday night bath in a #2 washtub, the marble showers on the third floor were really uptown! I explored every room in this building from the boiler room to the dungeon--in early days, the jail cells were empty most of the time, and it made a great place for kids to play.</p> <p>And we rode the elevator--a lot. It was the only one in town. But the custodian decided to get rid of us and turned</p> <p>'Rev. Lloyd G. Marlin, History of Cherokee County (Atlanta: Walter W. Brown Publishing Company, 1932).</p> <p>31</p> <p>off the power and left us stranded between floors. A couple of hours of that gives one time to do some serious thinking.</p> <p>In the November 23, 1928 issue of the Cherokee Advance, an article announcing the acceptance of this building by the committee says this: "In the erection of this handsome structure it was very appropriate and proper that the delicate task of placing each piece of this marble in its final resting place in the building should be directed by a native son of Cherokee county, Mr. Jim Ponder of Atlanta, a brother of our fellow townsmen, Thomas J. Ponder."</p> <p>Guess How Much It Cost?</p> <p>\$149,036.59 (actual cost of building).</p> <p>\$963.41 was turned back to the county commissioner.</p> <p>Total cost of the building, equipment, and furnishings, architects' fees and all other expenses was \$160,249.51.</p> <p>The first Judge I remember in this courtroom was Judge John S. Wood who was appointed after the death of Judge Blair in June 1926. Following him was Judge J. Harold Hawkins of Marietta. Herbert Buffington and I took the bar exam in Blue Ridge on December 16, 1942, where Judge Hawkins was holding court. On December 28, we were sworn in as attorneys in the Clerk's office downstairs, and Judge Hawkins and my father, who was then Clerk</p>			

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	<p>of the Superior Court, signed our certificates.</p> <p>I tried my first case in this courtroom two weeks later-- January term 1943. Judge Hawkins believed in "Trial by fire." He appointed me to defend a young boy charged with stealing a car (really a Sunday afternoon joy ride.) He was convicted and sent to prison and spent the biggest part of the rest of his life in and out of jail. This made a vivid impression on me and probably influenced my thinking and actions to a degree later when I became a judge.</p> <p>"Waiting on the Jury"</p> <p>Back in the "good ole days"--the 40's and 50's--we would hang out in Hines Wood's office and wait for the jury to make a verdict. The jury room was right next door--one could hear jurors talking through the wall and could hear easily with an ear to the door. So we would listen--everybody did it.</p> <p>In those days, a \$10,000 jury verdict was unheard of.</p> <p>Albert Henderson and I had tried a damage suit to a jury --nothing had been offered in settlement, so we had to try it.</p> <p>32</p> <p>And I was listening to the jury--first through the wall and then at the door. Heard them agree on a verdict for \$10,000. They got pretty loud and the lawyer on the other side either heard it or somebody else did and told him because he went to Albert Henderson and offered \$5,000 to settle. Mr. Henderson came to me and asked me what I thought and I told him what I had heard and just at that moment there was a knock on the jury room door. We got the \$10,000. When we left, I went by the other lawyer's table and said "Nice try"--I just had to let him know I knew what he tried to do.</p> <p>Judge Howell Brooke came to the bench in 1948 and stayed until 1960. He was an entirely different personality from Judge Hawkins--loved to have a good time and enjoyed life more than any person I have ever seen.</p> <p>In the mid-fifties I was elected district attorney--called solicitor-general then. There was a gambling house operating over in Forsyth County so I enlisted the aid of several friends in the state patrol here in Canton and led a raid and closed them down. Took all of their slot machines, dice table, roulette wheel--the whole thing--and two or three cases of whiskey. We brought all that to Canton and stored it in an empty cell used as an evidence room in the jail upstairs. This was on a weekend, a Saturday night, and court was to convene here on the following Monday.</p> <p>When the deputy went to feed the prisoners Monday morning, he found them all "falling down drunk," locked in their cells, whiskey bottles all over the place--he thought he was losing his mind.</p>			

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	<p>Investigation revealed how they had torn a hole in the ceiling, gone across the attic to the evidence room, torn another hole in the ceiling and dropped down into the evidence room containing the liquor and carried it back to their quarters and had a big party. This must have happened on Sunday and Sunday night and by Monday A.M. they were royally drunk.</p> <p>Needless to say, we didn't try any jail cases that week and a lot of fun was poked at the D.A. about furnishing liquor to the inmates of the jail.</p> <p>In the fifties, there was a prisoner being held on a burglary charge. His name was Henrico Bacon and my recollection is that he was not only a burglar, he was an escape artist. Clarence Huey was sheriff then and he had this fellow in the (most secure cell in the jail and had his deputies keep an eagle eye on him. Bacon was a personable sort and made friends with the sheriff and his men. Back then we had court three times a year--January, May and September as</p> <p>I recall. Bacon had been in jail for quite some time, much of the time in solitary confinement. One day, just before court and Bacon's trial was to begin, the sheriff found Bacon's cell was empty. The door was locked but the prisoner was gone. Close inspection revealed that the bars in a very small window had been sawed and Bacon had escaped. But the genial and personable prisoner had left a note on the table.</p> <p>Dear Sheriff:</p> <p>I hate to do this to you because you have been real nice to me. But when you gotta go, you gotta go.</p> <p>Over the years a lot has been said about the decrepit condition of this building. The truth is most of the damage has been done by water--inside the building, and it was caused by water coming in to the lower floors from the jail--flooding that was deliberately done by the inmates.</p> <p>I have wondered a lot about that.</p> <p>From 1960 to 1970 or thereabouts there was no problem except an occasional flooding in the jail due to a stopped up commode, which was quickly taken care of by prisoners.</p> <p>But in the early 70's, it started--the prisoners would turn on all the water faucets and jam the commodes and flush them until water would run down the stairs and walls all the way to the basement. And this happened with increasing regularity until the new jail was built and this jail vacated.</p> <p>I have decided it was done by a new class, a new breed of people that have no respect for themselves or others or the property of others and especially no respect for authority.</p>			

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	<p>And if my guess is correct, the only way the damage to this courthouse could have been avoided would have been to build the jail in the basement, but this could not have been foreseen 60 years ago.</p> <p>But now with the jail gone, the space up there would make a perfect courtroom with plenty of space for jury and witness rooms. I sure would like to see that happen.</p> <p>Judge Brooke suffered a fatal heart attack on August 1, 1960. Three days later I was appointed to succeed him.</p> <p>During nearly fifty years of being in the courtroom in one capacity or another, a lot of lawyers have come and gone. Some good -- some not so good.</p> <p>During my boyhood I spent a lot of time in the courthouse</p> <p>and in the courtroom. On days when we were let out of school early--we called it "one session" days--I would go to the courtroom and watch the lawyers trying their cases.</p> <p>I remember this tall, thin emaciated-looking man with a big voice who held everybody spellbound. And he wore the biggest diamond solitaire I have ever seen, and he would lean over and put his hands on the jury box rail and every eye would be riveted on that ring. I think he may have hypnotized that jury. He was William Schley Howard, the grandfather of the present Lt. Gov. of Georgia [Pierre Howard] and one of the best criminal defense lawyers in Georgia during his day.</p> <p>A generation later came the dapper and feisty Reuben Farland who made a practice of arguing with the Judge to the point of being sent to jail for contempt. In those days lawyers couldn't advertise (and should not today) but Rube knew how to keep his name before the public. As soon as he was in jail he would get word to a friend at the newspaper, and the next day Rube was in the news--without violating the code of ethics--and got all this statewide publicity for free.</p> <p>Then there was Bill Hall from Atlanta, a little man in stature but a giant at the bar. I always dreaded him because he could kill you with his polite objections. Let me give you an example. Assume I have asked the witness a question that technically calls for a hearsay answer. Bill gets up and as if it pains him to object says, "Your Honor, I hate to object to my brother's question, but it seeks to elicit hearsay testimony from the witness. But your Honor, if the District Attorney will state for the record that the witness was not present at the time he is being asked to testify about, then I will withdraw my objection." Then he smiles innocently and sits down. You see where that leaves me. If I do as he suggests, the testimony is made totally worthless. If I refuse the Judge will sustain his</p>			

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	<p>objection and rule it out. Either way, I lose. That's what I mean when I say polite objections. Bill was a good lawyer -- he always kept you on your toes.</p> <p>There is a lawyer in Alpharetta named William E. (Bill) Spence who in years past came here to defend criminal cases. Bill was a good country lawyer and in the language of the trade, that's a high compliment. He defended the first case I prosecuted as District attorney at the January term 1957, Cherokee Superior Court. The jury failed to reach a verdict-- which is a testament either to his trial ability or my ineptitude because his client was guilty and on a retrial at the next term, he was convicted. He had been charged with rape and was sentenced to a prison term.</p> <p>Bill was back again a year or so later, defending a</p> <p>murder case in which his client killed a man by shooting him repeatedly with an automatic .22 cal. rifle, two or three times after he lay mortally wounded on the ground. Investigation revealed that the deceased's shoe had what appeared to be a .22 cal bullet in the sole right next to the heel. To be certain about it I went to the crime lab in Atlanta and had Dr. Larry Howard put the shoe under a flouroscope. He said it was a .22 cal bullet.</p> <p>At the trial the defendant made his unsworn statement (all he could do under the existing law) and said he shot the deceased because the deceased was coming at him with a knife and he shot in self defense.</p> <p>Bill and his client of course didn't know about the shoe. When he rested his defense, I called the sheriff to the witness stand. I had previously told him to have a razor-sharp knife in his pocket. I gave him the shoe, which had been identified as having been worn by the deceased, and turned toward Bill's table and asked him if he objected to the sheriff cutting into the shoe. Bill didn't know what was going on, but was very reluctant to object and said "Go ahead." When the sheriff cut the sole, the bullet fell out on the court reporter's table. That made it extremely difficult for Bill to argue self-defense and ask for acquittal, so he made a plea for mercy and that's what he got--a life sentence.</p> <p>Many of you will remember Judge John S. Wood, a Cherokee County native, who was the ninth district congressman from 1931 until the late forties. He also represented Cherokee County in the legislature; was elected solicitor-general where he served a term and one year before being appointed Judge of the Superior Court in 1926.</p> <p>I tried cases with him, against him, and presided at a few trials in which he appeared as counsel. I believe he was the best trial lawyer I ever saw try a case. His cross examination could be</p>			

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	<p>devastating. He believed that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad and he would badger and bedevil a witness until he accomplished this purpose. Then he destroyed him. He never made notes; he never forgot a word of the testimony and never asked a question if he didn't know what the answer would be.</p> <p>Sometime in the 60's--I don't remember just when--during my first term as judge, I had a term convene when there were 5 defendants charged with murder. Let me set this up for you. three defendants were charged in a joint indictment which came about as the result of a roadhouse brawl in which a young man was killed. The other two were separate events--entirely unrelated. Jess Watson was the D.A. The roadhouse killing had generated quite a bit of feeling because the deceased was</p> <p>a fine young man from a good family and defense counsel had their hands full. Jake Cullens from Cartersville represented one; Andy Roach had one and Judge Marion Pope and Judge John Wood, who was getting on in years then, were representing the last of the three to be tried.</p> <p>The D.A. called Jake Cullens' case first, probably because it was thought that his client was the actual killer. Jake was an able, well-respected civil trial lawyer but had no criminal trial experience to speak of. Actually he represented a company owned by his client's father and got into the case that way. But he was scared out of his wits.</p> <p>He was certain his client was going to the chair. And under the circumstances that certainly was a possibility. But he made it through the trial and did an excellent job--his client was convicted with a recommendation of mercy which meant a life sentence. There was no testimony from which it could be concluded that he stabbed the deceased. With the jury's recommendation he receive a life sentence.</p> <p>After sentencing was over, the D.A. called Mr. Roach's case which was pretty much a repetition of the first case, and, again, no evidence to indicate who had wielded the knife. That case resulted in another conviction with a recommendation and a subsequent life sentence.</p> <p>The D.A. then called Judge Pope's case. I call it his case because he tried it but Judge John Wood was also involved in the defense and sat at counsel table throughout the trial. This trial, like the one before it, was more or less a repetition of the first trial and actually was getting a little dull and boring. The D.A. called a witness and I cannot now recall whether he testified in the two previous trials or not. He was just asked to tell the jury what he saw at the time the killing took place and I will refer to the defendant as Joe. The</p>			

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	<p>witness said, "Well, I didn't see any of the fight. I just saw Joe come out of the back room and he was wearing one sock and had a knife with blood on it in his hand." Well, a deathly quiet fell over the courtroom and Judge Wood, who was dozing off at the time, roused up and blurted out, "What did he say?", and Marion said "Nothing," trying to shush him. "Nothing." I looked at my watch and it was nearly twelve and I thought it was a good time to break for lunch.</p> <p>Unless you have been involved in the defense of a death penalty case, you just cannot imagine the pressure and the feeling a lawyer would experience in a factual situation like this. The evidence at this point put the murder weapon in the defendant's hand, and a jury had been looking for it all week. Well, let me give you a clue, and suffice it to say the trial</p> <p>tactics in this case changed dramatically during the break for lunch.</p> <p>When court reconvened the D.A. and Judge Pope asked for time to confer. After a few minutes, Pope made a motion that the defendant be permitted to withdraw his plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty on condition that he too be sentenced to life imprisonment. His motion was granted and the 3rd Defendant was sentenced to life. That ended the 3rd capital felony trial of the week.</p> <p>A jury was selected during the afternoon for trial of another murder case which was tried the next day, resulting in a guilty verdict and sentence of life.</p> <p>A jury was immediately selected for the last case on the docket--another murder case--and it was partially tried and about halfway through the defendant decided to withdraw his plea and plead guilty. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. That made five for the week--three fully tried and two partially tried before guilty pleas were entered.</p> <p>Let me hasten to point out, in fairness to judges now on the bench, that such a feat as this could not possibly have happened under present-day rules and conditions. Back then counsel could select a jury in less than an hour. Under today's rules fixed by the law, and not the judges, counsel are given great leeway in the examination of jurors and jury selection can sometimes take days instead of hours.</p> <p>I have talked and rambled long enough. I appreciate so very much this opportunity to share these memories of this grand old building and events that happened here. Lastly, I want to publicly thank Sara and Herbert Buffington for all they did to make the public and public officials aware that this courthouse is indeed worth saving,</p>			

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A 2009.27.3 Electronic Image	<p>Transcript of oral history of Clifford Goss, Kennesaw State</p> <p>Also includes oral histories of Alice B. Howard and J. Morton Gibson</p> <p>CCELFETED INTERVIEWS, VOL. III</p> <p>KENNESAW COLLEGE ORAL HISTORY PROJECT ALICE B. HOWARD by RETHA G. STEPHENS H. CLIFFORD GOSS by JEFFREY G. STANCIL</p> <p>J. MORTON (HOOT) GIBSON by ALLEN A. STEINHAUSER</p> <p>TABLE OF COD</p> <p>I. INTERVIEW WITH ALICE B. HOWARD 1</p> <p>A. Early Life 1</p> <p>1. Place of Birth 1</p> <p>2. Education 2</p> <p>3. Grandmother's Influence 3</p> <p>4. Entrance into College 4</p> <p>5. About Mama 5</p> <p>B. Contributions and Achievements 7</p> <p>1. Jobs Held 7</p> <p>2. Interest in History 8</p> <p>3. Use of Spiritualism in Identifying Unknown Soldiers . . 9</p> <p>4. How Identity of Unknown Soldiers Was Proven 11</p> <p>5. Reburial and Obtaining Markers 11</p> <p>6. Help from Ben Fortson 12</p> <p>7. Commemoration Service 12</p> <p>8. Writing and Publishing of Poetry and Prose 12</p> <p>C. The Present 13</p> <p>1. Memberships 13</p> <p>2. Creative Writing Class 13</p> <p>3. Feelings About Today 13</p> <p>II. INTERVIEW WITH H. CLIFFORD CROSS 15</p> <p>A. Life on the Farm 15</p> <p>1. Background 15</p> <p>2. Early Cobb County Life 15</p> <p>3. Farm Activity 15</p>			Third Floor Storage

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	4. Return to the Marble Company 5. Mayor of Nelson III. INTERVIEW WITH J. MORTON (HOOT) GIBSON A. Childhood 1. Birth in Gordon, Georgia 2. Life on His Grandfather's Farm 3. Lessons from His Grandfather 4. Running Away from Home at Age 12 B. Living in Atlanta 1. First Job 2. Economy in Government 3. Accomplishments As Mayor of Smyrna 4. The 5th District Congressional Race of 1946 a. The Influence of the Black Vote b. The Atomic Bomb Issue c. Advice from Gene Talmadge C. Living in Smyrna 1. The Decision to Move to Smyrna 2. The Decision to Run for Mayor 3. Bringing Lockheed to Cobb County 4. The 1948 Race for Mayor 5. The Mayor's Role As City Judge 6. The 1960 Race for Commissioner of Agriculture 7. Opposition to the Route of 1-75 8. The Water System 9. Attempt to Build a Hospital			
	NOTE The original transcripts of these interviews have been edited by the interviewees. For those readers interested in colloquialisms and some portions of Georgia History which have been deleted, please refer to the original tapes on file in the Media Center. Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with Mrs. Alice B. Howard Conducted by Retha G. Stephens Friday, April 3, 1981 Alice B. Howard was born and raised in Adairsville, Georgia. She has spend most of her life in Adairsville, except for a few years in Athens, Atlanta, Phoenix, Arizona, and Olympia, Washington. She has written for the Atlanta, Rome, Cartersville, and Adairsville			

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	<p>newspapers. She is also an avid historian and has written poetry for many years.</p> <p>S = Stephens H = Howard</p> <p>S Mrs. Howard, I'd like to start by thanking you for letting me come and interview you at this time. If you don't mind, would you begin by telling me about where you were born and what your early life was like.</p> <p>H Well, I was born in Adairsville on May 15, 1894, in our home on South Main Street known then as the "Branch" house. My father was a steam locomotive engineer on the Western and Atlantic Railroad--a railroad owned by the State of Georgia. He married my mother, Ellen Reed, when she was 15 years old and he was 29. My grandmother, Nancy Gholston Loveless Reed, lived with my mother and daddy and was a very important member of the family. She taught my mother to cook, although we always had a cook because it cost little to keep servants and many were glad to cook in a kitchen of abundance.</p> <p>My father died when I was three years old, but I remember him very clearly and many things he did. During the late 1890's and early 1900's the South was in a very deep depression--the backlash of the horrid "Reconstruction." However, we never realized any real hardship from it--except for the lack of money. We had everything at home, as most of our friends did.</p> <p>S In other words, you lived on a farm.</p> <p>H No, not a farm. It was right in Adairsville, but we had some acreage around the house which enabled us to have a cow, horse, chickens, and pigs. On the south side of our home we had a nice little orchard of apple, peach, cherry, and plum trees, as well as a large black walnut tree at the corner</p> <p>of the lot. A large wild cherry tree furnished cherries for a few bottles of homemade wine and many a wild orgy for the birds when the cherries became overripe. And, of course, we had a large, well-cultivated vegetable garden. Money was in short supply, but a dollar would buy as much as ten dollars today. Much of my father's working life earned him only a dollar a day. Neverthe-less, we had an abundance of everything in our happy home which was well furnished with walnut furniture with hand-carved pulls and decoration. There were three bedrooms downstairs, a parlor (with a piano and "parlor suite"), carpeted floors, a hall, an open back "entry," a dining room and a kitchen and two bedrooms upstairs. An EL shaped porch outlined the back of the house.</p> <p>Of course, the hours on the railroad were long and the work was hard. Things were bad for railroad people until the union</p>			

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	<p>was formed.</p> <p>S By bad, do you mean just money-wise?</p> <p>Yes, money-wise.</p> <p>S And the hours they had to work and that kind of thing?</p> <p>H Yes, but they endured and finally won better pay and shorter hours.</p> <p>S Where did you attend public school?</p> <p>H I attended kindergarten and public school in Adairsville and college at Southern College in LaGrange.</p> <p>It may be of interest to tell about the first little school that I attended. When I was less than three years old, a lady and her daughter got off the train in Adairsville and went to the hotel. They planned to open a school which they did with seven pupils of which were Cressy and Norman McCutchen, my sister Ruth, and me. I cannot remember the other three. We sat on benches without backs. It was my impression that since these ladies did not tell where they were from or give any information about them-selves, most people feared they might have originated above the Mason-Dixon Line.</p> <p>Spring came after a forlorn winter for these ladies (and I do mean ladies) with their handful of students. The iris, honey-suckle, hyacinths, and little snowdrops were in bloom. Mrs. McCants asked the children to bring flowers to decorate the graves of the two unknown Confederate soldiers buried "down by the railroad." The news was out. They were Southern. Their class rolls increased to about 35 and they had to find a house. For a time they taught their classes in a little house back of the Baptist Church, then moved the next year or so to the small house on the north corner of Walnut and Lawrence Streets.</p> <p>3</p> <p>In the meantime, the "Pink Academy" opened and many of the children joined their peers there. Years passed. The ladies, Mrs. McCants and Miss Addie, though lacking in funds, were accepted as friends in the "best" homes in the village. Mrs. McCants died and is buried there; Miss Addie finally joined her brother in a distant city--never to be forgotten by any of their former pupils.</p> <p>S Was there anyone during this time period--obviously the teacher</p> <p>you were speaking of--but anyone else in your growing-up years that really had a profound influence upon you?</p> <p>H Well, I don't think any other teacher did especially. I admired and was very fond of Miss Floy Fite, Miss Mina Rowan, and Mr. Willis Boyd. My piano teacher, Ethel Gaines Bishop, to whom I was utterly devoted, influenced and nurtured my love and appre-</p>			

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	<p>ciation of classical music, poetry, and good literature. My Grandmother Reed was the greatest influence in my life because I was with her constantly until I was 17 years old, when she died. She read to me when I was little from my gift books and from her favorite portion of the Bible--the Psalms. And she talked to me and taught me to embroider. She often retold the stories of Civil War incidents in which she had a part. She told about her former slaves, Jim and Emma Gholston, who refused to leave her until she could no longer feed and care for them. They never abandoned her for they returned often to "look after her" and help in any way they could.</p> <p>I loved to listen to the old soldiers who came occasionally to sit on the front porch steps while she sat in her rocking chair with her fingers busy with her tatting, recalling the stark events of The War and its aftermath. Many of the women and children "refugeed" to various points in south Georgia when they heard that Sherman was heading with his hordes of looters toward Atlanta. I remember she said that she and her sister, Aunt Elizabeth Gholston (Mrs. James Loveless), had resolved to remain--no matter what--to protect their homes. Their neighbor on the hill across the road, Mrs. Bowdoin, also stayed. Her husband was with The Army at Kingston as surgeon and physician to the wounded and ill Confederate soldiers. But those women were helpless to protect -their possessions. The soldiers looted my grandmother's house of everything they could carry off. My grandmother lived right in the center of Adairsville, just across the street from some of the stores. Her house was the only brick house there at the time.</p> <p>I should give you a little background on how she came to be in Adairsville. She was born and reared in DeKalb County, the daughter of Zachariah Gholston and Nancy Gilbert Gholston. She was one of nine children. Zachariah Gholston was a prominent landowner. He represented Madison County in the Georgia Assembly from 1820 to 1836 and represented Gwinnett County from 1830 to 1834. His 3000 acre plantation is now incorporated as the City of Avondale.</p> <p>When Zachariah died in 1854, the estate was sold and the proceeds divided among the nine children. Gilbert Gholston, his sisters Nancy and Elizabeth, came to Adairsville, which was a thriving location due to the building of the Western & Atlantic Railroad. Adairsville was the meeting point for the railroad which was being constructed from Atlanta and Chattanooga simultaneously and scheduled to meet at the point 60 miles in each direction, which was Adairsville. The Gholstons came to invest in property in the</p>			

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	<p>booming town. They bought business and residential property, and Uncle Gilbert went into business on Front Street. Nancy bought several houses and lots on Main and Summer Streets. Uncle Gil married Martha Ann Loveless, Elizabeth married James Loveless, and Nancy married Ebenezer Loveless--brothers and sister in the same Loveless family.</p> <p>There was another teacher whose influence follows me even to this day. She was Miss Black of Orange, New Jersey, the art teacher at Southern College. She inspired me to paint, for which I found that I had some talent. But her inspiration went farther than that. She made me hunger and thirst for knowledge. I doubled my capacity for reading as well as the quality. I followed her advice about the books I read and profited by it. She opened my eyes and my heart to worlds I never dreamed of.</p> <p>I should have begun by telling you about how I entered Southern College. It started when I was in my senior high school year. We had a new principal, and he rented a house across the street from our family. He was nice to me in the beginning of the term. In fact, I fancied he had picked me as his star student.</p> <p>His attitude changed. He learned that I was the granddaughter of the chairman of the school board that fired him as principal of a school in another Georgia town.</p> <p>He harassed and humiliated me at every opportunity. His treat-ment made me ill. I lost weight, was nervous, and couldn't eat. As I dressed for school several mornings, I fainted. Mama was very concerned and she found out from one of my friends what was bothering me. It was two months until graduation, but she took me out of school. I wanted to graduate, but she wouldn't allow me to return.</p> <p>I had already applied at Southern College. September came, and Mama and I went to LaGrange without my diploma. I was required to take the examination, which I did while Mama waited. It wasn't long before the dean announced that I was eligible to enter the sophomore class.</p> <p>All this gave me the opportunity to know and love Miss Black. She wasn't taking freshmen pupils in her class that year.</p> <p>S Would you please tell me about your mother.</p> <p>H About Mama. I cannot talk about Mama without including my beloved stepfather, Warren Patrick Whitworth. They were married two years after Daddy's death and were always together.</p> <p>They bought a grocery store soon after their marriage, which they turned into a very successful venture. They gave the people of Adairsville the kind of service they had never had before or since. They took orders for groceries over the phone and delivered</p>			

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	<p>them to the kitchen doors. They were the first to make ice cream and sell it in the store; they installed a fine carved mahogany "soda fountain" with a great plate glass mirror and were first to sell Coca Cola. Ice was sold from the "ice house" that Mr. Warren built back of the store. Before that, lemonade had to wait for ice to come to the village on the train - usually on Saturday morning.</p> <p>Mama went to the store with her husband every morning at 7:30 and came home with him after the last customer had left at night. On Saturday nights it was 10:00 p. m. or later when they returned home. Their meals were cooked at home and delivered in a big market basket by their delivery boy, Nels.</p> <p>They sold the grocery and bought a drug store with Dr. Dykes, which also prospered. The secret of their success was always service and a real interest in their customers. Their next business in Adairsville was the furniture store to which they later added the -undertaking business and funeral home. All this time Mama was right by Mr. Warren's side. He often said that she was the "brains" of all their endeavors. It was she who always planned ahead.</p> <p>It was not until ten years after their deaths that I learned the extent of what they did for people in need. I was a census enumerator in 1950 and 1960; and, as I visited the homes in and around Adairsville, many a time I heard the same story. Someone would say, "You are Mrs. Whitworth's daughter; so I guess you knew what she did for me--or my children--or my family?"--and I would have to admit that I did not know.</p> <p>Many were the stories of someone being carried to the hospital in their ambulance, hospital bills paid, and on one occasion I was told that help was waiting to take care of the patient when she came home. One woman told me that they brought groceries every Friday as, long as her husband was in jail. They also furnished clothing and shoes for her children; so they could attend school. Another told me that a family living in one of Mama's houses were without resources during the depression of the '30's. Mr. Warren told the father not to worry about the rent as long as he was out of work. The rent was only to begin when he got a job. The daughter told ma they lived there rent free for over a year.</p> <p>Once when I happened to be in the store when a woman came in whose husband had just died, she told Mama that her husband had \$2,000.00 insurance which he had taken for his burial. She wanted every cent spent for that purpose. Mama said, "Oh, don't do that. Your children will need the money. You can give him a nice burial for much less than half of that. Your husband probably said that before you had children. He would want you to</p>			

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	<p>think of the children first now."</p> <p>During the Spanish influenza epidemic of World War I, I was in Atlanta working for the Atlanta Clearing House and heard of this later.</p> <p>Mama and Mr. Warren had worked night and day often without rest or food waiting on the stricken and helping to bury the dead. It became so that there were no doctors, ministers, or workers able to help. The few still on their feet were burying the dead without benefit of clergy. My parents became ill. They left the doors of the store unlocked with instructions for those who needed a casket to leave the number of the casket and their name on the desk in the office. I doubt that they lost anything by that arrangement. I never heard them mention it.</p> <p>Only Heaven knows what they spent for groceries, coal, house rent, repairs to houses, hospital bills, clothing and other necessities secretly supplied by Mama and Mr. Warren.</p> <p>All this must have started when people came in the store for Mama's advice or sought her wisdom as she sat in a rocking chair knitting or working on a quilt. The young people came to her with their affairs of the heart, the mature sought her advice on family or financial problems, and the aged sought her empathy and kindness in their loneliness.</p> <p>She transferred her deep concern for human misery to Mr. Warren, and together it became their "magnificent obsession" to do all they could to alleviate their needs-both mental and physical. At the time, of course, there was no help from state or federal sources. The help they rendered was never mentioned at home or elsewhere. They were the richest people I've ever known. Not the kind of riches hcardain banks, but the kind that were stored up for them in heaven.</p> <p>My beautiful mother opened her mouth with wisdom and loving kindness and stretched out her hands to the troubled and reached forth her hands to the needy. Her daughter and grandchildren call her blessed; and her husband, who praised and helped her, was known in the gates as he sat among the elders in his city.</p> <p>S Would you tell me about some of the jobs you have held. I understand you have worked on several newspapers. How did you get into that? Which ones did you work for? What type of jobs did you do for them?</p> <p>H It all began when Edd Burch was Associate Editor of The Bartow Herald. He asked me to write the social news of Adairsville. That was in the days when our little town was very socially inclined. The young matrons were constantly giving bridge</p>			

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	<p>parties and luncheons. The Sans Souci Club and the DAP. meet-ings were social events. And there were summer picnics, home-comings, and family reunions. I reported them all in great detail--even describing the dresses the party hostesses wore to their own parties. I soon added on my own an occasional feature story and any "happening" that occurred in our village. Dr. Joseph P. Bowdoin, who was moving to Atlanta, asked me to take his place as correspondent of The Atlanta Constitution and The Atlanta Journal. The state news editors of the papers asked that I sign Dr. Bowdoin's name tow items in order for him to finish out his fifty years, which. I gladly did. My work with those papers was writing small items, obituaries, wrecks, or some unusn l events. And I sometimes managed to be given a byline. I also managed to get a very few articles into the Sunday magazine.</p> <p>The state news editor of The Rome News Tribune read my news in the Cartersville paper, which inspired him to ask me to send him the news of Adairsville. I was soon expected to write a series of articles about the Cherokee Indians of New Echota. Also, several Civil War stories and articles on Barnsley Gardens.</p> <p>When John Fleetwood established The North Bartow News in Adairsville, I became the "society editor." I reported the weddings, parties, and club meetings, and anything else of interest to the populace and soon added my column, "Collectors Items," which became popular with the subscribers..</p> <p>My association with the publisher and the editors was very pleasant and continued until the paper was sold to a "chain" of news-papers from Alabama. The editor notified me that my pay would be reduced to a figure which was the going rate before the. Civil War, which. I refused to accept and "resigned." It was tow benefit. Otherwise, I never would have had time to get my quatrains and sketches published.</p> <p>8</p> <p>S Would you tell me about your particular interest in history, your research into the history of the Cherokee Indians and The Civil War. I know there is an interesting story about how you learned the names of some Confederate soldiers in unknown graves.</p> <p>H Well, that is a long story. I became interested in The Civil War because I heard so many interesting stories about what happened to my grandmother and to the people in Adairsville that I became fasci-nated by her stories and I never tired of hearing them. I'm sure she</p>			

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	<p>told me about "the hanging tree" every time we walked to the stores together and passed the old black walnut tree.</p> <p>It was like this:</p> <p>During the occupation of the town by the Yankees, one day she looked out the window and saw a small group of soldiers putting a rope around the neck of a young man who was known in the community as being retarded. The soldiers said he was a spy and thought he was just acting in a strange way to deceive them. My grandmother called to the soldiers to let him go. They laughed at her. She ran down to the tree and demanded that the rope be removed. Then she said, "If you don't take it off, I will. He is not a spy." Somehow her voice was the voice of authority; and, in spite of her small stature, they let him go. She told the boy to run, get out of town, go home, and stay there, which he did.</p> <p>I also heard many times about the two soldiers that were shot from the big oak tree down by the railroad by Yankee sharpshooters. My grandfather, George O. Reed, who was almost blind, went with Mr. Thomas Johnson, the pharmacist and owner of the drug store, and a few little boys to bury the soldiers under the tree where they fell. For many years the graves were kept clean and decorated on Memorial Day by the school children. Mrs.MbCants' little kindergarteners were the first to do so. As the years went on, Col. H. D. Capers, who came to Adairsville from South Carolina, had a marker placed at the graves. It was inscribed "TWO Unknown Soldiers Buried (sic) May 16, 1864."</p> <p>Also I was always interested in the stories the old veterans of The War told as they sat on the front porch steps some afternoons when my grandmother sat in a rocking chair busy with her tatting. As I grew up, the graves were neglected and forgotten, which bothered me to see how little people cared for their Confederate heroes. I tried to revive the decorating of the graves and I made wreaths of magnolia leaves with bows of red, white and blue ribbons and walked with a few Boy Scouts to the Spot, which the boys attempted to clean off the weeds and brush. I wrote many times in my newspaper column about how the graves should be moved to the city cemetery where they could be kept clean. Often some would say that they enjoyed what I had written, but no one offered to try to do anything about it.</p>			

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	<p>would like to. However, I will tell you how I learned the names of the two young soldiers buried there.</p> <p>A friend called me one afternoon and asked if I would like to come to her home to watch a seance. Of course I would. Her sister-in-law from St. Petersburg, Florida was there and she knew how to contact "Spirits." My friend, her two daughters, and the visitor sat at a heavy card table and placed their hands lightly on it. Soon the table began to move. The girls stood up, with their fingertips on the table, and followed it while it circled and stopped where it had been at first. The sister-in-law said:</p> <p>"Are you ready to give us a message? Shake the table once for 'yes' and twice for 'no.'"</p> <p>The table moved.</p> <p>She asked, "Move the table to the one the message is for."</p> <p>The table moved toward Lena, the hostess. She then began calling the alphabet and requested the table move on the letter required for the message. It worked! Several messages were received.</p> <p>I was convinced that some power was there which I did not understand. But I was sure that those women were not manipulating that table.</p> <p>The next night I related to my mother and stepfather what had taken place at Lena's house. Mama said, "I don't think it will occur here." Mr. Warren, my stepfather, replied that he knew it worked because he had seen it when he was a boy but that he didn't understand it.</p> <p>So he asked me to get the card table set up to see if it would work in "Ellen's house." Mama protested that she did not want to have anything to do with it, but he insisted that she was the one who questioned it.</p> <p>As soon as they put their hands on the table, it began to move; and Mama got the first two messages, which shocked her. She still wanted to leave the table, but Mr. Warren insisted that she see it through. She then asked me to phone the McCutchens and their close friends, the Bishops, to come over. The messages continued for about four hours with Lena, Mrs. Bishop, and me taking tumacalling the alphabet for the messages, all of which were startling.</p> <p>At last a message came that we didn't understand because when asked for when the message was intended, the table kept turning around. Finally I said:</p> <p>"Is this message for everyone in the room?"</p> <p>The answer was, "Yes."</p> <p>I asked for his name; and the answer was, "Jack, Kirby."</p>			

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	<p>I asked if anyone in the roam had ever known a Jack Kirby. "No," was the answer.</p> <p>Then I asked if he had ever been in Adairsville.</p> <p>The answer was, "Yes. In 1864."</p> <p>I then asked if he had a message for us. And this was it:</p> <p>"My comrade and I were shot from a tree down by the railroad and were buried where we fell."</p> <p>I asked the name of his comrade.</p> <p>"T. W. Furrow" was spelled out very quickly. I then asked, "Where were you from?" "Norfolk, Virginia," was the answer.</p> <p>I said, "NOW we know something I've been wanting to know all these years!"</p> <p>All the messages were written down by Claude Satterfield who had stopped in passing when he saw the cars and the lights all over the house and on the porch. He was very skeptical, and sat on the floor to watch for any help from those at the table. He was finally convinced that it was some power outside those sitting at the table. He said at first that it could have been that someone present had in the past known these answers but had forgotten them. And it could be "electricity" that moved the table. But he later discarded both ideas.</p> <p>A short time after that event, I was in Atlanta and went by to see Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Kurtz. I had done some research for Mr. Kurtz, who was a noted historian and artist. As always, the conversation turned to the Civil War; and he said, "I often think of those Confederate soldiers buried by the railroad tracks and the one buried near the Old Trimble house near Adairsville. Those soldiers should be moved to Eastview Cemetery."</p> <p>I told him that I had so many times tried to get the citizens interested enough in their Confederate history to start a movement to transfer the soldiers' remains to a spot where the graves would be cared for, Then I said, "Now I know the names of the two soldiers killed and buried by the railroad."</p> <p>"How in the world did you find their names after all these many years?"</p> <p>"I'm afraid if I tell you, you will either laugh or you will not believe it."</p> <p>"Why, Mrs. Howard, you know I would believe you."</p>			

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So I told him, and he said that we could prove it. I wanted to know

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	<p>how.</p> <p>"By the Virginia Roster of Confederate Soldiers. And you can find out the military records of those boys since you have the names," he continued.</p> <p>Mr. Kurtz told me where to write for the military records and I got a blank, filled it out with the names T. W. Furrow and Jack Kirby, and mailed it to the National Archives and Records in Washington, D. C. The answer came back that T. W. Furrow served CSA in The Company 1, Fourth Virginia Reserves. As there were several "J" Kirbys on record, it could not be determined which was this Jack Kirby. I felt that I couldn't be wrong--that one of those boys was the right Kirby.</p> <p>I then wrote the U. S. Army Memorial Agency for the marker for Tice Furrow's grave. I made a rubbing of the headstone when it arrived and had a Rome monument company to duplicate Furrow's marker with Jack Kirby's name. Oothcaloga Chapter, DAR, of which I was Regent, paid for it. I asked the president of the Cemetery Association for two half lots by the driveway in Eastview Cemetery. They were gra-ciously given. The local undertaker volunteered to do the digging and transferring of the remains to new graves.</p> <p>In the meantime, a friend, Melvin Martin, read a letter at Kennesaw Museum from one Confederate soldier to his friend saying something dire had happened to Tice Furrow and Jack Kirby somewhere between Resaca and Kingston. Also, a letter to a small Bartow County news-paper was written by Mr. Thomas Johnson (the pharmacist who had buried the boys) a number of years after The War saying that he had a letter taken fran the uniform pocket of one of the soldiers which was addressed to T. W. Furrow. He offered to send the letter to anyone knowing the soldier or was related to him. Of course, he did not know that the boys were from Virginia. I came across the letter from Johnson in the old newspaper accidentally while researching another subject. So that was three ways their deaths in Adairsville were confirmed.</p> <p>I thought it would be fitting that a commemoration service be held to mark the anniversary of their deaths. My DAR chapter offered to help in every way possible--even though it was a wrong war for the DAR to be interested in. I also wrote the Norfolk, Virginia newspapers, asking for help in locating relatives or descendants of Furrow and Kirby. It was some time before I saw any result from the letters. Someone sent Mr. Carson Furrow the clipping from the newspaper. He lives in Bristol, Tennessee, and was Vice-President of the United</p>			

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	<p>Telephone System, Southern Group. He became very interested in finding out all he could about Tice Furrow. He must have spent a great deal of time researching the subject. He learned that Tice was of the same family as he, that Tice was married, 27 years old, and his wife's name was Katherine. He also learned that Tice and Jack Kirby lived on adjoining farms in Roanoke County. There is no doubt in my mind that the two boys enlisted at the same time in Norfolk.</p> <p>On the death record, Furrow was listed as killed in the Battle of Resaca. No doubt the roll was not called after the Battle of Resaca until Hardee's and Hood's units reached Kingston. But the fact is that the boys met their fate in Adairsville.</p> <p>I knew I would have to get permission to have the graves entered and first asked the mayor, Mr. Otis Holcomb, if he could give me permission to do so. But he said the town did not own that little stip of land. He suggested that perhaps the railroad did. But they didn't own it either. I had already told Secretary of State Ben Fortson of my plans. So I called him and asked what to do about it now. He said, "You just go right ahead with your plans, honey; I'll stand back of you."</p> <p>He had already promised to make the principal address at the service. So the date was set for May 15 which was the anniversary of the deaths of Tice and Jack. It was also my 80th birthday, and my DAR chapter decided it would be the time to honor me with a reception at the San Souci Club and invited all the out-of-town guests and my special friends.</p> <p>Mr. Ben had already promised to come and be the principal speaker. To have a part on the program, I invited Franklin Garrett, Col. James Bogle, of the Civil War Round Table, our mayor, Otis Holcomb, The Revs. Tal Roberts and Curtis Wagner. Robert E. Lee Gray, in Confederate uniform, fired the volley over the graves of the heroes. Andy Lacey played "taps"; and my great-grandson, Mims Rogers, III, and Pam Jones laid wreaths on the two graves. The pavilion was packed with visitors from Atlanta, Rome, Cartersville, and some from Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, and elsewhere. Leah and Julia Barton led the salute to the Confederate flag, and the Boy Scouts presented the United States flag. Stories of the event were carried in newspapers all over the States. I had letters from many people with clippings from their local news-papers as far away as Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Virginia, Arizona, California, New Mexico, New York, and all Southern States.</p>			

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	<p>S I remember hearing about your book of poetry, and I heard you recite some of it. Would you give me the title of your book and tell me something about it.</p> <p>H Well, I wrote poetry almost all my life, but didn't have much encourage-ment. Sometimes I would read a verse to Mama; and she would say, nu and I would throw it in the wastebasket. She was disappointed because I wasn't interested in business. She was a successful business-woman, and she wanted me to be. I didn't have a talent for figures; my mind still sits down when I see them. She did compliment me on some of my prose. But I guess she thought poets never accomplished anything.</p> <p>13</p> <p>The first book of quatrains I published was Footnotes. It was illustrated by Frances Shope, just graduated from Berry College. It sold well; and the next year I got out Footnotes II, illustrated by Ricky Boyd, which also sold out. Then I was encouraged to put my columns written for the newspaper--"Collectors Items"--into a book. With the tireless and painstaking help of Dan Biggers, Director of the Martha Berry Museum, Sunsets, Dooryards and Sprinkled Streets was published. It was followed by another sketch book, Marna, Home and Apple Dumplings. My book of poems For Kindred Hearts was published here in Atlanta by Abrams.</p> <p>S I know that you were active in the DAR, and you mentioned how busy you are now. What are some of the other things you are doing now?</p> <p>H You know that I kept Oothcaloga Chapter, DAR, alive for many years. I am the only surviving charter member, and the membership became very small. My membership has lasted 57 years. I am also the lone surviving charter member of the Sans Souci Library Club--making me a 65 year member. I retain my membership in both.</p> <p>Since I've been in Atlanta-now almost 2 1/2 years--I am a member of the Atlanta Writers Club, The Northside Library Club, and the Georgia State Poetry Society. One of my greatest pleasures has been with the creative writing class sponsored by the First Presbyterian Church with Mrs. &mice Sims as teacher. That has stimulated my sketch writing, which I enjoy very much. I now have enough sketches to make another book.</p> <p>S Do you think you will be able to publish soon?</p> <p>H I haven't tried to find a publisher. I am going to investigate</p>			

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	<p>pub-lishers here in Atlanta. They can't say anything but yes or no--and I can take either.</p> <p>S When you look back on your life, and realize that you have seen a lot of history, and compare it with what is going on now, what do you think about the way things are note,? Would you like to go back or do you like living in this time period?</p> <p>H I certainly wouldn't like to go back to the horse and buggy days for several reasons, although we were a lot happier and far more content and fulfilled then. Life was good, and there was less crime and turmoil then. It really hurts to see the horrible things that happen now. The lack of integrity, the "dog.-eat-dog" attitude in business, the greed of individuals, the pettiness of so-called friends. I hate the race prejudice and see no cause for it. It seems the Blacks take out their hate on us; and, of course, many whites deeply resent the attitude of the Blacks. I don't know where it will all end. It seems to be working up to a confrontation here in Atlanta.</p> <p>14</p> <p>I am thankful that there has been a change in such a horrible thing as lynching--that hasn't occurred in a long time. The Methodist women certainly worked to stop that. I think our educational system has suffered. There must be a better way, and I have hopes that it will be corrected in times to come.</p> <p>S Well, Mrs. Howard, I want to thank you so much for allowing me to come personally and talk with you. This is going to be on file in the Kennesaw Library, and I thank you so much.</p> <p>H I fear that I didn't contribute much to your file, and I just have a way of talking too much. I know that I didn't give you much opportu-nity to ask questions.</p> <p>S Oh! Yes, Maim. You did just fine, and I appreciate it.</p> <p>H You are very welcome, and I've enjoyed it very much.</p> <p>Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with H. Clifford Goss Conducted by Jeffrey G. Stancil Saturday, October 18 and 25, 1980</p> <p>A lifelong resident of North Georgia, Mr. Goss grew up on farms in Cobb and Cherokee Counties. He was an employee of the Georgia Marble Company for many years. From 1940-1960, he was a law en-forcement officer in Pickens County, Georgia. From 1968-1978, he served as mayor of Nelson, a town in Northern Cherokee County.</p> <p>S = Stancil G = Goss</p> <p>S First, I'd like to ask you some background questions. When and</p>			

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	<p>where were you born?</p> <p>G I was born February 19, 1906, in Cherokee County, near Batesville. My Pa was a farmer just like my Grandaddy and Great-granddaddy.</p> <p>S When did your family first move to Georgia?</p> <p>G As far back as I know we have always lived in Georgia. My Great-grandpa, John Goss was born in Georgia in 1819.</p> <p>S How long after you were born did you live in Cherokee County?</p> <p>G Until I was 7 or 8 years old. Then we moved to Cobb County.</p> <p>S Where in Cobb County?</p> <p>G About 1/2 mile west of Canton Highway behind where K-1Mart is now. You can go down Chance Road and come close to where our house was.</p> <p>S So that area wasn't anything like it is today?</p> <p>G Gosh no Back then it was all cotton fields. We farmed all that land behind Kart where the school is today (J.J. Daniell Middle School). Canton Highway was just an old dirt road.</p> <p>S Did you own the land?</p> <p>G No, we rented it on the thirds. When you gather, corn, you keep 2 loads and give the landowner one. With cotton you keep 3 bales of cotton and give him the fourth.</p> <p>S Who owned the land?</p> <p>16</p> <p>G Old man Jim Chance. We made 12 bales of cotton down there that year. I went to school in a one-roam schoolhouse where that church (Cove-nant Presbyterian near the corner of Canton Highway and Piedmont Road) is today.</p> <p>S How long did you stay in Cobb County?</p> <p>G One year. We took our stuff in a wagon to the railroad, and shipped it to Nelson. We moved to Cherokee County and lived between Ball Ground and Nelson.</p> <p>S Tell me what your average day on the farm was like when you were young.</p> <p>G I'd get up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning and build a fire in the cookstove. Then I went to feed the mules. Then when my Mother got breakfast ready, we'd eat and hit the fields till time to go to school. Then we'd wash a little and walk to school.</p> <p>S What time did school start?</p> <p>G About 8:30 or 9:00.</p> <p>S Then what time would you get out of school?</p> <p>G It seems to me about 2:00 or 2:30. Then we would go home and go back to the fields and work until dark. We'd eat supper then.</p>			

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	<p>S After supper what did you do?</p> <p>G Well, we had a lamp light; and we sat by the fire for a little while and went to bed not long after dark. You didn't come in from the field until after dark unless it was in the wintertime.</p> <p>S What did you do in the winter when you didn't have to work in the fields?</p> <p>G We shucked corn, cut wood, always had 2 or 3 cows to milk, and had to take the stock (horses, mules, and cattle) to the branch to water then twice a day.</p> <p>S Did you draw water from a well?</p> <p>G Yes, I would always get our water in at night by drawing it out of the well. Then it would be ready for cooking and all the next day, and we always took our baths of a night in a big washtub.</p> <p>S How did you keep your milk and butter cool so it would stay fresh?</p> <p>G In a cellar or you could lower it down into the well in the well bucket.</p> <p>S Did your Mother make your own butter?</p> <p>G Oh yes, they made it in a churn.</p> <p>S What foods did you mostly eat?</p> <p>G Syrup, butter, meat (people back then kept hogs and cattle), canned stuff--green beans. We always had potatoes, turnips, salads; we had plenty to eat.</p> <p>S Did you kill your own bogs?</p> <p>G yes, always in November of December usually around Thanksgiving. We cured the meat in a smokehouse and salted the pork down to keep it. To smoke it you would use hickory wood in a small fire to penetrate the meat and give it a good taste. We kept the pork in a meat box that was about 2 1/2 feet by 4 foot long. * The salt would take into the meat and it wouldn't ruin.</p> <p>S What crops did you mainly grow?</p> <p>G Corn, wheat, cotton, sweet potatoes, oats, Irish potatoes. We grew those in our big fields. Near the house we had a small vegetable garden. It was fenced with chicken wire to keep animals out.</p> <p>S So you grew about everything you ate?</p> <p>G That's right.</p> <p>S What did you buy at the store?</p> <p>G Sugar, coffee, matches, salt and things like that. Stores would have coops to keep chickens in, and you carried chickens and eggs to the store and traded them for other goods. Then the store would sell live chickens to other folks for food. We raised our own wheat and corn. We carried it to the mill to be ground into flour and corn meal.</p>			

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	<p>S How did you pay for it to be ground?</p> <p>G The man who ran the mill had a little, square toll box. He would take out so much of your meal and keep it for himself.</p> <p>S How would you harvest your wheat?</p> <p>When you got ready to thrash it, certain men who owned a wheat thrasher would come; and you would hire them to thrash it for you. It was a big ole steam powered thrasher.</p> <p>S Did you have any machinery on your farm?</p> <p>*NOTE: Only the pork which had not been smoked was stored in the meat box, for example, side meat. The rest was hung in the smoke house.</p> <p>18</p> <p>G No, nothing but a hard tailed mule. We kept 3 or 4 mules. We had a corn planter and cotton planter but you had to hitch them to the mules.</p> <p>S Where would you buy your mules?</p> <p>C Oh, they had a big mule barn at Canton, one at Ball Ground, one at Jasper. Each one had 100 mules in it. You could trade in your old mule on a new one if you wanted to. Pa was always trading for young mules that weren't broke. I had a lot of trouble getting them broke.</p> <p>S Bw would you break them?</p> <p>G Just get on them and stay with them until they give up.</p> <p>S How did you teach them to plow?</p> <p>G Just hitch them up. One man would drive and the other plow. You didn't have to work them but 3 or 4 times, and they would get to where they would work all right. But you had to be careful with them for a while. It took 6 months to break one right.</p> <p>S How did you go about buying a good mule?</p> <p>G Just look at him, look at his mouth and see how old he was, and look at his eyes, teeth, and the way he was built.</p> <p>S How much did they cost?</p> <p>G They were high back then. A good pair of mules ran about \$300 a pair. We had one that would just kick. Boy, if a trace ever touched her leg or a line or anything, she would kick until she was ringing wet with sweat. One time we had a young mule we were break-ing, and I had her to the planter. When she would turn around, she'd swing around and wouldn't turn good. Pa picked up a little ole switch and hit her, and boy she whammed him and broke his ribs. I had to ride to Ball Ground for a doctor.</p> <p>S So you had to watch out for your mules?</p> <p>G Yea, we had a bunch of ole brown, leghorns' (chickens). one time, and then son of a gun laid. One cold morning there was a</p>			

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	<p>great big basketful of eggs. My daddy always kept young mules, and he hitched them up to the wagon. Them mules started running, and he dropped that basket. You talk about dropping and busting eggs, good night!</p> <p>S Tell me about the time you hitched up your mules and they got away from you.</p> <p>G Pa had gone to work, and he told me and I believe it was (my bratheri Rich to leave them in the barn. He said don't gall be messing with them mules.</p> <p>S They were new mules?</p> <p>G Yea, they never had been worked. So we decided, late in the evening, that we could work them mules. We did; we broke them when he wasn't around. We'd take them out and work them. So we took them out, put the gears on them, put them to the wagon and came on out to Burdine and Blackwells Store (in Nelson). So I just tied the lines up and was going to run into the store and back out right quick. About the time I got into the store I heard that wagon, and they were going around the corner and down Main Street.</p> <p>S You took out after them?</p> <p>G Yea but Good Lord! Berry Holcomb and somebody over in town headed them off and caught them; and I got there, got them, and carried them to the house.</p> <p>S Did your daddy get on to you?</p> <p>C Yea, he raised sand.</p> <p>S About how many acres would you usually plant?</p> <p>G Gosh a' mighty, I don't know. We planted sights of it, boy. I guess we tended 40 or 50 acres. When we farmed in Cherokee County we owned part of our land and rented the rest.</p> <p>S Where did you sell your cotton?</p> <p>Well, Ball Ground, Jasper, and Canton. There were places that would buy it then. Down at Canton the Joneses had 4 or 5 places that would buy it and then resell it to the cotton mill. In the fall of the year after the first bales of cotton they'd sell, they'd buy shoes and clothes for the family for the winter. We always made good cotton and always got top price for what we made. But you had to pick it then by hand, every boll of it.</p> <p>S How did you like doing that?</p> <p>G Oh., no, boy; it would break your back. Get a big old pick sack. I've got down on my knees and drug it on the ground, when I was a kid. I'd get it so full I couldn't tote it back to the wagon. We would put the wagon out in the field; and when you'd get your sack full, you'd go empty it in the wagon.</p> <p>S How young were you when you had to start working in the</p>			

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	<p>field?</p> <p>G I guess about 6 or 7 years old. I was always big to my age and was always bigger than anyone in the family. I started plowing when I was 8, with a little ole blue mule. That mule knew me just as well-- he would just do me anyway.</p> <p>S Why is that?</p> <p>20</p> <p>G Because I was just a kid. He was stubborn, and he knew I was a kid. He wouldn't do what I wanted.. You could beat on him with a cane or a switch, and it wouldn't do any good. He'd pay no attention to it.</p> <p>S Where did you take your cotton to the gin?</p> <p>" To Ball Ground or Jasper. You'd go on a wagon; you'd pack your cotton loose in a big wagon bed. If you didn't get to the gin real early, you would have to stay all day maybe till dark, before it would come your turn. You would line up to get it ginned. Then they would role out a big bale of cotton (after it had been ginned). During the winter Pa would work all he could as a carpenter at the marble company; but when it came the spring of the year, buddy, we all hit the field.</p> <p>S Did the boll weevil ever get into your cotton?</p> <p>G Yea, finally along at the last years of our farming they got into our cotton and hurt it right smart.</p> <p>S How did you hear about what was happening?</p> <p>G People visited each other then; they'd go and stay awhile at night. That's about the only way you got any news.</p> <p>S You didn't have a radio did you?</p> <p>G No.</p> <p>S When did you get electricity?</p> <p>G Sometime in the 1920's. The Georgia Marble Company furnished power to all their employees, but we didn't have running water till the 40's.</p> <p>S And you all had a syrup mill to make your own syrup?</p> <p>Oh, yea. We made our own syrup.</p> <p>S lbw did it work?</p> <p>" First, when the heads of the cane turned brown, you stripped the fodder off of it. Then you went back and cut it down, then cut the heads off of it. Then it was loaded on a wagon, and the mules hauled it to the syrup mill. There you piled it up. When you got all that done, then it was time to hitch up the mules to the syrup mill to grind the juice out of it. At daylight of a morning, we'd get down there and start grinding to get juice ahead for the day. We made syrup till slap dark. They had to put the mill close to water, a clean</p>			

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	branch or something. S And you would boil (the cane juice) and it would make syrup?			
	21 G Yea, you had a big barrel up there that the juice went down in and had a pipe from that barrel down to the syrup pan where they made the syrup. Yellowjackets, they'd just eat you up; and the old mules would get tired and stop; and you'd have to warp 'em with a cane to get them to go. Sorghum syrup is a good tonic, I still eat it, and it's the reason I'm in as good a shape as I am today. S When you were a kid what did you get for your birthday? G I got about 12 or 15 hours of work, and that's all. S What did you get for Christmas? G Oh, we got a toy apiece. S Like what? G A ball, or a french harp or a bugle, and candy or oranges and stuff like that. S Did you have a Christmas tree? G No, never did have a Christmas tree. They had one in town (Nelson) for all the mill workers' kids, but we never did go. They made up money at the Georgia Marble Company; and if you put in money, your kids would get something off the Christmas tree. It was held in the school gym for a longtime. But we would go serenading at Christmas. S Tell me something about serenading. G We would get out and dress up kind of like they do now for Halloween. We made dummies and leaned 'em up against people's doors, and when they opened the door it would fall in on them. We took people's buggies apart and put them up on top of their barn. We'd go around houses ringing cow bells, blowing horns, and stuff like that. Then the people you serenaded would give you some candy or something to eat. S Did you do that on Christmas. Day? G No, on Christmas Eve. But on Christmas night, after we got pretty good sized, we would buy dynamite and go way off in the pasture or somewhere and shoot it off. We'd stay up till about midnight, and you knew to come home by that time, buddy! S Bbw come? G Your folks would be out after you. By George, you didn't lay out then like kids do nOw. S What did you do on the Lith of July when you were a boy?			
	22 G Nothing. They always had some kind of do in town. People would go to town and lay around, drink lemonade, and eat crackers			

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	<p>or potato chips, and stuff until it came time to milk the cows and feed the cows.</p> <p>S Did you go to church often?</p> <p>G We went to Sunday School almost every Sunday, but they just had church once a month. We always wore new shoes to church. They'd wear blisters on our feet and we usually come walking back home barefooted.</p> <p>S Did you attend a one-roomed school in Cherokee County also?</p> <p>G Yea, it was a one-roomed school called Bethesda. They'd call each class up at a time to sit on the front bench of the school and have their lesson, while the rest of the classes studied. We'd stand up in a big ring for spelling; and if somebody-missed a word and you spelled it, you could pass him and get to the head.</p> <p>S Did they give you books?</p> <p>G No, we had to buy our books--we'd buy them 2nd hand from other kids.</p> <p>S Did you carry your lunch to school?</p> <p>G Yes, I'd carry my lunch in a basket. We'd carry biscuits, ham, vegetables, cake, and apples. In the winter we'd take milk to drink and leave it outside where it was cold. But we had to put it up where the dogs wouldn't get it. In the summer, we just drank water.</p> <p>S What would you do during recess at school?</p> <p>G Fight! See, I was red-headed, and some of them old hateful boys would call you names like "red-headed stick pin" and "red-headed woodpecker." When they did, I would crown them.</p> <p>S So you got in lots of fights?</p> <p>G Oh, yea! Then other boys would go tell you something that somebody said about you being red-headed or something. You'd go jump on him about it, and he was ready to fight.</p> <p>S What else did you do during recess?</p> <p>G That's about it. We'd spin a top. We'd take old tobacco tags and make a ring. Everyone that had a top put a tobacco tag in there. You'd spin; and if you knocked the tobacco tag out, you'd get it.</p> <p>S What's a tobacco tag?</p> <p>G They used to buy plug tobacco; and it would have a tag with a picture of a mule on it, if it was Brown Mule Tobacco, or a star if it was Star Tobacco.</p> <p>23</p> <p>S Was it a metal tag?</p> <p>G Yea, just a little metal tags, and kids would save them. Boy, I've whipped out a many of them out of a ring with my top.</p> <p>S What else did you do?</p> <p>G We played marbles a lot too.</p> <p>S How long did your school year last?</p>			

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	<p>G About 6 months; we would get out when we had to help on the farm.</p> <p>S Did you have to study much for school?</p> <p>G Well, it was hard to study. After you got in after dark from the field, you only had a lamp to study by. There was 5 or 6 of us to study by maybe one lamp; and you couldn't see; and you would just get disgusted.</p> <p>What would you do for fun when you were a kid?</p> <p>G Play ball on Sunday.</p> <p>S Baseball?</p> <p>G Yea, we used an old flat plank for a bat and made a ball by ravelling out an old sock and winding it up, around and around. Then we sewed it up. Sometimes we could find some rubber to go in the middle of it. When the ground was too wet to work or we was out of school or something, we would hunt squirrels, partridges, and rabbits.</p> <p>S What else would you do?</p> <p>G Didn't have many things to do. In the winter we'd go opposan hunting. We would get outside and build a big fire while the dogs were chasing oposoms. When they treed a 'possum we would have to cut the tree down to get the opposorn. We would sack up a bunch of ole oposcms and sit around the fire telling tales until it was time to go home. I guess we went oposum hunting 2 or 3 times a month in the winter. If it came a big snow we'd get out and track rabbits down. I'd stay out all day long and just freeze to death. I liked to hunt though, and we always kept good hunting dogs.</p> <p>S Did you swim a lot?</p> <p>G Ohyea, in the summer we'd slip off and stay in the creek all day long. When I got older we went seining for fish a lot.</p> <p>S How would you do that?</p> <p>G You would buy these big ole nets called seines. You put two men on each end of it and go down the creek. They'd cane around to the bank and lift it up, and the fish were caught in the seine.</p> <p>KENNESAW COLLEGE LIBRARY MARIETTA, GEORGIA</p> <p>S So you caught a lot of fish?</p> <p>G Gosh, yea, but it's against the law now.</p> <p>S How would you make some extra money when you were a kid?</p> <p>G I've stripped syrup cane for 50 a day. Picked cotton for 10 a hundred pound. In summertime, if the ground got too wet to plow and the blackberries were out, you could pick a gallon or two, and get a gallon for them. Or in the wintertime you could cut a wagon load</p>			

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	<p>of wood and sell it for \$1 or \$1.50.</p> <p>S When do you first remember going to Atlanta?</p> <p>G Oh, when I was about ten (1916), we carried my brother to the doctor down there. He had had infantile paralysis. We stayed all night in a hotel. I remember standing at the window and looking out and seeing all them streetcars and lights. I thought it was really something.</p> <p>S What wee you doing when you saw your 1st airplane, Cliff?</p> <p>G It was one Sunday evening, and we had a pasture over in them woods over there (northern Cherokee County). Some of the cows had got out; and we went over there to see about them; and that airplane was turn-ing flips.</p> <p>S Well, what did you think about it?</p> <p>G I just sat down on the bank and watched it. He landed the plane at Ball Ground, and my daddy took us down there to see it.</p> <p>S What do you remember about the 1st World War, Cliff?</p> <p>G I remember Old Man Chance; he would get his daily paper and come to the field where we were working and talk to my Dad about who won that day and how they were doing that day. I can remember that and when it ended.</p> <p>a Did they call your Pa in to register?</p> <p>Yea, he had to go to the Methodist Church in Ball Ground to register. I remember going with him, but there were so many of us children that he never had to go into the Amy.</p> <p>S Tell me about the 1st car you ever had.</p> <p>G T had a bunch of chickens, and I swapped them to Henry Daniel Ingram for an old stripped down T-model Ford racer. What was a stripped down like?</p> <p>G It was just a T-model car with the bed off, back seat out, with a box on the gas tank to sit on.</p> <p>25</p> <p>S Did it have a cover over the motor?</p> <p>G Yes.</p> <p>S Why did you strip them down?</p> <p>G Well, the old body was tore-up and wasn't any good, so you just stripped it down.</p> <p>S Did your Pa ever drive?</p> <p>G No, I always had to do the driving for him. He never would try to drive.</p> <p>S When did you drive your first car?</p> <p>G Well, I was about 12 or 14. We didn't have a car, but I was out walking one day and came up on a drunk man, and he was too drunk to drive his car on home. I saw it was my chance, and I told him I could drive him bane. When we got to his house, there was a</p>			

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	<p>big, old, 2-horse wagon sitting under the shed. And when I went under there, I hit the wrong pedal and ran slap into the wagon. I tore the radiator and the front end of it up.</p> <p>S Tell me something about the old T-Models.</p> <p>" They wouldn't make but about 45 or 50 mph. The tires were big old high pressure tires you had to put 50 or 60 pounds of air into. One time we'd started to Atlanta, and it was real hot. My old tires weren't too good, and it was just flat tire after flat tire. We had 13 blowouts in one trip. I'd take the tire off each time and patch it myself, then put it back on and pump it up with a hand pump. Go a little ways, and down would go another one. I finally just turned around and went home. Sometimes you had to drive in on the rim if you couldn't get the tires to stay up. TO tell how much gas you had in the tank, you had to stick a stick or something down into the gas tank to measure it.</p> <p>S How were the roads back then?</p> <p>G They were rough old dirt and gravel roads. Some were bad rutted, and in the wintertime some of the ruts were axle deep. On some steep, muddy hills you had to put chains on the tires or get a mule to pull you to the top.</p> <p>S When did the first paved road come through this area of Northern Cherokee.</p> <p>G That was State Highway 5 which came through in the 1920's.</p> <p>S What would you do if you had to take an automobile trip in the winter?</p> <p>26</p> <p>G You took a lantern, and put a blanket over it to hold the heat in. You set it down in the floorboard to try to keep warm. None of the old T-nodels had heaters. We just had to bundle up and make it the best we could.</p> <p>S Didn't you get cold on the way?</p> <p>G Gosh, yea: We went to Gainesville one time--me, my daddy, and brother. It was cold as the mischief, and that old T-MDdel didn't have no top on it. Coming back, in Frogtown (Forsyth County) the axle broke in the thing. Well there we was, just froze to death, and it night too. We had to leave the car and get an old guy to bring us on home that night. I went back the next day and fixed it and brought it home. Shoot, back then, I'm telling you, people had a hard time.</p> <p>S How come you went somewhere with a car with no top?</p> <p>G Didn't have no other kind.</p> <p>S Didn't it have a cloth top?</p> <p>G No, didn't have no kind of top on it. It had a windshield, and</p>			

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	<p>that was all.</p> <p>S How long did you keep farming?</p> <p>G Well we finally moved off the farm and into town in the 1920's. Daddy went to work with the Georgia Marble Company. By that time farming got bad; you couldn't sell much and could make a better living on public works.</p> <p>When did you get your first public job?</p> <p>G About 1925, I worked for the Georgia Marble Company on the shipping dock.</p> <p>S Hag much did they pay you?</p> <p>G Fifteen cents an hour,\$1.50 a day, 10 hours a day, and 5 1/2 days a week. There wasn't no union then; and if you worked 20 hours a day, you still got 15< an hour. The Company owned every thing: the store, houses, school, gym, and most of the land. They rented company houses for about \$5 a month to their workers. The Marble Company got mad if you didn't trade with them at their company store. They would lay you off or fire you if you didn't. Armin named Hamer Blackwell put up a store in Nelson, and the company didn't like it. So, they put up a store right across from his to keep people from going to Blackwell's. They watched to see who went in there too. The mill bosses would came in and tell you who to vote for but I never did pay them no mind. I voted like I wanted to vote.</p> <p>S So the company tried to run everything?</p> <p>27</p> <p>G Oh, yea; everything there was to run. If a teacher in their school didn't look to suit them, the company would fire him. Had one old man who was the principal, and he was a good ole feller. They said his pants weren't pressed exactly the way they should have been for him to be a school teacher, and they got rid of him.</p> <p>S When did you get married?</p> <p>G In 1928, to Effie Brown. Then I was working in Atlanta as a surveyor for the Seaboard Railroad. But they were about to send me somewhere way off, and I just quit, and moved back to Nelson. I worked first at the Canton Cotton Mill, but it was so noisy and hot that I didn't like it. So I quit. That weave shop was so noisy and loud, you could hear nobody talk in there. lord, lord, I tell you Then I went back to the Marble Mill, cutting stone. By then, top wages were 60 an hour for a stonecutter.</p> <p>S What was the depression like?</p> <p>Shoot, people just didn't have nothing. They were out of work; about everybody was laid off from the mill. I never was laid off, but they cut me down to 2 or 3 days a week. There weren't but a few of us left at the mill. If you got in debt at the company store</p>			

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	<p>instead of get-ting paid money you'd get coupon books. Times were real bad. People didn't use their cars much. Just on Sundays and when they would have to go. I'd walk to work (about 2 miles a day) to keep from using up gasoline. And part of the time I had to get rid of a car because I couldn't afford to keep one.</p> <p>S When did. you first start being a law man?</p> <p>G In 1940, same people were dynamiting the black folks's houses and in front of them. They didn't lave a police or a marshal in Nelson then. So the city official asked me to be the law, and I hired in. I was town marshal. I caught the ones doing all that dynamiting. They were sent off, and thing% quieted 'down in the town.</p> <p>S How much did they pay you to be town marshal?</p> <p>C Ten dollars a month, but I was just part time and still worked at the mill.</p> <p>S When did you become a Pickens County Deputy?</p> <p>G It wasn't long after that that the sheriff, Fred Stancil, came down here and wanted to make a deputy out of me. And he did, and I was a deputy for 20 years.</p> <p>S So, you quit your job at the mill?</p> <p>28</p> <p>G No, then they didn't pay the deputies unless they did something. Everytime you caught somebody you got paid for it. You got \$4 for arresting somebody, then it got up to \$6. And if you caught a car hauling liquor, you sold the car and kept the money.</p> <p>S What were your main crimes back then?</p> <p>G Well, mostly just stills and liquor haulers. They tried to hide stills in hollows in the woods.</p> <p>S How would you find out about stills?</p> <p>G We'd ride the roads; and if we saw a trail off from the road, we'd stop and walk down it; and lots of times we'd run upon a still. Also, you looked for smoke in the woods. Many times people would report them to us.</p> <p>About how often would you find a still?</p> <p>G Oh, about every 2 or 3 months we'd raid. one. A lot of people around here made whiskey back then.</p> <p>S What did the stills look like?</p> <p>G Back then they had big copper stills and big barrels of beer, they call it, where it had fermented. They usually ran them at night, sometimes of a day. We'd go in on them and surround it, and we'd all start and just come in on them. Some of 'em got away, and some didn't.</p> <p>S They would always be on a stream of water?</p> <p>G Yea.</p> <p>S How cane?</p>			

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	<p>G They had to have water (to run the still). You'd find, sometimes maybe 50 or 100 ten gallon kegs of whiskey piled up.</p> <p>S So how did they first put the corn in (.to make moonshine)?</p> <p>G That's corn meal; they'd pour the cornmeal in and wet it. It would sour, and they would put malt in that to make it work. It would work up into a beer. Then they would strain that off; and it would go into the still where they boiled it; and this made whiskey. Only a little stream of whiskey about the size of a pencil came out.</p> <p>S Did you destroy the stills then?</p> <p>G Yea, we'd cut them up with axes, cut holes in the kegs, poured out all the whiskey.</p> <p>S How would you catch liquor cars; how did you know they were hauling liquor?</p> <p>29</p> <p>G You could tell by the weight of. them. You could ride along behind them; and if they hit a little bump and didn't spring up, you'd know it was loaded. It would just stay down there. And if they didn't stop when you sirened them, why we had a shotgun and buckshot to shoot the tire down. If we shot the tire down, they would jump out and run. I'd jump out, run catch them, and bring them back.</p> <p>S How often would you catch a car?</p> <p>G Oh, we caught one or two a month.</p> <p>S Did you hide out to try to catch them?</p> <p>G Oh, yea. Thaes.the only way we had of making money then was catching somebody. We'd go up there, get up at 1:00 o'clock of a night, and set up the rest of the whole night, and maybe not get nothing or maybe catch two.</p> <p>S You had to use your own car?</p> <p>G Yea.</p> <p>S Did the county buy you gas or anything?</p> <p>G No.</p> <p>S Didn't you wreck your pickup truck one time?</p> <p>G We went to check on a still over here above Marble Hill. We didn't want nobody to see the Sheriff's car; it was marked. We didn't want nobody to recognize us; so we was driving my pickup. Me, Bill Ray, and Fred Stancil. So when we come back down on the highway, we ran in behind a coupe car. We knew it was loaded. I kept telling them, "Let's go to Jasper, and get the car, and cut than off down Bethany Road." They were going across from Tate over (Ga. Highway #108). "No, just pull up beside them; and I'll tell than I'm the sheriff; and they'll stop," the sheriff said. I pulled up beside than and told him, and he put that thing in 2nd gear. I bumped him and hit him with the truck; and Bill Ray was shooting</p>			

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	<p>at the tires, but never could hit them with a pistol.</p> <p>S You didn't have a shotgun?</p> <p>G No, we didn't have one with. us. Finally, we started down a hill right this: side (east) of Bethany Church. We was going fast--just about as fast as it would go. That son of a gun had sense enough to crowd me out. Well, a pickup wouldn't slowdown; they would turn sideways if you put the brake on fast. Of course he was loaded, and he got started down that hill and eased over in front of me and slammed his brakes on. Well, I put on my brakes; and the backend just whirled around and right down a field we went.</p> <p>30</p> <p>S Did you all get hurt?</p> <p>G Not bad.</p> <p>S Well, did the county pay for your truck to be fixed?</p> <p>G No.</p> <p>S Did the county supply the sheriff with a car?</p> <p>G No, we furnished our own cars, radios, and everything.</p> <p>S How did they hide their liquor in the car?</p> <p>G They didn't hide it; they would just take the back seat all out and pack it full there and throw an old blanket or something over it. And they would fill the trunk with liquor too. I've caught as high as 130 gallons off of one car. They had built up springs. I caught a load one Sunday morning; it had 132 gallons on it up here above Dug Road (Ga Highway #53 near Marble Hill). I met him in the road and saw what he had. I turned around; and he went (about 1/4 mile) and ran into a man's yard, jumped out, and ran.</p> <p>S Did you pour the liquor out, and then would you sell the car?</p> <p>G Yea, I always called Duff Floyd and (the Federal Revenue Agents). They kept records to help them. I carried the car to the jail, called them, and they came up there. We checked it over, and poured it out. It'd be just like a branch a running. You would get so tired, and you would smell the dadgone stuff to where it would make you feel sort of dizzy. That's a bad life though; back then it was a bad life. People are meaner now than they was then anyhow. Oh you would run into one every once in a while that you would have to crack his head with a blackjack. I never did have much trouble with nobody; I always tried to treat everybody right. I never did try to run over nobody, and I never had much trouble.</p> <p>S Tell me more about the bootleggers and how they would try to run the whiskey.</p> <p>G Well, they'd make it at the still and then haul it out and hide it somewhere in the woods or close around their house. Then cars would come in from Dalton and Atlanta and places like that, buy the liquor, haul it to Dalton and Atlanta, and sell it. We'd get out</p>			

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	<p>on the road and catch them.</p> <p>S Tell me how you did that.</p> <p>31</p> <p>G We'd usually go in two cars and send one car up the road about a mile front where we was. When one (a car) came by, he'd run in behind him and come down the road. He could tell whether or not he was loaded. Then he would radio us and tell us one was coming through and what kind it was. Then (the 2nd police car) would turn off; and (the bootlegger) would think that wasn't the law, that was somebody else, since he didn't follow them on down the road. When they came on down, we was in place to block the road and get them. But sometimes we didn't get them. If you run up on one on the road, you had to run him down and shoot the tires down to get him to stop.</p> <p>S What did the bootleggers do to avoid capture?</p> <p>G Sometimes they would have two cars-the liquor car and a roadrunner who travelled ahead of the liquor car.</p> <p>S The roadrunner, what would he do?</p> <p>G He would try to block you to keep you from passing him. He wouldn't let you pass him.</p> <p>S But I thought he was in front of the liquor car?</p> <p>G See, if they discovered the law, and they was close by, he would let the liquor car pass him. Then he would block us so we couldn't get around.</p> <p>S Wbuld you shoot the blockers' tires down too? We did do it a few times.</p> <p>S Bow fast would you drive in pursuit?</p> <p>G Oh_ lord, just as fast as one would run. I'd say back then about 90.m.p.h. And they had them old liquor cars souped up with big motors in them; and, boy, they were hard to catch. I bought a new car with a big motor in it one time, and we caught a lot of liquor with that car too.</p> <p>S Tell me about that liquor car you never could catch, and put the spikes in the road.</p> <p>G Oh that there was over on Burnt Mountain ((Al Highway t108, east of Jasper).</p> <p>S About when was this?</p> <p>G Just before I quit, about 1957. They had a souped up car, and the Federal law and we'd run him (but never could catch him).</p> <p>S What kind of car was it?</p> <p>32</p> <p>G I believe it was a 1957 Chevrolet. That motor had been rebuilt,</p>			

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	<p>and by gunt you couldn't catch him; that's all there is to it. The State Patrol and I don't know how many had tried to catch him. So I told them I could fix a way to catch him. I came down here to the mill and got some four inch wide sawblades. I got some (metal) pegs, sharpened them real sharp, and had then welded on to that (sawbiade) so they were sticking up. It was eight feet long; I put a hinge in the middle of it where we could fold it over and put it into the car. I sent one car way on up on the mountain to tell when he was coming, so we'd know when to spread them. So he radioed back that the liquor car was on the way. So we spread them out there; and, boy, he hit it; and every tire on the car blew out.</p> <p>S Did he wreck then?</p> <p>G Yea.</p> <p>S What did he say when you caught him?</p> <p>G Be didn't say nothing much. It scared him slap to death, just scared the fire out of him.</p> <p>S Back then you could do a lot of things you can't do now.</p> <p>G Oh, yea, you couldn't get by with anything like that now.</p> <p>S I've heard the sheriff in Dawson County use to shoot people's tires down when they would came by his house speeding.</p> <p>G Yea, they said he sat out in his yard with a shotgun; and when somebody came by speeding he would cut down at them with that shotgun.</p> <p>S You were a county policeman part of the time, weren't you?</p> <p>G Yea, one time they wanted me to quit the deputy job and be county police.</p> <p>S What was the difference?</p> <p>G Well, county police worked the same county; and it was just like the sheriff's; but they had a department and the sheriff had a department. So they kept on me until I sold out my sawmill and took the county job. Stayed on it for about 4 or 5 years.</p> <p>S Who was sheriff while you were county police?</p> <p>G Jim Pool.</p> <p>S Which did you like best (county police or deputy)?</p> <p>G Well, the county police, we was sorta boss of our own. Me and Fred Stancil were the county police, and we were our awn bosses. But the sheriff was the boss if you were a deputy.</p> <p>33</p> <p>S C.</p> <p>S</p> <p>G</p> <p>S</p> <p>S</p>			

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	<p>G</p> <p>S</p> <p>C</p> <p>S</p> <p>G But you did the same thing you did as deputy?</p> <p>Yea, did the same thing--catch liquor cars and stuff like that. And they paid us a salary as county police.</p> <p>How much?</p> <p>One hundred twenty-five dollars a month. (It was a full time job).</p> <p>And they furnished us gas as county police.</p> <p>So you were better off as county police. What made you go back to being a deputy?</p> <p>They quit the county police. How cane?</p> <p>Well, the money. They (Pickens County) didn't have the money. And then, of course, they grabbed me right back on as a deputy. When Fred Stancil ran for sheriff and got to be the sheriff again, and he nailed me for deputy again.</p> <p>What made you quit law enforcement?</p> <p>Well, there wasn't nobody there but me; and it was just working me to death. It was day and night.</p> <p>You were the only deputy?</p> <p>I was the only county law there was after Howard Cagle (the sheriff) had that stroke. I was the only deputy, and that throwed me to be in charge of the whole thing. Well, I went on with that for about a</p> <p>year; and it was killing me. It was just carry somebody to Milledge-ville in the morning. Then maybe get a call and have to get out of bed and go. I've been up as long as two nights and days at a time. It was killing me, so I just quit. That was in 1960.</p> <p>S What did you do then?</p> <p>G r went back full time with the Georgia Marble Company. Before this I had been carpenter foreman down there. We went around keeping up all of the company houses. When they sold all of them (I guess they had 200), then they put me on as night superintendent over the whole mill. I stayed with that for about 2 1/2 years and got on the day shift as foreman of the whole lower end of the mill. I stayed on it until I retired.</p> <p>S What were some of the big marble jobs you got out?</p> <p>34</p> <p>G We did the big Washington job and sent the marble they used to put a new front on the east side of the U.S. Capitol. We sent 24 marble columns by rail up there. Each weighed about 18 tons and was 24 feet high. That was in 1960. The last big job I was on</p>			

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	<p>before I retired was the Life of Georgia building in Atlanta. They wanted me to stay until after that job was finished. I had to select all the stock for it, make sure it was cut to the right size and was the right color. I've inspected every piece of marble in that big ole skyscraper.</p> <p>S After you retired you ran for mayor of Nelson?</p> <p>G I first ran in 1968 and kept the office for ten years, winning five elections in all. Besides being the mayor I was also city judge and took care of the town's water system.</p> <p>S Tell me some things you accomplished as mayor.</p> <p>G Well, I got the town out of debt. Nelson was in bad financial shape when I came in, but I slowly built things up to where we had a surplus and could lower some taxes. We had no fire department when I came in, and many houses were needlessly burning up. I established a good fire department, bought two fire trucks, and built a new fire station. I put fire hydrants all over town. Also I built us a good, lighted ballpark and got almost every street in town paved with a good coat of plant mix; and they are still holding up.</p> <p>S What are you doing now, Cliff?</p> <p>G I'm back at the Georgia Marble Company full time. I'm a nightwatch-man down there. I got tired of being retired and decided to go back to work.</p> <p>S What do you think about the way everything has changed since you were a boy?</p> <p>G I don't know; some of it's better and some of it's worse. Things Ain't like they use to be; you could mostly depend on people back then; and you can't trust people now like you could back then.</p> <p>Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with J. Morton (Hoot) Gibson Conducted by Allen A. (Andy) Steinhauser Tuesday, May 19, 1981</p> <p>Hoot Gibson, former mayor of Smyrna, has been influential in Cobb County politics since moving here in 1946. He has been involved in a number of changes associated with the growth of the area.</p> <p>S = Steinhauser G = Gibson</p> <p>S Mr. Gibson, could you tell me a little about your past?</p> <p>G I come from a little town called Gordon, Georgia, east of Macon. That's in Wilkinson County. That's where I was born, born on the river. I hadn't been up in this part of the country, no where. My father had no relatives on his side; everything was on my mother's side. My grandfather died on the Gibson side in 1880, sometime after the Civil War. My other grandfather on my mother's side, now, was a Gordon. They sent me to live with my</p>			

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	<p>grandfather. He had a 5000 acre farm, and Grandmother died one week after my mother died.</p> <p>Mother was buried on December 23. That's the day before Christmas eve, 2 days before Christmas. My grandmother died on December 30, which was exactly the same day of the week and in the same room in my home. Both had pneumonia. So that left my grandfather with no children. See my mother was the baby. She was 33 when she died.</p> <p>Now that left my grandfather with a 5000 acre farm and a great, big 15-room house--one of those old Southern Colonials with the big columns. He still had on that farm some of the kids that were slaves. They were adults now. They had children and grandchildren. My grandfather was in the Civil War. He got wounded 3 times, once in the leg and twice in the side, with what they called the old slugs, if you've seen the Civil War bullets. I came up different from an average kid. My father was still living, and he had a big store in Gordon, Georgia, a mercantile store where he sold the farmers fertilizer and stuff. Then in the fall when they gathered the crops in, they would pay off. Then the boll weevil hit in 1912, and it bankrupted every merchant in the South: Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia-- where your rural population was. That's where your cotton and your corn was grown. Well, that's where 80 percent of all your food came from in America--the 13 Southern states. If you don't believe that, you better look it up. I said all the cotton, corn, beans, everything. Now back then we had 5 packing houses--big packing houses. We slaughtered in Georgia back in those days before World War I anywhere from 10,000 cattle to 20,000 hogs a day and shipped them to the East and the Middle West.</p> <p>S They were all grown in Georgia?</p> <p>G Yes, in Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida; but they were brought into these packing houses. The big packers were then up in the Northwest, where they are today. Chicago was the center of your packing houses. Some are still up there, but not like they used to be. Now my grandfather had 9 sawmills. He was cutting lumber then for the government for World War I. When I was 8, 9, and 10 years old, I was riding my own horse; and I was making payroll for all the saw-mills in 1 day's time. I was riding that horse, and he'd have the payroll made up on Friday. I'd leave the house. I'd ride a long distance every Friday, rain, storm, sleet, lightning, thunder. It didn't matter. Now this horse was raised with me. My grandfather</p>			

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	<p>raised his own horses. He bought his mules from Tennessee and Kentucky. He'd go up there and buy 10, 12, or 15 carloads and come back and pick out the best mules for his own self. You know, for the sawmills it takes big mules. Then he'd sell the other mules, the smaller mules, to farmers all over a 10, maybe 20 county area. Now that's how he operated. He was a big man--6 feet, 4 or 5 inches--and he weighed about 250 pounds. When Grandmother died, he took me.</p> <p>I was the only grandchild named after him. It was just one of them granddaddy things, because I'm a granddaddy; and I know exactly how he felt. A grandchild is closer to a grandparent than his own children. I was real close to my grandfather. So these are the things that make a child.</p> <p>There's very few people in the high bracket I've known personally. I knew Harry Truman before he was a congressman. I knew him when</p> <p>he was in St. Louis, Missouri, at a haberdasher store. I was a sales manager for Casberry Food Company in the mid-1930's. I was cut off the railroad. That's why I was doing it.</p> <p>My grandfather taught me 2 things in life that no human being can take away from me. He took me when I was 5. I can remember age 7 and 8 real wello-as good as I can remember yesterday. He's sitting at the breakfast table, just he and I; and he said, "Son, as long as you live, if you will work 8 hours until some perspiration canes out on your head, and play 8, and sleep 8, you'll live to be an old man." He also said, "God made this world so beautiful that he made man after his own image. He gave it to man for man to use, and man messed it up. Every time you do something wrong, you're messing up the world that's your fellow many, Be honest with him regardless of what he does to you. Be honest with him, and I'll guarantee you'll have a better world to live in. If everybody goes back to that one</p> <p>thing, this world is going to straighten itself out. Until that day comes, it will never be straightened out. And brother, it's getting worse and worse and worse. Look at the pope, the president, Wallace,</p> <p>and the Kennedys. Just look and see that everything he told me is true.</p> <p>My father married when I was 11. Now that same home that we had, my mother's home where she died, is still there today. My father got my brother back and my sister back and tried to come up and to take me back. Now here's where hell broke loose; so they sat down with my</p>			

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	<p>grandfather; and my grandfather cried like a baby. My father's name is Claude. He said, "Claude, let me keep him; and then when I'm deceased, you can have him back. As long as I'm living, I need him. I'd be too lonesome without him, and he's been so much to me." He said, "Claude, he's my right arm. You know, he meets the payroll of all my sawmill men. That boy rides 50 to 70 miles on that horse every Friday. He comes in at 1:00 or 2:00 o'clock in the morning. It takes him that long from noon to make all the rounds." These are the things that make a man--hard work. I mean I worked; I didn't play.</p> <p>So my father took me back against my wishes. After 3 weeks of that,</p> <p>I ran away. I came back to my grandfather's. About 5 miles away was my grandfather's farm. I walked. I had 2 big hunting dogs. I had a cat dog--wildcat--and a coon dog. These dogs knew me, because</p> <p>I raised them. They saw me about half a mile of that house. They barked twice and they came at me. They didn't even whine. Would you believe I got in the house with my grandfather asleep, got my suitcase and my clothes? I had a henhouse and a rooster. I got 2 sacks and put 5 hens and a rooster in one sack and 6 hens in the other sack. I walked out to the main highway, and a man came along with a 2-horse wagon. He was going to Macon; he saw me and the chickens. Be didn't think anything about it. It was about 3:30 or</p> <p>4:00 in the morning. He said, "Hey, Morton--my middle name is Morton, and everybody called me that--where are you going?" I said, "I got some chickens here I want to sell, and Granddaddy gonna come up and pick me up; and I'm going to catch a ride." He didn't think anymore</p> <p>about it than nothing, because that's the way the country was. I got up there and had some sandwiches. I laid down and went to sleep.</p> <p>I had the chickens tied on the side. I got to the livery store in Macon and sold the chickens. A Negro sold them for me. He went up there to the hotel and brought me back \$8.95. I gave him the 95 cents. He gave me back 50 cents, and he kept 45 cents. He said, "Mister Morton, what are you doing?" I said, "I'm going to Atlanta to see a cousin." I didn't no more have a cousin here than you did. He didn't know. I went down there at 5:45 or 6:00 o'clock and caught a train to Atlanta. I didn't know a soul. I didn't know one soul.</p> <p>S How old were you then?</p> <p>G Twelve years old. I never went back. I never put my foot under nobody's table. Every bite I ever ate, every cup of coffee I've had,</p>			

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	<p>every roof over my head, every clothing I ever wore, I paid for.</p> <p>S What did you do when you got to Atlanta?</p> <p>G I went to work as an office boy at Davis Factory Store, which is Davison's now. That's where I went to work for \$12 a week. I saved \$2 out of that \$12 at the bank. In other words, I'd pay \$5 for my boarding in a house out on Luckie Street.</p> <p>S How large was Atlanta at this time?</p> <p>39</p> <p>S How did you come from Atlanta to Smyrna?</p> <p>G Well, now that's going back to the 1946 platform in a race for the U.S. Congress. I ran on that platform. I ran on it honestly. I knew it was coming, but I couldn't tell nobody. Nobody would believe me. I told than after World War I, I was at my grandfather's. My cousin came home with flesh eat out of him in chunks where the gas hit him. It looked more like a leprosy. I saw a leper colony when I was in the navy. Flesh was eat out of his leg.</p> <p>S Was that the mustard gas?</p> <p>G Yes. World War I, Then all the countries got together and agreed to never use it again. So when I ran on that platform, of course , I didn't have no backing. I had no finances. What money that I had came out of my own pocket, Now when I got in there, running against several opponents, a lady and several men, of course, she got elected. Now 2 of these men were friends of mine. I knew than real well. So that night, at my headquarters in the old Henry Grady Hotel (where the Peachtree Plaza is located now), this friend of mine was on the 7th floor, and I was on the 5th floor. So that night when the votes were coming in, she was carrying every Negro precinct in the city of Atlanta. This was the beginning of the Negro vote. r want you to forget about the Negroes, racism, or hatred. I was raised with nothing but Negroes. My cook was a Negro. The one that put me to bed on my grandfather's farm, made my bed, everything. They were like aunts. I called all of them Aunt Madie and Aunt Susan. They'd pick me up. I'd go out to their house; and if it was supper time, I'd sit down and eat with them. Of course, I had nothing but 400 or 500 Negroes on my grandfather's farm--that's sawmills and land. That's all I knew. I didn't play with white boys except when neighbors wanted to go hunting because of my dog. I was wildcat hunting when I was 10 years old! These boys 2 or 3 years older than me would say to my grandfather, "We want to go cat hunting. How about letting Mort go with us?" Of course, I had the best cat dog. I had the best everything. See, that's the way I was raised until I was 12 years old, That's the reason my father couldn't take me back, I had everything in my hand. Not that I was spoiled. But I had to act like a man, I couldn't act like a boy,</p>			

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	<p>I didn't know how to play, I' didn't know how to play games. Shoot fire, games to me was sissy, This was the way I was raised, Now I want you to get this straight. No hatred there, but in every precinct in the city of Atlanta around the Capitol she carried 98 percent of the vote. See, back in those days the Negroes voted in a box by themself, even in 1946, When you went to Marietta to vote, they didn't vote in the same box with whites, They had one place they voted in the old Chamber of Commerce Building, It's torn down now. When I' came to Cobb County, they were still voting like that. That's the way it was in Atlanta, That's the way it was in the South everywhere.</p> <p>S Are you talking about the Jim Crow laws?</p> <p>40</p> <p>G Not the Jim Crow laws. They voted in their own precinct. There were no whites in their box. Now every single box in the city of Atlanta, she got 98 percent of the vote. That never had happened, Roosevelt wasn't that strong. Now you ask me why I came to Smyrna. I had 4 daughters, 2 of them in West Fulton High School, The baby was 2 or 3 years old, and the other had just started in the 1st grade. The victor in the 1946 congressional race was Helen Douglas Markin. Helen Douglas Markin was known as the darling of Ashby Street because of Ward 3, precinct B. So about 10100 o'clock that box didn't cane in, and everybody got to worrying about it. I'm up in my headquarters, and everybody else was in their headquarters. We couldn't get the box. So finally another candidate called me. He said, "Hoot, let's go out there and see what's wrong. You and I paid our fee for it," We paid our running fee. We paid for those ballots'. The candidates paid for that; of course, if there is any that is not paid, the county had to pay it, So I said, "Okay, come on down." So he said, "I've got a friend with me," I said, "Bring him on down." His' name was Ben T. Huiet, Commissioner of Labor for the State of Georgia. Ben T, came down here with him; and he said, "Hoot, you ran a pretty good race." I said, "Yes-, I' couldn't get than to listen to me," He said, "One of these days they I' said, "I'm afraid it's going to be too late because they can't talk, If they ever drop that atomic bomb on the city it will wipe it out." Now this is 1946, 5 months after they dropped that thing. Now why did I let things get in my mind so hard, so strong that I was spending my money, my wife's, my 4 daughters'? But I saw those cousins of mine, one of than especially. He was stripped off going swimming, and I saw those scars on him. Oh, brother! They're healed up, but occasionally, maybe every 6 or 7 years, one of than will break out and get infected. But I could see this caning, and it wasn't but one way to</p>			

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	<p>do it. The Congress! Who owned the atomic bomb? The United States. Who knew anything about it? Not even the people who built it. Cur own people didn't know. Doolittle didn't know anything about the atomic bomb--what it was going to do. Even the scientists didn't know what it was going to do. I'm talking about the real damage to human beings. I'm saying this thing was dangerous. I wanted to go. to Congress and sell than on the idea of harnessing it. What I'm going to use it for? You wouldn't have had the Korean conflict, You wouldn't have had the Vietnam conflict. You wouldn't have had what we've been doing, roaming the world just like a policeman, When you have a little bush war, load a plane with countrymen who speak their language. Put on the plane someone from every country that is a member of the war, If the Chinese are a member of it, let their representative sit on the plane. Tell than they have 24 hours to cane before a table and sit down at an international police court. Whatever their decision is, your country must accept. In other words, you're not going to fight this thing out. That's the only way you're going to have peace.</p> <p>S Do it through the United Nations?</p> <p>G The United Nations isn't worth 5 cents. How will you do it?</p> <p>41</p> <p>G An international police force just like your F.B.I. In 1946, America, Russia, France, England, China, and others had the bases and the men trained and in uniform. Put them together. Make them came together and say, "Now listen, set the thing up and let your country accept the same law we've got. If you don't, we're going to use the damn thing on you now,"</p> <p>S You were talking about checking on the box, What ever happened?</p> <p>G We got out there, and they had recounted the votes. It looked like it was a little bit crooked. Out of 968 votes cast in that box, she got 961. Judge Tam Camp, who is a Superior Court judge in Fulton County today, got 7. There was me and the other candidates who didn't get a vote. We hadn't checked the rest of them. When we started checking the precincts the next day, Butler Street and every one in the Negro sections turned up like that. Not a precinct came out that she didn't get 98 percent of the vote. Well, we got through about 4:00 o'clock in the morning; and my phone rang, It was Governor Gene Talmadge up on the 13th or 14th floor. He said, "Hoot, what are you doing?" I said, "Nothing." He said, "Why don't you came up?" When he opened the door, he was standing there. This was February, It was cold weather, and the adman wore heavy underwear--long johns. But he cut them off at the knees and cut them off at the shoulders. As soon as he would get a new pair,</p>			

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	<p>he'd take sane scissors to than. His hair came down across his face right across his eyes, He had red suspenders on over his underwear. He had his pants on. He didn't have a shirt one. He said, "Hoot, I'm going to tell you one damn thing. I wouldn't raise my kids in a town or city where the damn niggers take more interest in their government than the whites." I built the only Negro subdivision in the state of Georgia, with a school in the middle of it,¹</p> <p>S Are you talking about Rose Garden?</p> <p>G Yes, sir. I donated the. 16 acres of land for one dollar. I built every house in that whole area, put in the streets, and all, The county hasn't put a dime in it. It came out of my own pocket, There were Negroes who moved in there over 30 years ago who would tell you, if it hadn't been for Hoot Gibson, they would never have a house, My grandfather taught me that. So there's no hatred. I saw what was fixing to happen, When I came to Atlanta, I was 12 years old. A 12-year-old kid could walk downtown any time of night he wanted to. I saw it coming. So I came home. All 4 of my daughters were born there, My wife was born and educated there. That was all they knew. My daughters didn't speak to me for 2 months when I moved out here to Smyrna, because they didn't like it, It was a little, bitty town.</p> <p>The election was to fill the unexpired term of 5th District Congress-man Robert C. W. Ramspeck, who resigned, The winner, Helen Douglas Mankin, was Georgia's first elected congresswoman. Nineteen candidates received votes, Mankin led with 11,067, Camp received 10,175, Euilet was 3rd with 2,704. Gibson was 9th with 363, Atlanta Constitution, February 14, 1946.</p> <p>42</p> <p>Nineteen hundred population, was-all it was in 1947, I came home and told my wife, "You go to Jonesboro, and you go to Smyrna, Whatever place you find that suits you and these girls, I'll buy it. I'm going to give you 6 months." She found this place in Smyrna--12 acres. The house was just inside the city limits by about 18 feet. I didn't even know it. It had 2 springs on it. It had a lot of shrubbery, and she's a flower freak. So she decided that I could come in there and spend a little money and clean all that thing out for her. I built a big swimming pool--30 by 60. It had 800,000 gallons of water going through it every 24 hours. A pump from the springs brought it through the pool. Then people said, "Why did you move to Smyrna?" I said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I want to</p>			

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	<p>raise my daughters in a town where there is not a Negro in the city limits." I was mad then. Did you know that this is the only city in the United States society that don't have a Negro owning a piece of property within the city limits? We have same that live in apartments. You don't see one on the police department. You don't see one on the fire department, You don't see one in the city hall. Now why did we grow? People that work in Atlanta, live in DeKalb County, Gwinnett County, City of Atlanta, and all over would say, "Where do you live?" I'd say, "I live in Smyrna." They would say, "How did you get out to Smyrna?" I would say, "Well, we don't have no Negroes out there." Next thing you know, that couple came out. Next thing you know, 2 more couples came. Next thing you know, 10 more couples. Did you know that 1-month while I was mayor we put in 496 water meters? We built 31 buildings, and we built 7000 houses in less than a year.</p> <p>S After you moved to Smyrna, how did you get into the political scene?</p> <p>G Another Gene Talmadge man came to me and said, "Mr. Gibson, how about you running for mayor." This was in 1948. I said, "Forget it. I'm not interested in nothing." I had a drive-in on Stewart Avenue making \$4000-\$5000 a month net profit. Be said, "Mr, Gibson, Gene Talmadge has never taken Smyrna. Gene Talmadge has never taken Cobb County in all elections," Herman never took it till after I was mayor. Herman never carried Cobb County even after I was mayor, I was a Lieutenant Colonel on the old man's staff, and I had a little privilege. It didn't mean anything. It cost you money. I put Lockheed back to work. I went to Washington. People tell me you can't get things done. I showed than how to get it done.</p> <p>S Didn't Lockheed use to be the Bell Bomber plant?</p> <p>G Yes, Bell Bomber plant.</p> <p>S Did you start back Lockheed or Bell?</p> <p>G Lockheed, If I wanted something, I would go up to Washington personally. I sent jonquils up there. Smyrna was known as the Jonquil City. I was up there so much, they had a place to hang my coat and hat. I went to the top. If I wanted sanething fran F.H.A., I went to F.H.A. If I wanted sanething fran J, Edgar Hoover, I went to him personally. If</p> <p>43</p> <p>I wanted to put people back to work here, I went to the right people. I went to the Pentagon. They said, "You can't get in the Pentagon." I said, "You watch me." I called Senator Russell and</p>			

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	<p>told Senator Russell what I wanted. He got a meeting with the generals over there, and we put Lockheed back to work in 36 hours.</p> <p>S Will you say more about running for mayor?</p> <p>G Here is what a newspaper article said: "Any one of the three men running, W. A. Quarles, P. B. Shaw, and Hoot Gibson can be elected; and few voters will be able to say, 'I told you so.' Now this is the beginning of my first race. Now here's an editorial out of the newspaper. It says, 'Tomorrow is the big day. It is the tradition here in the Jonquil City to take city elections seriously.'" This was a knock-down-drag-out. In other words, they voted 95 percent. I could go over there right now and run for office, and 95 percent of the people would come out and vote. They always did. I got elected by 2 votes, I didn't print a card. I didn't put an ad in the newspaper. I didn't know 10 people in Smyrna personally. I ran a passenger train from here to Jacksonville. I was a conductor, and the night of the election was Saturday night. When the polls closed at 7:00 o'clock, I had to be at the terminal station at 8:00 o'clock, because I ran the Kansas City to Florida Special. It was a special train. It ran all night long from her to Jacksonville. Then I'd came back the next night. In other words, I'm up all night, sleep down there during the day time, then am up all night coming back. I didn't even know-I was mayor until I got to Macon. Macon is my first stop. I got a telegram. It said, "You have been elected mayor by 2 votes." I didn't even know it! Senators and people all over the country wired me to congratulate me.</p> <p>S Was it common for all these people to send you congratulations?</p> <p>G No, it was my contacts, It goes back to a saying of my grandfather. I've never met a stranger in my life, never, I've never been to the point I couldn't sit down with you, no matter who you are. Now I was a judge for 4 years on the bench. I never studied law in my life.</p> <p>S Was this before or after you were mayor?</p> <p>G No, this was while I was mayor. City judge. Two cases left my court, You have a right to carry a case to a higher Superior Court. Do you know where they ended up? Back in my court! Do you know what was my law book? My Bible. In court I had a lawyer one time to say, "Your Honor, is that the law book sitting up there?" I said, "It's my law book!" Then I said to the lady, "How do you plead?" He was trying to represent the lady and wasn't going to let her talk. I said to the lady, "How do you plead?" He was trying to be smart--trying to be a smart-ass lawyer. He said, "She pleads nolle contendere." I said, "I didn't ask you. I asked her," Be</p>			

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	<p>said, "Do you know what nolle contendere means?" I said, "You sit down over there. I fine you \$25.00, Policemen come get him. Take him over there, and sit him down." Do you know that he took that up to the Supreme Court, and it came back down to my court? Be had to pay the fine. There ain't but 2 ways.</p> <p>44</p> <p>One is right; and one's wrong; and I know both of them because I've been both ways. And you have too if you've been around long enough.</p> <p>Anyway, I got elected by 2 votes. I couldn't believe it, the thing shook me up so bad when I got the telegram at Macon. The station master handed me the telegram. Of course, the conductor is the first man who gets off the train. I had about a 15- or 20-car train. I didn't even stay here for them to count the votes. Now that's how much interest I had in it. I couldn't believe it. I had only been living in Smyrna about 16 months. When I was judge and you came into my court, you were either guilty or innocent. A man came to me with five \$100 bills. He said, "Hoot, that's a good friend of so and so; and he's a good friend of mine. So he told me to come and ask you if you wouldn't help this guy when he came before your court." I said, "That friend of yours is no good, just like the man coming before this court. You go back and tell him I said that." He said, "I can't do that, Hoot. He's my friend," He said, "You're my friend aren't you?"</p> <p>I said, "Hell, yes, I'm your friend, but not that kind of friend." My granddaddy said, "No matter what you do, be honest with your friends."</p> <p>S After you were elected, how many times did you run for the mayor of Smyrna?</p> <p>G I ran 3 times. I was in from 1949-1952, and went back in 1958 and 1959. I came out in 1960. Then I ran for Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia on the issue of the Milk Control Board. I didn't want it, but it was an important issue to me like the atomic bomb in 1946. We had a Milk Control Board set up by act of the legislature by request of the Commissioner of Agriculture. If you finished college right now and went up here and opened a milk dairy depot on South Cobb Drive or anywhere, you had to get the Milk Control Board to approve it, I don't care if you had stainless steel and it was perfect. I said I'd break it up. Out of 1,200,000 votes, he beat me by 69,000 votes. I spent \$18,000, and he spent about \$300,000, That's a statewide race now. In 6 months' time the Supreme Court ruled that the Milk Control Board</p>			

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	<p>was unconstitutional. So who won? The people, How did the people win? A sucker would spend \$18,000 of his money to do what? To do something for the taxpayers of Georgia. Not one soul gave me a dime. Nobody in Georgia gave me a dime. I was on television 21 times.</p> <p>S During your administration did the big 285, I-75 interchange cane through?</p> <p>G No, in fact, I was against it. I wanted 1-75 to came from Kennesaw between Marietta and the mountain to the west side of Marietta and cross the river where 1=20 and 1-285 are, and then go through West End and across Stewart Avenue, That would have been about one-third of what it cost. The purpose of the present route for 1=75 was politically motivated-moneymaking. Herman Talmadge and them bought 1200 acres up there, Other prominent people were involved, One</p> <p>45</p> <p>speculator was the city attorney at one time until I fired him. This was back in the 1950's. It was wrong because all they were doing was wanting to buy land for \$100 an acre and sell it to you, the taxpayer, for \$20,000 an acre. This is what went on. This is why this country is broke. Somebody said to me, "You're going to tell me you're going to vote against Herman this time?" "Yes." I sure did the last time. I voted against him. It was the only time I ever voted against him.</p> <p>Now Cobb County wasn't growing, Cobb County didn't have no water system. All the water systems came under my term. I started to build a water plant off Windy Hill Road out Rottenwood Creek, and pump the water there up on the top of the hill, and get 6 acres of land, and make me a reservoir like Atlanta to purify the water. I would have</p> <p>a line to come up Roswell Road all the way from old 41. That's where it was coming fram, because they had a 12-inch line out there then, coming fram Atlanta. We tied into the Atlanta 20-inch line out there. When I went into office, we tied into that line to get water because the city didn't have nothing but wells. We bought it from the City of Atlanta, because Bell Bomber plant was closed and that line was built by the government during World War II to furnish water to the Bell Bomber plant. That line had been stagnated--hadn't been used. I went to the city council of Atlanta to make a deal with them to tie into their line and buy water from them for 15 cents a thousand. We bought it into the city with a pump and pumped it in that tank up there (the old Smyrna tank, downtown), So that's how we got water. Then when I started to build my own water system the county got into it, and Marietta got</p>			

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	<p>into it. Do you know who started the South Cobb hospital?</p> <p>G Me! I started it here in Smyrna, I appointed a fellow named Bill Miles as chairman of this committee. I appointed doctors, educators, businessmen, bankers, and lawyers to came up with an idea to build a Smyrna, Hill-Burton hospital. They got it completed. It took about a year to do all of this, but they got it all completed. Everything was set, all the papers approved. The land location was approved, everything. So here canes the HilloBurton man, which is a federal man. The Kennestone Hospital is a Hill-Burton hospital. It was built under the Bill-Burton. The federal government puts up a third, the state puts up a third, and the city puts up a third. Marietta put up a third. Sam Welsh was mayor the same time I was mayor here. Now that was fine back then, but 10 years later we had grown faster than any city in the United States. We grew 826 percent in 10 years" time, So we had grown big enough in this part of the county. When this thing grew like it did, we needed a hospital. So I said, "Okay, let's get one." They said, "All right."</p> <p>Do you know when the guy came out here, we had the meeting called. We called all those committee members there were 15 on there--and they made their reports. The Hill-Burton man was sitting up at the head table. He said, "Gentlemen, the city has got to put up \$585,000, the state puts up \$585,000, and we put up \$585,000; and soon as you get the money, it's ready." The city clerk was sitting over there. I said, "Make out a check for \$585,000." The Hill-Burton man said,</p> <p>46</p> <p>"No, you've got to raise thatrnoney." I said, "We've got it." And brother, you think the chitlings didn't hit the fan? It hit the fan! That bunch in Marietta at Kennestone, they're fighting right now. They're trying to keep a hospital from being built now in North Cobb.</p> <p>They got that guy to go back and turn us down on the location after it had been approved. Now that's politics. And that's how the Cobb General Hospital got started. They took the same plans and built it. Now the water system started the same way. I started this thing over here. I went down to Jackson and got the plans. The mayor down there was a good friend of mine. Being a railroad man, I went right through Jackson. He knew of me. I paid \$25 for a reprint of the blueprints.</p> <p>In the council meeting the next day, I said, "Gentlemen, here's the water system, and here's what it's going to cost us." They looked at that thing and said, "That's good." So this is how the water system on Lower Roswell Road started. You had to have 3 signatures. The</p>			

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	New City Hall; That you would get that machinery back; That the lift & talon wh:ch used to si'; at Cheney Hills would be moved. You got them, and the pictures aro here to show ono th:ni - Hoot Gibson Keeps His Promises.			
A 2009.27.4 Electronic Image	<p>Transcript of oral history of Claude Chandler by Tom Scott, 1980</p> <p>INTERVIEW WITH CLAUDE EDWIN CHANDLER CONDUCTED BY THOMAS A. SCOTT for the KENNESAW COLLEGE ORAL HISTORY PROJECT Thursday, March 20, 1980 and Friday, September 5, 1980</p> <p>TABLE OF CONTENTS I. EARLY YEARS IN COBB COUNTY 1 A. Born on Kemp Road 1 B. Death of Claude's Father 1 C. How His Mother Made a Living 2 D. His Mother's Remarriage and the Family's Move to Cherokee County 2 II. FARM LIFE AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY 3 A. Raising and Grinding Wheat 3 B. Making Sorghum 3 C. Corn Shucking 3 D. Thrashing Wheat 3 E. Varieties of Fruit in the Orchard 4 F. Chestnuts and Chinquapins 4 G. How Mountaineers Pronounced "Onion" 4 H. Rural Kitchens 4 I. Making Soap 5 J. Making Clothes 5 K. Celebrating Christmas 5 III. SCHOOLING 5 A. P. D. Whelan 5 B. Difference Between Rocky Mountain School Now and Then 6 C. Distance to School 6 D. Books 6 E. Memories of the Family Buggy and Falling in a Ditch While</p>			Third Floor Storage

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	<p>Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with Claude Edwin Chandler Conducted by Thomas A. Scott Thursday, March 20, 1980 and Friday, September 5, 1980 Mr. Chandler was born in Cobb County and has spent most of his 97 years in Cherokee County. He grew up on a farm. He has taught school, run a business, helped found the Bank of Woodstock, served as the Woodstock mayor and the Cherokee County tax assessor, and held various other positions during his career. S = Scott C = Chandler S Mr. Chandler, why don't you tell us where you were born? C Well, it was in Cobb County about a half mile over the line from Cherokee. The house is still standing, and it looks just as good today as it did when we left there. S What road was it on? C They call it the Kemp Road now. It didn't have a name back then. It was sometimes called Settler Road, but I think they call it the Kemp Road now. My father died one month to the day before I was 4 years old. He went to a doctor in Atlanta. He had what they called Bright's disease back then. I don't know what they call it now. But anyhow we went down to Atlanta. He carried Mother. I had just one brother, and Mother and Father carried us down there. I had an uncle in Atlanta who was a policeman there for years.. We spent the night at his house. Father went to the doctor, and we spent the night at Uncle Ed's. Well, the next morning, Inard, the son of Uncle Ed, my cousin,, and I went out the backdoor; and he said, "Your father died last night." We went home by railroad. I don't know if it was the next day or then, but I think it was the next day. What they called a hook and eye ran up here from Marietta. I don't know if you know, down here at 5 and 12 is called Bullock's Barn. He was a governor at Reconstruction. S Right, Rufus Bullock. C He built an immense barn there, and the train would stop there and on down just below Jamerson Road on the left. The Hoys lived in the house nearly in front of that little fruit stand where the train would stop. It stopped at Shallowford Road if anybody was there. It stopped at</p>			

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	<p>Blackwell, and then on to Oakhurst, and then to Marietta. Well, how Mother got word up here I don't know, because back then there wasn't any telephone. Somebody must've come up; because when we came up, we were met at Shallowford crossing. There weren't many buggies at that time, but we were fortunate enough to have one. Somebody had a buggy there to carry Mother, Brother Walter, and me to the cemetery. But you know that is all I remember. I know there was a crowd there and a</p> <p>2</p> <p>wagon, but I don't remember a thing that happened at the cemetery. When they were ready to put him away, that's funny, but I really don't remember anything about the funeral service at all.</p> <p>S What year were you born?</p> <p>C In 1883. Father was just in his early 30's when he passed away.</p> <p>S What did your mother do after your father died?</p> <p>C Mother taught school over at what they called Oakland. I believe it's where Blackwell and they called it Ebenezer Road go towards Sandy Plains.</p> <p>I don't know how many years she taught. I know we went to Marietta once. I don't know if we went every week or not, but she'd take butter and eggs. In the spring she'd take chickens and butter. I tell you, it shows you the difference in children. Today they go to the store and spend a dollar or two and not say anything about it. But if I got a nickel's worth of peppermint stick candy and a pack of chewing gum, I was doing fine. But we raised everything at home. We had an 80 acre farm. Back then they had tenants. They rented crops on the shares. In other words they were furnished the house and the stock and everything to work with. They got half the crop, and the owner got the other half.</p> <p>S That gave your mother some income.</p> <p>C Oh, yes. She got half of what they made. That made an income.</p> <p>S What was your mother's name?</p> <p>C Amanda McCleskey. Her mother died when she was just 2 or 3 months old, and her Grandmother and Grandfather Reed raised her. Over there where Kemp Road goes down in Trickum Road, there's a big lake. It was just a pond back then. They raised her there. Now Grandpa Reed, like most</p>			

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	<p>of the immigrants that settled in Georgia, first went to Virginia, then to South Carolina, and then over to Georgia. You know back then the early settlers would hunt a place where there was a spring to settle.</p> <p>They couldn't dig a well without anyone to help them. They built on the knoll above the spring where they could go and get water. A lot of them would build a little springhouse over that where they could cool the milk in the summer. Well, my mother didn't stay a widow long. I was 11 years old when she married again, and we moved to Cherokee about 2 miles east of here on Arnold. I don't know whether you're familiar with the road. Arnold goes out east a while, then turns to the left and goes up southeast.</p> <p>S So then you moved to Cherokee County.</p> <p>C We moved up here. I was 11 years old. We moved in January, 1894.</p> <p>S What was the name of the man she married?</p> <p>3</p> <p>C J. W. Edwards, John W. Edwards. He was a Civil War veteran. He lost an arm. By the way my Grandfather Chandler was a veteran in the Civil War. I never did ask my uncle whether he was killed or whether he died with a disease, but I imagine he was killed. I was in Charleston, South Carolina, a number of years ago; and I went to the Confederate Cemetery. His grave is just a few graves from Wade Hampton's monument.</p> <p>S That's interesting. I know they grew a lot of corn and a lot of cotton around here. Did they grow anything else?</p> <p>C Nearly all back then raised their own wheat, and they would raise sorghum cane. You'd carry your corn to a mill to have it ground for your meal, and we had to drive to Roswell to grind our wheat into flour.</p> <p>We'd grind enough so that we wouldn't have to go but once during the season.</p> <p>S What did they get the sorghum from?</p> <p>C There were sorghum makers. They had a mill, and it had a beam to it and rollers. They'd hitch a mule to that, and it would go around and around. You'd feed that sorghum in there and get the juice out. Then you'd carry that to the man that made sorghum. He had a vat</p>			

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	<p>built on a furnace. We would raise enough so that we'd have our own syrup at home. Old fashioned sorghum was mighty good.</p> <p>S What was a corn shucking?</p> <p>C We'd gather corn, pile it up in the yard next to the barn, and then invite our neighbors to come in for a corn shucking. It was harder on the women than it was on the men because the women had to give their guests supper. They would go to shucking corn late in the evening; and when supertime came, Mother would have a good dinner for them. Back then most folks would take a drink of toddy. We put a jug of whiskey on the ground under that pile of corn; and when they got nearly through shucking, they could take a drink. Nobody got drunk. They would just take a drink. Then they'd put the corn in the crib and put the shucks up in the barn before they left there. Nearly everybody would come. Different neighbors would all have corn shuckings. It would take one man a long time to get the corn shucked and ready to use.</p> <p>S How did you thrash wheat?</p> <p>C When we gathered the wheat, we'd bring it up and stack it and put a cloth over the top to keep it from getting wet. There was a Mr. Forrester who had a thrashing crew. He'd come and thrash that wheat. We'd sack it and put it in the barn. Then when we wanted to grind it, we'd take it to a mill and have it ground into flour. Now we always fed the folks who shucked corn, but the thrashers were just at your house a short time. We never did have to feed the thrashers.</p> <p>S Did you have a variety of things to eat when you were growing up?</p> <p>4</p> <p>C We never lacked for anything much taking care of us when we were little. We had an orchard. We had 2 kinds of grapes. What they called Concord was a colored and Elizabeth was a white grape. We had Shockley apples, Yate apples, and a horse apple. We had a good orchard. We had 2 kinds of cherries. We had a May and June cherry. We had a fig tree. You don't see any figs anymore. We also had Quincies. You don't see any</p>			

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	<p>more Quincy trees. We had peaches, pears, and raspberries. Mother also had sage and horseradish.</p> <p>S Did you have chestnuts?</p> <p>C Up in the mountains they raised a lot of chestnuts, and those mountaineers would take a wagonload of shelled chestnuts to Atlanta. They would sell that load to the merchants in the town there. Now there's not a chestnut tree that's living. By the way over at my school</p> <p>at Rocky Mount those woods surrounding there were full of chinquapin trees, and I don't think there is a one there now. I think they're gone like the chestnuts.</p> <p>S A chinquapin tree is a very tiny chestnut, about 8 to 10 feet tall.</p> <p>C They didn't grow up like a chestnut tree. They were just a bush. There</p> <p>was one on our farm, but it died.</p> <p>S Didn't the mountaineers have an unusual pronunciation for the word</p> <p>"onion?"</p> <p>C "Ang'-erns." A lot of folks called them "angerns." There were 2 old</p> <p>farmers from up above here who carried a load of vegetables, going house</p> <p>to house. A lady came out and got some stuff and said, "Do you have any onions (un'-yens)?" They said, "No, mam. We don't." Well, they</p> <p>drove on a little piece; and one of the men said to the other one, "Say, you know, I bet that woman meant angerns."</p> <p>That's good. Could you say something about the kitchen when you were growing up?</p> <p>C Back then most kitchens were built about 20 feet from the big house.</p> <p>They don't do it anymore, and most of them are gone. We had a woodbox at the fireplace. When I was big enough, I had to fill it up with wood. I kept that filled up and kept a fire. The kitchen had a woodbox for the stove in there, and I remember I cut kindling and brought the wood in. Walter would help me. Now they have basements, but we had cellars</p> <p>back then. Mother would have a barrel of apples in the cellar, and they'd keep all winter.</p> <p>S Was it a dirt cellar?</p> <p>C Dirt cellar. Oh, yes! It was just dug out. It wasn't walled in.</p> <p>S What other chores did you have to do besides bringing in kindling?</p> <p>C Well, I milked the cow, fed the stock, and kept the kindling and</p>			

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	<p>wood</p> <p>cut. Now we had awfully good neighbors. I had a cousin that lived about a mile and a half away, and we would bring a bunch in the fall and cut wood enough to do Mother during the winter. But I'd have to fix the kindling and cut the stove wood, and back then they made soap at home. They had an ash hopper, and they'd take the ashes and fill that to make soap. It had a little trough under it. They poured water in that. A. bucket caught the water from the ashes to make lye. Of course, they kept all of the old meat scraps; and they put that for the grease in there, boiled that, and made soap. That was the kind of</p> <p>soap we had.</p> <p>S Was it harsh on your hands? Was it very rough soap?</p> <p>C No, it didn't seem to me. It was all right. It didn't have anything in it to make it rough. It just had the lye and enough grease to make it firm.</p> <p>S Did your mother make your clothes?</p> <p>C She did our own socks. She made our own little pants. She made all we</p> <p>wore. She had a sewing machine and made our own clothes. Of course, she had to buy the cloth. A. lot of folks had looms and made their</p> <p>own cloth. A lady who lived pretty close to the school had a loom I've</p> <p>seen her making cloth on. My mother had a spinning wheel. She would make her own thread.</p> <p>S Did you have a big celebration at Christmas time?</p> <p>C Back then we had wood fires and a mantel piece, and most folks had one</p> <p>of these little glass lamps that burned kerosene. We happened to have a glass lamp with a chimney to it. I'd hang my stocking on one</p> <p>corner of the mantel and my brother on the other corner Christmas night. If we got a couple of oranges, a little stick candy, a little raisins, and a little chewing gum, we thought we had a big Santa Claus.</p> <p>S That was big back then. I guess that was about all anybody was getting.</p> <p>C That's right.</p> <p>S When did you start to school?</p> <p>C Now back then folks made a crop. Well, they just had school after you</p> <p>laid crops by, usually in July or August, till the crops got ready to gather. It didn't last but 21 or 3 months. I lacked a few months being 6 years old before school was out that first term. I went to P.</p>			

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	<p>D. Whelan. I don't know whether you've heard of him or not.</p> <p>S I have. He was very famous.</p> <p>C I've understood that there was a street in New York named for P.D.</p> <p>I think he was a stowaway from England over here. He got on a ship, and it was way out before they found him. He landed in New York, and</p> <p>6</p> <p>finally landed down here in Georgia. He was my first teacher. As well as I can remember it was about a 20 by 30 feet board schoolhouse. You know, just plain. Have you been to the new school over at Rocky Mount?</p> <p>S No, I haven't seen the school.</p> <p>C Well, it's built almost in a stone's throw of where I went to school.</p> <p>There is a Mr. Moseley who lived down there, and this old schoolhouse stood just about the edge of his front yard. They invited me down to</p> <p>the first Rocky Mountain Parent-Teacher meeting. It's still Rocky Mountain school. I considered it an honor to be down there where I went to school 91 years ago. I've got a great-grandson going to the same school. But there is quite a difference in the school now than the one I went to. We toted water from the spring. We had one water</p> <p>bucket. We all drank out of the same dipper. It must have not been too unsanitary. I'm still living. I walked to school, carried a little tin pail with my dinner in it, and hung it up. Now all my great-grandson has got to do is go up to the road and meet a bus.</p> <p>He rides</p> <p>to school and gets a hot lunch for dinner. I walked and had a cold one for mine.</p> <p>S How far was the school away?</p> <p>C I walked about 2 or 21 miles. I cut through the woods and field and</p> <p>only passed 2 houses going to school. There was a Mr. Jack Reeves who had a home, and he built another house a tenant lived in. I went down Trickum Road, and these 2 houses were the first I saw. I went up</p> <p>Trickum Road to the branch. I turned left there, and it's not over a quarter from Trickum Road to that road you take there on the left when you leave Trickum Road. I believe they call it Steinhauer Road</p> <p>now. Rocky Mount is west of the Kemp Cemetery, and Steinhauer Road is east of that. Rocky Mount is halfway between Trickum</p>			

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	<p>and the Steinhauer Road.</p> <p>S Did you have to buy your own books?</p> <p>C We had to buy our own books. There weren't many. Webster's Blue Back</p> <p>Spelling Books, McGuffey's Readers. They haven't made a better arithmetic than Sanford's Arithmetic. There were little things I remember about P. D. There weren't over 25 or 30 in school because houses were far apart. You know Trickum Road? Well, after you left Trickum Road coming down from Cherokee, you came to a house where the Hames lived. The next was the Hardemans. You came plum on from the Hardemans down to Rubes Creek. There are only 2 houses on that road.</p> <p>After you crossed Rubes Creek you came to my grandfather's house--Grandfather Reed's house. It was on the right. Then next on the left there was an old couple, Uncle Hiram and. Betsy Wolford. I remember he was palsied. When he would drink coffee, he had to take both hands to</p> <p>get it up. Mother and I and Brother used to go there visiting. It wasn't but a mile. It's funny how you remember things when you are little. They stick to your mind better than things that happened last</p> <p>week. Aunt Betsy and Mother were talking, and she looked down the</p> <p>7</p> <p>road. I remember exactly what she said. She said, "Lord, Mandy, look</p> <p>down the road. Look what a pretty critter in a vehicle is coming up the road." It was a horse and buggy; and back then, as I say, there were very few that owned buggies. Most of the vehicles were wagons. But we were fortunate enough to have a buggy. It was made in Marietta</p> <p>by Gramling. I don't know whether any of his folks in Cobb County remember or not, but I remember. It was built high--just a single seat. I remember my cousin, my uncle's boy, had come up one summer. He stayed with us a while, and he had met a girl. My stepfather let him have a buggy and a horse to go and take her to ride. Well, I was</p> <p>going to school over here. We would write compositions back there, so many a week, and read them Friday evening at the end of school. Well, this girl he went with had a composition. In her composition she told about going to ride with a young man in a buggy so hard that</p> <p>her head flapped. It made me so mad. I kept that buggy for a long time over at the farm. I wish we had hung it up and saved it. They</p>			

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	<p>could have put it up in the shelter where they kept the wagons. Later on we had a surrey, one of these with a top and open sides. Well, little things you remember. We kept a cow. I believe I told you that I did the milking. The pasture was a good little ways, and we took the cow to the pasture. One evening we went down and the cow wasn't there. I had been sick, but we looked for the cow. There was a big ditch that washed out down there. I leaned over. It was deep enough to see if the cow had fallen in there. Well, you know, I got overbalanced. I said I had been sick, and I fell on my head in that ditch. It must've knocked me senseless for a little bit because when I came to and got up, my brother was 100 yards up the hill. He was going to the house to tell Mother. That's maybe why I've got no sense today.</p> <p>S Did you find the cow? C Finally she came up. S How long was the school day? C I think about 8 hours. S Were all the grades in the same room? There was no partition. We had blackboards, slates, and pencils. How did Mr. Whalen handle all the classes in the same room? C There was plenty of room. There were just benches and a little desk--a little place to keep your books. But they were there from 6 to 20 years old. S Did he teach the same lessons to everybody? C He did the spelling lessons I know. I remember this. There was just one door, and it was on the east. P. D. had a chair. For heat we had a Franklin stove. I don't know whether you've seen one or not. It's a long stove. It's not a round stove; it's long. It burned 21 foot</p> <p>9 C I made a date with a young lady that was visiting my Uncle Sam McCleskey down in Cobb County about 5 miles from my home up here. I rode down in a horse and buggy. I had a new Barnesville buggy. I hitched the horse to the fence in front of the house. I went in to see her and stayed pretty late. When I went out to go home, the horse and buggy were gone. I borrowed a mule from my Uncle Sam McCloskey, but he</p>			

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	<p>didn't have a saddle. So I got on the mule and rode up to the next house</p> <p>which was on the way home to see if he had a saddle. He did, and he loaned me the saddle to ride home. I got home as quick as I could. My horse had come up Trickum Road, and he knew where to make a left</p> <p>turn. A few hundred yards up that road he had to make another turn on a road to the right. Then quite a little distance down he had to take</p> <p>another turn to the right. Then he hit the road that went right in front of the house. Then he turned in. When I got home, he was standing at the watering trough. My buggy hadn't been hit by anything.</p> <p>Now what about a horse trying to do it now with so many automobiles?</p> <p>S I don't think he could do it anymore.</p> <p>C He couldn't do it.</p> <p>S Did you call that a Barnesville buggy?</p> <p>C That's right. It was made in Barnesville, Georgia.</p> <p>S How far did you go with your education?</p> <p>C I went to Reinhardt. It was just a junior college. I was in one play</p> <p>up there. I was an Irishman. I had on a red wig, I reckon. It was a wig of some kind. That was at the end of commencement. Well, it was hot. It was in the summer. You know what? I pulled off my wig to cool. I had to go back and say something else, and I went without my wig. But they say it didn't make any difference. I remember that.</p> <p>S Where did you live when you attended Reinhardt?</p> <p>C I boarded at a place where there were 4 of us boys and 3 girls. There</p> <p>isn't much to tell about it. Dr. Rogers was the President of the college</p> <p>then. His daughter Lois was an English teacher. They had smallpox up there. I never did take that. But there were 2 girls who boarded at the same place that I did, and they took it home and gave it to their father. I stopped there as I came home one time; and the father said, "If I had 100 children, I'd never send another one back to Reinhardt." I had mumps while I was up there, and I came home.</p> <p>I</p> <p>just didn't go back. I know there was a young lady. I remember her name--Mamie Peebles. She wrote down there wanting me to come. After you were at Reinhardt, is that when you taught for a year?</p> <p>Where was the school where you taught?</p>			

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	<p>10</p> <p>S Was that a public or private school?</p> <p>C That was just a one-room school, but the masons had a room upstairs.</p> <p>It was 2 stories, but yet it was just a one-room school downstairs. I just taught there for one year. They wanted me to come back, but I just didn't like teaching school. So I decided to go into business. Do you know where the library up here is? Well, that store next to it is where I went into business. That was in the family; it is still in the family. So I started a little business here, and I ran that for about 20 years. Then I sold out.</p> <p>S What kind of business was it?</p> <p>C It was a grocery, and I had a few dry goods and shoes. We moved here in 1906 from the farm . You don't know the streets here. It was called Elm Street. You pass Priest, the furniture store, and go out by some big poplars and elms. That's where Mother and Brother died out there.</p> <p>S The house was on Elm Street?</p> <p>C Elm Street. There were just 3 houses on it at that time. There was a little house just back of Priest Furniture on Elm and then our house. Dr. Tom Vasant had built this side, and then this two-story house was ours.</p> <p>S Could you tell me a little more about your business?</p> <p>C I ran it for 20 years. Then I sold it to Albert Hendon. My brother farmed. I helped him out there 1 year. Anyhow I went back in business next to the old bank building. I had a general merchandise business there and sold to these tenants. We began selling in March, and they'd buy stuff to live on. You wouldn't expect any money until the cotton came in. During World War I cotton went up to 140 cents a pound. Well, after the war it went down to a dime. These folks had traded with us that year. They brought what they made in and put it on their debt. When they turned everything they had over to us, most of them considered that debt settled.</p> <p>S That year I guess it wasn't though.</p> <p>C I didn't know but about 2 that carried their bill somewhere else. Most of them were honest. They brought what they made, but they considered the debt settled. A few, 2 or 3, gave notice. Anyhow I got out.</p> <p>S Could you say a little bit about taking cotton to the cotton gin?</p> <p>C We'd pick our cotton; and when it got enough to make a bale, we'd take</p>			

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	<p>it to the gin. They'd gin it and put it in a bale. Then when they got ready to sell it, they'd put it on a wagon and bring it to market. Woodstock in the fall of the year was filled with wagons loaded with cotton that folks were bringing to sell.</p> <p>11</p> <p>S Who graded it?</p> <p>C They'd put it up. There were 2 who bought cotton. They would get both to bid on it. One would make a bid, and they would go to the other and see if he would raise it. The one that bid the higher got the cotton.</p> <p>S At the cotton gin did they grade the quality of the cotton?</p> <p>" No. When you sold it, the buyer would cut that and take a sample out, look at it, grade it, and tell you how he graded it. Some would be a little dirty. It wouldn't be as nice and clean as the other. The merchants bought it and put it in the warehouse. Then when they got enough to make a car load, the cotton buyer would come and look at it, make a bid on it, and sell it. They'd load it in the car there for him and ship it where he wanted it.</p> <p>S Did they weigh it at the gin? Once they had put it in bales did they weigh the bales?</p> <p>" We weighed it when we bought it. They didn't weigh it at the gin.</p> <p>We had a scale in the warehouse that would be used when someone brought it up there.</p> <p>S What was the average weight of a bale?</p> <p>C Around 500 pounds--450, 475, or 500 pounds.</p> <p>S After you gave up your business what did you do?</p> <p>I got a job with the Life of Georgia and worked for them for a number of years. I reported to Chattanooga and worked there for several years. One morning I got a phone call from the president. He wanted to know if I'd take charge at Knoxville. I told him I would. Well, he said, "Report there Monday morning." I was the manager there for a number of years. Then I retired, built this home, and came back in 1945. That was after the war and it was harder then to get things. I didn't build here until 1946. I know I had to go to Chattanooga, to get some pipe to run from the house to take the water.</p> <p>S Did you build the house yourself?</p> <p>C No, it was built by a contractor. There is one thing I meant to tell you that happened when I was a child. I told you I had just one</p>			

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	<p>brother. Well, we had a neighbor lady, and 2 or 3 of her children came to see us one Sunday evening. We were playing down in front of the house, and we got thirsty. We came up to get some water. The man that lived on the place had cleaned out the well the day before. Back then they built old curbs to cover the wells. They built the curb kind of sloped, and it had a top that wasn't near as big. He had just put the top on and didn't nail it back. Well, I could turn the bucket over to get water and the others could; but poor Walter had to get up there. When he got up there, that thing slipped. He went down in that well, bucket, curb, and all, 60 feet deep. The Lord must have</p> <p>12</p> <p>provided because we were sparsely settled, but a man happened to come along in 10 minutes of that time. If he hadn't come along, I don't know what we'd have done. I don't know if it was that long or not, but he went down. I remember he had one little skinned place on a rib that was the only place he was hurt. I don't know; when that curb hit the water, it must've dug into the bank; and he had a place to sit on. Oscar Cross was the man that came by and went down and got him out. He told Walter, "I'll tie you where you won't fall." Walter said, "You don't have to tie me. I can hold to the rope." Well, he didn't. He brought him out. But that was a miracle that that man came along just at the time. I couldn't have been over 8 or 9, and Walter was 2 years younger. Just to shpw the difference, Walter could do nearly anything. He could do electrical work. He helped me in so many ways. He was here when this house was wired. He saw that there were enough outlets. There are several outlets in the living room, one in the dining room over to the right, and one to the left. Then in the kitchen you saw the safe back there where you turned the light on. Then there is one over there at the stove. And you can turn the bedroom light on as you go in one door and turn it off as you go out the other. I hadn't even thought about it. I have one light upstairs. So if you had to go, you would have a light in the attic and one at the door. You see that's a double socket there like the one outside.</p> <p>S What was a wagon yard?</p> <p>C Back in the late 19th century, when folks carried a load of vegetables or something to Atlanta, they went to a wagon yard. There weren't any automobiles back then, but they had a wagon yard. You could park your wagon and your mule, and they had troughs where you could water your stock or a place to feed it and spend the night. I was just</p>			

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	<p>about in my teens when they had an exposition in Atlanta, and President Cleveland was to be there. So my stepfather wanted to go and take me down there. So we went down. He was President; and he was in a parade; and we saw him.</p> <p>S The exposition of 1895 was a pretty big exposition wasn't it?</p> <p>C Yes, it was a big exposition. They had a good showing.</p> <p>S I understand that you also saw Franklin Roosevelt once.</p> <p>C When I was in Knoxville as manager for Life of Georgia, Mr. Roosevelt came down. He wanted to go to the Smoky Mountains. There was a bunch with him. He went down the street there. I got in an upstairs building where I could see him go by. I didn't go over to the meeting in the Smoky Mountains. That's the only 2 Presidents I've ever seen.</p> <p>S Were there many churches in this area when you were growing up?</p> <p>C No, way back then churches were far apart. My mother was a member of Sandy Plains Church before she came up here, while she lived in Cobb.</p> <p>We had some tenants on the place, a Mr. and Mrs. Newton. I don't know if</p> <p>13</p> <p>you've ever heard of a Mt. Beulah Church. Anyhow Mother would go in a one-horse wagon to take them to church. That's the reason they used to have camp meetings. They had a camp ground at Little River. Woodstock had a Methodist and a Baptist church. Bascomb was there. But anyhow I remember going to Mt. Beulah, and the preacher there would have a pitcher of water on the pulpit and would have to wet his throat every now and then. It would get dry. Mother was a Baptist. She was a member of Sandy Plains Church; then she joined Woodstock Baptist Church.</p> <p>But I never joined a church. I was converted at Sandy Plains when I couldn't have been 10 years, just before we came up here. Well, I just didn't go up that night. We moved, and I just never did go. But I carried my wife to church just as regularly, and I've supported the church. I know I have tried to live right. I've tried to wrong nobody. I've tried to treat everybody right.</p>			

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	<p>S Were there many doctors available when you were growing up?</p> <p>C Back when we came up here there was a Dr. Roberts who lived on a farm adjoining ours, and there was a Dr. Will Dean here in town. His father was a preacher. Dr. Will Dean and Dr. Roberts were the only 2 doctors in this settlement. Later on a Dr. Freeman came up here and stayed a while. He started a little drugstore up here next door to where I went in business in the old bank building the second door down from where the library is now. Dr. Freeman stayed here 2 or 3 years, and he left for some reason. Then Dr. Vansant came here, and he practiced medicine here until he died. Thomas J. Vansant. You would get sick and call, and he'd come to your home night or day. He'd hitch up his horse and come to see you. Now you can't get a doctor to come to your house. You've got to go to them or get an ambulance to go. But he was a good man. My brother got sick, and Dr. Vansant waited on him. He had to have an operation, and that Dr. Vansant carried him to Atlanta himself and put him in the hospital. Who would do it now? Nobody.</p> <p>S Nobody that I know of.</p> <p>C Nobody, but anyhow he went to see him while he was down there. Then my mother was fixing to retire one night over at the old home. Going around the bed she fell and broke her hip. She lay in the bed and didn't say anything until the next morning. We called Dr. Vansant out here, and we carried her to Marietta. There was a Dr. Gober, the same name as my wife's father's was. He didn't operate himself. He got a doctor from Atlanta. I can't remember his name, but anyhow they went there and set her hip. She had to lay in the hospital there for a couple of weeks, I guess. She finally came home. We brought a nurse to stay with her. Brother had a cook for Mother and him. I know it was Thanksgiving. She died just a few days after Thanksgiving Day. She was in her 93rd year when she passed away.</p> <p>S Have people changed in the last 80 years or so?</p> <p>Haven't they though?</p> <p>S What are some of the ways in which they've changed?</p> <p>C When I was a boy and a man was making a crop himself, and he got sick and couldn't work that crop, the neighbors would come in and</p>			

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	<p>plow it, hoe it, and fix it for him. Who would do it now?</p> <p>S Probably nobody.</p> <p>C But they would bring their plow and work it for him. They don't do it now.</p> <p>S Why do you think people were more willing to help their neighbors?</p> <p>C That's a hard question to answer. They weren't so thickly settled, and they knew each other personally. It made a difference. Now you take folks that live 200 yards from me down there. I never see them and don't know anything about them. But folks have been mighty good to me.</p> <p>I know there were 3 different church groups that came and sang last Christmas. I know there was one bunch from Little River. I had them form a circle around me like P. D. made us. I certainly enjoyed it. It was cold, but I had plenty of room for them all to come in. I wish you could have seen what different churches sent me in the way of food, fruit, and stuff like that. They've been mighty good to me--mighty good.</p> <p>S Let's change to a little different topic. Weren't you the tax assessor for a while?</p> <p>C I served as tax assessor for several years.</p> <p>S Could you talk a little bit about how you went about assessing people's property?</p> <p>C Well, we just appraised different folk's property, put a price on it, and then the tax collector would take that. Ever what the tax mills were set, he'd collect.</p> <p>S Did you have to travel?</p> <p>No, you just stayed at the office. The names of all the taxpayers were on the digest. We'd take that digest and get the names from that. We assessors would know if there were any additions or buildings made where you'd increase the tax.</p> <p>S Did you take people's word for what their property was worth?</p> <p>C We didn't have the folks to go out and look at it. We just took the names and saw what they gave last year. If there had been any additions, we could find it out and assess them according to the value.</p> <p>S Was your office in the courthouse?</p> <p>C In the courthouse, yes.</p>			

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	<p>S So you had to go to Canton?</p> <p>C Had to go to Canton. My stepfather was tax collector. There were 16 districts in the county. We would go to the nearest one and come back in a day. But these way off, we'd have to spend the night at different folks' houses. I know up at Waleska we stayed with a Mr. Mitchell. I don't remember all. Places like Ballground we'd spend the night. You know, back then not a one would charge a dime for it. With a horse and buggy you couldn't make that trip in a day. They don't do that anymore. You have to go to the courthouse to return your taxes. Back then you went to every district. You would have a certain place. You'd tell them. You let them know what day you would be in a certain place in a certain district, and they could come in and give in the taxes.</p> <p>S So your stepfather was actually collecting the money?</p> <p>C Oh, yes. He was the elected tax collector.</p> <p>S That must have been a little bit dangerous to have all that money.</p> <p>C Well, we'd turn it in to the bank every day.</p> <p>S Did you have some kind of little safe that you kept it in?</p> <p>C Yes, my stepfather had a safe. He did run a store, and he had a safe. It stayed in the store until a few years ago. Somebody came in there and wanted to use that safe for an office. They took it out and hauled it off.</p> <p>S In addition to tax assessor, what offices have you held?</p> <p>C I've been on the grand jury numbers of times. I was foreman one time. I served on the board of tax assessors for several years, and I was mayor of the town one time. The only thing I've got to show for it is a cement bridge on Arnold's Mill Road. You know when you go out of town, you come to a branch with a cement bridge over it? I had that bridge built. Use to when folks came to town, all you saw was buggies and wagons. The horses would drink out of that branch. We had a well up here right in front of the second store from the drugstore. They had a trough there, where you could draw water and water the stock. Well, that bridge will be there.</p> <p>S When were you mayor?</p> <p>C In 1928, the year Highway 5 was paved. There were several oaks right</p>			

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	<p>next to the stores. They had to come down. I know I went up to my store one night and sat there. I just hated to see it, but they came down. I had to have them taken down because if they had stayed there, the leaves would have cluttered up everything. You couldn't have kept things cleaned. But up to that time just a gravel road passed through town here.</p> <p>S How many years were you mayor?</p> <p>16</p> <p>C I was just mayor one term. Back then the depot used to be on the west side of the railroad, and Mr. Johnson ran a store. The railroad track ran across the street to the back of that store. Back then all his stuff was shipped by freight, and he would put it on there and push it. That was before trucks. A little freight would stop here. I know I would have bread shipped from Atlanta. It would come up by the basket. It was a nickel a loaf. Bananas were a nickel apiece, and sardines were a dime. You know what you pay now? Sixty-nine cents. I don't like that Maine sardine. I like that Norway. Folks would come in with wagons full of cotton. They would come in with a little lunch. Someone would take a dime box of sardines. Others would take a little piece of cheese and some crackers and a drink of some kind.</p> <p>S I understand that you helped found the Bank of Woodstock.</p> <p>C The president of the bank now, Smith Johnston, says I'm the only living original stockholder. I was director of the bank for several years.</p> <p>S Do you remember about when it was founded?</p> <p>C It was in 1905.</p> <p>S I understand that you've been a mason for a long time too.</p> <p>C I was a joiner. There used to be a lodge of the Woodmen of the World.</p> <p>I belonged to that. Then the Masonic Blue Lodge. I had to go to the chapter and then to the shrine. Did I say Odd Fellow too?</p> <p>S No, you didn't mention that.</p> <p>C Woodmen of the World, Odd Fellow, the Blue Lodge Masons, the chapter and the shrine.</p> <p>S About how long have you been a shriner?</p> <p>C About 65 years. I was in my late 20's or maybe 30 years old at the time.</p> <p>S Why don't you tell me about being on the governor's staff?</p> <p>C I was on Governor Maddox and Carter's staff. The certificate is hanging on my living room wall for Maddox. I got one for Carter, but I</p>			

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	<p>never did frame that. I was on 2 governor's staff.</p> <p>S that was your official title?</p> <p>C The certificate says, "The Honorable C. E. Chandler, Lieutenant Colonel, Aide-de-Camp, Governor's Staff."</p> <p>S I'm out of questions.</p> <p>C Well, good.</p> <p>S Thank you very much for the interview. It has been most interesting.</p> <p>—</p> <p>FAMILY TREE</p> <p>William Lee Chandler (1st husband)</p> <p>Mary Amanda McCleskey</p> <p>John William Edwards (2nd husband)</p> <p>Claude Edwin Maude Gober Martha Evelyn b. 9/17/83 Married 1921 (Eva) Walter</p> <p>Wylie P. Dobbs, Jr. Laurelle - Lloyd H. Hampton b. 3/29/09 b. 9/3/25</p> <p>I</p> <p>Billy Theron Morrell MarilynAmanda Claire Ralph Lester Granger b. 1/1/34 b. 7/21/35 b. 1/13/41 b. 6/20/39</p> <p>LaurieLyn b. 6/16/66</p> <p>Ralph Lester, Jr. Jonathan David b. 1/31/72 b. 7/12/76</p>			

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	<p>CLAUDE EDWIN CHANDLER</p> <p>OLD HOME PLACE WHERE CHANDLER WAS BORN</p> <p>A wedding present to Chandler's mother from house still stands and is approximately 100 moved to Cherokee County in 1894, the house</p> <p>HOME WHERE CHANDLER'S MOTHER WAS REARED AND MARRIED</p> <p>The home of Chandler's great-grandfather, Joel Reed, the house still stands and is located on Trickum Road in Cobb County. Reed came from South Carolina. His first house was a log cabin built near a spring just below this house.</p> <p>HOMES OF THE JOHN W. EDWARDS FAMILY</p> <p>Top: When Amanda married J. W. Edwards, she moved along with Claude and Walter to this farmhouse in Cherokee County. The baby is Eva. Bottom: After leaving the farm, the family moved during the early 1900's to this house in Woodstock.</p> <p>ROCKY MOUNT SCHOOL</p> <p>When he was 5 years old, Claude Chandler attended school in this building.</p> <p>23</p> <p>T7 :</p> <p>r Tr y</p> <p>t o 4</p> <p>ir k AT</p> <p>,.../, ' .,,,;, .o-,: "st .o,,,</p>			

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A 2009.27.5 Electronic Image	<p>Transcript of oral history of Mary Hood conducted by Tom Scott, 1999</p> <p>KENNESAW STATE UNIVERSITY ORAL HISTORY PROJECT</p> <p>NORTH GEORGIA ORAL HISTORY SERIES</p> <p>NO. 2</p> <p>INTERVIEW WITH MARY HOOD</p> <p>CONDUCTED BY DEDE YOW AND THOMAS A. SCOTT</p> <p>WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SALLIE ELLISON LOY</p> <p>FRIDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER 1999</p> <p>Kennesaw State University Oral History Project</p> <p>North Georgia Oral History Series, No. 2</p> <p>Interview with Mary E. Hood</p> <p>Conducted by Dede Yow and Thomas A. Scott, with the assistance of Sallie Ellison Loy Friday, 24 September 1999 Location: Bentley Rare Book Gallery, Sturgis Library, Kennesaw State University</p> <p>Mary Hood is the author of How Far She Went, a collection of short stories which won the 1984 Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. Her other books include And Venus Is Blue and a novel, Familiar Heat. She wrote "Tropic of Conscience," an historical essay on Northwest Georgia, for The New Georgia Guide.</p> <p>THOMAS SCOTT: Well, Mary, why don't we begin by asking you where you come from, when you were born, and just a few things about your early childhood, if we could. Where you grew up, where you went to school and such as that.</p> <p>MARY HOOD:I was born in Glynn County, Georgia, in Brunswick; and I was born there in September of 1946. I lived there for two years and moved with my family to, I don't know what county it is, is it Bartow where White is?</p> <p>TS: Yes, that's Bartow.</p> <p>MH: I lived in the Methodist parsonage at White. TS: Your father was a Methodist preacher?</p> <p>MH: No, he had just come out of the army. We were looking for a house, and my grandfather was a minister there. We stayed there while they finished building the house we moved into in Douglas County. I lived in Douglas County from the age of two until--maybe it was more than two, slightly more than two--until I was twelve. I went to elementary school in Douglas County. Then I moved to Glynn County again for junior high and my first year of high school. We moved to Worth County for my next year of high school, and I finished high school in Worth County, but I was</p>			Third Floor Storage

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	<p>living in Dougherty County the last year.</p> <p>TS: Were you in Glynn County because of the military or is that where your family is from?</p> <p>MH: No one that I knew, that I was related to, lived in Glynn County. My mother was teaching there during the War, and</p> <p>1</p> <p>my father was a soldier there. She's from Cherokee County, Georgia, and he's from Manhattan.</p> <p>TS: Manhattan? [laughter] And so it must have been your mother's father that was the minister.</p> <p>MH: Yes.</p> <p>TS: What was his name?</p> <p>MH: Claude Montgomery Rogers.</p> <p>TS: And White, at that time, must have been a little, country place.</p> <p>MH: It's still a little, country place. [laughter]</p> <p>TS: Well, it's changing now. They've got subdivisions now in White.</p> <p>MH: I know. And astronomy, what do they have there? Don't they have a place on the mountain with, what do you call them?</p> <p>DEDE YOW: Observatories?</p> <p>MH: Observatories. Sonrise, I think it's called. I went there on retreat one year.</p> <p>TS: So you really traveled all over south Georgia and north Georgia while you were growing up. Douglas County to Glynn to Worth and Dougherty. What is the county seat of Worth? I know Dougherty is Albany.</p> <p>MH: The county seat of Worth is Sylvester. TS: Sylvester. Oh yes.</p> <p>MH: Or Sylves'ter, if you're from out of town.</p> <p>TS: Well, the correct way is the way that they pronounce it there. And so, let's see, we got up to junior high school, didn't we. Where did you go to high school?</p> <p>MH: High school was Worth County High School in Sylvester. I moved to Dougherty County that last year of high school, but I just didn't tell anyone.</p> <p>TS: You didn't tell anyone? Oh, so you continued to go to Worth County?</p> <p>MH: Yes.</p> <p>TS: Because you liked it or just where you were familiar with?</p> <p>MH: Well, I don't really know. What I knew is that my mother was teaching there, and it seemed like it would be a lot simpler, not having a car to go the other way to Albany, just to go ahead and finish.</p> <p>TS: Your mother was teaching in Albany?</p>			

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	<p>MH: She was teaching at Sylvester.</p> <p>TS: Oh, she was. But you were living in Albany. MH: Yes. We lived on the fringe.</p> <p>TS: The fringe of Albany?</p> <p>MH: The fringe of Albany. [chuckle] We were living at the end of the runway of the Turner Air Force base, which is the SAC bombers. We could hear the sirens when they mobilized. The neighbors would scramble out and go. We'd hear cars leaving in the night when the husbands got called to fly on the SAC bombers. There were Nike Missile Silos staked out around all of that, and my father worked at the Marine Corps supply center, so it was a major target. So during the Cuban Missile Crisis, there was a lot of activity to say the least.</p> <p>TS: Was he career military?</p> <p>MH: He was not.</p> <p>TS: So, he was a civilian worker.</p> <p>MH: He was civil service, at that point. He had been in the military about as long as he cared to be. He was in before Pearl Harbor, so he was in the army almost five years.</p> <p>TS: What day in September were you born? Are you a Virgo? MH: I was born September 16.</p> <p>TS: I was born on the 17th.</p> <p>MH: Were you?</p> <p>TS: But I'm a big three years older than you are.</p> <p>DY: I'm sorry I missed telling you Happy Birthday, Tom. TS: Oh, that's all right.</p> <p>DY: I'll get you a funny card.</p> <p>TS: Us Virgos are accustomed to being ignored. [laughter]</p> <p>MH: Is it the 17th or the 18th that Samuel Johnson--Samuel Johnson is the 18th, I think. My personality I share with is Lauren Bacall. So, I know there's absolutely nothing to astrology.</p> <p>TS: Is she the 16th of September also?</p> <p>MH: I think so. I always tell you these things, I don't know if it's true or not. Well, I guess I didn't get those genes.</p> <p>TS: Well, I've got a good friend who was born on September 16th named Louis Walker. He's about as out-going and you would never guess that he was a Virgo, I don't believe. So you can't really tell by some things. But, at any rate, you grew up in Worth County, and then did you go on to college from there right away?</p> <p>MH: I moved up to Atlanta, I lived in Clayton County and attended Georgia State, which was a day school, and commuted.</p> <p>TS: Well, let's get a little behind just the biographical things for a minute. All these travelings throughout Georgia and little towns in Georgia, what was it like to be in these communities? Did</p>			

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	<p>Sylvester have any influence on your writing, for instance, or the people that you ran into there? Are they different than in Atlanta?</p> <p>MH: I guess everything is different now from what it was then. Certainly there's always been a Georgia in the north and a Georgia in the south. I believe I understand that better now than at the time that I was living between those two worlds. I know that, because my father was northern or, maybe, because he was just who he was. He had his preference for bread and newspapers and magazines, and he had certain places he would get his rye bread and certain places he could get Swiss cheese back in the '50s.</p> <p>TS: I bet it was hard to find rye bread in the '50s, wasn't it?</p> <p>MH: There was a wonderful bakery in the west end, Paces Bakery; they did the rye bread. So he just found these places; so, I was always aware of city as being something you went toward, because we lived in suburbs in Douglas County--we lived in Lithia Springs. So I knew that you would go toward the city for these sophisticated . . . like cheese with holes in it and brown mustard and things like that, that were just sort of unheard of in the local market. So, I was aware of that sort of difference in what was in Atlanta and what was not. Although I had family living in Atlanta who were country people.</p> <p>TS: Well, that's the real growth of Atlanta in those days, isn't it, a large part of it, is people moving from south Georgia or rural areas? Some went to New York and others went to Atlanta, didn't they?</p> <p>MH: Well, I'm thinking of the people that I knew who were family. I never understand anything; I just kept meeting them. They came on like celestial events. I never kept up with anything. We didn't know my father's family all that well. It was a long way away; and they were enormous events, when they occurred. They were epics when we would see his family. But my mama had--and of course, that means I did--but it always seems like they were hers or his, and it was not polite to compare that there were so many more cousins and aunts and uncles on her side. So, we just kept our eyes down. It was like her family: they're hers, not ours, they're not us. So people kept springing out of corners and edges and various meetings, and the ones in town, I guess, I thought they were quite clever. They rode the trolleys--remember the trolleys with the sparks?</p> <p>TS: Yes. How did your father and mother ever meet?</p> <p>MH: Mama told me before I came over here today that if I told any family secrets to try to make them funny. [laughter] She was a school teacher; and, of course, at that time--I don't know why I say of course--but, at that time, they only hired unmarried women,</p>			

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	<p>young women to be school teachers. Then they housed them all in little groups, teacherages. In Brunswick, at that time, during the War with so many things happening there and the shipyards and things they had, Mama always had rooms. She had her own place. But a lot of those people that worked in the shipyard, they worked. Like, they had the room for half the day; so, they really rolled out of the bed and somebody else . . . it was odd. So things were stressed out, and the teachers were rounded up in six by six trucks and hauled over to the USO to entertain the troops. And my mama was hauled in the truck, and she</p> <p>played bridge and--not well--and she saw Daddy sitting there working a crossword puzzle. She said he was working it in ink, and she looked over his shoulder and he had spelled hieroglyphic. She said, "That was all it took." [laughter]</p> <p>TS: Well, I was thinking, my mother always went to little country schools and didn't ever get beyond high school. She's ninety-one now and doesn't correct my grammar any more; but for years and years she would correct my grammar, even after I had a Ph.D. She didn't like the way I, you know, when I drop my "g's" and things that southerners do. She was always sure to correct me. So I know country schools, very oftentimes, did a good job of teaching the basics of English. I just wonder what your experience was, and when you started becoming a writer or aware that you were interested in writing?</p> <p>MH: Well, my mom was a Latin teacher, and she also taught my eighth grade English class--maybe they didn't need that many Latin classes that year--but she still corrects signs. Today, I mentioned that the house was much easier to vacuum now that the dog wasn't spending so much time indoors. But I missed when he used to sleep by my bed; and I said, "I missed the days he lay by my bed." She said, "Mary, do you mean, lie"? And I said, "No, the first verb was past tense, and I meant lay" But there was a moment there when I was like, "Oh, no!"</p> <p>TS: Is that right?</p> <p>MH: She said, "Oh, I didn't catch that '-ed.'" So, what did I learn in school that made me a writer? Not that much, I think. Didn't have anybody that inspired me to write. My best year was fourth grade. I had a teacher, a dear teacher, who kind of let the good times roll. She taught long division, and we worked on that after lunch. She was a remarkable person. She had her ways and her methods, and generally things were pretty low-key. We learned a lot of poetry by heart; and then there were just hours, it seemed, every day when we could go and get a book down and read. She didn't require form or shape to the class or our results. In that year, I began to just do</p>			

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	<p>what I did anyway in class, which was tune out and write things and--in class--and work and draw pictures and imagine that they were moving. I mean, I made stories about the characters. So, I liked not being required to do anything. I did well in school, but I didn't like school much. I don't really know what to say; when I was in the third grade and I moved from tablet paper to notebook paper, I could not imagine how wonderful it was the way</p> <p>the pen moved across. And I wrote. In the afternoons, I'd run home from school, and I would use up packets of Blue Horse notebook paper and write and write and write of this story, this continuing saga of the West. I was eight years old when I did that. I don't remember how many pages it was, but it was a chunk. It was several packets of Blue Horse paper. I got yelled at, but sneaked it. It made me think of Marina Tsvetaeva, who would steal white paper. She said it gave her a Heilege scheu; it was this holy shiver, this holiness, this blankness. And me, I just loved the way it smelled, I loved the pulp. Probably that because I was brought up in those first two years in Brunswick and the sulphurous air. I have a fondness for paper pulp and a great tolerance for hydro-sulphuric aromas. [chuckle] So,</p> <p>don't know what made me do it, but I had this idea that I would do this thing, and everything I'd ever heard or seen; there was no logic to it.</p> <p>DY: Was it the American West?</p> <p>MH: Oh, yes. We were going to Oregon. It was two brothers, one was good and one was bad. There was redemption at the end, there was disaster, there were snakes and Indians. The Indians were good though, they were righteous. They weren't like standing there offering to trade blankets and stuff, but they were not marauding. But things did happen; people were buried aside, you know, the trail. I mean, when I finally read....</p> <p>DY: Huckleberry Finn?</p> <p>MH: No, what is the one, John Steinbeck, The Grapes of Wrath, and they bury him with the note in the jar. It's just so like, they just pinned it to his chest, and it was like childbirth. They crossed every river I'd ever heard of. And I sometimes think what that wagon route must have been as they got them all.</p> <p>TS: Same thing with John Steinbeck's Route 66; it took them forever to get there.</p> <p>MH: And then the bad brother died, but he got good at the last. And it was just exactly what I write now, exactly. The same, only I don't take that long and I get the rivers right. You know, when you get the disaster or the sudden attacks, the impossible fate looming. So that was already there, that tendency. Mom said--well, she</p>			

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	<p>didn't say it but I found it in a letter she'd written to grandmother--the first thing they ever heard me say that was independent of being urged to speak or anything, I</p> <p>was in the other room and they heard me say, "Gone." I was just a baby in the crib, and I said, "Gone." I don't know if it was a bird--they used to lift me up and show me the woodpeckers--and then it could have been sunlight, it could have been anything. But I had that tendency, that my mood was elegy, sort of regret, even in the crib. Whatever it is, that's--who knows? But that's built in, I guess. Hard-wired.</p> <p>DY: What was it I was thinking about when you were talking about the journey? The journeys that your characters take now are emotional journeys, but the sense of place is so important in your fiction, so much like Eudora Welty, for example. It is the place itself that is sacrosanct in your fiction; and those characters seem to come out of it, to me.</p> <p>MH: Well, I was talking with someone who called me this year and was talking about A Man in Full. He was writing for Atlanta Business Chronicle. I didn't know he was interviewing me. So we were just talking. I hadn't read the book, thank goodness. I didn't have to have an opinion about it, but we were talking about Cherokee County and the forty-story high rise, and how did that strike me. He said, "the half empty high rise." And I said, "Well, it strikes me this way that it is also half full," which was equally ominous in a different way. It was like that many people were willing. And I went on from there; he really hit the button. There it all came out; and he said, "Do you suppose, Mary, this is why you haven't written, because your place is gone?" I thought, "Oh, I surely hope not. I hope that's not the point." But I do have a sense of loss about where I live now.</p> <p>DY: But your people aren't gone.</p> <p>MH: No, but the neighborhood, the kind of neighborhood, is gone. The sense of integrity of the one-party system. [laughter] It was--what was that?--1980 when Reagan--when was it? Because I know I came home from the election....</p> <p>TS: Ronald Reagan was elected in 1980.</p> <p>MH: It was '80. That was when it was over for me. That was when the deep depression started. I'm just not out of it yet. But, I remember holding a deer hunter--he came in from camp--and I held his hand. He said, "Look." I said, "Are you. . . ?", you know, when he signed. But he was just bloody, and he had been butchering deer. He came to vote. He came to vote, and I thought, "Hot dog."</p>			

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	<p>TS: You were working at the poll?</p> <p>MH: Yes. My precinct was everything to me, precinct work. So here he came; and I said, "Well, look at this." And we talked about that and talked about that, and I was so excited. Then, because I couldn't say anything about who votes for what. But, all day long, I'd been hearing from people from Indiana and Pennsylvania and Ohio and New Jersey and upstate New York telling me what was wrong with our state, and it was going to get better. There were 304 in the precinct for the first fifteen years I was out there; and this time there were, I don't know, 800 or 900. They were all from somewhere else. They weren't offspring. There was no connection to anything that I knew, nor did they wish there to be. They all had an opinion, and all of them voted Republican. That was my hospitality, or my point, was to do the Republicans, which had usually been very, very limited--there might have been one or two. And they were known, I mean, we knew who they were, and we could talk about things, and what was happening instead of just what was wrong.</p> <p>DY: Keep an eye on them at least! [laughter]</p> <p>MH: What did I hear last night? There was just a table full of people behind me at the Mexican restaurant. They just went on and on and on about no driver education. "Why," they said, "any chicken farmer in Georgia can get a license." And I thought, "Yeah, and they can tote a gun too. You better watch out fool. They're pretty good shots."</p> <p>TS: Well, how did your deer slayer vote? MH: Republican.</p> <p>TS: Oh, yes? [laughter]</p> <p>MH: Yes.</p> <p>TS: Well, now, how did you get up to Cherokee County? Because you haven't mentioned Cherokee in your story to this point. You lived in White a while, which would be the neighboring county.</p> <p>MH: I went with my family to Douglas County, Lithia Springs to a little house, you know, just a tiny, little Monopoly house, just a little square, asbestos-shingle house, dear little house, in a tiny little town which was on the railroad, the Southern line, morning train and evening train. You could walk to the front street and there was one block. The post office was right there; and the mail</p> <p>came on the train, at that time. We had our geezer bench, and it was wonderful. It was a world, and I didn't realize that the rest of the world didn't necessarily do that. But there was one of everything, and what people did for a living affected what other people did. We were a community in that way. That was the first seven years of school. And then, gosh, what was the question?</p> <p>TS: Well, the question was how you got to Cherokee County? You</p>			

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	<p>were in Atlanta and you're going to Georgia State.</p> <p>MH: Oh, after college, I moved back to Douglasville for about two years. I worked in the library there; and then, well, gee, what did I do? I bought land. I couldn't stand it; it was too close, everything was too close. In the college years, I had lived in a little trailer park on the very south end of the Atlanta airport, right on the Flint River swamp. I had really discovered that was what I wanted to do was live in the swamp. [laughter] And I wanted to be away from people and away from traffic. I just wanted to be out in the swamp, in the woods somehow. So, I heard of land in Cherokee County that was fairly inexpensive, and it was on the lake. That meant that the little bit that I could afford was next to thousands of acres that would never be developed. So, I got land out there and moved and went, and there was no one, and it was wonderful. Not that I hate anyone, but I'm just one of those people that would just as soon be out in the swamp.</p> <p>TS: Is this little Victoria?</p> <p>MH: Yes, the Victoria community. There were neighbors down the hill, but there was no one for almost two miles out to the main road. Bells Ferry had just been paved up from the county line, and I lived on a paved road in front and then a side road that was dirt. We still had dirt and a well and no phone for a while. Then they got us a party line. It was wonderful! It was different, and I was where I wanted to be. Then, of course, I don't mean to be bitter about this, but let's recur to politics. In 1980, when Ronald Reagan was elected, it was a tremendous landslide. In our precinct, there were the same number of people, I guess, that voted not against him. I don't think there was any feeling like that about it, but when I got home that night, I heard that the election had been decided. I thought, "But not in California. No, it's been decided in California." That was the one where they announced it before the polls closed, and they thought it affected . . . well, anyway, I just sat down on the floor and wept. I thought, "This is how Israel felt in Babylon." It wasn't anything evil;</p> <p>I mean, I didn't know what was coming. It was a total certainty that the woods were going to fall, and they did. And what was his Interior Secretary?</p> <p>TS: Watt.</p> <p>MH: Oh, my God, James Watt. He sold off those public lands that I had counted on around me.</p> <p>TS: Oh, he did?</p> <p>MH: Oh, yes. They sold them. Someone said, "It was like trying to balance the budget by selling the buttons off your shirt." They auctioned them off at the dam, and our community tried very hard</p>			

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	<p>to get just the green spaces that were within the community. We were allowed to have the land our fire station was on, the volunteer fire station, and the small community like picnic ground. But everything else was sold out into lots, and then the woods fell. Rome Craft sold theirs off, and it was sold in such enormous lots that it was not like you could buy a little bit or easement. It was in the million dollar range of bidding, and so that sort of finished it off. In the thousand acres around us there were nine hundred houses built in just no time, no time whatsoever.</p> <p>TS: Well, now, of course, Lake Allatoona was only created, I guess, early '50s. So Victoria was this old community that was there before the lake or was this a relatively new place? It must have been about '65, I guess, when you got there, wasn't it?</p> <p>MH: Sixty-nine. What happened, as far as I know with the Victoria community, it took the name for a storekeeper, a store that was from the old times, the turn of the century. The wagon road that went across in the woods there, there was a ruins up there at the first corner. I think it was Henderson, Victoria Henderson was the storekeeper's wife. I've probably got that wrong, but anyway, Victoria was her name, and they called the community after her. But when I moved out there, Little Victoria was simply the cottage area around the lake. So it was already with the reservoir. They settled where the dam was going to be, and they outlined where houses could be, and they had already moved the graveyards and the churches and everything. But, it was late settling or late opening up up there because of the War, which kind of interfered with finishing the dam, as I understand it. I remember seeing when they started it, well, I couldn't have seen when they started the dam; we went up there while they were building it, I remember seeing it.</p> <p>11</p> <p>TS: When you were living in White?</p> <p>MH: Must have. All I remember is just the enormous, what seemed to be the enormous bravery of those people in the little like hoppers and things going out.</p> <p>TS: Yes, you would have been three or four, I guess, when they were building it.</p> <p>MH: I was terrified. I thought that was the most awful work in the world. I can remember before the dam closed, the whatever, the gap, I mean, where they put the dam, I can remember it wasn't there yet when I saw it. Could that be? Could I have that memory?</p> <p>TS: Yes, I think so.</p> <p>MH: I do have that memory.</p> <p>TS: I think it may have been '52 actually before they finished it;</p>			

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somewhere in there, so you would have been six years old by that time.

MH: And I know we used to drive every week; every weekend we'd get in that car and go. We drove all over. Daddy was...it was new to him, living in the South, it was new to him. He marveled in things that Mama didn't see in the same way, but he really loved the South.

TS: But where you live now, I guess, when you moved to Victoria, it was an old community that wasn't on a lake. Then suddenly a lake comes near. Then, if I hear you correctly, Little Victoria is where the newcomers would move in.

MH: We were on the edge of the lake. I'm not on the edge of the lake, I'm on the high side, the unfashionable side of the lake. When the leaves fall off in the winter you can see the water, if you lean way left on the deck. Victoria was, and is still, a community. When it was more isolated, it was more of a community than it is now. What it was before was a very different community, and it was on the wagon road to Acworth and the downhill from where I am. My land is terraced, some of the land is terraced, and I've gathered stones and gathered stones like little potatoes, just gathered horrible-looking field stones out. I can see why it was terraced, so it must have been cotton or corn land. I read somewhere that...I guess it was Glenn Hubbard, who was our church historian. He used to live over there, and he said the devil's apron string broke, and that's where all those stones came from.

DY: Sounds like a Cherokee myth. TS: Yes, sure does.

MH: So anyway, he was from the Othello community which is just through the woods there, and Owl Creek which is just across the road from me. My neighbor has found mule shoes, let's see, did she find an oxen shoe? She found a part, like half of a shoe which we think was an ox shoe and an old lock. I haven't found artifacts from that far back. My artifacts were from the wild years, just after the lake was filling. The farms were condemned, the land was condemned, and buildings had to be taken down; they were removed. Otherwise, things just sort of stood there. I think there was kind of a hold on this during the War. There was some slow time, and those buildings stood there, and it attracted whiskey makers. That's where those car gangs back in the early 160s would boost those '57 Chevy's and roll them up there and strip them and burn what was left. All that stuff was going on. Our trees were burned in the yard, scorched up on the edges. I found a lot of bottles and things in the yard, mayonnaise jars and other jars from, I guess, whiskey making. There were a lot of stills and stuff up in the woods up that way. From what I hear, some very fine whiskey

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	<p>was made up there. I know one of the ones, and he was fabled. I won't mention names but....</p> <p>TS: You know all this simply because you've heard it. MH: Yes. [laughter] You hear almost anything up there.</p> <p>TS: Well, your article in the New Georgia Guide seems to emphasize change probably more than anything else. Change in North Georgia. I gather that you don't really care too much for "progress"; you don't particularly like all this change. Is that fair?</p> <p>MH: As time has passed and I've had time in traffic to steam about it . . . for instance, I live nine miles from Woodstock post office. It used to take me twenty minutes to go mail something. I still live nine miles from Woodstock post office, and now it takes me forty minutes. I'm still as far from a copier or a fax machine; I'm still almost as far from a grocery store as I was, and now I deal with this hair-raising and heartrending traffic and congestion. Just stupid--making things, as I can see it, to no betterment of my own personal life. I really hope for the best for society, that we're all just making a slight edge upward. But I have a tremendous sense that, in general, humanity's ladder is lying on the</p> <p>ground on both ends. It's not leaning up on anything, and we're not getting any higher. We're just going rung to rung, and we're progressing on the ground here. So, I feel that way, and I'm sorry that I seem like a curmudgeon about it. But I look upon these acres and acres and acres of things with these homes which are homes--and I tell myself that--but I see it in some way, because developers from Texas come in with a plat book and an idea. I see this as mortgage farming, and I think it's wicked. I think it's a wicked use of what humanity can be and do. It makes me sad, because I certainly know how community can be, and I believe I know how it ought to be. These things that are happening . . . I don't believe that we can really resolve human issues around soccer fields or, you know, talking to number 37 when you're number 38 when you're waiting to be seated at the Mexican restaurant, waiting for the buzzer to vibrate or whatever it does at the Outback. Milling around in the parking lot is not humane, it's not humane. Since I know a better way, and I believe that better way is still possible, I feel bitter. And I also feel bitter that it was taken from me by people who simply wanted to make money. And I guess I'm bitter because I don't have any money. [laughter]</p> <p>DY: In your story, as I read it at least, it's always people who redeem people. That there's always someone there; I'm thinking about "Moths" and Cheney and the boys, and how they all banned together, and that wonderful scene in the end when the family is there in that headlight of the car. So, there's something there in us,</p>			

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	<p>you know. . . . And Cheney, of course, around him the destruction has occurred and he is a part of it. The only way that he can continue to live is to be, in a sense, the agent of his own destruction. But, I guess, what I was thinking about as you were talking is how is it in your fiction or how do you see in your fiction that people are going to survive spiritually? Cheney, physically too?</p> <p>MH: Well, in the story that I wrote, so far, I didn't set out, as it might seem, to vent my spleen in any particular way. I wrote what was bothering me. At that time, I was reading a great many things, worldwide and from all times, that dealt with the crisis in a person's life. When you finally realize that you may love the land, but you will not be the one that controls or owns it. Those people are in fiction everywhere. I find them in Erskine Caldwell's work; I find them in Sophocles. I find that it got to be sort of an issue with me. I just kept looking. [In] world literature this goes on everywhere. It certainly was in Irish literature. It's in Chekhov. It's in Turgenev, although he's mild about</p> <p>it. He could afford to be, I suppose, because he could walk across those lands in good boots. But there's always going to be that problem of seeing it fall. That was very hard for me, those years when I watched the woods and watched my life change from just being outdoors all the time and there being nothing owned. I mean, having it in common was what it was called--it was common land--but it was really anyone's. I see this now. I don't have the same--I think I'm over all that really. I don't know what my work will be like; I'm writing new stories, and they are stripped of place. They're very, very brief, and they are apartment dwellers and they're....</p> <p>TS: Rootless people?</p> <p>MH: But they have enormous passion for what's happening to them. Yes, they have these...like stages, you know, these little rooms are like stages. They perform their life in these little stages, and so that is the one way I'm solving it. Another way I'm solving place is to just set things somewhere else. But I'd like again to have community. But, I think, maybe I'm not helping anyone unless I imagine . . . as you say, how will people solve it for people now? And how that is, I do not know. I do not understand even when I say I know things about soccer moms. I can think of some stories I can't say, because someone is being stalked. So, I can't even say I know where the stalkee is hiding. But these are soccer people, and I can see how this is. I understand all this. But these are people that were here before; these are the befores. I haven't really gotten into the world of people who come, and that's because I don't cross</p>			

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	<p>paths; I drive through, which is the whole point. How will I ever, how will I ever? How will anyone ever?</p> <p>DY: How will they ever?</p> <p>MH: Because we park--we go somewhere; we park or we drive through; and their cars are parked in their driveway. But you never see them, because they're away working. I mean, it's very odd, because there's no way, I don't know. These are issues I haven't figured out yet. I'm setting my stories at other places, and I don't know how to answer that.</p> <p>TS: Do you like to talk about your stories after you've written one or do you move on and put them behind you?</p> <p>MH: I don't even think about them. When I read them, if I ever read them again, I'm astounded. I don't remember the character's names, and I'm frightened. In "A. Country</p> <p>Girl" I saw, when it finally came out and it was published in the Georgia Review, that it was...I thought my name would seem way too big. It always seems too big, and it just scared me so bad, and I wouldn't read it. And then I got up in the middle of the night, and I crept, and I opened it, and I thought, "Johnny Calhoun? That's a typo; who's Johnny Calhoun? I've never...." And I had written this. I looked later, and I thought, "Oh yeah, Johnny Calhoun." It's like I don't even know these people. I'm not a very good witness to my own work. [laughter] I think I just expect...it's an ADD thing. We're just braced for it to all topple on us at all times. I know that it's much more adult not to deny, of course; the first thing to do is to fling guilt on anyone else. So I just bear it and say, now what about my stories? But no, I don't much talk about them. But I will if you want to.</p> <p>TS: I was just wondering, characters in your stories, are they based on people that you really know and that you run into in Victoria? Like Cheney, for instance, in "Moths," who is out with his chainsaw destroying his environment. Do you really know Cheney?</p> <p>MH: There was a moment in my own life when I had to have trees cut, and that was really hard for me. I hired someone named Robert Lee, well, Bobby Lee Tripp. Bobby came out with his crew, and they started, well, they call it pushing; they just pushed the trees over. Cut and push, you know. And I don't know how many, a hundred and something trees fell, and his crew worked. I had deep anger at them, all of them, for their indifference and their ability to do this. They just rendered the landscape completely. I had, I don't know, bad attitudes toward them. I made remarks about it. But there they were, what could I say? One had on his "Coon hunters do it all night" hat. There was just a moment when I studied these</p>			

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	<p>people--I love to watch people work--and I studied how the men would stand and look at the trees and spit and look at the trees and spit. It was a kind of a manly thing, I guess, to stand and look at the trees and spit, and then they would just topple it. Just topple it, you know. And these were not enormous, fine trees, they were just trees, but it was shelter and cover from all that sky.</p> <p>The young men that worked with that crew were very entry-level into the work force. So they were doing what they were told, and they were working very hard. But I had no sympathy for them or pity much. It was a while before I began to think of them in their own plight, which was</p> <p>16</p> <p>destroying their own world. And when it happened, it was a great revelation, but I still didn't have any idea that I would put them in that story. I had seen the moth before that, and I had looked and looked for somewhere to put that moth in fiction. Then I realized, finally, I think I realized . . . I mean they broke my heart. They also broke my yard and the plants, and they ruined the well. They threw barbed wire and fiberglass down the well which finished that off. Somehow, destroying the source of that clear water that I had been so proud of was the hardest thing for me to stand about them. They seemed so indifferent. And when I began to learn about them, because they were there day after day, and they would talk at lunch, quite talkative people, I began to understand that the trees had already fallen in their lives. Then I saw this all as a metaphor in some way, and it wasn't just my metaphor, it was their metaphor too. I think it was that; it was a call to my own charity to break my heart for them instead of for myself.</p> <p>I still didn't know where I was going to put that moth, and then one day at Christmas I saw a pulpwood cutter. I could tell he was, because he had the resin on his jeans. His legs were kind of black with resin, and his hands were stained with the pine sap. He and his wife were looking in the window at a craft shop where I was displaying some painting I had done. I had a handsaw in the window; and when he saw the handsaw, he was so excited about that handsaw. It was a Christmas card scene on there--what it looked like was Christmas--and I could see him. I realized, I was so proud, because I thought, "Oh, they really like that, don't they?" When I started to go in--I was on my way in to get my money--and I thought, "You ought to just give them that," because I could see they weren't going to afford it. I thought, "Well, I don't know." Anyway, when he turned and spoke to me, I asked something about it. I didn't let on that I had painted it, and he let me know--I don't know, it's one of this miracles of comprehension--but he let</p>			

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	<p>me know that she could do that. They'd been talking it over, and she was going to paint. She could paint, and she was going to paint that saw blade. And what I realized, I mean, when he spoke to me, he didn't have a tongue, he had no tongue, he had none. It was not there, and it wasn't that he couldn't speak. I don't know quite how he did it, but I understood what he said, and she understood. She was really proud of him, and he was tremendously proud of her. So, I never mentioned the saw again. I thought, "I bet that would work." I said, "But, I believe, if I were you, I don't know though," I said, "but, idea, maybe use some of that auto primer before you paint." And then I went on in, and I knew who my</p> <p>pulpwood cutter was. He didn't have to have his tongue or not have his tongue. Because what it was was I had to know that there was someone who was sensitive to glory, you know. In his own life, he had the impression of being a king of his own world. And that a great power, whether you own the tree that you cut down or you just do what somebody tells you all day long.</p> <p>I just seemed to have a fondness for pulpwood cutters, and, I guess maybe, I don't know, I just study them. I follow those awful trucks, and you always see them dumped in the ditch on Highway 20 and all this stuff. I always just follow these people and think, "What's going on?" Sometimes in summer, they'll stop and you'll see them at a gas station somewhere. They're just cooling the truck, because they run them to the end, those engines run.</p> <p>Just as they do themselves, way too hard. It's hard work. So, I don't know, I don't think I make any difference with what I write, but I know that story meant everything to me, because I thought, "If he did go in the library and he found that story, I would want him to be able to read it." I would want him to understand, and it changed how I approached diction. I simplified my diction for that. Politically, it was everything to me to make those decisions. But it couldn't be that that meant losing anything artistically either.</p> <p>So, it was years, I spent years, I just went back and read, I don't even know how you say his name, Edmond Sapir, and all the linguistics and what's beautiful, Benedetto Croce, on what is art, what is beauty, you name it, I was out there just digging and struggling. And the history of the English language, I mean, I didn't hold back! I have this . . . like, what is this all about? Then the fog factor, which is what newspapers use to make sure it's readable--I worked with all those things until I had purged myself of all mandarin tendencies. [chuckle] At least temporarily, it comes and goes. I know when I was writing my novel, Familiar Heat, I kept adding and taking out one phrase, "an 'object of virtu.'" I kept</p>			

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	<p>taking that out and then, "that's it," and put it back. It took a whole lot longer to explain it without saying that. Then I thought, "That's what it is." But it hurt me to leave it in there, and it hurt me to take it out.</p> <p>TS: Which writers do you like the best?</p> <p>MH: I like writers that care a lot about language, and I like writers that care about people. I can be ravished easily by language, but I won't read it again if it's not about people. But I want it to be realistic in some way, so</p> <p>that I feel that humanity is not a plot device. I got so angry with somebody the other day; and I said, "Well, really I just don't lose it any more when I review books or I read for SMU Press." They've sent back my reports sometimes for being just of no help at all. [The press said,] "It would just kill them." And I thought, "They need killing." Anybody that would use the Holocaust as a plot device--"Oh, that darn Holocaust"--deserves prison, deserves prison for a long time. So my little remarks like, "Take up crafts," can't possibly be as damaging as anybody that has a stupid attitude about suffering.</p> <p>DY: Well, let's just do it now; let's just bring up Flannery. MH: All right. [laughter]</p> <p>TS: What's wrong with Flannery O'Connor?</p> <p>DY: Yes.</p> <p>MH: "What does Flannery want?" Flannery O'Connor. Well, I don't know. For a long time there, I thought she was going to be the cross I'd bear. But I flung her off, and I don't really know. You're asking what I don't like about Flannery. . . . What I don't like about Flannery is I read Flannery; I thought Flannery was a man. Of course, I thought Flannery was an Irishman, so that's why I started reading it. Then I thought, "Well, this person has a future." I mean, Flannery was already in her grave at that point, but I was just catching up. I read like mad, and among the last things I read was "Parker's Back." I had never read any criticism about the book, so I just saw this as a world revealed. Although, I do not see it as an unrevealable world revealed. So, for me, it was not a religious awakening or anything. When I read Sally Fitzgerald's letters to Flannery about her writing, and when she told about--no one has ever done this better--the heresy in "Parker's Back." I thought, "Oh, I was rooting for Parker." But she wasn't. And I thought, "Oh. . . ." At that point there was a fracture, and I realized that we weren't playing the same game. When I went back and looked at everything again, I thought, "Oh, I see." Well, I was the person punished; for some reason, I realized there was no championing of anything in that that I thought needed</p>			

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	<p>championing. The things that were being hurt and punished were what I think of as my people and my parish. We might argue a long time, yes, I'm a warthog from Hell, but I'm a redeemed warthog from Hell. [laughter] It doesn't feel like that's what she's saying. So, I took exception for her character's sake. I didn't figure God needed that kind of help, but</p> <p>she thought so. So I just say, "Well, you go girl."</p> <p>I think I walked in that library down there in Milledgeville, and I really didn't want to go, but that was part of what I had to do on that gig. I was down there in this little like . . . well, you've been there, I'm sure; just two cases or whatever it is, her books. I know she gave some away, her mother gave some away, but there it was like this is what she could afford, and this is what she did with it. Then I realized how young she was; and I thought, "She did not live long enough." I had never felt that way before. And I blame--now that know, having been through the added hells of prednisone myself, I really believe that it was corticosteroids making her so church militant. I don't think it was the Pope. [laughter] That's all I know that's wrong with her. I think she's watching, and one day we will meet, if I'm right. If she's right, it may not work out. But if I'm right, either way it's going to work out.</p> <p>DY: Well, go to the other side and talk about Raymond Andrews. Tom and I have taught Rosie Belle Lee Wildcat Tennessee, and I think--did you teach. . .</p> <p>TS: No, I haven't used the whole book of Appalachee Red, just excerpts.</p> <p>MH: Wow, man. And a gentle man. And a gentleman. I don't really know what to say; are you referring to his characterizations or his talent or his vision?</p> <p>DY: All of that. It strikes me that our writers, our Georgia writers, are so different. We are so rich because they're so different.</p> <p>MH: He's different.</p> <p>DY: And Flannery . . . exactly, you know, Raymond Andrews and Carson McCullers, all so very, very different. And Erskine Caldwell.</p> <p>MH: Erskine Caldwell, he's worth thinking about. TS: Really?</p> <p>MH: I think so. The ones that he's so famous for, to me, strike me as breathtaking in their simplicity and their genius. They're like something Greek; they're deadly. When he's bad, he's really bad. He's really bad.</p> <p>TS: He seemed to be cranking out a book about every time he</p> <p>breathed, didn't he?</p>			

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	<p>MH: And not really making much progress. I think he knew that, you know, finally he knew that. But his short stories were worth reading and rereading, and I think Tobacco Road and God's Little Acre are always going to be worth studying. I think they were true enough to last and they will, I think they will. I haven't seen the films or anything.</p> <p>TS: What do you see is the truth in those books? Some people see the characters as kind of stereotypical.</p> <p>MH: Well, if they were, that would be . . . how many more people ever did that? It was after him, you know, he established the type pretty much, except for Al Capp maybe, God help us all. But I think in God's Little Acre, that's just hard preaching. Of course, when you think what the holy ground was in the Bible, that set aside land was the Jubilee Land. It was for the best there could be. And by the time it got to Protestant... Tobacco Road, it was, well, God's not going to eat it anyway. So we're going to bury the dead there, and the dead then became without holiness, and the ground was without holiness. So, God's Little Acre was just trashy. That devaluation of the spirit of humanity, to me that was the preaching. And also that they kept lying to themselves. I can't remember which one of those stories has it where the old lady gets her head run over. It's that one, isn't it? At the end, when the man and woman are rolling around in the ground, grunting like dogs, and the old lady falls, and the car backs over her head. o . . . Anyway, one of those two books, I'm not saying that this just happens everywhere, and maybe that's not the book, maybe that was Tobacco Road. But anyway, the mill people, the story of the mill fight and all that, and that's all pretty like chomped up. I understand, I can criticize tremendously. But the power of those stories</p> <p>is not in that they're about people, like this, it that they're not about "people like this." They're about people. And this is what everybody pretends is not so; oh no, it's really about low-class, white trash, and it's not. Because when you start ceding back and you take away the holiness from anything, then after awhile, it's all just going to be rubbish. You fight and you eat your raw turnips, and you root in the yard, and you lie and lie and lie to yourself and to God. And so did he. So did he. And so do we all, I guess.</p> <p>TS: We may have to reconsider putting in Erskine Caldwell.</p> <p>DY: I know. We need to look at some of those short stories for sure.</p> <p>MH: He has some wonderful stories about black and white relations. Some really brave things, early. He read one at that</p>			

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	<p>Roots in Georgia Symposium in '85, over at Georgia. It was his last, well, he got to come home; he'd never been back to Georgia. He read "Candy Man," I think he read "Candy Man." He had just had cataract surgery, and he had his dark glasses on. He was not well, but he was weller than he was ever going to be again. When he finished, he got almost to the end--and it's not a long story--when he finished reading that he just wept. You know, he could see, he had done a good thing, and he had not done a good thing lately. You know what I mean? It was regret, there was gratitude, and it was wonderful, I mean, it was grand. I think that was a healing time for him.</p> <p>DY: Who else was at that symposium?</p> <p>MH: Biggies? Well, Olive Ann [Burns]; Harry Crews. DY: Oh, he is one of ours. [laughter]</p> <p>MH: Lord have mercy, he's wonderful.</p> <p>TS: Yes. From the Florida-Georgia border; I guess Florida claims him too.</p> <p>MH: Well, he's hung out down there. He's retired, I don't know where he's living now. Let's see, who else was there? Well, Terry Kay; he begged Pat Conroy, but he was finishing Prince of Tides, and he just couldn't do it.</p> <p>DY: And this was what, three years after you won the Flannery O'Connor award?</p> <p>MH: I think so. '84 or '83. I don't know. '82 I hadn't won it; that was the year I didn't. That was the first year I tried.</p> <p>TS: Well, we can check the book and find out when you won. [Ed. Note: She won the 1984 award].</p> <p>MH: I think it was '84. So maybe [the] Roots in Georgia [Symposium] was in '85. I don't know. John Oliver Killens, the black writer from Macon, was fabulous; Leon Driskell, I was thinking, it was Kentucky. I can't think of all of them now, gosh, Marion Montgomery.</p> <p>DY: Was Raymond Andrews there?</p> <p>MH: He was there. That was when I met him. Phil Williams and . . . I don't know. I just can't remember. I think Wyatt Prunty was there, the poet. Lots of poets. can't remember anymore.</p> <p>TS: That's remarkable, if you think of central Georgia around Milledgeville up to where Raymond Andrews came from, up to Madison, and then go the other way to Eatonton. They had a literary festival down in Eatonton this summer--you've got Alice Walker and Joel Chandler Harris. But the twentieth-century ones, Alice Walker and Raymond Andrews and Flannery O'Connor coming out of just about the same type of background, I guess.</p> <p>MH: Maybe Ray is a person who...I think he wrote about it,</p>			

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	<p>probably he talked about it. He and his brother would break into the county dump and steal magazines, you know, would get magazines. He was just somebody right from the beginning who was going to have more of the world. And yet, when he wrote his live history, it was so, it seems to me like I just read it. Knowing how it worked out, I still read it thinking how much could have gone wrong that would have stopped him.</p> <p>TS: Sure.</p> <p>MH: It was very challenged. I mean, racially it was more of a challenge than I think, maybe, even for Alice Walker.</p> <p>o And I don't know how this could be and I missed her, but it seems like I missed Toni Cade Bambara. Is she from Georgia? It seems like she was there. Maybe she was reading something about somebody else. I don't know why Alice Walker didn't make it.</p> <p>TS: What do you think of Alice Walker's writing?</p> <p>MH: Do I think of them or what do I think of them? TS: What do you think of them.</p> <p>MH: I haven't specialized in her. I like her book In Search of Our Mother's Gardens very much, and I like her short stories very much. I have her book Never the Same River Twice, and I haven't read it--I love the title. I read The Color Purple after a lot of houhah and stuff. I</p> <p>thought, I didn't really get it, but I liked some of the other. . .and then sometimes . . . I don't know. So I don't know enough about her writing. Her persona tends to overtop her.</p> <p>23</p> <p>HORACE W. STURGISN LIBRARY KENNESAWKENNESAW STATE U KENNESAW, GEORGIA 30144-5591</p> <p>TS: We used Terry Kay's The Year the Lights Came On for several years in Georgia History. What do you think of that book?</p> <p>MH: I like it. I'm not sure, I never lived without electricity. I started school the year they got indoor plumbing. They had indoor plumbing, but it wasn't water, it was . . . however that could be, I won't even get into that, but anyway, I can remember that. It was one of those Hill Burton looking schools, red-brick. I never did experience life by lamplight, so I don't know what that excitement would be like. So all I know was what he told me, and I liked it, I thought it was exciting.</p> <p>TS: Well, I think what strikes me about that book is after they're excited for so long, it really ends on a down note; the students hate the end of it when he leaves his girlfriend and all that.</p> <p>MH: Well, it was a first book and maybe it was that.</p> <p>TS: Well, I think he's trying to say maybe the same thing that</p>			

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	<p>you're saying that progress isn't all it's cracked up to be.</p> <p>MH: Well, I don't think his family were overly impressed, you know, but we all say that and then rush out and buy more appliances. I do. Although I didn't keep it, it was given to me; I had an electric butter melter, butter melter sprayer shaped to go on corn. Well, I didn't keep it</p> <p>TS: I believe, was it Rosie Belle Lee Wildcat Tennessee that you wrote the introduction to?</p> <p>MH: Yes. I think all those things I said about Ray are true or I wouldn't have said them. It was certainly during the time that I was writing about the people who own the land, and the people who don't own the land, and who love the land, and you really love the land. Now, perhaps, being closely acquainted with the land and its cycles precludes that kind of ownership. The people who know those things are the ones who actually do the living on it anyway, and that's the pay you get, and that's the treasure. So, I have read a lot of work about farms and, I don't know, just ownership and marginal and small owners. So when I said those things about the crofters and Ireland and all of this you know, it was true. This is what I believe is true and I don't have--I do now, oh Lord, yes--now I have a shelf, you know, two rooms. Actually, one room is filled now with studies on race.</p> <p>Who is that man who writes...Skip...? TS: Skip Mason?</p> <p>MH: Skip Gates, right. I've got Skip Gates, I've just got a shelf of Skip Gates on race; I've got, just all of it, I've got a lot of work to do. And I now have started pulling those things from the shelf where I would put them, which was American or, if it was a poet, if it was with poets; I didn't specialize in color, skin color as a kind of category of literature. And I got some flack about some questions, some rather insolent and perhaps impertinent questions about that introduction for Ray's book, including were he and I lovers, were we a number? [laughter] Oh, yeah. And that was just an absolutely astounding thing to be asked and then to realize later, no, and we're friends and I thought, yes, we're friends. It never occurred to me that we could be lovers. I thought, "Is that an issue?" Now you see all this reared up in my mind; I thought, "Oh, do I have a problem with that?" [laughter] And then it was like, I don't know. So when you asked me to talk about Ray Andrews, I'm always really a little anxious.</p> <p>I had letters from him, we exchanged phone calls and letters from '82, no, '85 or whatever it was until his death in which he said he had figured out what he had to do. He had this many books on this and this and this, and then he was out of here. I said, "Out of here? Are you going back to New York?" "No, I'm out of here." And</p>			

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	<p>that, we had a conversation, and I followed up on that, and we talked a long time. One of the early letters I had from him, he just said he had lines he wished he'd written. And he just quoted things to me from my books, from my stories. One of them, I could say, "I don't know why that would be particularly interesting that you'd want to say it," but one of them was nothing, one of them to me is nothing at all. I can't imagine why he would have wanted to say it, and it was, "She should have been lying down"--when Angelina shoots herself--"She should have been lying down."</p> <p>DY: Oh, a monitory, I see.</p> <p>MH: He did. Even though we had talked, and I did what I needed to do, including offering him a place to stay and a lot. I had an extra lot and he could build if he wanted to build on it, because he "would not be there long," he said he "just didn't have anywhere to go next." I said, "Well, now he can't say that." And I called to make sure he understood that, and he did, but he had his plans. I never understood that, so I thought, well, shoot, he's</p> <p>just saying that. But if he isn't, he's still got all these books to write, and then he'd written them. His life story, the next and the next, he finished. He had done his stuff. So when Emory wanted--that's how they got interested in my letters--my papers for the collection was because they found mine in his papers and they wanted his.</p> <p>TS: Is that where his papers are now? MH: Yes. In the Watkins Collection. TS: And you put yours there too?</p> <p>MH: They wanted to buy them. I just thought, I can't let anybody see those letters or anything. It just broke my heart anyway; and, finally, I thought, Ray wanted his things there, so I'll just give them. I can't take any pay, just let them have them, but sealed. I think mine are. Somebody was going to do that thing in the Chattahoochee. They were going to do something this year---I don't know why I'm talking about this on tape--they're going to do something this year. I called the librarian and asked that we talk about this a little bit. Can they be sealed, the letters be sealed for whatever it was, I don't remember what the rule was. So they wound up just using his own words, which I think was a whole lot better than just going around the files and doing stuff like that.</p> <p>TS: So your papers, you gave your letters to Emory, but there's like a twenty-five year seal on them?</p> <p>MH: I don't know what it is. I don't know how they even do it. I just don't want them just prowling through, and I think they're separate from my papers, because I know I gave them in a packet. Floyd Watkins came out with the librarian to my house, and they wanted my papers too. Those I sold, glad enough, but not Ray's</p>			

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	<p>letters. Floyd Watkins had not heard of me. He came to see me, I was over at Emory, and he heard me read me, and all he wanted was those letters. He's a cagey person.</p> <p>TS: Really? What do you think of his Yesterday in the Hills?</p> <p>MH: I love that book, I love that book. You can imagine. I just love it. And I didn't know I'd ever meet him, or he have any influence on my life except the words in that book. My first novel is set at the turn of the century in Cherokee County. That was one of the books that was the most surprising help to me, because he knew</p> <p>things that I knew, because my grandmother told me about the bear that was led around. He was just led around, and people would throw coins at the old bear, and he smelled like an old wallet, a mildewed old wallet. You'd put water down in the pan, and the bear would drink it. She said he went scoke, scoke, scoke when he drank. [laughter] I'll never forget it. So then when I was reading, here's the same world, a world in which a bear could be on a chain just being led around, drinking out of your biscuit pan. So it was a big joy to me, and I was thrilled to finally meet the man; although, he was so much more than that book. I found much to revere.</p> <p>TS: So you think Raymond Andrews just finished everything he wanted to say?</p> <p>MH: I don't know. I presume to know nothing about it. I have opinions about everything, but I know nothing.</p> <p>TS: Is Benny [Raymond Andrews' brother] still over in Athens?</p> <p>MH: I haven't seen Benny lately. I don't know. He and his wife had a place in New York, and they spent like half the year, and then Ray would spend the other half. They'd swap dwellings, but I don't know if they're still doing that or if they retired to Madison County. I don't think either of them is retired, really.</p> <p>TS: Did you ever read much of Lillian Smith? MH: I've read some of Lillian Smith.</p> <p>TS: What did you think of her?</p> <p>MH: She was brave, and also a thrill-seeker. [laughter] Like my daddy when he was a little boy, he would walk by the armory and he'd throw rocks over the wall. He'd just duck down, just in case. Lillian Smith, she was always, always trying to stir up the hornets. I think for a good reason, definitely for a good reason. I think, she's pretty humorless to me. I don't get a lot of humor there, but there's humor in her life, I suppose. I don't know that much about her really. Her daddy was the Sunday School superintendent when granddaddy was preaching at Clayton, and there's a lot of humor there, a lot of humor. In fact, Mom said that when they would go to have dinner with them--she never met Ms. Smith; I don't think she</p>			

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	<p>ever met Lillian Smith--but she said Mr. Smith would just...he had this way, as you can imagine from her writings. He had this way and he would call out, I don't know what he was doing, "Mother" or whatever it was when dinner was . . . "Is there something behind the</p> <p>door?" Meaning is there dessert. So our family has used that always. So I don't know about Lillian Smith, but her family, they were pretty funny. But I'll tell that another day. But I guess maybe they just had strong opinions.</p> <p>TS: We started using a short story by a writer named Will Harben from the turn of the century. Are you familiar with him?</p> <p>MH: I think the name I'm familiar with.</p> <p>TS: Well, he's from Dalton, but then he went to New York to do his writings and Northern Georgia Sketches. We use "The Heresy of Abner Callahan." It's about a little country church and somebody that had independent thoughts.</p> <p>MH: When was this published? TS: 1900.</p> <p>MH: You know that Erskine Caldwell poem, odd, odd thing called The Sacrilege of Alan Kent? And it just appears, it just appears, and it's after that his work gets so lousy. But I bet he had read that because he lived up in Calhoun. He worked up there, he helped build that rock work, you know, those weird looking gates sticking out? He helped with those. I don't know why, but he was part of that.</p> <p>TS: You go down to little Moreland, Georgia, and they've got three museums in that tiny little town down there. One of them is to Lewis Grizzard, and one of them's to Erskine Caldwell, and the other is a cotton mill museum.</p> <p>MH: Granddaddy was a preacher at Moreland also. TS: Really?</p> <p>MH: Oh yes. They didn't talk about him down there then, and I guess Lewis hadn't even been born, but they sure didn't have much to say kind about him anywhere in the South. Well, would you? No. He was scandalous, and he was hard, a hard man. You know Erskine Caldwell's father's initials were "I.M." I think they were "I.M." And I always thought he must have thought that was God. [laughter]</p> <p>TS: I.M. Caldwell.</p> <p>MH: The great I.M. He moved to Paradise Valley. That's where he died.</p> <p>DY: Where is that?</p> <p>MH: Arizona.</p> <p>DY: Oh, it's not a place in Georgia named Paradise. Not yet.</p>			

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	<p>MH: Yes, not yet. [laughter] There's a Birnham Woods over there past that subdivision, Birnham Woods. Why not? They don't have a clue, I'm sure, they don't have a clue. I wait for the day they start one that's called Cutting Corners. [laughter] A subdivision named Cutting Corners. I've seen the way they build.</p> <p>TS: Oh. [chuckle] We've used How Far She Went several times, several stories in there. Let's see, I guess the first story is about the woman at the country fair, "Lonesome Road Blues." Was there a basis for that story?</p> <p>MH: I went to Hiawassee Mountain Fair; and I heard somebody say, "Everybody should do that once." Like that would be enough, and it has been for me, which is one thing, you know. I think it was the Third Army Band that was playing when I got there, and that building was just trembling with all that racket. I thought that was the worst it could be. Then it got worse, depending on how you look at it. The Blue Grass was amazing. I was annoyed and in kind of a snit about everything, the way I always get just before I have a tremendous revelation about something, which is that I'm a fool usually. And I'm just sitting there thinking, "Well, how can she stand it?" I was just looking at this woman in front of me. I described her, her sunburned shoulders, and I thought from when that banjo picker came on, it was Raymond Fairchild. I had all of his eight tracks. [laughter] He could just pure cold wail, you know, Blue Grass banjo; and she just got very interested.</p> <p>I thought, "Hmm." And I thought maybe it was his wife. Later on during the day, I saw her out there kind of drifting around; and I thought no, because I saw him fooling around with all those teeny boppers. I just thought, "Well, what do you suppose she's going to do with her night?" I don't know, when I went out, just exactly what I wrote. I don't usually just write what I see. There's actually no sad parallel in my own life except I do generally wind up washing the dishes. [laughter] Other than that though, I usually try to find six people, at least, and twelve is better, but six</p> <p>absolute minimum, to model anything. I ask around and I interview and I find people who have experiences and stuff, and then I can always blend. But there's a few times I've heard things that just went right down on the page. The Mexican divorce story was one such. Sometimes you just get good stuff.</p> <p>DY: Do you hear different language around you now? When you go into the Kroger to shop, that huge, huge Kroger with the real good natural foods section?</p> <p>MH: I don't hear. I think I don't listen. I still keep a book. I try to listen to how things are said and not just what, because that's</p>			

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where the richness comes. I get it, you know, I get it, sometimes I hear it, and I hear something fresh. It might be northern and then just write it down, whatever it is. But as far as stories, I don't hear stories. I don't get . . . well, I'm beginning to. I guess it's a question of how you receive. I know, I was in Logan Airport at Christmas, and there was a family that had just gotten off the plane. They had everything there that could possibly be advertised in an expensive catalog. They were wearing it or dragging it, and you could see that there was something deeply wrong with this family. There were two teenage children and, I think, a younger child and then the mother and the father. I don't think they were all from the same hatch maybe. That boy said he was just leaving; he was going off. And he started to pick up his, whatever you call it, a duffel, you know, his elegant duffel, the LL Bean this or that duffel--the double-shuffle duffel or whatever it is--and then he reached down to pick it up. His old man just stepped his Sperry Topsider down on that handle, and that boy nearly fell over in the concourse. I really thought that was cool. The woman who just looked anxious--she had a little page boy, and she just looked anxious. I thought, "It's his son, it's her daughter." Even though they didn't like knock each other down, but there was this moment where it was real to them. Those two people were real to each other again. So all of this was going on in my mind, and I didn't write a word of that down. There wasn't a word, there was nothing, it was just body language. So, I guess, I just need to observe those people and understand. I know I'll be unhappy or they'll be happy or they'll be something in between. They'll be seeking. I mean, that's what human beings do. I just don't read them the same or something.

DY: You've got new territory now.

MH: I've got to do it. I'm going to finish up The flood book

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[on the destructive Albany flood] and then all those stories.

DY: That's the novel you're writing right now. MH: Yes.

TS: Is writing a calling?

MH: I don't know, a response. I more and more think it's inevitable, but I can fool around and not do it so well. I think...I don't know; I have a feeling that I am supposed to be, I'm not sure that I'm supposed to be any one particular thing. However, it does come out sometimes that writing is how I be it. It surprises me that writing is a something. It would be like I sew, I cook--I don't sew very well but I cook--and there are a lot of things I can do. Writing, I didn't think, was that much more that I could do. Knowing things or suspecting things was what I could do and story-making and understanding. These were deep needs to understand. I think, when

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	<p>I look back, I would run home, and I'd write every night on that paper, just the smell of the paper. I'm still that way about paper; I realize these are all writerly kinds of things. I don't have that kind of feeling for my laptop computer, yet. But, I have this sense of awe, like Marina Tsvetaeva said about white paper. I don't even know how you pronounce it: Heilige scheu, that white, holy shiver of possibility.</p> <p>I don't know if it's getting the goods on somebody. I used to stamp my foot when I was little bitty, and I was always saying something wasn't fair. I was the runt; so, I was always thinking it isn't fair. Of course, I didn't realize that it isn't fair. Now that I know that, I could have saved myself several years and a fractured heel, but I would just say I was going to write it down. I wasn't, you know; it was going in the book. There was this accounting; so bearing witness, in that sense, was like witness in court. But, in general, I think maybe, I don't know, there's a lot of ways you can look at it. I think it's a way of being in a relationship, and it's something I'm just bound to be and do.</p> <p>I'm sure I told you this or did I tell your class about Vic Miller's dog, Clyde; and how, watching them train and work, I realized that's it for a writer, for me. The way I look at it is, whatever witness it is, I don't think there's much we can do. God can do most of it. If He needs us to help, well, God help Him, but we can at least help Him know. Because He's going to know a whole lot of</p> <p>horrible, sad things. Just this day thinking about what He's going through with the, is it Taiwan, they're still looking for people calling out in the rubble of those buildings. And all that's going on while this is going on. I'm cooking my alligator and having my good day, and I know there's more that I need to be thinking about, and I know there's more going on. But, when I saw Vic teaching his dog nothing except that this was where it was going to be: which was, the dog was going to do what it was going to do, and that's like writers, really. If we like to talk or listen or notice the way people say things funny, any of those things, well, that's just who we are. That's our talent like that bird dog. He's not going to quit; he is relentless. He'll jump in, and he'll swim a river, and he'll never quit unless you call him back. He'll keep bringing and bringing and bringing or he'll keep seeking. He's got an "until" built into him, and that's God for sure, that's God's heart.</p> <p>Vic doesn't have to yell. He has to hold him back. He says, "Wait." And then a tiny little signal, a tiny little signal like "your turn"--I think he's left-handed--"your turn" and that dog is watching. He's watching the field, and he's watching the water; he's watching the sky, and he's got these eyes going, watching for that</p>			

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	<p>hand. He's trembling, he's so excited. And he's not excited like, "I'm going to please you." It's like, "This is what I'm born for," which is stupid. I mean, ask the dog what does it mean? He just has to do it. So when he comes back, he brings back death. He doesn't say, "Why did you kill it? It was flying. I might even catch it flying." He just says, "You want it dead? I'll bring it here." And then he drops it. "Do something with it." It's not his deal. His deal is all arrest. I quit worrying, because a long time ago I thought I could make some difference with actual words. Just let it be. "I'll just bring the dead bird. I'll bring the dead and hand it over. Then I don't have to worry about it any more. All I'm supposed to do is be ready."</p> <p>TS: How do you measure whether you've made a difference or not?</p> <p>MH: I don't know. How could you anyway? I don't even wonder how. God makes a difference. But on the other hand, that's not my problem.</p> <p>TS: I'm surprised there's not more overt religion in your stories because you seem very religious to me.</p> <p>MH: I don't know if I'm religious; I'm faithful. But someone asked me the other day, "What is your faith?" And I</p> <p>thought, "Well, it's um, well...." We have hope. Of what? All these questions.</p> <p>TS: These things, you don't really like to talk about?</p> <p>MH: Well, I don't know that there's an answer, but I believe that we are made and that our Creator--because I'm a writer I see it in terms of story--but I see this Creator having a whole lot more going on than my little moment on the page. And pretty much, very often, I've been very, very upset with God about many things; so, it's interesting to me to see how it all works out. I'm Biblical, I guess. I have a Biblical faith that we're tampered with. The priest asks Faye, that girl in my book, to what percent does God tamper in your life? [laughter] "Well, it better be a hundred percent," she said. He said, "Whoa, she's a genius." She's thinking, "I don't want a God that's just on percentages."</p> <p>TS: You've got a good remark in The New Georgia Guide about, I guess really if I understand what you're saying correctly, that we all kind of think that the whole world has always been coming to our own age--this is the end of all times. And we're really just in a passing moment.</p> <p>MH: We just one more feather on the molting, migrant bird. Yes, it's a revelation to me when my mom read that, because she's dealt with all my ravings about the progress and everything. She said, "You've solved this for yourself somehow, haven't you?" And</p>			

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	<p>I said, "Well, yes, but only in this way. Yes it will pass and I will too."</p> <p>TS: Those of us in the academic world certainly know a lot of people who are teachers, because they really couldn't possibly be anything else, I guess. Could make a lot more money as a banker or whatever, but couldn't possibly be those other things. It seems to me the same thing with you, that you seem to have an obsession that you've got to write--obsession may not be the right word--but that you have to write whether you make any money out of it or not.</p> <p>MH: That's obviously true. [laughter]</p> <p>TS: I mean, you could make a lot more money doing other things than being a writer.</p> <p>MH: If I try for those things, I take away the time and the patience of mind or the surprisingness, whatever it is that comes, that gives me the little special things that</p> <p>I notice. If I quit noticing, I'm done for. And I like being a noticer. It's just really nice that writing qualifies as a job, because that's all I want to do is just think and sit and look and walk and be out there and hope something turns up. It's sort of meditative in a way, but it's also like hunting and gathering, just sort of forage. I like it when I make it work out even though I know now that that really doesn't make it work out.</p> <p>TS: Well, one thing about it, we'll probably forget the banker in two hundred years, but maybe somebody will still be reading your stories.</p> <p>MH: Well, I need to write about a banker, don't I?</p> <p>TS: And then we'll remember the banker. Is writing easy for you or is it excruciatingly difficult to get it to say what you want it to say?</p> <p>MH: The first draft is always the hardest for me, and then it gets to be fun. And I've had such a lot of interruptions earlier. I've developed a way of writing that was sort of magazine-like where I would just drop something and then pick it up again and drop something, and I did a lot of working on it in my mind. I now just develop pictures. Then, after I have the pictures, I make the captions. So the captions can be hard. I think the hardest part of writing--if it's short it would be--is that's a great pleasure and a relief, because with attention deficit, I don't have less attention I have more. That's just a way of abstracting all that surplus into this one small reality that works. But with the novels that I write and the longer things, it's putting it somewhere working it out.</p> <p>TS: So that's why you write short stories?</p> <p>MH: I like them. I like the way it just sort of affirms. It's clean, like an empty loft.</p>			

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	<p>TS: Okay, Mary, tell us what you really think about Towne Lake. [laughter]</p> <p>MH: Towne Lake is my parish. I think Towne Lake is going to be a challenge to my writing. It has been a challenge to my spirit, because it represented what took the place of what I didn't think needed any place to be taken. But on the other hand, I have friends who live in Towne Lake--in fact, some very dear friends--and I do see that there is life there. It is a different life from what it was when they weren't there, but then I can't imagine not knowing these people. So, if that was the price, I guess that</p> <p>the price you pay includes everything, including Towne Lake. However, I consider it to be hysterically funny that little Noonday Creek and Bells Ferry, between there and Rose Creek where Mr. Hm-hm had his deal, fabled whiskey maker, and where we bogged--on Sunday afternoons we went bogging in our high-wheeler trucks--and that all of that is gone. There are schools and more schools and then more schools, and there are playgrounds where now you go. You drive somewhere in a car and go and play or you go and walk in a circle. [laughter] Around and around and around to stay fit, because you don't do enough in your life to stay fit. It's astounding. And there are places where you can get your nails stuck on and tanned all over, and people line up out there in shivering wind and buy frozen yogurt and the little awning place and it's everything. It's just amazing, and I think it's just tremendous. And there's travel agencies, so you can just leave town in a hurry. I cannot tell you it just astounds me, it totally astounds me that all of this is happening and here. And where it all will end, I cannot tell you, because it's not full yet, we're not full yet, there's more.</p> <p>TS: The most astounding thing to me is how parents in winter weather will stay out all night long to sign up for their little kids to play little league baseball the next spring.</p> <p>MH: That's serious. Those people are serious. Sports, and oh, those Tae Kwon Do and just everything. Now it's not just like one which, you know, a small town would have a restaurant; it's everything. A movie house and I don't know if there's going to be a bookstore, a real bookstore or not, but I mean, movies.</p> <p>TS: That would be redemption, wouldn't it? DY: A big chain.</p> <p>TS: Oh. [laughter]</p> <p>DY: That's what it would be. A Barnes & Noble. TS: It's got to be a chain.</p> <p>DY: With a coffee next to it.</p> <p>MH: There is already a Starbucks right there in Towne Lake, near the library.</p>			

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	<p>TS: You go to Bascomb United Methodist, is that right?</p> <p>MH: I have been a member there, until recently I have been.</p> <p>TS: I was just wondering if they were being overrun with newcomers?</p> <p>MH: That's hardly the way to look at it from the Christian Soldier's point of view.</p> <p>TS: Well, of course. [laughter]</p> <p>MH: That's rather the point, isn't it? We hope so, shall we say? And everyone else too. The church is built, and they're going to build a new sanctuary soon, I think, so that's going along. They have a tent meeting out there where they're going to build the church. Things are growing; I don't know about overrun. There's a lot of moving in and moving out in this area, but I think the bishops all hope it will be overrun, and it had better be soon if we know what's good for us.</p> <p>TS: You sang in the choir for a long time, didn't you?</p> <p>MH: I did. I've left since Christmas; I didn't quite make it to Christmas last year. I couldn't get to the rehearsals, but we were singing the gospel Messiah, "Glo-reh!Glo-reh!" [southern drawl] Some people just stared; I thought it was just wonderful. I got to hear it anyway. I'm in a state of transition, and I have moved my letter to someone who will just hold it and not expect me to sing in the choir or anything else. I'm not at Bascomb right now. There's a sort of a sadness across my life about that, because I have friends, and it seems like home. But I'm not able to handle a lot of this growth opportunities for the church and the mortgage farms. I just can't handle it. They're killing me. I'm a Quaker, it's just killing me. I'm not used to the sanctuary being, you know....[laughter]</p> <p>TS: So, after saying the proper thing, you're really saying yes, there are tensions, because of newcomers.</p> <p>MH: No, I'm the only person with a problem.</p> <p>TS: You're the only one?</p> <p>MH: So far as I know. I just needed to be thinking about it. TS: You want an old country church.</p> <p>MH: I think what I want is I want Jesus to come baCk during Advent, when there's not going to be a free weekend, and I want him to seriously kick ass.</p> <p>TS: Okay. [laughter]</p> <p>MH: Other than that, no problem. [laughter]</p> <p>TS: And with that, I've run out of questions. [laughter]</p> <p>DY: Mary, who should Tom and I have in our book? Of course, you're in it. Our book with which we teach these children from</p>			

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	<p>Towne Lake and the children who were there before Towne Lake.</p> <p>TS: And those who are older than children also. The parents of the children.</p> <p>DY: Right. And those who are older than the children also. Who knows? They're the ones who know.</p> <p>MH: Do you have a question? You must have a question.</p> <p>DY: Yes. Sallie, you've not said a thing; I keep looking and thinking you're going to say a question.</p> <p>TS: Sallie wanted to come and listen because she admires you a lot, and she's interested in oral history.</p> <p>MH: Used to. She's probably done with that now.</p> <p>TS: Well, we've got a public history program now, and we're going to be giving certificates in public history. Sallie's in that program.</p> <p>SALLIE LOY: It's a wonderful program. I'm just wondering, do you just go out and like pick up on people and talk to them to get ideas for your books? I know you alluded to that.</p> <p>MH: I never have had to go far. Gossip is tremendous literature. I just need some gossip. Sometimes I get it or sometimes I speculate. Family stories, "Solomon's Seal," my story about dividing up everything: some of that was from family stories from way back. As a child, I couldn't believe that adults with adult children could divorce. That was just a heartbreak to me, and she had saved her hope chest for when they finally built their house from the log cabin. And I think the log cabin is a great treasure, because she just waited with her things. That was a very small anecdote, but I always</p> <p>felt--I don't say, I believe we should celebrate Jesus every day. Don't wait. Don't wait till Advent. Don't wait till there's a free Saturday or Sunday. So that kind of idea, but I've never had anywhere to put that story or anything.</p> <p>Then I had neighbors, older, retirement age, who divorced. I didn't know it till one day my neighbor had--is it Zephranthes?--anyway, the little like rain lilies just popped up after a rain in her yard. I thought, "Wow! I didn't know she knew anything about stuff like that." She had "rescued" azaleas in her garden. She said, "I dug them when . . .," and I said, "I don't know anything about this." Their house went to one, and the ground went to the other and the garden, and he had six months. He told everybody, "Come and get, come and get." It was his wife's garden. I didn't get any. So it was after that, and it was over, and I went by there with the car one day. I backed up in there, and I started digging me up stuff. I never took all of anything, but I took a few of her things, because it was going to be built over, they were coming to scrape it. So I have some of her things in my woods. And I mean, things like that.</p>			

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	<p>Then after awhile I'll be thinking, and then there'll be a connection coming. I'll just know. Sometimes, it's that kind of thing. I don't really like go out hoping; I just look. I don't know what I do. I think I'm afflicted, but it causes me to be very sensitive. So I'll see something, and it just strikes me as tremendous. It might be the way somebody throws a cigarette away. At the exact moment they do that I think, "He doesn't care if he burns down the world." Then I know. It's like, "Go girl"; and I'm off and running. It's like mania, it is. It's the lights and the whirling fan blades and there goes migraine or epilepsy, you know, it's like that. Something strikes me and I'm off, I'm off and running. [laughter] And it comes out in words, it'll be words. I heard, "It wasn't like that when she got there, but it was like that when she left." I heard that and then I knew that that was going to be the last line of a story. Now I know it's going to be in my novel; I'm going to use it three times and each time it means something different. So I don't know, I never know. Things strike me. Ask something else. I don't know how to answer, there's not a yes or no about anything with me.</p> <p>SL: I was just wondering, do people just gravitate towards you and talk to you or do you get involved with lots of people?</p> <p>MH: I seem to do all of that. Little things do happen to me. I was thinking about it at my grandmother's funeral. Someone came and sat down beside me, and she had her hand full of Polaroid photographs. She showed them to me and I looked and I mean, just, "Who is this person?" She said, "Do you know what that is?" It was just like pictures out in the woods. And I said--it didn't look hard to me--and I said, "You're out in the woods, right?" "What is that right there?" "It looks like an oak leaf." "That's a nelf." "A nelf?" I said, because I didn't understand what she said, I couldn't believe what she said. "A nelf. What's a nelf?" She said, "That's a nelf." And then I realized it was an elf. Elf. I said, "Well, amazing how good you got as close as that with a Polaroid." [laughter] I thought, "Whoa, lady!"</p> <p>So funerals are rich and somebody coming up and looking in the casket, this little frail person saying, "Looks to me they just about can't get that thing shut on her shoulders." Just horror things, horror things! I don't know where that ever go, but I mean, just stuff. "Who died and I got that?" It was a cousin and she brought a beef bone, like a leg bone in a mason jar, no it was in a mayonnaise jar, it was boiled beef bone with some broth and fat on it.</p> <p>DY: For the funeral food?</p> <p>MH: She gave it to me, urged it upon me. "Thank you," I said. It looked like something, you know, like it was found out in</p>			

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	<p>the woods, anyway. Just things happen, I don't know. Maybe it's my family. [laughter] It's not daddy's folks, for sure. Well, actually, at daddy's brother's funeral, the police came and said we all had to leave, that there had been a bomb threat at the funeral. They rolled the casket out with Uncle Harold in it first.</p> <p>DY: Oh, that doesn't make any sense.</p> <p>MH: We had to wait while they scanned the ...and they tried to find the bomb. They didn't think it was in the casket. They checked the casket, so he was clean. They frisked him first. He got to leave first, the dead! They saved the dead first. Of course, those guys from the funeral home, they whisked him out, they were lurching right on, and we were just standing there like, "Uh-hmm. This makes a lot of sense."</p> <p>Olive Ann Burns had a whole idea that half of funeral is fun; the first half, anyway, is fun. So she was always looking for stuff like that. I don't know what makes you</p> <p>do anything or what ticks me off, but things do. Used to be lots of little, pathetic things; I thought I could gather them all up, and I would just break God's heart, and he would just stop all the crap. This isn't going on tape, is it?</p> <p>TS: Well, it's on tape right now, but you can edit it out if you want.</p> <p>MH: Well, anyway, it was like a class action suit, and we were going to get this thing settled. Of course, what I was doing was doing what I said, which is bearing witness.</p> <p>SL: I do have one other question. If you could live anywhere else in the world, where would you like to live?</p> <p>MH: I was going to say when, I know when it would be. SL: Or when.</p> <p>MH: I would take two whens, I don't know about a where. Two whens or also where. Where would I be...I think on the Flint River, I like it so much. The length of the Flint is really fine. Say back when it was still, they were still using the steamboats and navigating and stuff. Since white settling, but before that would have been nice too. Just to see America, like with Lewis and Clark. That would have been wonderful to see, to know now but to have the privilege of seeing it as it was when there was not an end to anything wonderful. Not anything ever foreseen that would end. The other time would be in Europe somewhere after the last Ice Age, in one of those valleys when they'd got it together with bronze and copper, but it was still right on the cusp there. Just, I'd like to, you know, the rune carvers and all that. I don't know. We that too, you know. We knew a lot. Most of what we knew then we don't know now. That guy they found in the ice in Switzerland, that just tears me up. Or Austria, wherever he was. Tattoos on him,</p>			

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	<p>crosses . . he was climbing that mountain before Abraham left Haran. You think about that. The crosses--he was marked. And God knew where he was going.</p> <p>Think of it. Not just those people. We've all been waiting a long time for good news. That guy in the ice, I think I'd like to know where he came from. Because he was what, forty-something years old, and that was old then. So he was wise. He was wise. Not wise enough.</p> <p>[laughter] Or maybe he just wasn't lucky that day. think that would be very interesting. To be human in those days.</p> <p>TS: Well, Dede, did you have any other questions? DY: No.</p> <p>MH: Gosh, if we were alive back then though, Dede, we wouldn't be allergic. [laughter] We wouldn't be allergic to anything.</p> <p>TS: Well, have we left out anything, Mary, that should be in this interview?</p> <p>MH: I don't know. I think the landscape has changed in my lifetime, where I am now, but it's changed since I was a child. People don't farm anymore as an idea of just a way to do things. Just simple gardens, home gardens are gone. I think the anxiety about Y2K has to do with our distance from our true subsistence more than anything else. I don't know.</p> <p>TS: Well, we really thank you for coming in today and talking.</p> <p>MH: I don't feel like I've told you anything that you needed to know.</p> <p>TS: Well, it's been very interesting.</p> <p>DY: It has been. I know it's a long trip. It's a much longer trip, I guess, than it used to be.</p> <p>INDEX</p> <p>Albany, Dougherty County, Georgia, 1-3 Allatoona Lake, 11</p> <p>Andrews, Benny, 27</p> <p>Andrews, Raymond, 20, 23-27</p> <p>And Venus Is Blue, 1</p> <p>Appalachee Red, 20</p> <p>Atlanta Business Chronicle, 8 Atlanta, Georgia, 4-5</p> <p>Bacall, Lauren, 4</p> <p>Bambara, Toni Cade, 23</p> <p>Bascomb United Methodist Church, 36</p> <p>Bells Ferry Road, 10, 35</p> <p>Brunswick, Glynn County, Georgia, 1, 5 Burns, Olive Ann, 22, 39</p> <p>Caldwell, Erskine, 14, 20-22, 28-29 Caldwell, 1. M., 28-29</p> <p>Capp, Al, 21</p> <p>Chekhov, Anton, 14</p> <p>Cherokee County, Georgia, 2, 8-10, 26 Clayton County, Georgia, 4</p>			

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	<p>taught music some in his youth or young manhood. He married and his wife and he had four children; and then she died and left him with those children; and he married my mother when she was sixteen years old. I don't remember how long between his first wife's death and his marriage, but he married my mother when she was sixteen. Be was twice as old as she was when he married her, and she had nine children. She lost her first baby which was just older than I am. I was the second one. She found that baby dead in the bed, and she must have gone hundreds of times probably to look to see if I was breathing after that. I've wondered about it in later years. Well, he moved about considerably. We lived in Madison again and Heywood County, and then he moved. When I was about thirteen years old he moved to South Carolina and was down there for three years. He moved back to North Carolina in Heywood; so my growing up was in various places . . . several different places.</p> <p>2</p> <p>W So he actually had two families then didn't he? He had one by each wife, and that was common in those years wasn't it? If a man lost his wife, he would take on a younger wife and raise a second family.</p> <p>R That's right. There was eight of us last children living. Now they were not all of the family home at the same time, because some of the older ones had married and moved out; but some of the younger ones were born. The youngest one by his first wife was just a baby, and my mother took her when she was just a few months old and raised her. I never knew any difference in her and my full brothers and sisters; and I think one of the sweet-est things that I ever heard anybody saying, she said to my mother a little while before my mother died. She told my mother when she got to heaven she was going to tell her mother how good she had been to her.</p> <p>W Do you remember your grandparents and what they were like?</p> <p>" I barely remember my grandfather, my paternal grandfather; he was a minister. His name was Wilburn Robertson. I never remembered my grandmother because she had died and Grandfather had married again. Now I barely remember the step-grandmother, but just</p>			

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	<p>barely remember her. But one of the most interesting things to me: many years later, after I was married, my wife and I went to North Carolina on vacation; and we went by and picked up my mother, who was living with one of my sisters, and went back to some of the churches where Dad had pastored. We drove up to Dillingham Baptist Church above Barnardsville, North Carolina; and, of course, the community had changed; and we hardly recog-nized where we were until we came to the church; and I knew that was the church. We stopped, and a service station had been built out in front of the church. There was no automobiles back in the days when Dad was there, but I saw an old man with long chin whiskers--beard. I told Mother and my wife I was going over and talk to him; and I told him who I was and asked him if he remem bered a Preacher Robertson who had pastored that church. He</p> <p>said, "Wilburn?" I said, "Good gracious, man, I was asking you about my father but you're talking about my grandfather." So it was interesting to me that he remembered that.</p> <p>W So your father and grandfather were ministers also?</p> <p>R That's right. And, actually my grandfather on Mother's side in his latter years became what I would call a lay preacher. He was never ordained.</p> <p>W What strong influences do you think your parents had on your life?</p> <p>More than I could ever tell you for sure. Because they were devout Christians, and theykeptus close as children, as you would know back in those years. We were taught to be strictly honest and moral, and I tell sometime that I never knew until I was nearly a grown</p> <p>3</p> <p>young man that every woman was not virtuous. That's how strict we were kept, and to hear somebody use profanity would make cold chills</p> <p>run up and down my back. They had a profound influence on my life, and I credit them with leading me to Christ.</p> <p>" What was your youth like growing up?</p> <p>R Well you can imagine, I guess, about what a child's life would be</p> <p>whose father was a country preacher; and the church didn't pay much salary back then. In fact you hardly ever had a set salary; they just gave what they wanted to. We knew a good deal about poverty. We didn't have a lot of things maybe that other people had, but we</p> <p>were happy. We had enough to eat and clothing to wear, and I</p>			

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	<p>couldn't ever say that use were unhappy. Another thing: you asked me about the influence of my father on my life. As long back as I can remember hearing him pray, which is as long as I can remember anything almost, he prayed that if it was the Lord's will, he would call at least one of his boys to be a preacher. And there were five of us; and I had a feeling when he'd pray like that the Lord would answer that prayer' in me; and I'm the only one out of the five that was called to preach. So you see he had a tremendous influence on my life.</p> <p>W At what age did you answer the call to the ministry?</p> <p>R I was actually twenty-eight years old when I became a minister.</p> <p>W Were you out in other professions before you were called?</p> <p>R Yes, I worked in industry, furniture plants, farmed, and things like that. Fact of the matter is I did some of that after I was called to preach.</p> <p>W Approximately when did you come to Cobb County, and why did you choose to come here?</p> <p>" I came from North Carolina to Cherokee County first, in 1928, and lived up there seventeen years, I believe. I came to Cobb County in 1941.</p> <p>I was called to Sandy Plains Baptist Church, which is in Cobb, in 1940 right after the first of the year, and I commuted. I lived at Waleska, Georgia, and I commuted back and forth the rest of that year. I moved to Cobb County soon after the first of the year in forty-one. But I came because I was called to that church.</p> <p>W How long were you at Sandy Plains Church?</p> <p>R I was at Sandy Plains two different times. I was there five and a half years the first time and seven and a half years the second time, making a total of thirteen years.</p> <p>W Did the church experience a lot of growth, or the area around Sandy Plains?</p> <p>4</p> <p>" Yes, well actually the community itself didn't experience much growth, but the church had a steady growth. If you could read that article in that history there that woman wrote, well, you could see that. But it was a much larger growth the second time I was there. When I went back the second time it was after the church had had a real difficult experience. Well, we marked the names of seventy-five people off the rolls the first conference I was back there, at their request. The church had split; and during the seven and one half years I was there in that little church, we</p>			

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	<p>had three hundred and thirty-five additions; so the church grew and the Sunday School soon built back up. You can imagine to lose seventy-five members you would lose a lot of children who were members of Sunday School; and that knocked it way down; but it soon grew back.</p> <p>W You brought up an interesting point that always amazed me. Baptist churches have always been bad about splitting and then the two groups going and making strong churches, and I guess that's been your experience to see that happen?</p> <p>" That's right. Actually Calvary Church on the Canton Highway over there came out of Sandy Plains as a result of that split. W What other churches did you preach at here in Cobb County?</p> <p>R When I first came to Sandy Plains, they were having services two Sun-days a month, the first and third Sundays; and I had two quarter time churches in Cherokee County too. So I had a full drive; and then in the fall of 1940 Noonday Baptist Church called me as pastor; but they were only having services one Sunday a month if you can imagine that; but the next year then they went to two Sundays; so I had two churches half-time. Two half-time churches. I stayed at Noonday three years; and then they called me full time at Sandy Plains; and I went back to Sandy Plains and stayed there a couple of years; and then I went to Atlanta.</p> <p>W Did you have a church in Atlanta? R Yes, Northwest Baptist Church in Atlanta.</p> <p>W How long did you stay there?</p> <p>R Three years.</p> <p>W What other churches have you preached at here in Atlanta or in the Cobb County area?</p> <p>R While I was pastor of the Noonday and Sandy Plains Churches and while I was in Atlanta, I had some churches I supplied for in the afternoon. Waleska Baptist Church ordained me. I was a member there of Waleska Baptist Church; and after I moved to Atlanta, they called me; and I drove back, I believe, two Sundays a month and preached in the after-noon to them. And then Goshen Baptist Church, the church that had licensed me to preach--it was in Cherokee--I preached to them in the</p> <p>5</p> <p>afternoon. But then I was called from the Northwest Church in</p>			

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	<p>Atlanta to Shady Grove Church on Bells Ferry Road in 1948. It was a full time church; and I stayed there six years; and then they called me back at Sandy Plains; and I went back to Sandy Plains for seven and a half years which made a total of thirteen. And, then they called me back at Shady Grove; and I went back to Shady Grove for the second time and stayed for seven years; and so I was pastor of Shady Grove for thirteen years and Sandy Plains for thirteen years; and they were adjoining communities. I remember telling Brother Pete Day when the committee came for Shady Grove to talk to me about coming back over there, I said, "Well, Pete, people would think that nobody else would ever call me and that I could never preach anywhere else." And he said, "You've never had a greater honor bestowed on you than that a church would call you back like that." I retired from Shady Grove Church in 1969. I retired and moved back home. I owned my home on Sandy Plains Road. Pete Day, our Association Missionary, died; and I served as interim Association Missionary or Director of Missions for nine months until they called a missionary; and then I began to serve as interim pastor. The first church I served as interim pastor was Burt Road for four months, then New Salem four months, Austell First Baptist four months, Sardis in Cobb four months, Too Nigh in Cherokee four months, Olive Springs in Cobb seven months, Lost Mountain in Cobb three months, Macland in Cobb seven months, Beulah in Douglasville three months, Poplar Springs in Paulding eleven months, and New Salem which is second interim there seven months. Sandy Plains my home church I served as interim pastor for nine months, Hollydale Baptist Church about three months, and Wildwood Baptist Church of Kennesaw for five months. So I've served that many interims.</p> <p>W Doesn't sound like you've been retired.</p> <p>R Well somebody told me that I'd retired several times and then just came out of retirement. Of course, I didn't actually come out of retirement more than just served as interims.</p> <p>Well you pretty well hit all the communities in Cobb County haven't you?</p> <p>R I was checking sometime ago. I had a copy of the Association minutes, and during the time I have lived in this area I've preached in revivals in lots of the churches in the Association where I've never pastored. I did a lot of that back in those years when I was younger, in the summertime especially. I preached in every church</p>			

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	<p>in Roswell, Georgia, well all the churches that were there then, Second Church first, First Baptist, and Lebanon. All three of those churches I preached in revivals in Roswell. Union Hill Church up above, just out of Alpharetta, I preached in seven revivals in that one church. Six years in succession and never missed one--actually five with one pastor, and then he left and the next year with another pastor, and then later without a pastor one year.</p> <p>W The Noonday Association is the parent association, I guess you would call it, for this area. How big an area does it really cover?</p> <p>6</p> <p>R There was a time when it covered most of Cobb, and Cherokee County, and one or two churches in Bartow. But now then mostly it's Cobb with still one church in Bartow, and I believe there's two in Cherokee. Woodstock's in the Noonday Association.</p> <p>W You indicated you came into Cherokee County which is neighbor to Cobb in 1928. What big differences do you see? That's quite a number of years. What big differences do you see now in this general area of Georgia and what you saw when you came here? Well when I came up there--of course, that was before I began preaching--the church in that community was just a quarter-time church. And that was true of all the churches in that area. That hasn't changed as much in that particular area where some of them may be half-time. Waleska, of course, when it was first constituted, I think, was maybe having preaching once or twice a month. Of course, it's a full-time church now, but I don't see as much difference in the churches up in Cherokee as I do in this area. Of course, there is a difference; I know that. Later on the Noonday Baptist Association didn't split; but there was a new association formed in Cherokee and Pickens County; and some of the churches that had been in the Noonday Association went with that. It was called Marble Valley Association to begin with, and later on they changed the name to the Etowah Association. Canton, Showcreek, Sardis, Waleska and Goshen I can name in particular that were in the other Association. You speak of quarter-time churches. I have memories of fifth Sundays, and I wonder if you could tell me what fifth Sundays were like at your quarter-time churches?</p> <p>R Well they didn't have any service. You just had preaching once a month.</p> <p>If their regular meeting day was say the first Sunday or whatever</p>			

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	<p>Sunday, that's what they had.</p> <p>W What I had reference to, I guess, was the fifth Sunday sing was quite a common thing in Southwest Georgia where I was brought up, and I wondered if that same sort of thing happened in some of your rural churches in this area?</p> <p>R Yes, it did down in this area especially on Sunday night; but that was after they were having more Sundays. But when I moved to Cobb County now I was already pastor of Sardis Church which was in the Noonday Association; but when I came down here, fifth Sunday at that time was used by the Association for its promotional time. The different organizations--Sunday School, WMU, Brotherhood, and Training Union--all were represented, and they used that fifth Sunday to promote their work. That's before we had Superintendent of Missions, but that's the main thing that I remember about fifth Sunday.</p> <p>W I believe you stated earlier that your daddy was a music teacher and traveled. I wonder if you might reflect on that a little bit?</p> <p>R Be didn't have any degree in music or anything like that, but he'd teach singing schools about in the rural churches.</p> <p>7</p> <p>W Do you remember singing from shaped notes?</p> <p>R Yes, sure, the only music I know is-shaped notes. I can, of course, follow the music now; but I still can come nearer singing shaped notes than I can the other.</p> <p>W You talk to young people today; and you start talking about shaped notes; and they don't know what you're talking about. I wonder if you could tell me basically the difference between shaped notes and standard notes?</p> <p>Well there were eight notes in the shaped notes: do, re, mi, fa, scl, la, ti, and do. Actually seven, but they had a place you learned on the scale up and down by the notes. But in studying music like it's taught now, they don't use the shaped notes; and so they use more of the lines and spaces actually.</p> <p>So actually the shape denoted the note, the sound?</p> <p>That's right, and the position on the scale. You were talking about some of the things that happen in the rural areas. When I came to</p>			

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	<p>Sandy Plains Church, they were having two annual all-day singings a year. One of them was what I'd call convention type singing. You know what I mean. And the other was old fa so la singing. But I came to Cobb right at the beginning of the war. The war began in forty-one, you remember; and soon gasoline was rationed; and there was some problem arose about those all-day singings. Some because they had planned them, one of them especially, to meet on one of the regular meeting days. They didn't want to change; and the church just let them have the singing on that Sunday; but when the war came then gasoline was rationed. It wasn't long until these all-day singings died out; and they are a thing of the past; and they haven't had them in years and years. Since the early forties.</p> <p>You brought up an interesting point to me in talking about fa sol la singing, and I wonder if that singing is the same as sacred harp singing?</p> <p>I think about the same thing.</p> <p>What's the basic difference then in it and seven note music?</p> <p>I've never experienced any fa sot la singing, except I understood that they use just those three notes, fa sol la; and they just sing them; and that's where it got it's name.</p> <p>Cobb County was for many years a dry county; and now I notice for the last several years they sell alcoholic beverages there legally now; and were you active; and do you remember much about the wet/dry campaigns in Cobb County over the years?</p> <p>Yes, when I first came to the county, I believe there was a liquor store in Marietta. I think they were already selling liquor. But then we had to get up a petition and get thirty-five percent of the</p> <p>8</p> <p>registered voters in order to get the Ordinary to call an election, and we were successful in voting it out. So they did away with their liquor stores, and for awhile it was dry. And then what we call the WETS came back, and they called themselves the committee for progress or something like that. They made an attempt or two. I don't know</p> <p>how many elections we really did have; but finally with a lot of people moving in from other areas, I think, they voted WET. At that time we didn't have a Board of Commissioners; we had one commissioner. You mentioned McCollum, he was the Commissioner. The Commissioner, the Clerk of Court, and the Ordinary served as an advisory committee; and they could license the sale of beer, if they were a mind to do</p> <p>it. Now it was a privilege license. We couldn't vote against or for beer; so we were promised by those that were in authority that if</p>			

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	<p>we won the election and voted down the sale of whiskey that they wouldn't license beer anymore. You don't want me to tell you who was com-missioner I don't guess?</p> <p>W It doesn't matter; I'd love to hear it.</p> <p>R Well, McCollum was commissioner, and I think forty of us ministers went down to meet with him to ask him not to license beer. He told us, "We have to have the tax in order to operate the county." We just didn't get any satisfaction at all, so they went ahead after promising they wouldn't. They went ahead and licensed the sale of beer, and we've had beer and whiskey ever since.</p> <p>W Do you suppose that your experience with Cobb County in that regard is a great deal different than what the ministers have encountered in other areas of the State?</p> <p>R Well from what I'd read about what was going on other places, it was just kind of an up and down situation. They might vote dry awhile, and most of the counties I think now are wet.</p> <p>W But they all tended to justify the sale of alcoholic beverages for the need taxes?</p> <p>R Right, that's right. I've thought about different ones of us going on the radio, and I had the message I brought on radio. I saw it sometime back in some of my notes; and I didn't have time to look for it today; but I remember speaking on the radio against the legal sale of alcohol. We did everything we could to try to keep it from being voted back in.</p> <p>W We were talking a few minutes ago about Noonday Association. I wonder if you would tell us briefly the role of the association in the life of the Baptist Church, and what role you played in the Noonday Association?</p> <p>R The District Association is, I think, one of the most important organizations in the Baptist Church. It's the local, made up of local churches. Of course, the State Convention is made up of local churches too, but it's more or less made up of Associations too. The Southern Baptist Convention is the same way. The District Association is made up of churches, and they meet for the purpose of cooperation</p> <p>9</p> <p>in their mission efforts and whatever then that they can do to strengthen the Church. We do that in the District Association, one of the most important organizations we have.</p>			

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	<p>W So the Association then is the first organizational level above the independent church?</p> <p>R That's right.</p> <p>W And then from the association level your next level of organization would be the state convention?</p> <p>" That's right. Let me point out though that when a Baptist Church becomes a member of even a district association, it doesn't lose it's autonomy. It's still independent, and it's voluntary.</p> <p>W I used independent in reference to their owning their church and controlling their own church activity.</p> <p>R Right.</p> <p>W But then they voluntarily involve themselves in the association?</p> <p>R There's a difference in what we call ourselves being independent and what some of the other churches that don't cooperate with our missionary movement. They call themselves independent.</p> <p>W If we could expand on that point a minute, you and I are Missionary Baptist; and yet we come from churches that are independent.</p> <p>" Right.</p> <p>W So could you comment and explain the difference in the role of the Missionary Baptist Church and that of an "Independent" Baptist Church?</p> <p>R Well, I can explain to you better what we believe. Each church is made of people who voluntarily cane together for fellowship and service. That's a pretty good definition of a church. And we still retain that independency when we become a member of an association.</p> <p>It's a voluntary thing, but we do it because we believe that two people or several people cooperating can do more than one. That same principle is true of churches. That we can carry on our mission programs in trying to reach the people at home and of the world better as we work together. And the way I understand the other churches that call themselves "independent"; they believe in missions; and they have a different program of missions than our Southern Baptist Convention. We have a Home Mission Board and a Foreign Mission Board, and they, have their independent groups. Some of them send their money direct. I don't know why they don't want to cooperate a lot of times. Sometimes I've known in our local area</p>			

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	<p>one of two of the Independent churches that accused us of being modernist and liberalist and so forth. And yet we preach fundamentally the same thing, and I don't see the point in them claiming to be independent.</p> <p>10</p> <p>W I think that maybe change might be what people oppose. We were talking a few minutes ago about the fa a)l la singing and then the seven note singing. My brother-in-law's father was a music teacher, and when he started teaching seven note singing, shaped note singing, he was accused of being a modernist and of trying to destroy the church. The heathens were taking over. So I guess what I'm trying to say is that maybe people just resist change and think it's bad.</p> <p>R Some of the churches that were members of our associations and convention felt like some of the money was being given for the wrong purposes. We have a program whereby we support everything that we ought to support called the cooperative program. And included in that program are not only our benevolent institutions, not only our mission boards, but our schools. And there's been a lot of criticism, in fact, for the last few years now of some of the things that are being taught in our seminaries; and that has caused some of the churches to pull out of the convention. Now some of the ones that are still in the association and in the convention still designate their offerings and give it, say, to the hospital or the mission program and still won't let the education program have any of it. I was going through the Christian Index that came this week, and they publish quarterly. The first quarter of the year they publish what's been given by the churches in the convention for those three months; in six months they publish it again; and this time it's for nine months. In our Noonday Association I went down over it today, and I saw where a number of our churches are not giving a penny to the cooperative fund although they are still members of our association. But they have that privilege you see.</p> <p>W They have basic disagreement over how certain dollars are spent, and they just withhold that part of the program?</p> <p>R That's right, and I need to point out also that the association doesn't have any authority over those churches. They have the right to do as they please about it. The cooperative program is just simply a voluntary program, but we feel like it's our most effective way to promote our work, those of us who claim to be missionary.</p>			

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	<p>If you take the Christian Index, see there it is.</p> <p>W I noticed in looking through some of your papers that you were active at Kennestone Hospital. I wonder if you would go over what role the ministers of this area play in their activities with the hospital.</p> <p>" When Kennestone Hospital was first built, and don't ask me what year it was, but anyway soon we organized what was called the Voluntary Chaplains Association; and this association was not made up of just preachers from one denomination, but from all denominations. Anybody that was pastoring and wanted to serve could be a member of it. And it was organized with a President, Vice-President, and Secretary/ Treasurer, I believe. And then a constitution and by-laws was drawn up, and they would visit the hospital and minister a week at a time. We would go in on Monday usually, and begin our week, and go to the information desk; and they would give us a copy of the cards with a copy of the people who had come in over the weekend; and we'd visit everyone of those. And Tuesday morning they'd give us a card with</p> <p>11</p> <p>the ones that came in over the last twenty-four hours; so on each day they'd give us a card; and we would minister a week at the time.</p> <p>Usually we wouldn't have to serve more than once or twice a year, one week at the time, because there was several preachers that belonged to this association. I was elected President of this Chaplain's Association and served one year which is as long as anyone usually served.</p> <p>W Did your efforts there usually lead you into helping the families of people that were in the hospital?</p> <p>R Yes. That was before Kennestone had a regular full-time chaplain.</p> <p>But to the family; and I've had some wonderful experiences in working with people like that during the time I was chaplain. I thought it was an honor to be elected as President of that Chaplain's Association, but then the hospital grew to the point where they felt like they could afford perhaps a full-time chaplain. Still there's some who serve as voluntary chaplains and came maybe two or three times a week.</p> <p>W Another interesting point that I think would be of interest to most anybody is what is a minister's day like? I mean what do you do. I think sometimes we have the impression that the minister</p>			

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	<p>only preaches on Sunday. Tell us a little bit about the life of a minister.</p> <p>I've had people poke fun about it; but I think they did it just because they were my friends; but one fellow would say, "There goes a guy that's really got it made, thirty minutes a week." But if you have a full-time church, there's a lot of difference in being a pastor now</p> <p>and when my father was a pastor, because the main thing he did was to preach on the regular preaching days, marry people who came to him, conduct funerals, and visit maybe sane of the sick. Since he had to supplement his salary with labor, why he couldn't spend all of his time ministering to a church; but that's changed a great deal now.</p> <p>If a person is a full-time pastor, he's on call twenty-four hours a day; and you never know when you're going to be called upon, when sane tragedy has befallen a family or when some need arises. Of course, you don't have any way of knowing what's going to take place any one day, but most churches now have a full-time pastor. They have an office in the church; and most of them probably spend the morning in the office and do their studying then; and they might make their visiting in the afternoon.</p> <p>W Churches have really become pretty big business too haven't they?</p> <p>That's right; a preacher not only has to be a preacher now, but he has to be a real pastor, and then he has to be a good administrator, and just a lot of different things that you didn't have to know at that time. Still it's a very rewarding life. If I had my life to go over I wouldn't change it.</p> <p>W I'll get to that in a minute.</p> <p>12</p> <p>R Young people now wouldn't know what an all day singing was like.</p> <p>Some of the music publishing companies still publish books in shaped notes . . . some of the convention type singing. I noticed in some of the churches I've visited in and maybe served as interim pastor that they wouldn't be using our Baptist Hymnal, but maybe would be using what we used to call convention type singing, which would, of course, have a lot of hymns in the book, but they would have more gospel music in them.</p> <p>W So convention type singing then is a little more spirited than gospel type?</p> <p>R Right, what we call gospel singing. That's become a very popular</p>			

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	<p>thing because there are numbers of groups that give their full-time to it. Their kind of ministry is quarters and so forth. Now it's become a big business. Sometimes they'll have an all night sing and invite different quartets, for instance; and they'll take time about singing and maybe spend the whole night. Used to in the old auditorium in Atlanta, and I guess they do now.</p> <p>W I noticed coming through Marietta this morning they had something about an all night sing on Friday night there. I don't imagine that it lasted all night, but I think that's maybe what you're making reference to.</p> <p>W Is your retirement years working out like you'd hoped they would?</p> <p>R Well, actually, I retired a year earlier than I had planned to for personal matters that I wouldn't want to go into; but I retired with a little bit of apprehension because I had been an active full-time pastor then for a number of years. My children were all grown up and married and out, and nobody was home but my wife and myself. But just to go out without a great deal of retirement insurance or anything like that, you feel a little bit apprehensive about what's gonna happen. I'll have to admit that I did, but it worked out really wonderfully well. So far as finances are concerned, I made more money since I retired than I did when I was in the pastorate.</p> <p>Serving as interim pastor, drawing my social security and my retirement from the annuity board. The Southern Baptists have a retirement plan. Of course, I don't mean I ever got anything like the salary that most modern preachers are getting now; but still I think it was . . . well, that's just looking at it from a financial standpoint; but to me I feel like some of my greatest and most fruitful ministry has been serving as interim pastor, because a lot of the times you're called to serve as interim pastor of a church that has problems. Sometimes pastors leave a church and leave it without a pastor because of some problem; and when you go in there as interim pastor you're faced with that; but it's different from being the regular pastor itself because you can lead people to do things that maybe a regular pastor couldn't.</p> <p>I love people; and if you love people, they will soon find it out; and I've found out that if you love people, you can get them to do things. I'm thankful that I've been able to get some things settled just because people knew I loved them, and then they followed me and followed my advice. Of course, then you learn by experience.</p>			

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	<p>I've had some experiences since I've been interim pastor that I never</p> <p>13</p> <p>had as a regular pastor. In a business meeting seems like there's problems that arise. The Lord certainly has been good to me and helped me to lead the people to solve their problems.</p> <p>W Have you got any feelings about the direction that you think the world is going in today, as a people, generally?</p> <p>R Well, I think that looking at it from a moral standpoint that since World War II the morals have depreciated to a great degree. There's lots of things going on now the people may not approve of, but they just seem to ignore it almost. For instance, couples that just take up together and live without marriage; there has been a time when they would have been indicted and punished for it. It wouldn't have been allowed, but people ignore a thing like that now there's so much of it. Of course, another thing I think that is happening in America that has been an awful bad influence has been, well, people don't observe the Lord's Day like they used to. Now Georgia had what we called a "Blue Law." Until just a few years ago a place of business was not allowed to open up on Sunday, and then again I think this took place because so many people came in from other areas where maybe they'd been accustomed to it. And the old settlers in Cobb County may have not been in favor of opening up places of business; but the influx of new people voted to do it; and I think it had a big influence on the decision.</p> <p>W I think I remember the instance you're talking about. I believe IC Mart maybe challenged the blue law here in Cobb County.</p> <p>R They were at least among the first ones. But everything is wide open now, You can buy anything now from a Coca Cola to a farm. But I still think it's a bad thing.</p> <p>W Do you really feel that this trend will run full circle and go back, or do you think it will be a continuous deterioration of morality? I'm afraid it'll not go back. I think that there is some signs of a spiritual awakening, but things have deteriorated to such a low degree until it's gonna be awful hard to undo. For instance, what we were talking about. Opening up everything on Sunday. Another</p>			

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	<p>thing I've seen change a lot in my lifetime, I think, is this matter of divorce, I was told yesterday by a friend--he probably saw it in the Atlanta paper, but I've inquired before about this, and it seems that it's true thatthere have been twice as many divorces in Cobb County as there have been marriages.</p> <p>It certainly doesn't seem to add much stability to the community or family life.</p> <p>No,</p> <p>W You brought up morals, and here lately there is a political expression,</p> <p>"moral majority." I wonder if you would care to reflect on the Mbral Majority and their activity in politics, and do you think it's proper or do you think we should do more of it?</p> <p>R Well, I think that we as individual Christians should take a hand</p> <p>in politics. I think we ought to vote; and I think we ought to vote our convictions; but I'm not sure that we ought to do it as a church or as a denomination. I think it might be getting pretty close to violating separation of Church and State. We come back and talk about the advantage of having district associations, and state conventions can do more working together than you can separate. I know that's true; but this has caused a great deal of talk and a</p> <p>great deal of controversy; and I don't know what lengths it is going to come to. I sort of doubt the wisdom of some of the things that the moral majority does.</p> <p>W Do you think maybe they're injecting a political philosophy into</p> <p>their efforts in the name of morality?</p> <p>R Probably so.</p> <p>W People quite often make the statement, "If I could live my life over,</p> <p>I would do it differently." Would you? If you would, how would you?</p> <p>R Well, I've thought about it like everybody else thinks about it, I guess. As I was growing old, I thought about if I had it to do over, what would I like to do; but I don't think I'd want to be anything else other than a preacher. I think I would want to be a minister. But there is some things about my ministry that I'd certainly like to try to do a better job. I'd like to have more education than I have. Of course, I've tried to take advantage of the opportunities I've had since I dropped out of school. And you see I have a good many books in here. I've tried to improve myself along as I go, and I feel like I'm better qualified maybe in some degrees than I was</p>			

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	<p>back then. I used to regret especially in the first few years of my ministry that I hadn't had the opportunity to go ahead and finish my education. I told you about my father having a second family; and he was getting to be an old man; so when the children were small, some of us older ones had to to work. I married when I was young myself. I married when I was nineteen. I used to think that when I got my children through school that I'd like to go back and finish going to college myself, but by that time I had changed my mind.</p> <p>W So you would advise anybody to pursue their education and to study when they have an opportunity?</p> <p>R That's right.</p> <p>W Brother Robertson, this has been very informative; and I appreciate your time. I'll get you a copy of the interview just as soon as I get it completed.</p> <p>5</p> <p>afternoon. But then I was called from the Northwest Church in Atlanta to Shady Grove Church on Bells Ferry Road in 1948. It was a full time church; and I stayed there six years; and then they called me back at Sandy Plains; and I went back to Sandy Plains for seven and a half years which made a total of thirteen. And, then they called me back at Shady Grove; and I went back to Shady Grove for the second time and stayed for seven years; and so I was pastor of Shady Grove for thirteen years and Sandy Plains for thirteen years; and they were adjoining communities. I remember telling Brother Pete Day when the committee came for Shady Grove to talk to me about coming back over there, I said, "Well, Pete, people would think that nobody else would ever call me and that I could never preach anywhere else." And he said, "You've never had a greater honor bestowed on you than that a church would call you back like that." I retired from Shady Grove Church in 1969. I retired and moved back home. I owned my home on Sandy Plains Road. Pete Day, our Association Missionary, died; and I served as interim Association Missionary or Director of Missions for nine months until they called a missionary; and then I began to serve as interim pastor. The first church I served as interim pastor was Burt Road for four months, then New Salem four months, Austell First Baptist four months, Sardis in Cobb four months, Too Nigh in Cherokee four months, Olive Springs in Cobb seven months, Lost</p>			

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	<p>Mountain in Cobb three months, Macland in Cobb seven months, Beulah in Douglasville three months, Poplar Springs in Paulding eleven months, and New Salem which is second interim there seven months. Sandy Plains my home church I served as interim pastor for nine months, Hollydale Baptist Church about three months, and Wildwood Baptist Church of Kennesaw for five months. So I've served that many interims.</p> <p>W Doesn't sound like you've been retired.</p> <p>R Well somebody told me that I'd retired several times and then just came out of retirement. Of course, I didn't actually come out of retirement more than just served as interims.</p> <p>Well you pretty well hit all the communities in Cobb County haven't you?</p> <p>R I was checking sometime ago. I had a copy of the Association minutes, and during the time I have lived in this area I've preached in revivals in lots of the churches in the Association where I've never pastored. I did a lot of that back in those years when I was younger, in the summertime especially. I preached in every church in Roswell, Georgia, well all the churches that were there then, Second Church first, First Baptist, and Lebanon. All three of those churches I preached in revivals in Roswell. Union Hill Church up above, just out of Alpharetta, I preached in seven revivals in that one church. Six years in succession and never missed one--actually five with one pastor, and then he left and the next year with another pastor, and then later without a pastor one year.</p> <p>W The Noonday Association is the parent association, I guess you would call it, for this area. How big an area does it really cover?</p> <p>6</p> <p>R There was a time when it covered most of Cobb, and Cherokee County, and one or two churches in Bartow. But now then mostly it's Cobb with still one church in Bartow, and I believe there's two in Cherokee. Woodstock's in the Noonday Association.</p> <p>W You indicated you came into Cherokee County which is neighbor to Cobb in 1928. What big differences do you see? That's quite a number of years. What big differences do you see now in this general area of Georgia and what you saw when you came here? Well when I came up there--of course, that was before I began preaching--the church in that community was just a quarter-time</p>			

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	<p>church. And that was true of all the churches in that area. That hasn't changed as much in that particular area where some of them may be half-time. Waleska, of course, when it was first constituted, I think, was maybe having preaching once or twice a month. Of course, it's a full-time church now, but I don't see as much difference in the churches up in Cherokee as I do in this area. Of course, there is a difference; I know that. Later on the Noonday Baptist Association didn't split; but there was a new association formed in Cherokee and Pickens County; and some of the churches that had been in the Noonday Association went with that. It was called Marble Valley Association to begin with, and later on they changed the name to the Etowah Association. Canton, Showcreek, Sardis, Waleska and Goshen I can name in particular that were in the other Association. You speak of quarter-time churches. I have memories of fifth Sundays, and I wonder if you could tell me what fifth Sundays were like at your quarter-time churches?</p> <p>R Well they didn't have any service. You just had preaching once a month.</p> <p>If their regular meeting day was say the first Sunday or whatever Sunday, that's what they had.</p> <p>W What I had reference to, I guess, was the fifth Sunday sing was quite a common thing in Southwest Georgia where I was brought up, and I wondered if that same sort of thing happened in some of your rural churches in this area?</p> <p>R Yes, it did down in this area especially on Sunday night; but that was after they were having more Sundays. But when I moved to Cobb County now I was already pastor of Sardis Church which was in the Noonday Association; but when I came down here, fifth Sunday at that time was used by the Association for its promotional time. The different organizations--Sunday School, WMU, Brotherhood, and Training Union--all were represented, and they used that fifth Sunday to promote their work. That's before we had Superintendent of Missions, but that's the main thing that I remember about fifth Sunday.</p> <p>W I believe you stated earlier that your daddy was a music teacher and traveled. I wonder if you might reflect on that a little bit?</p> <p>R Be didn't have any degree in music or anything like that, but he'd teach singing schools about in the rural churches.</p>			

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	<p>7</p> <p>W Do you remember singing from shaped notes?</p> <p>R Yes, sure, the only music I know is-shaped notes. I can, of course, follow the music now; but I still can come nearer singing shaped notes than I can the other.</p> <p>W You talk to young people today; and you start talking about shaped notes; and they don't know what you're talking about. I wonder if you could tell me basically the difference between shaped notes and standard notes?</p> <p>Well there were eight notes in the shaped notes: do, re, mi, fa, scl, la, ti, and do. Actually seven, but they had a place you learned on the scale up and down by the notes. But in studying music like it's taught now, they don't use the shaped notes; and so they use more of the lines and spaces actually.</p> <p>So actually the shape denoted the note, the sound?</p> <p>That's right, and the position on the scale. You were talking about some of the things that happen in the rural areas. When I came to Sandy Plains Church, they were having two annual all-day singings a year. One of them was what I'd call convention type singing. You know what I mean. And the other was old fa so la singing. But I came to Cobb right at the beginning of the war. The war began in forty-one, you remember; and soon gasoline was rationed; and there was some problem arose about those all-day singings. Some because they had planned them, one of them especially, to meet on one of the regular meeting days. They didn't want to change; and the church just let them have the singing on that Sunday; but when the war came then gasoline was rationed. It wasn't long until these all-day singings died out; and they are a thing of the past; and they haven't had them in years and years. Since the early forties.</p> <p>You brought up an interesting point to me in talking about fa sol la singing, and I wonder if that singing is the same as sacred harp singing?</p> <p>I think about the same thing.</p> <p>What's the basic difference then in it and seven note music?</p> <p>I've never experienced any fa sot la singing, except I understood that they use just those three notes, fa sol la; and they just sing them; and that's uhere it got it's name.</p> <p>Cobb County was for many years a dry county; and now I notice for the last several years they sell alcoholic beverages there legally now; and were you active; and do you remember much about the wet/dry campaigns in Cobb County over the years?</p>			

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	<p>Yes, when I first came to the county, I believe there was a liquor store in Marietta. I think they were already selling liquor. But then we had to get up a petition and get thirty-five percent of the</p> <p>8</p> <p>registered voters in order to get the Ordinary to call an election, and we were successful in voting it out. So they did away with their liquor stores, and for awhile it was dry. And then what we call the WETS came back, and they called themselves the committee for progress or something like that. They made an attempt or two. I don't know how many elections we really did have; but finally with a lot of people moving in from other areas, I think, they voted WET. At that time we didn't have a Board of Commissioners; we had one commissioner. You mentioned McCollum, he was the Commissioner. The Commissioner, the Clerk of Court, and the Ordinary served as an advisory committee; and they could license the sale of beer, if they were a mind to do it. Now it was a privilege license. We couldn't vote against or for beer; so we were promised by those that were in authority that if we won the election and voted down the sale of whiskey that they wouldn't license beer anymore. You don't want me to tell you who was com-missioner I don't guess?</p> <p>W It doesn't matter; I'd love to hear it.</p> <p>R Well, McCollum was commissioner, and I think forty of us ministers went down to meet with him to ask him not to license beer. He told us, "We have to have the tax in order to operate the county." We just didn't get any satisfaction at all, so they went ahead after promising they wouldn't. They went ahead and licensed the sale of beer, and we've had beer and whiskey ever since.</p> <p>W Do you suppose that your experience with Cobb County in that regard is a great deal different than what the ministers have encountered in other areas of the State?</p> <p>R Well from what I'd read about what was going on other places, it was just kind of an up and down situation. They might vote dry awhile, and most of the counties I think now are wet.</p> <p>W But they all tended to justify the sale of alcoholic beverages for the need taxes?</p> <p>R Right, that's right. I've thought about different ones of us going on the radio, and I had the message I brought on radio. I saw it sometime back in some of my notes; and I didn't have time to look</p>			

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	<p>for it today; but I remember speaking on the radio against the legal sale of alcohol. We did everything we could to try to keep it from being voted back in.</p> <p>W We were talking a few minutes ago about Noonday Association. I wonder if you would tell us briefly the role of the association in the life of the Baptist Church, and what role you played in the Noonday Association?</p> <p>R The District Association is, I think, one of the most important organizations in the Baptist Church. It's the local, made up of local churches. Of course, the State Convention is made up of local churches too, but it's more or less made up of Associations too. The Southern Baptist Convention is the same way. The District Association is made up of churches, and they meet for the purpose of cooperation</p> <p>9</p> <p>in their mission efforts and whatever then that they can do to strengthen the Church. We do that in the District Association, one of the most important organizations we have.</p> <p>W So the Association then is the first organizational level above the independent church?</p> <p>R That's right.</p> <p>W And then from the association level your next level of organization would be the state convention?</p> <p>" That's right. Let me point out though that when a Baptist Church becomes a member of even a district association, it doesn't lose it's autonomy. It's still independent, and it's voluntary.</p> <p>W I used independent in reference to their owning their church and controlling their own church activity.</p> <p>R Right.</p> <p>W But then they voluntarily involve themselves in the association?</p> <p>R There's a difference in what we call ourselves being independent and what some of the other churches that don't cooperate with our missionary movement. They call themselves independent.</p> <p>W If we could expand on that point a minute, you and I are Missionary Baptist; and yet we come from churches that are independent.</p> <p>" Right.</p> <p>W So could you comment and explain the difference in the role of the Missionary Baptist Church and that of an "Independent"</p>			

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	<p>Baptist Church?</p> <p>R Well, I can explain to you better what we believe. Each church is made of people who voluntarily came together for fellowship and service. That's a pretty good definition of a church. And we still retain that independency when we become a member of an association.</p> <p>It's a voluntary thing, but we do it because we believe that two people or several people cooperating can do more than one. That same principle is true of churches. That we can carry on our mission programs in trying to reach the people at home and of the world better as we work together. And the way I understand the other churches that call themselves "independent"; they believe in missions; and they have a different program of missions than our Southern Baptist Convention. We have a Home Mission Board and a Foreign Mission Board, and they, have their independent groups. Some of them send their money direct. I don't know why they don't want to cooperate a lot of times. Sometimes I've known in our local area one of two of the Independent churches that accused us of being modernist and liberalist and so forth. And yet we preach fundamentally the same thing, and I don't see the point in them claiming to be independent.</p> <p>10</p> <p>W I think that maybe change might be what people oppose. We were talking a few minutes ago about the fact of the seven note singing. My brother-in-law's father was a music teacher, and when he started teaching seven note singing, shaped note singing, he was accused of being a modernist and of trying to destroy the church. The heathens were taking over. So I guess what I'm trying to say is that maybe people just resist change and think it's bad.</p> <p>R Some of the churches that were members of our associations and convention felt like some of the money was being given for the wrong purposes. We have a program whereby we support everything that we ought to support called the cooperative program. And included in that program are not only our benevolent institutions, not only our mission boards, but our schools. And there's been a lot of criticism, in fact, for the last few years now of some of the things that are being taught in our seminaries; and that has caused some of the churches to pull out of the convention. Now some of the ones that</p>			

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	<p>are still in the association and in the convention still designate their offerings</p> <p>and give it, say, to the hospital or the mission program and still won't let the education program have any of it. I was going through the Christian Index that came this week, and they publish quarterly. The first quarter of the year they publish what's been given by the churches in the convention for those three months; in six months they publish it again; and this time it's for nine months. In our Noonday Association I went down over it today, and I saw where a number of our churches are not giving a penny to the cooperative fund although they are still members of our association. But they have that privilege you see.</p> <p>W They have basic disagreement over how certain dollars are spent, and they just withhold that part of the program?</p> <p>R That's right, and I need to point out also that the association doesn't have any authority over those churches. They have the right to do as they please about it. The cooperative program is just simply a voluntary program, but we feel like it's our most effective way to promote our work, those of us who claim to be missionary. If you take the Christian Index, see there it is.</p> <p>W I noticed in looking through some of your papers that you were active at Kennestone Hospital. I wonder if you would go over what role the ministers of this area play in their activities with the hospital.</p> <p>" When Kennestone Hospital was first built, and don't ask me what year it was, but anyway soon we organized what was called the Voluntary Chaplains Association; and this association was not made up of just preachers from one denomination, but from all denominations. Anybody that was pastoring and wanted to serve could be a member of it. And it was organized with a President, Vice-President, and Secretary/ Treasurer, I believe. And then a constitution and by-laws was drawn up, and they would visit the hospital and minister a week at a time. We would go in on Monday usually, and begin our week, and go to the information desk; and they would give us a copy of the cards with a copy of the people who had come in over the weekend; and we'd visit everyone of those. And Tuesday morning they'd give us a card with</p> <p>11</p> <p>the ones that came in over the last twenty-four hours; so on each day they'd give us a card; and we would minister a week at the time.</p>			

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	<p>Usually we wouldn't have to serve more than once or twice a year, one week at the time, because there was several preachers that belonged to this association. I was elected President of this Chaplain's Association and served one year which is as long as anyone usually served.</p> <p>W Did your efforts there usually lead you into helping the families of people that were in the hospital?</p> <p>R Yes. That was before Kennestone had a regular full-time chaplain.</p> <p>But to the family; and I've had some wonderful experiences in working with people like that during the time I was chaplain. I thought it was an honor to be elected as President of that Chaplain's Association, but then the hospital grew to the point where they felt like they could afford perhaps a full-time chaplain. Still there's some who serve as volunatary chaplains and came maybe two or three times a week.</p> <p>W Another interesting point that I think would be of interest to most anybody is what is a minister's day like? I mean what do you do. I think sometimes we have the impression that the minister only preaches on Sunday. Tell us a little bit about the life of a minister.</p> <p>I've had people poke fun about it; but I think they did it just because they were my friends; but one fellow would say, "There goes a guy that's really got it made, thirty minutes a week." But if you have a full-time church, there's a lot of difference in being a pastor now</p> <p>and when my father was a pastor, because the main thing he did was to preach on the regular preaching days, marry people who came to him, conduct funerals, and visit maybe sane of the sick. Since he had to supplement his salary with labor, why he couldn't spend all of his time ministering to a church; but that's changed a great deal now.</p> <p>If a person is a full-time pastor, he's on call twenty-four hours a day; and you never know when you're going to be called upon, when sane tragedy has befallen a family or when some need arises. Of course, you don't have any way of knowing what's going to take place any one day, but most churches now have a full-time pastor. They have an office in the church; and most of them probably spend the morning in the office and do their studying then; and they might make their visiting in the afternoon.</p> <p>W Churches have really become pretty big business too haven't they?</p> <p>That's right; a preacher not only has to be a preacher now, but he has to be a real pastor, and then he has to be a good administrator,</p>			

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	<p>and just a lot of different things that you didn't have to know at that time. Still it's a very rewarding life. If I had my life to go over I wouldn't change it.</p> <p>W I'll get to that in a minute.</p> <p>12</p> <p>R Young people now wouldn't know what an all day singing was like.</p> <p>Some of the music publishing companies still publish books in shaped notes . . . some of the convention type singing. I noticed in some of the churches I've visited in and maybe served as interim pastor that they wouldn't be using our Baptist Hymnal, but maybe would be using what we used to call convention type singing, which would, of course, have a lot of hymns in the book, but they would have more gospel music in them.</p> <p>W So convention type singing then is a little more spirited than gospel type?</p> <p>R Right, what we call gospel singing. That's become a very popular thing because there are numbers of groups that give their full-time to it. Their kind of ministry is quarters and so forth. Now it's become a big business. Sometimes they'll have an all night sing and invite different quartets, for instance; and they'll take time about singing and maybe spend the whole night. Used to in the old auditorium in Atlanta, and I guess they do now.</p> <p>W I noticed coming through Marietta this morning they had something about an all night sing on Friday night there. I don't imagine that it lasted all night, but I think that's maybe what you're making reference to.</p> <p>W Is your retirement years working out like you'd hoped they would?</p> <p>R Well, actually, I retired a year earlier than I had planned to for personal matters that I wouldn't want to go into; but I retired with a little bit of apprehension because I had been an active full-time pastor then for a number of years. My children were all group up and married and out, and nobody was home but my wife and myself. But just to go out without a great deal of retirement insurance or anything like that, you feel a little bit apprehensive about what's gonna happen. I'll have to admit that I did, but it worked out really wonderfully well. So far as finances are concerned, I made more money since I retired than I did when I was in the pastorate.</p>			

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	<p>Serving as interim pastor, drawing my social security and my retirement from the annuity board. The Southern Baptists have a retirement plan. Of course, I don't mean I ever got anything like the salary that most modern preachers are getting now; but still I think it was . . . well, that's just looking at it from a financial standpoint; but to me I feel like some of my greatest and most fruitful ministry has been serving as interim pastor, because a lot of the times you're called to serve as interim pastor of a church that has problems. Sometimes pastors leave a church and leave it without a pastor because of sane problem; and when you go in there as interim pastor you're faced with that; but it's different from being the regular pastor itself because you can lead people to do things that maybe a regular pastor couldn't.</p> <p>I love people; and if you love people, they will soon find it out; and I've found out that if you love people, you can get them to do things. I'm thankful that I've been able to get some things settled just because people knew I loved them, and then they followed me and followed my advice. Of course, then you learn by experience. I've had some experiences since I've been interim pastor that I never</p> <p>13</p> <p>had as a regular pastor. In a business meeting seems like there's problems that arise. The Lord certainly has been good to me and helped me to lead the people to solve their problems.</p> <p>W Have you got any feelings about the direction that you think the world is going in today, as a people, generally?</p> <p>R Well, I think that looking at it from a moral standpoint that since World War II the morals have depreciated to a great degree. There's lots of things going on now the people may not approve of, but they just seem to ignore it almost. For instance, couples that just take up together and live without marriage; there has been a time when they would have been indicted and punished for it. It wouldn't have been allowed, but people ignore a thing like that now there's so much of it. Of course, another thing I think that is happening in America that has been an awful bad influence has been, well, people don't observe the Lord's Day like they used to. Now Georgia had what we called a "Blue Law." Until just a few years ago a place of business</p>			

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	<p>was not allowed to open up on Sunday, and then again I think this took place because so many people came in from other areas where maybe they'd been accustomed to it. And the old settlers in Cobb County may have not been in favor of opening up places of business;</p> <p>but the influx of new people voted to do it; and I think it had a big influence on the decision.</p> <p>W I think I remember the instance you're talking about. I believe IC</p> <p>Mart maybe challenged the blue law here in Cobb County.</p> <p>R They were at least among the first ones. But everything is wide open now, You can buy anything now from a Coca Cola to a farm. But I still think it's a bad thing.</p> <p>W Do you really feel that this trend will run full circle and go back,</p> <p>or do you think it will be a continuous deterioration of morality? I'm afraid it'll not go back. I think that there is some signs of a spiritual awakening, but things have deteriorated to such a low degree until it's gonna be awful hard to undo. For instance, what we were talking about. Opening up everything on Sunday. Another thing I've seen change a lot in my lifetime, I think, is this matter of divorce, I was told yesterday by a friend--he probably saw it in the Atlanta paper, but I've inquired before about this, and it seems that it's true that there have been twice as many divorces in Cobb County as there have been marriages.</p> <p>It certainly doesn't seem to add much stability to the community or family life.</p> <p>No,</p> <p>W You brought up morals, and here lately there is a political expression,</p> <p>"moral majority." I wonder if you would care to reflect on the Mbral Majority and their activity in politics, and do you think it's proper or do you think we should do more of it?</p> <p>R Well, I think that we as individual Christians should take a hand</p> <p>in politics. I think we ought to vote; and I think we ought to vote our convictions; but I'm not sure that we ought to do it as a church or as a denomination. I think it might be getting pretty close to violating separation of Church and State. We come back and talk about the advantage of having district associations, and state conventions can do more working together than you can separate. I know that's true; but this has caused a great deal of talk and a</p> <p>great deal of controversy; and I don't know what lengths it is going</p>			

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	<p>to come to. I sort of doubt the wisdom of some of the things that the moral majority does.</p> <p>W Do you think maybe they're injecting a political philosophy into their efforts in the name of morality?</p> <p>R Probably so.</p> <p>W People quite often make the statement, "If I could live my life over, I would do it differently." Would you? If you would, how would you?</p> <p>R Well, I've thought about it like everybody else thinks about it, I guess. As I was growing old, I thought about if I had it to do over, what would I like to do; but I don't think I'd want to be anything else other than a preacher. I think I would want to be a minister. But there is some things about my ministry that I'd certainly like to try to do a better job. I'd like to have more education than I have. Of course, I've tried to take advantage of the opportunities I've had since I dropped out of school. And you see I have a good many books in here. I've tried to improve myself along as I go, and I feel like I'm better qualified maybe in some degrees than I was back then. I used to regret especially in the first few years of my ministry that I hadn't had the opportunity to go ahead and finish my education. I told you about my father having a second family; and he was getting to be an old man; so when the children were small, some of us older ones had to to work. I married when I was young myself. I married when I was nineteen. I used to think that when I got my children through school that I'd like to go back and finish going to college myself, but by that time I had changed my mind.</p> <p>W So you would advise anybody to pursue their education and to study when they have an opportunity?</p> <p>R That's right.</p> <p>W Brother Robertson, this has been very informative; and I appreciate your time. I'll get you a copy of the interview just as soon as I get it completed.</p> <p>Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with Henry L. Williams, Sr. Conducted by Dennis L. Duncan Tuesday, November 17, 1981 Mr. Williams served as a Marietta City Councilman from 1950 until 1955. He was the Justice of the Peace in Marietta from 1956 until 1964, Mr. Williams was appointed as the first Clerk of the newly organized State Court in 1965. He held that position for</p>			

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	<p>three term, until his retirement in 1976. D = Duncan W = Williams</p> <p>W No sir, I was born in Cherokee County; and my family moved here to Marietta in Cobb County when I was five years old in 1911. D For all practical purposes, then, you grew up in Cobb County and have lived here most of your life. W You might say that because I have lived here since I was five years old. My father was a tenant farmer up until that time when he left the farm in Cherokee County and came here. He was employed by the Marietta Knitting Company. That later became Champion Knitting Mill, then later was Holproof Hosiery Company. Its now known as McLaurin Corporation. D Did your mother work outside the home? W No. She did work a little part time, possibly a year at one time is all. The rest of the time she was a homemaker. D Did you attend the public schools in Marietta? W Yes, I attended the public schools in Marietta. I went through the seventh grade, the grammar grades. I didn't finish high school. I went to a private night school for a while to the Olive Faw private school system. D What were the grade schools like in Marietta when you were growing up? W Well, as I recall I started in the first grade in 1912 down on Haynes Street. It was known as Haynes Street School. We had four grammar grades at that school and four high school grades. Now when you started in the first grade and went through the fourth grade at Haynes then the other school was known as the Waterman Street School on Waterman Street. You had to transfer to Waterman Street to go through the fifth, sixth, and seventh. Then if you went on to high school, you came back to Haynes Street to complete high school. D. Did you have eleven or twelve grades? 16</p> <p>W That was through the eleventh grade back then. After I finished school, I talked my daddy into letting me go to work because things were pretty rough back then economically. I started to work at the Marietta Knitting Company in the shipping department. I worked there about thirty-five years. D Was it still called the Marietta Knitting Company when you left it or had it changed hands?</p>			

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	<p>W No, it was known as Holproof Hosiery Company at that time. Its main plant was in Milwaukee, and they had one in Ontario, Canada. They bought this plant in Marietta and moved all their shipping facilities to Marietta. I was in charge of the shipping department for a number of years.</p> <p>D Would that have been considered one of the main industries in Marietta at that time?</p> <p>W It was one of the main industries, yes, Back in those days we had four or five major industries: Georgia Marble Company, McNeel Marble Company, Bruinby Chair Company, Glover Machine Works, and Holproof.</p> <p>D Where was the marble company located?</p> <p>W It was located parallel with the old hosiery mill on Sessions Street.</p> <p>D Did they have the marble shipped in?</p> <p>W Oh yes, most was shipped in from North Georgia around Tate where they had the large quarry. I don't know where their granite came from.</p> <p>D What did they make out of it?</p> <p>W At one time I think they did some statue work, but most of their work was monumental - tombstones for cemeteries.</p> <p>D Back to the school system, did you have to pay tuition to attend high school?</p> <p>W That's correct. You had to buy your books back then, and when you finished grammar school and went into high school you had to pay a tuition. Later, I don't know just what year it was, there was a bill introduced into the legislature requiring the Marietta Board of Lights and Water Works to take ten percent off their income to be donated to the Board of Education. That eliminated the necessity of having to pay tuition.</p> <p>At this time did the county schools have the same system?</p> <p>I'm not too familiar with the county schools. I don't believe there were any high schools in Cobb County. If there was any, I don't believe there would have been more than one or two. Most of the children who went to high school came to Marietta, and I believe they had, to pay a double tuition. Back in those days there were not a lot</p> <p>of people able to go to high school because they just could not afford the cost of books and tuition. When the bill was passed giving that money to the Board of Education, that enabled a lot more children to attend high school that had not been able to in the past.</p>			

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	<p>D What was an average wage back in that time?</p> <p>W Ninety percent of the hosiery work was piece work. You were paid by the piece, and a person who was extra fast made more than the average person. The starting rate usually was about three dollars a week. People that were experienced could make quite same more than that. know there wouldn't be a five dollar bill in a lot of pay checks. I said pay checks, but we got paid in currency back then. Five dollars would be an average, I would think, for working in a knitting mill. Of course, everything else was a lot cheaper back then; but if you didn't have the money you couldn't buy it.</p> <p>D What were the major business concerns around the square in Marietta during this period?</p> <p>W I can remember Mr. R.A. Fine had a large clothing store, Florence's, Hodges Drug Company, Schilling's Hardware, Brumby Furniture has been there along time; and, of course, going back a little further there was the old Benson Brothers who were in the cotton brokerage business as well as running a grocery store; Anderson's, the Fowler Brothers, and the Hardeman Brothers; T.W. Reed Clothiers was there a long time ago. T.O. Saul's Clothing Store was there.</p> <p>D Some of these business places you just mentioned were on the square until just recently.</p> <p>W Oh, yes, some of them were until just recently. Most of them are old-timers who have died and passed on though now.</p> <p>D During the time you were growing up Cobb County was an agriculture county.</p> <p>W That's true, I imagine. I don't know just for sure what our popula-tion in Marietta was; but it wasn't much more than four, five, seven thousand people, I don't think, when Bell Bomber Plant came here.</p> <p>D Do you remember what year the plant opened?</p> <p>W I believe it was around 1943, after the war had been going on for same time. Of course, we started growing by leaps and bounds; but we were still limited because for it to be an industrial giant and to grow and progress, you have to have water.. I believe Mr. John Heck was the county commissioner in 1950 or 51. They set up the Cobb County-Marietta Water Authority and built the water plant out here on the Chattahoochee. It, until that time we were having to buy some of our water from Atlanta, and Bell Bomber plant was getting most of their</p> <p>water from Atlanta. Up until then we just had the little artesian wells scattered around Marietta. After we got the good water supply, business began to come in; and we have been growing and</p>			

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	<p>progressing ever since.</p> <p>You said your father was no longer farming when you moved to Marietta. Do you remember much about the cotton business in Marietta?</p> <p>Well, I remember it as a boy. I know it looked like everybody in Cobb County brought their cotton to Marietta to sell. I can remember in the fall of the year, they would bring their cotton to town. The square would just be filled with wagons drawn by mules and horses, and some of them would have anywhere from one to three and four bales on the wagon. The farmers would be sitting on their wagons waiting for the buyers. If I remember correctly, we had four big businesses which dealt in the cotton. Anderson Brothers was one, and Benson Brothers, and Fowler Brothers, and Hardeman Brothers. These buyers would go out; and they would have a big knife; and they would just cut the burlap and get a little piece of cotton out and feel it; and that's the way they graded it. I never did understand it, but they would usually say "fair" and "middling." That was the words they always used; and then he would tell the man what he could pay for it; and then they would decide what they would take for it. If they bought from them, they would drive their wagon on to the warehouse and unload and to the offite- and settle up.</p> <p>Did they usually pay in cash?</p> <p>Yes, I think they did. Of course, a lot of those merchants would carry certain farmers during the crop. In other words, they could buy on credit up until they gathered the crop and sold it. They then would settle up with the merchant from whom they would be buying on credit.</p> <p>I guess that most of the transportation at that time was by horse. Do you remember seeing your first automobile?</p> <p>I remember very well the first one I saw. I was about three years old, living in Cherokee County; and I ran from it. After I moved to town</p> <p>I wasn't that scared of them. There weren't too many around until about in the middle twenties. Most of them were model T's and didn't have any shiftgears until I don't know when. Most of your transpor-tation: if it wasn't too far, you walked. The other means of trans-portion were by horse and wagon or a buggy. Some of the people who were better off financially might have had a nice surrey to carry the family to church on Sunday.</p>			

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	<p>Now you said that you remember when the square was not paved. Do you remember when it was first paved?</p> <p>Well, there has been a lot in the paper in the past few weeks about that. The best that anyone can come up with, and I agree with it, is somewhere around 1917. It was paved with bricks. If I remember, they paved the square; and it went so far out on each street. I was going to Waterman Street School at that time, and we lived on Rose Lane Street. I had to walk down to Kennesaw, cross the square, down Atlanta Street, onto Waterman. I remember when that paving was going on very well, even though I was small.</p> <p>20</p> <p>D Was the courthouse located on the square at that time?</p> <p>W Yes, right on the square where the administration building is now. I believe it was torn down about 1967 or 1968.</p> <p>" When was the streetcar line from Marietta to Atlanta first opened?</p> <p>W I don't know; it was here when we moved here in 1911. Back then as well as now a lot of people commuted to work from Marietta to Atlanta. There were a number of streetcars that made those trips every day. Most runs were made in the morning and late afternoon. It gave a good service; if you got a special that didn't make many stops, you could go from Marietta to Atlanta in about thirty minutes or maybe a little less. There was just one line, but they had switches between here and there for the cars to pass each other. The car barn was located on Church Street. Back then the merchants depended upon the cars to bring their supplies out of Atlanta from the wholesale houses. The supplies were brought up on the freight trolleys and were unloaded at the car line depot there, then you picked the merchandise up and brought it to your store.</p> <p>D What was the freight trolley like?</p> <p>W It was just like the regular trolley except it didn't have seats. It just had a cover over it, and the ends and sides just went up so far. The supplies were just loaded on it just like you would load a truck now.</p> <p>D The streetcar, then, was very important to Marietta at that time?</p> <p>W Oh, yes, it was a big help. Back then you did not have the transfer trucks. If you bought in small amounts, you could have it shipped freight; but that would have taken a lot longer to get here. At night they would store the streetcars there. There would probably be twenty-five or thirty stored there overnight.</p> <p>D Did they have any night runs?</p>			

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	<p>W I don't remember how late they ran. It seemed to me that they ran to about ten or eleven o'clock. They didn't have as many running as they had during the day. They had to store than up there to have than avail-able for the people the next morning. They would start leaving out about five or five-thirty or six o'clock until maybe eight or nine.. Then they would slack off.</p> <p>D How many people could a streetcar carry at one time?</p> <p>W Well, it would just be a guess on my part, but I would say about fifty or sixty maybe. They had seats in them. Two people would sit on one side, then an aisle, and one seat over here.</p> <p>D I've heard stories of the Great Streetcar Crash. Do you remember anything about that? I understand that Judge flames' father might have been involved.</p> <p>21</p> <p>W He was a conductor. That happened down in about Fair Oaks in the wintertime. There was a lot of ice, I believe, on the ground; but I don't remember what year it was.</p> <p>D I believe you said that you worked at the Marietta Knitting Mill for thirty-five years?</p> <p>W Yes, I worked there about thirty-five years. I left there in December of 1955. When I left the mill, I offered for the job of Justice of the Peace. Judge E.T. Lance had been our Justice of the Peace for twenty-seven years, I believe; and due to his health and age, he was retiring. So I offered for that job and was elected.</p> <p>D Do you remember how many others were running for that office?</p> <p>W There were five of us in that race. I was lucky enough to win. People were good to me, and I got the majority of the votes.</p> <p>D What was your method of campaigning?</p> <p>W I just relied on newspaper ads and footwork. I got out and saw as many of the people as I could. It was impossible to see everybody; so my friends helped.</p> <p>D Was this your first elected office?</p> <p>W No, I had served on the city council for six years prior to my election to the post of Justice of the Peace.</p> <p>D This was an elective office?</p> <p>W Yes, it was elective. Now, this was just in the third ward. You see, the city elections are broken down into wards. You have a mayor and seven councilmen. There are seven wards, and the residents in each ward elect their own councilman.</p> <p>D So when you ran for the Justice of Peace position, you had previous experience in politics?</p> <p>W Yes, I was before the public for six years and was a little better known that if I had not served on the city council.</p>			

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	<p>D Who were sane of the major city leaders during this time?</p> <p>W Sam Welsch was the mayor. Rip Blair had just gone out in 1948, and Sam Welsch had come in as mayor. Claude Hicks was a city councilman; Herman Brinkley, Cliff White, and Bud Hardy all were councilmen. Tan Austin was our city clerk at that time. He later left and went with C. W. Matthews Construction Company. Scott Edwards was our city attorney. The council appoints the Board of Education and at that time the Kennestone Hospital Authority;of course, the county has taken that over now.</p> <p>D How large was the police force at this time?</p> <p>22</p> <p>W We possibly had, this is a guess, about fifteen or twenty. It's more than triple that now, I'm sure.</p> <p>D I suppose the county started growing when the aircraft plant opened?</p> <p>W Yes, it really started growing then, especially in the city. Houses just went up everywhere. We thought when the bomber plant closed down we would have a ghost city, but we didn't.</p> <p>D How do you account for that fact?</p> <p>W Well, there were several things that happened. The Marietta Housing Authority built those apartments over on Fairground Street. They were supposed to be temporary for the workers at the bomber plant and were to be torn down. But when the war ended a lot of people went to Tech on the GI bill, and they lived in those apartments. Then a lot of small businesses began to come in. You see, we had that water system that I mentioned a while ago. We had the water and electricity needed for business to grow. And it was not too long after the Bell Bomber Plant closed that Lockheed opened.</p> <p>D I understand that the old Cobb County Public Works Camp was out in that area somewhere.</p> <p>W The old Cobb County work camp was on Fairground right where the civic center and ball parks are now along with part of the old Marietta Housing Authority, which was across Fairground Street. Just prior to Bell coming here, I believe, that was moved out where it is now on the county farm.</p> <p>D Where was the city police department located during the early fifties?</p> <p>W In the fifties, when I went on the city council, it was located in the first building going down Atlanta Street off the south square, I believe, where the Saulls Annex is now. The city hall was located on Atlanta Street just beyond where the library is now. The library building was at that time the old Post Office building. In 1953 or</p>			

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	<p>54, we built a new building on Powder Springs Street where the Southern Bell building is now. We housed the police department there as well as having the city council meetings in that building. It wasn't large enough for the city jail. Our city jail was down by the courthouse. It was a rock building right to the left of the old courthouse. The city built a new building down off Haynes Street where the city jail is now. I believe that was around 1967.</p> <p>D Has Glover Park been in the middle of the square since you have been in Cobb County?</p> <p>W It was there when we moved here. It was used a lot back then for organized activities. The city used to have a band called the "Gan City Band" and would have concerts in the old bandstand on Sundays. It was used a lot during World War I. I remember as a kid they set up a temporary camp beyond Buckhead known as Camp Gordon. They would bring those soldiers to Marietta over here off Page Street and do a lot of their training with the cannons. They would practice shooting</p> <p>23</p> <p>those cannons over on Blackjack Mountain. They had a band, and they would perform on Sunday afternoon. Seems like everyone in Cobb was there. People were patriotic back then. I remember as a kid back during those days they would bring those soldiers up here for their special training. When they finished up here they were on their way to Germany. The soldiers would march up here, but they would let them ride back on the streetcar. Us kids would meet them at the square and would march with them to Page Street. They had temporary tents set up for the soldiers there. I never will forget them shooting the shells over on Blackjack Mountain. Of course, nobody lived over there then. Us kids would go over there and pick up that brass and shrapnel and take it down to the scrap man and sell it to get a little money. They hadn't been doing any firing on Sunday, but I guess the war was heating up. Anyway they started shooting one Sunday morning, and there was a bunch of boys over there picking up those shells and things. They just fell off the other side of the mountain. They were lucky as no one was hurt. I was just a kid; but I can remember the tears in those grown people's eyes when those boys would get on that streetcar Ming back to Camp Gordon, because they knew they would be on their way to Germany in a few days.</p> <p>D Do you remember any celebrations that may have taken place</p>			

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	<p>when the war was over?</p> <p>W Yes, there was a lot of dancing up on the square and shooting fire-crackers. A lot of people went to church and had their services. I've seen so many changes in my lifetime. Going back to the time we moved from Cherokee County to Cobb County, I don't know about other classes of people; they might have had indoor plumbing; but we didn't; and I don't know too many that did. We had a water faucet run up to our back porch, but no running water in our house. I remember in the wintertime Papa would fill up three or four buckets of water to put in the kitchen because the pipe might be frozen the next morning. The main source of heat was the fireplace using either coal or wood. We had a wood stove in the kitchen; and that's where we would take our baths on Saturday morning, behind the stove in the washtub. We did have an outside water toilet. But it was in a little house. It wasn't attached to the house. We had kerosene lamps for our lights. I guess I was fourteen or fifteen years old before we had electric lights in our house. It was a great blessing not to have to blow the lamp out at night and feel your way to the bed in the dark. I think I was married before I had a bathtub in the house. If you were lucky enough, you had an icebox with a container where you put the ice; and there was a cabinet below to put your food. The ice man came by in his ice wagon. It had a canvas top on it, and the ice probably was in two hundred poUnd chunks. You could buy a little piece for a nickel and a little larger piece for a dime and put it in the icebox. The Marietta Ice and Coal Company was run by the Hancocks and was located off Bansell Street. Us kids would run along behind the wagon and get the chips off the tailgate. The meat market and grocery were separate back then. The meat market had boxes in the back with the meat hanging in them. You would have ice in the freezers. The floor was always covered in sawdust. There were big chop blocks behind the counter where the meat was cut up. We would have our meat on Sunday morning. Papa would get his pay on Friday, and we would have round steak on Sunday. The milkman would come by, and we would get the milk and have our steak and gravy and biscuits on Sunday morning.</p>			

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	<p>D Cobb County used to be an agricultural county and now is mainly resi-dential and industrial. In your opinion what brought on this change?</p> <p>W Well, it's hard to say. It's a combination of things. Lockheed had a great part in it; but the times were changing; and the South was growing. You see, the South had a long way to come since Reconstruction days; and Cobb County had to change from agricultural to industrial. A lot of our growth came from being so close to Atlanta. The hour and wage bill had a lot to do with our growth also. Roosevelt made a lot of changes when he went into office, and he helped to bring us out of the Depression. When that bill was passed, the least you could pay a person was thirty cents an hour. If he worked forty hours, he could make twelve dollars a week, where he had been making three dollars a week. If you put money in the working man's hands, it will create better times. Of course, there's a limit to that; we've gone overboard now. When the hour and wage bill went into effect, the companies just knew they would go broke. They replaced all the pulleys with smaller ones so the machinery would run faster and more work would be done. They were honest about it and really felt they would go broke. I was in charge of the shipping room at that time. I had a boy in the shipping room working for me who made three dollars a week. Of course, he was just a kid. Payday came, and he had twelve dollars in his envelope. I was just making twenty-seven fifty. So I asked my boss, "Where's my raise?" He said, "Go and ask Roosevelt." But, back to your question, I don't know the reason for the major changes; but I do attribute Cobb County's growth with being able to supply the businesses and people with what they needed and wanted. That water authority was the greatest thing that ever happened to Cobb county.</p> <p>D Now you said you spent nine years as Justice of the Peace. What were your duties?</p> <p>W The main thing is issuing criminal warrants for arrests. When crimes are committed a warrant has to be sworn out before an arrest can be made. A Justice of the Peace has to hear the facts; then the warrant is issued. A judge could also issue warrants, but they were usually too busy to handle all the requests for warrants. Due to my office being in the Marietta District, it did 95 percent of all the work in Cobb County. Of course, you handled civil suits too. At that time the limit was \$200. If someone borrowed \$100 from you and would not pay you back, you would come before the Justice Court and file suit against him,. You could have a jury trial on these matters, but you hardly ever had one. You could also appeal a Justice Court decision to the Superior Court. You can also</p>			

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	<p>perform weddings and issue dis-possessionary warrants, distress warrants.</p> <p>25</p> <p>Back when the Justice of the Peace was so necessary, people did not have anything but a horse and buggy; and it would take all day to go and come from Marietta. You don't need all this now like you used to</p> <p>due to better transportation. When the Justice of Peace office was abolished at the time the State Court was established, they appointed me Clerk of Court for the first four years. Someone had to get it set up and going; and since they were abolishing the office that I had held, they asked me to set up the administrative details. I served in that capacity for twelve years. I didn't have any opposition the last</p> <p>two terms I ran. I had to announce and pay the qualifying fee just like everyone else, but no one opposed me.</p> <p>D What is the difference between a Justice of the Peace and an Ex-Officio Justice of the Peace?</p> <p>W Well, a Justice of the Peace is elected by the people. As I understand the law, each militia district is allowed a Justice of the Peace and one Ex-Officio. The Ex-Officio is appointed by the grand jury and approved by the judge of the Superior Court. Once that happens he's got the same authority as the JP has and the same duties. In other words they are in competition with each other.</p> <p>D What is the purpose of an Ex-Officio?</p> <p>W I don't really know. I've been told that during Reconstruction days it was hard for a white person to get elected, and it was set up for that purpose.</p> <p>D In other words you have been told it was set up in case a white person</p> <p>could not get elected, then the Ex-Officio office would allow one to be appointed.</p> <p>W Yes, this is what I have been told.</p> <p>D For what purpose was the State Court set up?</p> <p>W It didn't only take over the JP duties, but it was given duties to help relieve the Superior Court. The State Court can handle a civil suit. There's no limit to it now. They can't handle divorces, land condemnations, or that type of thing. State Court can handle most anything a Superior Court can and can do it with only six jurors instead of twelve. It took a big load off the Superior Court and is somewhat less expensive than the Superior Court. They have Magistrates who issue warrants. When we first started, the Clerk would issue the warrant and the Judges could. The Magistrates also</p>			

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	<p>handle the traffic cases. I could see the need for the court where others couldn't. They didn't realize how much the county was growing, and the JP court was limited to its district. If someone came into my court and wanted to sue someone in Acworth, I couldn't handle it. They don't want to drive all the way to Acworth maybe. Now then it can be handled in State Court.</p> <p>Under the old JP system if a lawyer had cases in Acworth, Smyrna, and Austell, he would have to go to all three courts to handle them. Now he can file them right down there in State Court and take care of all the cases in one court. State Court has county wide jurisdiction.</p> <p>26</p> <p>" Now they still have JP courts in various areas of the county. What is the purpose of these?</p> <p>W Well, just like I said a minute ago, if someone in Austell has a small claim or needs a warrant, instead of having to drive to Marietta to get it he can get it from the JP down there. Maybe there's some use for them in outlying areas, but there's no use for it in Marietta with the State Court operating.</p> <p>" How many Judges were originally assigned to the State Court?</p> <p>W We started out in 1965 with one Judge, and they added one the next year.</p> <p>D Who was the original judge?</p> <p>W Judge Howell Ravan was the first judge. Judge James Bullard was the second. Judge Watson White was the third one. I believe Judge Dorothy Robinson was the next, and Judge Hines the next. Judge Ravan only served in State Court four years, and he ran for Superior Court judge. Judge Bullard didn't stay too long; then he ran for Superior Court and went up. Judge White and Judge Robinson also ran for Superior Court and won. So you have four former State Court judges who served in Superior Court. We now have five Superior Court judges, four State Court judges, two Magistrates, one juvenile judge, and one Probate judge in the county. I can remember when we only had one Superior judge and had court twice every two months.</p> <p>D Would you consider the setting up of the State Court Clerk's office as one of your major accomplishments?</p> <p>W Well, I wouldn't want to take credit for it; but I did do all the detailed work, getting the papers ordered and the administrative end set up. Of course, I didn't have anything to do with setting up the judge's part. I had everything ready to go the first day when the State Court Clerk's office opened.</p> <p>" Mr. Williams, our tape is about up. I want to thank you for participating</p>			

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	<p>in the Kennesaw College oral history project with us. I appreciate your sharing your experiences with us.</p> <p>W I appreciate having the opportunity to do it. I know my comments have been rambling and whatnot, but I'm thankful to have been privileged to live here in Marietta this long. I appreciate all my good friends. I've served in public office a good many years; and the people have been good to me; and I'm humbly grateful for it. I just wish everyone the very best of everything.</p> <p>Kennesaw College Oral History Project Interview with Frances R. Owen Conducted by Gary S. McCoy Wednesday, November 4, 1981 Frances Owen is a lifelong resident of Canton, Georgia, and taught in the public school system there. Her husband, Ralph D. Owen, owned and edited the North Georgia Tribune from 1944 until 1973. Mrs. Owen is a director of the Cherokee County Historical Society and is currently busy organizing Cherokee County's sesquicentennial celebration for December, 1981. M - McCoy0 = Owen M Mrs. Owen, were you born in Cherokee County? Yes, I was born in Canton, on Main St., and grew up there and lived there until after World War Two. And then my husband and I bought the newspaper, and we came here--moved to the country. I never thought that I'd spend the rest of my life out here on this little hillside, but, it's been our home and we've just kind of made it ours. Our child grew up here; and he loved it; and when the time came that we wanted to make a change, this was home to him; and he hadn't want us to. So now we're old; and we'll just spend the rest of our lives out here, I think. M What were your parents' names? E. M. Rudasill and Maria Garwood, and they were both natives of this county. M Born in this county? Born in this county, and their parents were born in this county. My father's people were of German descent; and they came, of course, to Pennsylvania first. They left Germany and came to England; and, they say, "good Queen Anne" outfitted a boat and sent these people from Germany. They were leaving because of oppression in the hope of finding a better life. Also they were Lutherans, and r think they were being persecuted for their religion. So, of course, Queen Anne sent them right on to the establishment of Pennsylvania, because William Penn had not established his territory too early before this. All Germans lived in</p>			

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	<p>communities with other Germans until they could became oriented to English language and English customs and ways. My part of the Rudasill ancestry then moved on to North Carolina, where they also lived in a community where there were a good many other German settlers. And by that time they were pretty well oriented, and they branched out into Cherokee County. Cherokee was just getting organized. At that time Cherokee was all of northwest Georgia; and, or course, gold was found here. Settlers came not only in hopes of finding better land and better opportunities, but they just might be lucky enough to find gold. And so they came in about the time of the land grant in '37 or '38. That was when my father's people came here. Now, I can't tell you just exactly the time when my mother's people came here, but they went way back, too.</p> <p>M They would have participated in the land lottery then. Well, I think my father's ancestry must have.</p> <p>M What did your father do for a living when you were a child? My father was a merchant, and he became employed by Jones Mercantile Co., which was a big operation at that time. He was a buyer, and Jones Mercantile Co. had many branch stores throughout the county and around different communities where there were gins and where the people gathered to buy the fertilizer and their supplies. As a child, I remember he would go out to these various stores and take stock and that sort of thing; and he would go on buying trips. And in between times he was manager of some of the departments at Jones. Jones Mercantile Co. was a big operation in those days. It was the commissary for the cotton mills. And we also had a big marble industry at that time. So that was his occupation, but he has been dead many years. He died as a young man in his fifties.</p> <p>M Was your mother ever employed or was she a housewife? No, she was a housewife.</p> <p>M Did you attend public schools here? Yes, I did. And then I went to college and came back and taught.</p> <p>M What can you remember about the schools? Well, they were great! Mother and Father attended Etowah Institute, which was a fine institution for its day. Children came from far and wide to attend the Etowah Institute, That's where they got their education. The Etowah Institute finally was made into the Canton Public Schools. Many years later the Canton Public Schools were integrated into the Cherokee County system. Now the old Canton Public School buildings--some of them are still standing on Academy Street downtown--are still being used. They have been converted into the central offices of the Board of</p>			

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	<p>Education. They were fine old buildings, especially the oldest building; and we're very proud that it could be saved and used for a useful purpose. Now not as much work has been done on the later building that was the high school building. My father was on the City Council for a number of terms, and he was on the Council when both those buildings were built on Academy Street. I can remember his interest in education and his desire to see it go forward. We just had a wonderful system. Canton Public Schools enjoyed a great reputation in the state. It had one of the finest reputations of any high school in Georgia; yet we only had eleven grades. Macon and Atlanta and some of those cities at that time had twelve grades, and we thought that it was just going to be wonderful when the time came that we were going to have twelve grades in our school. Well, lo and behold, it was my opinion that we had a much finer system when we had our eleven grades because we got a lot done in eleven years; and now they just spread it so much out over another year. We've had people who graduated from Canton High to go into all kinds of professions. They've really made their mark all over the United States. We have a</p> <p>30</p> <p>real great thing going for us. We have a Rhodes scholar; and we have</p> <p>a nuclear physicist; and we have a space engineer; and we have a federal judge that graduated from the High. Now those are just four outstanding people. Where those people have excelled, there are just hundreds of others that have excelled in their fields also; but these are kind of special. I thought that you would like to know that we are unusual in that we have some right prominent people who have graduated from that school. The time came when the children of the county wanted to come into our school, and the town and county made a provision whereby these children would come in for their last two years. In every community they had a grade school that went through the ninth grade, and then Canton High School became primarily a senior high school. I was teaching over there at the time; and so was my husband; and we just had a great thing going there. Of course, it was during the Depression; but mothers and fathers were so anxious that their children go to school and take advantage of everything that they were behind the teachers one hundred percent. There was no discipline problem; children performed. I think they knew better than not to, because if they went home with a bad report or if the teachers were in communication with a parent, they were in more trouble at home than they were at school. So it was</p>			

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	<p>just a wonderful time to have taught school, and my husband and I both just have the most marvelous memories of those years at Canton High School.</p> <p>M Things are a little different at schools nowadays.</p> <p>O Oh! My friends tell me so. See, we've been out many years now; but our friends say, "You just don't know what it'd be like now."</p> <p>M When you were young, did the proximity of Atlanta have any effect on those of you in Canton? Was Atlanta important?</p> <p>O O, we had the railroads! We had passenger trains. In my earliest recollections, my mother would take my little playmates and take us to Atlanta for the day. That was a great day, a great outing. We got to go out to eat our lunch, and that train ride! I know what it was I wanted to tell you about the children coming to school at Canton High. So many of them came on the train. The children that lived in the Woodstock area came up on that early train, Those that lived in Ball-ground area came down, and then we'd have the trains going both ways in the afternoon. The trains were used; they were great. Then, of course, I remember when much of the traveling throughout the county was done in wagon or horse and buggy. Few people had cars. But then I remember when cars were more prevalent, and we'd go to Atlanta in cars; but that was not nearly as much fun, I think, as going on the train because you had punctures--theyuere open cam, You either had rain or cold or dust. I think some recollections of being just nearly half-frozen was coming home from Atlanta in an open car. Of course, we put up the old side curtains. I don't know if you ever remember anything like that. But anyway, we put up the side curtains--you'd do everything you could to keep warm. You had lap robes and had on everything you could get on, but you were still cold. But it's a different tale, going down on the passenger trains.</p> <p>tl Do you remember how long the trip took on the train?</p> <p>31</p> <p>No, I don't. I would say around two hours.</p> <p>M Did the train make a lot of stops in all the different communities?</p> <p>Yes, it did. Of course, now, the children that rode the train here to school didn't have to ride that long. They just got on at the various places, and they were here before you knew it. Some of them had a little wait in the afternoon, but that was pretty great too. They could practice ball and go to the library and do their homework, go to town, and visit with their friends. Why, it was a great time.</p>			

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	<p>M You became a school teacher. Did you have any jobs before you became a teacher?</p> <p>No. Oh, yes, I did, too, I was home economics teacher, and when I came out of school--it was during the deep Depression, and jobs just weren't very plentiful--I first went to work as a case worker on CWA.</p> <p>That was the forerunner of WPA, and I was one of the youngest case workers in the county. And by the way, I've got something interesting that you would like to read that tells a little about my experience as a case worker. I've written a little article for the book (for the Cherokee County sesquicentennial, discussed later in this interview) about moonshining, and Cherokee County's moonshine king, who I knew personally. I think you would very much enjoy it,</p> <p>M Moonshining was an important part of the commerce of the county in those times?</p> <p>Well. . .wasn't it in all the mountain regions? M So you started teaching in the Canton city school system?</p> <p>That's right.</p> <p>M How long did you teach there?</p> <p>I believe I taught maybe seven years. But, you asked me first if I had any jobs previously. Yes, I did. I can't remember how many years I worked for the government in the capacity of a case worker, but around two or, maybe, two-and-a-half. And then, I believe, I taught around seven years before World War TWO. You know, it's been so long and so much water's gone over the dam, it's real hard to pin myself down to the exact number of years, But anyway, it was around that many years. Then my husband went into the service; and, of course, I wanted to stay as near him as I could. He was stationed for nearly four years at Fort McPherson, I don't know how he became so lucky; but he went into the service when the army was building up; and his qualifications put him into the induction center; and that's where he stayed. The men from Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama--I don't know whether there were other states or not--all came to Ft. Mac; and they were all processed right there. Eventually we just lived there; so that was the time I was away from Canton. You see, we'd both taught during the deep Depression and teachers didn't make much. The first year I taught I only made forty dollars a month for the nine months, But that was wonderful, because forty dollars went a long way, I lived at home. I was able to sew,</p>			
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	<p>I sewed beautifully. I could make all my clothes. We could buy nice material, if we shopped around, for ten cents a yard. I often laughd and said that I went to college in clothes made out of ten-cents-a-yard material; but you know, no one knew the difference; and I'm sure I was as well-dressed as anyone there. That forty dollars went a long way, and many of the teachers in the state of Georgia were not paid a salary. Maybe they were given their board, and they were given so much credit at the different stores in the community, and that's all they had. But I got my money, and that's a pretty good job. My husband came as a principal and as a coach, and he made more. Yet when I was in home economics, I guess I was the highest paid woman teacher on the faculty because we did home projects and adult classes and all kinds of things.</p> <p>Eventually I did have a better job as times got better and as I got more experienced and what not. But it was still hard because you were only paid for the nine months, and we went back to school--although going to school was not near as expensive as it is today. We were not making a great deal; and it took a good bit of doin's to do it; so he did a lot of things on the side. One thing he did, he grew up in the newspaper business up in Ellijay, But; like most youngsters, if their daddies were doing it, that's the only thing they don't want any part of. They're going to make it on their own. They were having an awful time at the (North Georgia) Tribune, Somehow they just could not manage to get their work done. They were having to work all night. I think it must have been poor management, somehow. Anyway he would go over and in a few hours run the Linotype for them. You see, he grew up, as a little boy, learning to do all those things and he made more running the Linotype over at the Tribune than he did teaching school.</p> <p>M How often was it published?</p> <p>0 Once a week. We came across his little notebook not long ago where he kept his time, and we just laughed about how much he made an hour. I don't even remember, but there's nobody that would work for that much now. But it amounted to as much as he got from his teaching salary. Be really didn't know what he wanted to do when he went to school, and he didn't study journalism because he just knew he wasn't going to do that. When he went over to the University, they wanted to put him back in that survey--that general freshman class-and, why, he'd been doing all that all of these years; and he wasn't going to put up with that. Be said he'd just do something else. Of course, I laugh</p>			

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	<p>and say his main interest those days was in track, because he was a great track star, and went back the fifth year to school to coach freshman track and go to the Olympic tryouts. During that time though he was doing research to write a thesis, and it was not all lost (time), Any-way, he wasn't going to get into that sort of thing. Be loved teaching school and he's just a natural. Be had taken business administration at the University,</p> <p>M What university?</p> <p>0 (University of) Georgia. They saw that he could do it. So while he was in the service and on furlough one time, we came to Canton; and they asked him if he would be interested in buying the paper. Really, it had gotten to be a white elephant for them, Of course, he was</p> <p>33</p> <p>interested; but there he was in the service; and he didn't know whether he'd still be in Atlanta or whether he'd be in Timbuktu. We decided we'd make the plunge--we'd just have to live on faith--so he was into that before he was out of the service. That was fortunate, too, because he had something to come back to other than school teaching.</p> <p>M So he bought the newspaper in the '40's,</p> <p>Yes. The exact date is in that paper I've handed you. M You weren't teaching school at that time?</p> <p>No, I was in Atlanta with him. At summer school over at the University we were real concerned about the conditions in the world--the things that were taking place. We knew some Austrian students who had cane to the University to study. They were in Vienna when Hitler came through. We had talked to them, and we had kept up--of course, it was the radio during those years--but we always listened to the news and kept up. He (my husband) became more and more concerned that things weren't going well and that he needed to make a change. So the year that he went into the service, at Christmas he resigned (from teaching). He went to Atlanta with the Civil Service; and that really, I guess, put him right in line for the work he was to do at Ft. McPherson, because he did a lot of recruiting in the southern states after PearlHarbor, and that sort of thing. When he went into the service, there I was; and I wanted to go to Atlanta, too. I didn't know how long he's be there, but I wanted to go; and I decided that I'd go when school was out; and I applied for his job. Now, that was foolhardy, but I</p>			

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	<p>got it (the job). I didn't know a thing about it, but I got it. And so I worked there for a while when we were living in Atlanta. So, that was my work experience. Of course, they were glad to have women because so many of the men were being inducted into the service. They really were hard-pressed to fill all of the government jobs that they needed to fill in the Southeast. I just decided that I needed to do something to make more money than I was making at school. I had a brother and sister that lived in Atlanta also; and I didn't know where my husband would be; and I thought that this would be a good situation for me--if I could get into that job, I almost got into trouble with that because they looked at my resume and the first thing they wanted me to do was to get into radar. Having taken a scientific degree and had the chemistry and physics and biology and the other things I'd had, they wanted me to go into radar. But, I hadn't used any of that in seven or eight years; so I wasn't about to get into that; and I wasn't about to go to New Jersey, because I wanted to come to Atlanta. So, I said, "No way." So, they just finally said, "All right, you can have this other job,"</p> <p>M What do you remember about Atlanta during the war years? What was it like there?</p> <p>Well, I enjoyed it. I wouldn't be anywhere near Atlanta or living there now, I don't even want to go downtown to shop. I go to the shopping centers. But it was wonderful (then); and when the time came to come back to Canton, I didn't really care whether we came or not. I really enjoyed living in Atlanta. Atlanta was just a big country town at that</p> <p>35</p> <p>many years, and we went to all those meetings. We kept up with things; and when we were at the University to sane of the meetings, we saw the change coming. We knew there was a change coming, and we knew that we weren't the ones to be in it to make the change. You need a new genera-tion to do it. That was another reason why it was good that the paper was sold at that time. Another thing, somebody came along and wanted it worse than we did and were willing to pay for it. There's a lot of things that enter into things. But then it (the sale of the newspaper) put the paper into the hands of these younger journalism students--people who have been trained in recent years; and they have newer methods; and they are more up-to-date. Also, the printing industry's changed.</p> <p>My husband went from hand type, when he was a little boy with his father, to learning to run the Linotype, when Linotype</p>			

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	<p>operations came into being. Then before he left, we were already in the computer age. We went to offset, and then they got those computer machines. When he started getting those machines, he said, "Well, I learned all this other, but I'm going to let someone else do this. I'll stay here as long as I need to stay here; but somebody else can do all this mechanical work, because I did all the other; and now this is for a newer generation to do." So, he was lucky enough to have some young men that were just excellent.</p> <p>M By the time he sold, the paper, it was called the Cherokee Tribune. Is that right?</p> <p>O No, the name was changed when the Brumbys bought it from him. He didn't change it. He always wished that he could change it; but he bought it with the name that it had; and he thought that it would be better just to leave it for the time being. He just always left it, but he told the Brumbys that he thought that it would be good that they would make the change. And so it was made. Now if you want more history on the newspaper, my uncle ran the Cherokee Advance; and when you read that (motions to article), you'll understand a little more about the history of the newspapers in Cherokee County. I don't know whether it was thirty or forty years that he ran that. Now my daddy was not a newspaper man, but he invested in it with my uncle at one time. So my roots go way back even in the newspaper business in Cherokee County.</p> <p>M I'd like to move on and talk about the Cherokee County Historical Society for a while. Could you tell me how it got started?</p> <p>O Yes. The county commissioner and the mayor of Canton both called me and asked me if I would be the bicentennial chairman for Cherokee County. I said, "Well, yes, I guess I would.". I had not thought much about who would do it or what the program would be, but I believed that I would enjoy doing it because I was interested in the county---I was a native-- and that was the sort of thing I was interested in doing. I received a great heritage here, and I felt that it was my duty to give something back to my county and to my community. So I asked if they had any literature or what they had to give me so .I could get started, and they had nothing. So I had to hurry around, because</p>			

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	<p>they fooled around for nearly a year. We could have had a year more to have been prepared.</p> <p>I learned who the state chairman was; and I gave him a call; and he got me some material right at once and sent one of his helpers up here to</p> <p>36</p> <p>help me understand the program and to kind of get me on the right foot. And so the county commissioner gave me a list of names that he was going to appoint to the committee from all around. I learned that this</p> <p>whole program was divided into three sections: the historical, the celebration, and the horizons. Of the names of the people the com-missioner gave me that he was appointing to serve with me, I chose</p> <p>three people that I knew very well and felt that I could depend on. It worked out because the lady that I chose to be my historical division chairman had worked with me in P.T.A. Also our sons were good friends,</p> <p>and she was a history major. One of the projects she hoped would be (Was) the establishment of a historical society. Well, we pitched in and helped; and, with her committee and with her as the prime mover, it was done. We've had a thriving organization since.</p> <p>M Do you have any specific goals for the organization?</p> <p>0 Well, we are trying to gather as much historical information as we can</p> <p>about our county and put it in permanent files. And we are trying to make known as much of the history and preserve it for future generations. We also have a little room up in an old Canton school building that the education department has provided for us (where) we have a little miniature museum that we're trying to get started.</p> <p>The gathering of infor-</p> <p>mation and the dispensing of information and gathering our artifacts</p> <p>(are also goals), Also we have this little publication. And the marking of historical places and getting anything that we can that needs to be</p> <p>on the National Historical Preservation list, Now the court has this only thing that we gotten so far, but the man down at the department</p> <p>in Atlanta told me he was going to send me some material because we have one of the biggest goldmining operations of the area here in</p> <p>Cherokee County, It's still in Cherokee County; and it needs to be</p>			

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	<p>marked; but it's out in the country on the river, It was destroyed by a cave-in--the mine caved in and the river filled it over--and there's not anything there anymore except the old commissary building; and it's about to fall in It needs to be marked; and I talked to him about that; and I talked to him about several other things; but that is one of the goals. Now ue have one of the largest Indian forts--a fort where the Indians were gathered together and corraled there until they could be moved--during the time of the removal (of the Cherokees), It's just a short piece up the road from here and (it' s) the most southerly fort, We marked that also during the year, It was not one of the historical markers--me just could not get that going. The people in charge somehow just couldn't do it. So, we got a piece of Cherokee County green marble--quarried at Holly Springs. There's not many places in the world that has that green marble. Anyway, a man from Holly Springs that served with us on the historical committee gave us a piece of that marble; and one of the other organizations had a little marker made for that area. So those are the kind of things we're trying to do.</p> <p>Historical places and events that people just don't know about. People'd say, "Well, where was Ft. Buffington?" Well, I grew up on Ft. Buffington; and it just seems strange to me that youngsters never heard of any of these things; but, of course, I guess the teachers don't know. So, they just haven't been taught, and maybe the parents haven't known.</p> <p>M You were talking about the Cherokees--now your family for generations has been right here from Cherokee County. Do you remember grandparents</p> <p>37</p> <p>or parents talking about the Indians or the problems, if there were any?</p> <p>0 No. The Indians were removed from Cherokee County in 1838, and that's just about the time that my ancestry came in here. That was when we had that last land lottery, and I think the white settlers were coming in to take the place of Indians who had been moved out. You see, the Indians had really got themselves into a bad situation in north Georgia. This was the home of the Cherokee Nation, and the</p>			

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	<p>Cherokees were a different type of Indian from the regular run of Indians. They were more intelligent and progressive. So they had gotten themselves an alphabet; they were publishing themselves a newspaper; and they had declared themselves a sovereign state here within a sovereign country; and they claimed all the land. They had made laws forbidding anybody to trespass or to settle on the land or to go through the land. That was more than the country would stand for. Of course, the United States government had promised to remove the Cherokees when the western territories were given over for (the establishment of) Mississippi and Alabama. This was a wilderness area a hundred years after Oglethorpe had established Savannah. So, things were going along pretty well; and nobody cared much; but lo-and-behold, gold was found; and we really had the heavens to break loose then, because so many people were coming in; and they were digging gold on land that was claimed by the government and claimed by the Indians. There was a lot of unrest, and there was a lot of lawlessness, Nobody could do one thing with it; so it became necessary to form Cherokee (County) in a hurry. At that time, they locked off all northwest Georgia. All of Georgia west of the Chattahoochee River and north of Carroll County was originally Cherokee (County). They couldn't even get it surveyed. The next year, when they got it so they could get a little law and order in here, they got it surveyed, and then they had the first land grant. I guess that was the lottery that most people call the "gold lottery." No, by the time my people came, the Indians were gone. Now I will tell you this. Of course, I was not alive, and that was several generations before me. I had an old ancestor who was here at the time that this area became Cherokee County. He was already here, He came from South Carolina, and he was a younger man and unmarried, I'm not sure that he came for land--I don't know. But he was working among the Indians with a Baptist missionary; and when the Indians were removed, the missionary decided that he would have to go on with them--the Lord had called him to be a missionary among the Indians, So he packed his family and went west with them, But this ancestor or mine, by the way, was- also an ancestor of my husband's, and my husband bears his last name. My husband is Ralph Daniel Owen--it</p>			

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	<p>was Daniel--and he (the ancestor) was one of the first officers of this county. It's strange how people move on--I didn't know my husband, and</p> <p>he didn't know me until he came here to teach school. But anyway, we do have a common ancestor. This young man decided, after the Indians left and the missionary and his family had left with them, that he was desperately in love with one of the daughters of this missionary, So, he pursues them, and he overcomes the distance before they cross the</p> <p>Little Tennessee River up in Tennessee. There his father-in-law married</p> <p>them; and they came back to Canton and raised a family; and my son is the last of our line that bears the name, He's really Ralph Daniel Owen,</p> <p>Jr.; but we didn't want to have Ralphs running all over the place without being able to distinguish one from the other; so we called him Dan.</p> <p>38</p> <p>Now, he has a child also, but he doesn't carry the name. My husband's mother was a Daniel--and his grandmother was a Daniel--and he was born at his grandmother's house. She gave him her maiden name. So that</p> <p>is a story that not many people can tell. But I think it was real interesting that this man was here and decided that he was just in love with this girl, and he wasn't going to see her go out west with that group of Indians. So they came back here; and he was a merchant; and, I suppose, they had one of the first inns in Canton. They were innkeepers, and he held public office and that sort of thing. It's mentioned in our county history.</p> <p>M Well, December 26th of this year--1981--marks the one hundred and</p> <p>fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Cherokee County. For the sesquicentennial, what kind of activities do you have planned; and what's the role of the Historical Society?</p> <p>0 We've planned it all! We're going to have a birthday party over at the</p> <p>Court House. Before I made any plans, I went to the Commissioner; and</p> <p>I said, "You know, this is going to be our 150th birthday year; and we need to do something. Would you like to have a birthday party over at the Court House and have it open for the whole county?"</p> <p>And he said, "Oh, that's the greatest thing I've ever heard of! I think it's</p> <p>a wonderful opportunity." So I also had learned that he had told</p>			

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	<p>someone that he would like for the Court House to be on the National Register,</p> <p>I knew that he would have to have someone do it for him; and I said, "Well, now, you help me with this; and I've got something for you." So</p> <p>I gave him my first draft of what I've done for the Court House, and he was pleased with that. He's really excited about this. In fact, this morning, I've been over there and I talked with the agent and the home demonstration woman; and they're going to get as many of the</p> <p>people in the Court House involved as they can--to be there and have their offices open and the ladies to help with the serving and that sort of thing. We will have a birthday cake--I guess we'll just let the president of the Historical Society and Mr. Carmichael (County COMmissioner) maybe cut the first slice of cake--and maybe we'll have a little ceremony there; and we'll have our book to present. Of</p> <p>course, we've got a lot of these details to work out. But, it would be my idea that we mould present our first copy to the county--to our commissioner. Then, the music department of our high school is going to furnish the music for that afternoon. Well, we've gotten other people involved too, because we felt we needed some other things going</p> <p>on in town. The Cherokee County Garden Club is going to decorate the Court House lobby and do sane outside decoration also, They're also going to have a tour of homes during that Saturday and Sunday; and there's going to be a regular, accredited flower show. We hope that a lot of people will be coming to that too, because that usually creates a lot of interest; and we'll have five homes open for that, Then over</p> <p>at the Cherokee County Board of Education central offices--where we have our museum room--we're going to have a regular museum set up. Of</p> <p>course, we'll have to borrow a lot of things; but we want people to know where our little home is. We have a few things already. We will</p> <p>try to make that as attractive as we can and get as much borrowed--to lend interest to that room--as we can. Also, we've been collecting old</p> <p>pictures; and we've had sane slides made of those; and we're going to be showing those over there.. There's a little auditorium there, and</p> <p>39</p> <p>we'll have the slides shown. We consider history as ongoing. It</p>			

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	<p>was not only then, but it's now. We're going to show a film of Cherokee County in the present day that the Chamber of Commerce has. Then the Arts and Crafts Association is going to have a little display over in the lobby and feature sketches of historical places in the county. Then there's another group that's going to have a two-day show in one of the buildings on Main Street downtown. They're going to call themselves "Christmas in the Country."</p> <p>M One of the projects you have planned for your sesquicentennial is the compiling of a book.</p> <p>O I call it a story book. It's more a little story book than it is a history. At first we thought we'd just compile some of the programs we've been having, because we've had some awfully interesting programs--people who'd do a lot of research and just bring us up to date on a lot of things that we had not known about. We got into it, and we asked these various people if they would just do us a little article on their program. So we had a lot of people who've participated in this; and, of course, we've included a few other things that we have not had programs on. But for the most part, these things are not written just like a real history book would be written--with footnotes and that sort of thing. It's just what people have remembered, what they have been told, the folklore; and also we've relied a great deal on the only history we have--Marlin's History of Cherokee County. It's all we have. A lot of people have complained. They say it's not adequate and it's not always accurate. But it's pretty good, and it's all we've got. We could not get that republished. Now I have a copy, but my copy's just worn out. I'm going to have to have it rebound. Everybody's copies are the same situation. There's some in the library; but they can't be checked out, because you can't get them again. We have tried our best to get the family to let us copy the book and have another publication, but I don't know why they just will not do it. So our best bet was just to put together some stories that we had. Personally, I think it's going to be more attractive to people than if it had been a hardback book with a lot of footnotes and a lot of historical material that was irrelevant to a lot of people. This is going to be something that is going to be readable, and I think people will sit down and enjoy it. Of course, it will have to be a paperback because we're already wondering how, we're going to get the money to get it published. But I think we will. I think we'll have no trouble. And then I think we'll sell a good many</p>			

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	<p>of them, But we're proud of it.</p> <p>M And you hope to have this ready for distribution by the 26th of December,</p> <p>O We will. We've already proofed it, I guess, for the last time.</p> <p>We</p> <p>carried old pictures and had than placed.</p> <p>M How many copies are you going to have printed?</p> <p>O A thousand.</p> <p>M And, what will they sell for?</p> <p>40</p> <p>O We're not sure yet. The man has not told us exactly how much this publishing is going to be. We can't really set the price, but we hope it will not be over four or five dollars. We want to keep it as cheap as possible so as many people can enjoy this as want to. If we had to publish a book that cost thirty-five or forty dollars, I'm afraid not many people would be able to enjoy it. Also it would not be as readable.</p> <p>It would be more for reference. So, I call it a story book--I don't really call it a history book--but, it is a history book too in story form.</p> <p>M What is the feeling around town about the problems of the textile mill (Canton Textile Mill)?</p> <p>O Well. . .do you know, a lot of people are optimistic. And as I wrote the articles on Canton, when I got to the present day, I had to do sane thinking on that subject myself. When I thought (about) all the different industries that I had included in this article, they had all flourished and they had died; and Canton has gone right on. We have not lost population. The surrounding area has grown. Now we are hemmed in by the river, and, for a long time we just never changed our city limits. A lot of people live out of the city limits. They are in the Canton area, but they are not in the city limits. I was born and raised and lived in Canton nearly all my life, but after World War I\ my father's property had all been sold. We had no idea that any of us would ever cane back here. But then lo -and-behold, I wanted to cane back to Canton;</p> <p>and there was not a place in the world to live. So that's how came (we're) out here. But we're outside the city limits. You can't ride through Canton and tell what the population would be, because we have subdivisions in every little valley. You have to know where to go to find the people, and a lot of them are outside the city</p>			

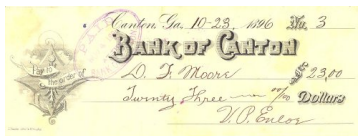
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	<p>limits, Really, our area has grown by several thousand people; but the census will not show it. We still are the commercial center of the county. We are the county seat. All of the business of the county is transacted here.</p> <p>Really, things are moving along. People need jobs. A lot of people find it very pleasant to live here and cc note to 'Work, My sm, is a young architect, and he couldn't make a living in Canton. Ne needs to be with a firm, and he has always commuted to Atlanta. But he doesn't</p> <p>choose to carry his family to Atlanta to live. He'd rather commute. A lot of people are in the same kind of fix as that. With the completion</p> <p>of this highway (1-575), we're going to see a great change. In the beginning, our founding forefathers were interested in the silk industry. They thought that's what they'd make of Canton--a great silk manufacturing industry. Well, the climate was not right; they didn't have the expertise to do it; and it was not long until it was falling by the wayside. At</p> <p>one time the marble industry brought in more revenue than anything else</p> <p>in the county. It diciptt, bring in many people because it was mostly natives who were into most of these operations. But the marble industry</p> <p>was a big thing in Cherokee County and was important in its economy. Well, that's all gone. During World War Two, the poultry industry</p> <p>flourished rapidly, and our poultry was sent everywhere in the United States and in foreign countries. There was new money, new people, new everything that came in here; and people had a prosperity that they had</p> <p>not known before. Don't get me wrong; the poultry industry is still important; but it's not of importance like it was. You see, we had all</p> <p>these dressing plants. We just had a big thing in Cherokee County at</p> <p>41</p> <p>one time, but it's not like that anymore. We still have hatcheries; and we have eggs; and we still have a lot of poultry grown; but it's a different proposition from the way it used to be. Mostly, it's in the hands of a few commercial people now. As I looked back, there were all these industries that had flourished in Cherokee County; and they had their day; and they faded away. We're still here; we're still viable; and we still have energetic and intelligent people. I don't see those kind of gloomy prospects. When we get this</p>			

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	<p>highway finished, I think something else will come along. It'll be a new day. I don't know what it'll be; but I think, whatever it is, it'll be worthy. I think we'll continue to go right along. Now somebody told me that there was going to be a TV program. They said that Canton was a dying town. I said, "Well, I believe that's a misnomer; because I don't believe it is." It's a hard time for us; it's a time of change; but</p> <p>I believe that something else will come along. What will go around our perimeter, I don't know; but there'll be a lot of changes made. There's going to be a lot of new land opened.</p> <p>M Well, you've lived here a long time and you obviously like it here. Is</p> <p>there anything about your community that you're unhappy with? Things that you would change if you had the power to do it?</p> <p>O Well, I'm not one to criticize. I think that we have to have a positive</p> <p>attitude. I think we defeat ourselves when we are negative. I believe a lot of our people do have a positive attitude. I'm not one to criticize-maybe it's too close to my heart to find that kind of fault.</p> <p>I think you have to live in a community and know the people and know what makes it tick to really evaluate it. You can't just go in and say, "Well, this is a snooty community. They won't let you do this or</p> <p>that and the other. They have a commissioner, up there, who is not progressive." We've had a lot of criticism. We've been criticized, perhaps, as being a "Jones" town. For many years the Joneses did own the mill; and they became very wealthy; but they've had their problems too.</p> <p>And they've done a lot to help Canton and Cherokee County. They've made a difference, and I'll not be one to criticize, Yes, we have</p> <p>problems; but what community doesn't have problems, We have progressive, fine churches. We've had a fine library, We have a fine school system,</p> <p>We have a concert association. We have a lot of things going for us. We just need some new industry; and that will cane with time, we hope-- we think,</p> <p>Well, it seems that one of the best resources that Cherokee County has is you and people like yourself, So I want to say that this has been a delightful afternoon for me, and I want to thank you very much for your time.</p> <p>O Well, thank you for singling me out. I've enjoyed, meeting you and</p> <p>talking with you; and if can be any help to you and the project that</p>			

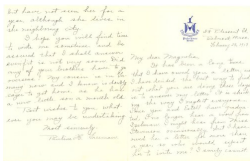
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	you people are into, then it's just my delight to do it.			
A 2009.27.7 CD	CD with a collection of transcripts of oral histories including: W.G. Booth, Sam Burtz, Clifford Goss, Claude Chandler, Mary Hood, Frances Owens			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.1 Envelope	Money Envelope for Monroe Gramling from the Etowah Manufacturing Company Used to hold his payment for the time period of March 22, 1943 to April 3, 1943 Note the amount of money taken out for the Victory Tax, a tax imposed by the government during World War II.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.2 Newsletter	CaCoMi Newsletter for the employees of the Canton Cotton Mills, May 15, 1963			Third Floor Storage

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A 2009.28.3 Receipt	Receipt for a sofa with a hidabed from Sparks Furniture Company, Canton, 1959 Sparks Furniture Company was located on North Street with Johnny Sparks as the proprietor.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.4 Receipt	Two Receipts from Jones Mercantile Company, Inc., Jomco, 1940			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.5 Receipt	Receipt from the Municipal Water Plant, Canton, March to April 1948 For Monroe Gramling			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.6 Documents	Earnings Statement for Monroe Gramling from the Canton Textile Mills, May 1966			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.7 Documents	Earnings Statement for Monroe Gramling from the Canton Cotton Mills, January 1966			Third Floor Storage

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A 2009.28.8 Documents	Earnings Statement for Monroe Gramling from the Cantex Manufacturing Co. 1952			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.9 Booklet	Booklet on the Group Insurance Plan for the Employees of the Canton Cotton Mills, 1956 Published by Aetna Life Insurance Company			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.28.10 Documents	Booklet on the Group Insurance Plan for the Employees of the Canton Cotton Mills, 1969 Published by Aetna Life Insurance Company			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.29.25 Documents	Documents and Articles about the Robert Strickland Agricultural Memorial Award and its presentation to the Bank of Canton in 1959			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.29.26 Check, Bank	Bank of Canton check dated October 23, 1896 Paid to the order of D.F. Moore, \$23.00 Signed by V.P. Enloe Featured in the book, A Foundation For Growth, a history of the Bank of Canton.			Third Floor Storage



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A 2009.29.27 Check, Bank	Two Sets of Bank Checks, One from the 1930's			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.30.1 Document	Article on the Johnston-Kutsche House with photos In the subject file, Historic Homes. 8278 Main Street - originally 303 North Main Street Woodstock.			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.31.1 Spear	Ceremonial Spear Point Given to Mr. Swindell during his time at Etowah Bank, not an original. Item wasn't found during 2015 inventory and Stefanie recalls that we probably gave it back to Mr. Swindell.			Main Office Display Case 1
A 2009.32.1 Electronic Image	Letter to MT from Pauline Freeman, 2/28/1919 Belmont, MA to Woodstock Spelman Seminary France Miss Stevenson Pauline Harris Junior Red Cross WWI Mrs. Clouston			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.33.3 Drawing	Ink Drawing done by Hoy Cook of the Copper Mine in Canton, located across the street from Islom Elrod's former homeplace			Fourth Floor Storage



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A 2009.34.1 Map	Georgia Early Roads and Trails 1730-1850			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.2 Map	Southern Section of U.S. with Early Roads 1816			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.3 Map	Lake Allatoona 1992			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.34.4 Map	Map of Atlanta Campaign during Civil War			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.5 Map	Copy of 1860 Georgia Map			Fourth Floor Storage


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A 2009.34.6 Map	Map of Anderson County, SC includes notation - "near the present town of Honea Path, the Cherokee Path divided, one going on to Keowee...the other...lower towns on Tugaloo River"			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.7 Map	Map of North and South Carolina Copy from 19th century engraving			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.8 Map	Settlement of Pendleton District, South Carolina 1777-1800 2 pages			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.9 Map	Martin County, North Carolina 1978 showing Smithwick Creek			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.10 Map	North Carolina County Map from 1800 Census Map			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2009.34.11 Map	Tyrrell County North Carolina 1993			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.12 Map	Abbeville District South Carolina showing locations of: Whitehall originally Hard Labor plantation (lg-pre Revolutionary) Dead Fall Lomax Cambridge (or 96) 20 miles from site of Davis plantation on Hard Labor Creek 40 to 45 miles from Newberry Settlement where John Davis lived and where Wm Davis lived in 1790s & early 1800s. Barkesdale Ferry			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.13 Map	North and South Carolina copy from 1831			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.14 Map	Pickens County South Carolina			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2009.34.15 Map	North Carolina from early engraving (no date)			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.16 Map	Chronology of the American Civil War 1861-1865			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.17 Map	Bartow County Georgia showing land lots (no date)			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.18 Map	Oconee County South Carolina (no date)			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.34.19 Map	Pendleton District South Carolina 1820-1825 showing Cherokee purchase			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2009.34.20 Magazine	7 Issues of the Civil War Times from 1996-1997			
A 2009.34.21 Magazine	Three Issues of America's Civil War 1996-1997			
A 2009.34.22 Book	<p>113 Volumes of The War of the Rebellion Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies Volume XXXIX Part III & Volume XXXIX Part relate to the Atlanta Campaign and burning of Canton. Donor stated that this collection could be deaccessioned. Would recommend keeping related books.</p> <p>These books are the official records from the Civil War.</p>			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.35.1 Book, Account	North Canton Store Cash Journal January 1961-July 1962			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.35.2 Book, Account	North Canton Store Cash Journal June 1959-December 1960			Fourth Floor Storage

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A 2009.35.3 Book, Account	North Canton Store Cash Journal 1956-1957			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.35.4 Book, Account	North Canton Store Payroll Record 1947-1953			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.35.5 Book, Account	North Canton Store Payroll Record 1954-1957			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.35.6 Book, Account	North Canton Store Accounts Payable 1951-1959			Fourth Floor Storage
A 2009.41.1 Document	Paper, The Education of Joseph E. Brown: The Etowah Valley and the Origins of a New South Industrialist Joseph E. Brown, gold, Dahlonega, John W. Lewis, William Grisham, iron, Canton Copper Mining Company, Western and Atlantic Railroad, Ira Foster, Cherokee Mills, Baptist Paper, New Men in the Old South: Joseph E. Brown and his Associates in Georgia's Etowah Valley			Third Floor Storage

Catalog / Objectid / Objname	Description	Condition	Status	Home Location
A 2009.41.2 Document	Paper, Background to Birmingham: Southern Appalachian Gold Mining and Iron Making as a Precursor of Industrial Alabama Stroup, iron, Etowah, Birmingham Ala, Mark Anthony Cooper, rolling mill, Bartow (Cass) County			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.41.3 Document	Paper, The Stroup Family, the Etowah River Valley, and Technological Change in Georgia's Antebellum Iron Industry Stroup, iron, Etowah, Birmingham Ala, Mark Anthony Cooper, rolling mill, Bartow (Cass) County			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.41.4 Electronic Document	Paper, Georgia's Etowah River Valley as Seedbed of the New South: Gold, Iron, Coal, and the Impetus for Birmingham Stroup, iron, Etowah, Birmingham Ala, Mark Anthony Cooper, rolling mill, Bartow (Cass) County			Third Floor Storage
A 2009.42.1 CD	CD of images of property in Keithsburg, Property located on York Drive in Canton. Current owner, 2011, Dutch York. CD in Hard CD Case			Third Floor Storage
				

Total Items 651