Kennesaw State University
Department of History and Philosophy
Summer Hill Oral History Project

Interview with:	**Leonard and Celesta Moore**
Interviewed by:	**Melissa Massey**
Location:	**Cartersville, Georgia**
Date:	**June 24, 2003**
Transcribed by:	**Mim Eisenberg/WordCraft; January 2004**
Edited by:	**Melissa Massey, LeeAnn Lands**

Biography: Mrs. Celesta Moore was born in Birmingham, Alabama on March 3, 1937. She had nine siblings along with her mother and father in her household. She met her husband, Leonard at Tuskegee Institute and later began her teaching career. She later continued her education at Atlanta University and was certified in special education. Mr. Leonard Moore was born in Cartersville, Georgia on October 13, 1934. He had seven siblings along with his mother and father living in his home. After graduating from Summer Hill in 1954, he met Celesta in Tuskegee Institute and after a year he joined the army. Mr. Moore took classes at night at Morris Brown College. He later opened up Moore's Soul Restaurant on Bartow Street.

Keywords: Bessie Shell, Stanley Morgan, Jackson Street, Maggie Edwards, Betsy Hoage, Mary Eliza, Sonny Jackson, Jay Moore, Stevens Lumber Company, Lockheed, Atco, Main Street, Ethel Moore Shell, D. E. Morgan (Prof's wife), Elks Club, Brandon Lee, African Methodist Episcopal Church, Nancy Beasley, SLAGS, Church Street, Works Progress Administration, Brotherhood Lodge, Burial Hall, Stab Stadium, Paul Thomas, Aubrey Street, Jones Street, Mamie Mae Pridget, Monita Johnson, Delicacy Shop, Bartow Street, Moore's Soul Restaurant, Gerald Davis, Charles Oster, Beatrice Morgan, Cherokee Street, Kanoodle Street, Mull Street, Cassville, Paul Padget, East Moon Street, Mission Road, Matthew Hill's Park.

(Tape 1, Side A.)

M.M: Today is June 24th, 2003. This is Melissa Massey interviewing Leonard and Celesta Moore at their home for the documentation of the Summer Hill Project. Can you state your name for me?

C.M: Celesta Moore.

M.M: And your name?

L.M: Leonard Moore.

M.M: And when and where were you born?

C.M: I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and I was born March the 3rd, 1937.

M.M: And you?

L.M: I was born in Bartow County, Cartersville, Georgia, 1934.

C.M: October the 13th.

L.M: October 13th, 1934.

M.M: Did you have any siblings?

L.M: Yes, yes, I had three brothers and four sisters. Do you need their names?

M.M: What were their names?

L.M: Okay. My oldest brother's name was Gordon Moore, Jr., then my other brother was named Andrew Moore, and I had another brother named Johnny Moore. My oldest sister was Emma, Emma Moore; my next sister was Ruby [unintelligible] Moore; my next sister was Faith Moore, and my next sister, Louise Moore. So we had a pretty big family.

M.M: Now, did your household consist of anyone else?

L.M: My mother, my father, and that was it.

M.M: And what were their names?

L.M: Ruby Moore, my mother, and Gordon Moore was my father.

M.M: And did you have any siblings?

C.M: Yes, I had nine siblings, five sisters and four brothers.

M.M: And who else did your household consist of?

C.M: That's all, my mother and father.

M.M: Now, what did your family do for a living?

L.M: My father worked on the farm. He was a farmhand out on the Jackson's farm, out on Jackson road, Reeson Road. They had a farm called Jackson farm out there, and they

raised cotton and corn and sugar cane and all this stuff. My daddy basically worked there most of his young, most of his young life.

C.M: He was a sharecropper, wasn't he?

L.M: [unintelligible] sharecropping, but he worked for the man that owned the farm, really. And we all worked on that farm. All the childern worked on that farm from that time that we were able to go to the fields until almost teenager.

M.M: What types of things did you do on the farm?

L.M: I tried to pick cotton. They had me out there, trying to pick cotton, but my mother saw the cotton didn't agree with me. I would start wheezing, and it gave me asthma, so she convinced my daddy to take me out of the field, so I would go out the field and help her at the house while I was small. This was, like, when I was about three or four years old. She found out early that cotton didn't agree with my asthma, and so I would bring dinner to the field, to the ones that were able to go to the field, so we would walk out there from where we lived, which was about, I guess a couple of miles from where we lived, to carry the dinner to the field, to them. And we did that every day until the cotton crop was out. And sometime the cotton season starts, like, late August until sometime all the way into October. We'd have to stay in the field to get the cotton out before we could even go to school. A lot of times, it would put us behind, going to school, and eventually our whole neighborhood was doing about the same thing. We were, like, on the same economic level, you see? Everybody had to work. Eventually they had to close the school down two weeks for picking cotton. And so they closed the school because so many kids were out, picking cotton, so they had to close the school.

C.M: Schools were segregated, weren't they?

L.M: A lot of people—we got more than two weeks. We was out until the cotton crop was gathered in. Sometime that meant two months. This went on until all of our early years. That's what we did for a living.

M.M: That's interesting. I didn't know they closed the school.

L.M: They closed the school for two months, but just for two weeks.

M.M: Two weeks.

L.M: And others had to stay out longer than that because they had to. Attendance was so low during that time till they, I guess, the professors convinced the superintendent to just close the schools. That was only the Summer Hill school.

M.M: Right.

L.M: Now, the Cherokee, the white school at that time—they never stopped.

M.M: Right.

L.M: That's the problem we had during that time that put us way behind in school. A lot of kids, a lot of time they didn't go back to school. They got so far behind till they just got disinterested, mm-hm. It was pretty rough, going to the fields every day, day in and day out. It was real rough.

M.M: Now, your mother was a homemaker.

L.M: My mother was a homemaker. She never worked up until her later years. But she would get up early, at five o'clock in the morning, with everybody, to help them get up and prepare for the day. Because, see, she had to cook dinner for everybody in the field, and then she had to carry it to the field. We had no transportation. We had to walk. Well, we walked, you know. And she would prepare dinner. From the time we'd leave, going to the field, she was starting to prepare dinner and have dinner ready to walk it to the

field by lunchtime. And I would be with her, you see. Sometimes she would let me carry the bucket until she feel I was getting tired, and then she would take it because she didn't want me to fall with it, because that was the dinner. And so we would do that.

But it was kind of exciting, even at that. It was a little exciting. You can find life exciting in almost any situation if you want to. Even though we had it pretty hard, we still thought it a joy, doing that, because we thought everybody did that. We didn't think we were the only family doing that. We thought everybody did that, all white people.

C.M: Everybody knew you.

L.M: And so that was just a part of life, as we called it.

M.M: Now, what did your family do for a living?

C.M: My daddy worked in a steel mill. I lived in the city, Birmingham, Alabama, which is a city. My father worked in the steel mill, and my mother, too, was a homemaker. There's nine of us, and so she stayed home and did all the stuff you do at home: cooking and cleaning and all of that. She never worked out. She did in the later years took a beautician, and she did a beautician's in her home. She had a beauty shop in her home in later years. We were in teen ages during that time. But growing up, she didn't do anything but—nine children, there's not much you can do outside the home.

But my daddy worked in the steel mill. In fact, my daddy had two jobs. He worked at the steel mill in the night, the third shift. Is that the third shift, Leonard?

L.M: Yes.

C.M: Third shift, and then in the morning time, he worked at a cosmetic company and delivered cosmetics to the different stores and things. He had two jobs all while we were growing up.

M.M: When and how did you come to live in Summer Hill?

C.M: Come and live in Cartersville.

M.M: Cartersville.

C.M: When I met my husband—[telephone rings and is answered by Mr. Moore.] I'll tell you when I met my husband. I met my husband my freshman year at Tuskegee Institute We both were freshmen there. He was there for one year, I think, and then—was he there one year? One year, and then he had to leave, financial reasons. He had to leave, so he went to the Army, but we kept in contact. And so we dated through mail, and he would come down for four years, and we married my senior year in college. And then he brought me to Cartersville. First we went to Atlanta. We lived in Atlanta for a little while, and then I got a job teaching here in Cartersville.

I taught five years in Bartow County school system, and then I got pregnant with my first child, and back then, you lost your job when you get pregnant. If you were a teacher, you couldn't teach if you were showing. You could teach up until you were showing; then you had to quit teaching. So I lost my job at Bartow, in the county, and the only opening was at Summer Hill High School, but they needed a special ed teaching, and I was a physical ed teacher. And so I went to Atlanta University that summer and got certified in special education so that I could get that job, and that's how I got to Summer Hill school, and I worked in the special ed department there up until integration, and I was one of the two teachers that—I don't know how it shows, but—moved to the Cartersville school system from Summer Hill. That's how I got here, marriage.

M.M: Marriage.

C.M: Mm-hm.

M.M: Now, what do you think of when you think of Summer Hill?

L.M: What I think of? I really think of a second home. I loved Summer Hill. I really did. When I went to Summer Hill, I thought that was the greatest thing. The old building, is what I'm saying. I went to the old frame building. The wood building? I don't' know whether you've seen pictures of that or not.

M.M: Yes.

L.M: But it was the old building. I always remember my first day of school, in the first grade. It seemed like I bonded to that school then. Under my first grade teacher, Miss Bessie Shell. She was just like a second mother to us. She was like an extension of your mother for first and second grades up at Summer Hill. But to me, that was just like a second home, and I always wanted to go there. That's why when we were out picking cotton, I'd do everything I could to catch myself up because I wanted to stay there. And it was just like a home, and the teachers were just so in tune to you. You know, you weren't just a number there. They wanted you to go places. They worked on you one on one. It wasn't a big metropolitan school, so they could take time with individuals more and spend time with them and just bond with them more. To me, I thought of home at the school.

M.M: Now, what do you think of when you think of Summer Hill?

C.M: Summer Hill? I think of Mr. Morgan, Stanley Morgan, because he gave me an opportunity to teach when I was young and married and my first child and wondering what in the world I was going to do. And so I think of being young and—you know, when you're young and just starting out in school and you have your first baby, so you got all these new things happening, and someone comes along and say, "Well, I'll give

you a job," and so I think of Mr. Morgan, who gave me a job, when I think of Summer Hill.

Then I think of the children that I taught. They were special ed kids, and I didn't think I would ever want to teach special kids, but I fell in love with special kids, and I went on and got my master's in learning disabilities, and I continued working with learning disabled kids up until my retirement.

So that's what I think of. I think of Mr. Morgan, who gave me an opportunity.

M.M: Can you describe the house to me that you grew up in? Can you imagine walking through it?

L.M: Oh, yes.

C.M: Oh, yes.

L.M: Our house was a simple house. It was a house—you know, you hardly ever see these kind of houses anymore, there demolished and gone, but it was a tin-top house, had one, two, three, four rooms in it, and had a porch. My daddy made a swing to sit on the porch, to sit in. The house was, like I said, tin top, and when it rained, you loved when it rained because you could hear the raindrops falling on the house. At some point in house, it sprang a leak, and it would rain in the house. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Right.

L.M: But, yes, I remember that house. Had a pretty nice kitchen in it. We didn't have the electric stoves at that time. We had wood-burning stove. In fact we didn't have electric lights. We had lamps that you had a globe on, you know? Most rooms had a lamp in it, but our room didn't have a lamp. I always had a lamp in the kitchen and in the sitting

room. The sitting room was where the big fireplace was, and everybody sat around in the living room.

M.M: Were those kerosene lamps?

L.M: Kerosene lamps, yes, kerosene lamps. And those lamps—if you weren't careful, you could smoke them up. When you light them, you had to be careful. You had to really be careful on breaking the globe. My mama really expressed to my older sister, "Don't break that globe. You break that globe, we ain't got nothin' to see by." And I always had some kerosene in the house, because we used kerosene for more than just a lamp. We used kerosene for making fires in the morning. See, my older brothers had to get up—they had to get up before everybody else to make fires in the wintertime. We burned wood and coal, wood mostly because coal is a little more expensive than the wood. So we had to chop wood in the afternoon for the next day, and we had to bring it in, into the house, in case it rained. Sometime you forget to bring it in and it rained on the wood, it's hard to start a fire—

M.M: Right.

L.M: —with the wood wet. Yes, sometime we would do that, forget it, you know, and that made it pretty hard. And we had a big fireplace there. Had ashes everywhere. And the surprise of that, I didn't know you could cook in those ashes, but Mama used to bake potatoes in those ashes.

M.M: Oh, wow!

L.M: She'd take them in and wrap it up and put them in those ashes, and it would bake that potato. You're talking about good! That's the best thing you ever had was a baked potato cooked in the ashes. Sometimes she'd hang a pot in there and boil—you know,

from the fire. Of course, we had a stove in the kitchen, an old-fashioned wood stove. It had a reservoir on it. You could put water and heat water. It had a top to the stove, like a little warmer, you know, at that very top. And she would put bread and stuff in there to keep it warm. I loved that stove. I used to watch Mama cook on it. A lot of times, I'm with her, she's cooking, I'm observing her. I guess that planted a seed of me cooking a little bit now. I cook a little now.

M.M: Do you?

L.M: Yes. I made jelly last week.

M.M: Oh, wow!

L.M: Plum jelly, blackberry jelly.

M.M: My goodness.

L.M: And it's plain good.

M.M: What was the yard like outside?

L.M: Oh, the yard was simply too. No grass. It was just a dirt yard. And every so often, Mama make us—I'd go out there and clean that yard, but we knew what it was. We'd go out there and get the broom and sweep that yard clean. And it was clean. But everybody on the street did their yard like that. There was no grass, no—

C.M: That's right.

L.M: I didn't think about a lawn mower until I got—I guess it was years before I knew about a lawn[mower]. That's when my brother started cutting grass to help the income. They got a lawnmower, and they'd go out here in the summertime and cut grass. But our yard, on our street, which was Jackson Street, was just plain dirt. We would play in that. I remember my older sisters—when they were little girls, like, they'd go out and play and

they would play cooking, and they'd make what you call mud pies out of the dirt. You know, we're going to make some mud pies and this and that, you know. It was amazing. I thought everybody's yard was supposed to be like that, but I'd go on the other side of town and other areas, communities, and they'd have grass. I said, "Why do they have grass and we don't have grass?" But that's just the way it was on our streets. Well, on most—in the black communities the streets were like that.

C.M: They're wider now.

L.M: And most people was on the same socioeconomic level at the time, and that was basically because there was no jobs there for the black man. There was no jobs. If you worked on a farm or if you did get into the factories, you was like floor maintenance and stuff like that. You did that kind of stuff. You didn't run machines or do the high-echelon jobs. You didn't do that. But we managed.

Talking about my house again, we had one room -- now, you may not believe it, but we picked cotton in the house -- [unintelligible] you cannot believe, but we picked cotton in the house. The reason for that is out on the farm, they would do what they called pull bolls. They would go out there and pull the whole boll off the cotton and put it in big sheets and tie those sheets up. So its got to be repicked, because they're pulling the whole boll off there. You see what I'm saying?

M.M: Mm-hm, I do.

L.M: They would stack it up, stack them up in sheets, and in the winter months, when you couldn't go to the field to pick cotton, they would bring this cotton to our house on a truck, unload this in this room back there. You know, I told you we had four rooms?

M.M: Right.

L.M: Well, this was the fourth room. That left us with three. See what I'm saying?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Many days, when it was raining and snowing out there, we'd be picking cotton in the house, [unintelligible] the sack. And then when we get a sheet full, two or three sheets full, the man would come pick it up and take it back into town. That's where I found out how you could pick cotton in the house. We did that a long time, down in Jackson, in the little four room tin house. I could see it in my mind right now. Sometime the house smelled like cotton, for all that cotton being there, you know? So it was amazing.

M.M: What was your relationship like with your neighbors?

L.M: They neighbors was good. It was a good relationship because the lady and man on the right side of us—her name was Miss Maggie Edwards. We called her Aunt Mag. She watched everything on that street. She had a big old apple tree on the side of her house that grow some pretty red apples. Sometime we'd sneak over and get some of her apples. She would catch us every time we tried to get those apples, she would catch us. And if we do something wrong, my mama would find out about it, because she would whip us herself, and then she'd tell my mama, and then we'd get another whipping. She really kept up with us.

The neighbors—they were neighborly. Like, on Christmastime, during Christmastime everybody would bake cakes, and they would send each one a plate of their cake. Now, I liked that because I got a chance to taste a lot of the different cakes. And they're sending up platter cakes home, and Mama would bake cakes. She'd send a platter cake home. You know, to different places. It was kind of like close-knit people, you know.

M.M: Right.

L.M: Back at that time, you could leave your doors open, not worry about nobody going in or whatever, because they were watchful.

M.M: Were they more like family?

L.M: More like family, more like family. And they cared about you, and they would see you doing stuff that wasn't good, they'd inform your parents. I thought—when you were little, you thought, *Oh, that's bad. That's hard*. But it was good. It was our protection, and it was real good. And that type of relationship is gone today.

C.M: [unintelligible]

L.M: You don't have much of that. People don't care about one another as much. I like that about that period of time. People were friendly. They speak to you. Now people don't say nothing. You know what I'm saying? It was good.

M.M: Did you have the same experience with your neighbors, growing up in Birmingham?

C.M: Yes, uh-huh, uh-huh. I think it was just that era of time that people were more neighborly. Your family extended on your whole street. Anyone seeing you doing something that wasn't right, they would inform your parents, and you knew this. You knew that if you did something and anyone on your street saw you do it that was not good, they would inform your parents, and they would discipline you, too. Yes, I think it was true of most of the black communities. It was more neighborly. That's the best word I can think of.

M.M: What was your role in your household?

C.M: My role in my household was like second mama. I was the next oldest child. In fact, when my three younger sisters came home, Mama brought my twin sisters home from the hospital, she gave them to me. In fact, they were put in my bed, and I had to get up and

fix their bottles, change them, diapers and do everything for them. I was like a second mama. In fact, during that period of time, the oldest children always had chores like young adults. I got up, I had to make the fires in the morning. I had to clean up the house before I went to school, hang out the clothes. Clothes was hung out on the line. Hang the clothes out. All this was done before I leave for school in the morning. Then I walked about a half a mile to school, and then I had to be the first one coming back home. I had a certain time to be back home in the evening. You couldn't play around and waste time; you had to get back home. And then I had to get in the cold and the wood to make fires for the next morning. You had chores. You had to be responsible, especially if you were next to the oldest. The older children had more responsibility. My older sister—she was the one did the cooking. I did most of the cleaning.

M.M: You helped your mother carry supper—

L.M: Right.

M.M: —to the farm. Did you have any other chores?

L.M: I was rather small at that time, but she would get me to do things around the house with her. These was my very early years, almost before six years old was at this time. I'd just help her around the clothes, maybe sort clothes, or you had what you call—every Monday years ago, people washed on that day. In the front yard, we had a wash pot, one of those big old black pots? I don't know whether you've seen them or not. My job was to build a fire and keep fire going under that pot while Mama boiled the sheets. I used to like to play in the fire, you know, a little bit. She'd always get on me about "Stop playing in that fire." And so I'd have to keep the fire going, and she'd have a stick. She'd come

around every so often and chop those clothes with that stick to move them around, I guess. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Right.

L.M: And I'd get a tub together. We had about four or five tin tubs. She had them on a little rack and had water in each one of them. I had to keep those filled and keep them empty, because she had to take those clothes out of the pot. In some kind of way, she had to wring them out and then put them in the rinse water two or three times. And then she'd wring them out, and then she had to go out there and wash her line. Had what you called a clothes line made out of metal. And she'd give me a rag or whatever. I had to go wash the line. And you see the prop. You used to have something to prop the line up. Get the prop [unintelligible] so the clothes make the lines swing down. We had to have a prop to hold it up. My job was to see that all that was done and keep the wood and stuff, keep the fire going while she washing.

M.M: Because your father was working on the farm, did you all sit down for dinner or supper every night together?

L.M: Every night we sat down to supper together, but every day we had dinner because they was in the field for dinner. They had dinner there, but at supper, Mama would come back that evening from the field, carrying the dinner, and make supper. Okay, she'd make that supper. Every night we'd have supper together. I remember she had a special plate for my daddy, and I remember she'd fix his plate early and put it up in the warmer so it would be warm. I always, because I always wanted that plate. I wanted that plate remember. I knew he had to get that special plate.

But, yes, when supper was served, we had an old square table. In fact, like handmade. I remember that table because I remember one morning I broke the syrup on the end of that table, going around to where I sit. You know, people ate a lot of syrup back in there, and my daddy bought a gallon of syrup, and every time somebody want syrup, they had to go get the syrup in this big barrel. I hit on this thing and broke that thing and cut my foot.

C.M: [unintelligible].

L.M: Yes. But believe it or not, I didn't get disciplined for that because he knew I couldn't help it. I thought I was going to get a whipping for breaking all that syrup. Had the thing of syrup that way. But we would all sit down there together at that meal, and that was good. That was real good.

M.M: Was Sunday dinner a special time?

L.M: Sunday dinner was a special time. On Sunday dinner, my daddy cooked dinner on Sunday. I mean breakfast. Mama cooked the dinner. He would always cook the breakfast. On breakfast, a lot of people didn't know it, but we had chicken for breakfast. Daddy would fry chicken and smother it in some kind of way. You're talking about good and tender. It was so good and tender. He'd make two types of gravy from this. He made just a reg[ular]—

END TAPE 1 SIDE A

BEGIN TAPE 1 SIDE B

L.M: —gravy. He'd make a little bit of bowl of that and make a big skillet of another kind. [unintelligible]. But I didn't like the regular gravy no way because it didn't look right to me. But we enjoyed eating. My mother was a good cook. She was a really good cook. She made a dish that I've been trying to get my wife to make this dish ever since we've

been married. She made a dish called butter rolls, and it was simple, because I watched her do it. I believe I could do it right now. I liked to watch Mama. She'd roll that dough out. She would give it some butter and some sugar. She put a scoop of butter—she'd roll the dough out into little squares, like this [demonstrates size], almost like the way they used to make old-fashioned fried pies. She would scoop this butter and put it in there, and she'd a little spoonful of sugar and put in there, and flod that over and mash it down all the way around. And then she'd get some milk. I don't know how she made that milk get thick.

C.M: Sweet milk.

L.M: Yes. We had a cow. We had our own milk. Had a cow named Star. I used to throw her out all the time, let her graze. But that milk—she would put that dough in that milk and put it inside the oven. Well, she let it cook on the top stove for a while, and then she put it in the oven and let those little things brown. And when they come out, you're talking about good! It's like your mouth runs water just to see them. And to taste them? Ooh, that's so good. I used to ask Mama, I said, "Ma, when are you going to make another butter roll?" It was so good. She was just creative in cooking. She made so many different things. I didn't know you could do a potato in so many ways.

But my daddy raised his own garden. He had a way to preserve potatoes. He made a lot of things from potatoes. We were an eating family. We used to love to eat. It was just good. That was one of the fun times because we had fun eating and stuff, you know.

And we parched corn, parched the corn they made—not the popcorn, but this is plain old hard corn that they fed to cows and horses out there. We'd bring that home and parch

that. It wasn't popped. It would just get brown. It would be so crunchy, though. It was good.

M.M: Was Sunday dinner a special time in your family?

C.M: Yes, similar to his. We had chicken and biscuits for breakfast, which was unusual, thinking about it now. It was very unusual to have friend chicken and gravy and biscuits and grits and stuff for breakfast, but that's what we had. We always ate our meals together as a family, always breakfast and dinner, most of the time, when all of us were small. After a while, some of us went to college and different places, so we didn't eat together as a family in the later years. But growing up, we did.

M.M: What holidays were celebrated here in Summer Hill?

L.M: Holidays?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: You're talking about the school?

M.M: School, community.

C.M: You would know better than I.

L.M: Hmm?

C.M: You would know more about that.

L.M: Mostly we celebrate the Thanksgiving holiday and Christmas most of all. Labor Day was no different. Our favorite holidays out here was Christmas and Thanksgiving, because Thanksgiving was always a big day. My daddy liked a big Thanksgiving dinner. Eating and Eating. And Christmas. That's all the baking going on, so we did get a lot of that. The other holidays were okay, you know, but those were the favorites.

M.M: What was your first job?

L.M: My first job. I can't ever forget my first job. My first job was working for a lady named Miss Hoage, Betsy Hoage, Miss Hoage. A young man lived across the street from us that-- was a mining company at one time. Allorsvile, Taylors so they had a mine out there. They'd mine ore and stuff like that. They moved to be with him and his family moved with them. They lived right across the street from us, and this guy named Albert Finn, he worked from Miss Hoage, and he got me a job working. I said, "Boy!" And that was amazing, because we didn't make what is called paychecks; she just paid us a little money. You know what I mean?

M.M: Right.

L.M: And back then, in the forties, it wasn't nothing like minimum wage money. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: What we did, we just worked around the house, kept the yard clean and worked in her flower garden and stuff like that, raked leaves and stuff like that. They left here and moved—in fact, they went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and so that left me with a job by myself. At that time, we were together. That left me with the job by myself. I was making just a little more money when he left because I had more to do, but it wasn't a whole lot of money. I guess it was, like—it might have been, like, thirty-five cents per hour at that time, thirty-five cents an hour at that time, because I'd work a day and I would hardly make a dollar. You know what I mean?

M.M: Right.

L.M: I remember one time I thought I would be paid good this time because she asked me to wash her car. She had a Lincoln. At that time, I didn't know a Lincoln was a very

expensive car. And so she come and help me. She says, "I got to go to a meeting now. I need to wash my car." And so she brought stuff out there for me to wash it with, some rags, and I had a hose out there. So I said, "Okay, I'm going to wash this car." I hadn't never washed a car in my life. Didn't know how to wash nothing. So I got the car, and I got it wet down good and put some soap powder and stuff in a bucket, and just went all over this car. I had this scrubed this car all over, all over good. And so everything dried, and I said, *Oh, it's going to be clean* because everything would dry on the car. And I wreaked the car. The paint was running, because the soap dried on the car, and it come out there looking like a rainbow. [unintelligible]. She said, "What have you done?" I said, "I'm trying to wash this car, but this stuff won't come off again. This stuff won't come off." I said, "I scrubbed it good." And so she just went back in the house and shut the door. I [unintelligible].

M.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: But anyway, I didn't get no more about that car, but the next day the car was gone. I think I ruint Miss Hardy's car. But, see, she didn't ask me had I ever washed a car before. I guess she thought you don't have sense to wash a car.

M.M: Did she pay you?

L.M: Oh, yes, she paid me. She did pay me. But I'm saying the money wasn't a whole lot. I worked all week for about twelve dollars, the whole week, and I thought that was good money back in then. But that was my first job. I worked for her until I went to school. Sure did. Because as I grew older, I got more matured and I got larger, and I got to be a teenager, and I still worked for her then, almost until I got to high school. But that was my first job.

M.M: And what was your first job?

C.M: I was just trying to think. My first job was throwing papers. It was a paper called, what?—*The Atlanta World*. It was a black paper in Birmingham. There was a lady that lived on our street, and she let me help throw papers, me and another girl. We would walk all over town, throwing papers, and we'd get a dollar at the end of the day. We only threw papers on the weekend. That was on Saturday. I don't know how often the paper came out, but the only time I could help was on Saturday, and I made a dollar, and I would always give Mama fifty cent, and I'd take fifty cent. That's my first job, throwing papers.

M.M: What did most people do for work in the community of Summer Hill? Do you remember?

L.M: Most people did simple jobs. You had a lot of women work in peoples homes. You would see them every day walking the streets, going to these homes, working in the kitchen and cleaning houses. A lot of men worked on the farm. All of them did not work on the farm, but a lot of them did odd jobs around, keeping people's houses up, cleaning and maintaining the outside of the house. It was a lot of that. Cartersville had a lot of rich people. A lot of white people in this town had money, so they were able to hire people and pay them a little salary for them to live on. And you'd be surprised how well the people lived on that little money that they were making, but they lived and had families. They had kids in school, and you had a lot of—even a lot of single parents at that time did that same thing.

I know the fellow next door to me—his grandma was the one that had the apple tree in the yard I was talking about earlier. He grew up in a single-parent situation. He didn't

have a father there, only his mother, and his mother worked for some people way across the hill, and she walked to her job every day. I remember he was in high school, and he had protruding teeth in the front that stuck out, and he had been in school and he was getting teased about that a lot, so his mom says she got to find a way to get him some teeth, get his teeth fixed. And she talked with the lady she worked for. I'll never forget the lady. She called her Mary Eliza. "I got to see Mary Lyons to see if I can get someone to get Scobby's teeth fixed." Believe it or not, she got those teeth fixed off of that little money that she was making. But I guess Mary Eliza for her, had compassion for her in that respect.

And things got done, almost out of nowhere. I guess it had to be people had faith in God to make these type things happen, but it happened. And that stood out especially strong in my mind, because it wasn't a two-family household all the time. A lot of single parents. But they seemed to make it, mm-hm.

M.M: As a child growing up in Summer Hill, were you known by any nicknames?

L.M: Yes, I had two or three nicknames. I had one—they called me Seymour, called me Charlie. I don't know why they called me Charlie. This one guy right now—he still calls me Charlie. He worked with the funeral home. He and I were the same. He'd call me, he'd say, "How you doin', Charlie?" It goes way back. We were little boys. And then one of my eighth-grade physical ed teachers called me Lefty because I'm left-handed, and he used to love to see me shoot with that left hand, because I could shoot pretty good. I was pretty accurate at that time, but there was a lot of luck involved in that. And he called me Lefty. Charlie, Lefty, Seymour. I didn't mind calling me anything. It didn't matter.

M.M: As a child, what did you do for fun? Where did you play?

L.M: Oh, we had fun playing. We had two creeks out here. One was called the First Creek and the Second Creek. At this season of the year, when blackberries and stuff was coming out, I'd ask Mama could I go pick berries, and she'd say, "Yeah, you go pick berries" because I'm going to bring some back to the house. and on the way to the berry patch, we passed two creeks, and we would say, "When we get back now, we're gonna stop in this creek and go swimming." We'd come back—it wasn't but three or four of us. One was my cousin. Several guys, and the one that called me Sroppy. We'd go out there and come back by the creek, and we'd all bet in the creek and swim. We didn't no swim suit. Couldn't get our clothes wet, so you know how we had to go.

M.M: Right.

L.M: So we would swim there. And it was snaky. Snakes all around, and we could see the snakes falling out of trees while we was in there, swimming. And we'd swim to much and come out. We'd be so ashy, you'd thought when we come out, we got quite ashy. And they know we've been in swimming.

And one day doing that, I had a little small ball full of berries. I turned my berries away from the [unintelligible] berries, and I had to pick all the berries, one at a time, to try to put it back later, it was so dirty when I got them back in there. But Mama washed them up pretty good, and she later would do something with them.

And also there was a ditch not too far from my house, and when it rained a lot, that water would come up in that ditch and be almost over your head. We'd get in that ditch and just have fun playing in there.

We used to make flips. I don't know whether you know—have you ever heard of a flip?

M.M: No.

L.M: You know what a flip is?

M.M: No.

L.M: It like a slingshot.

M.M: Oh, okay.

L.M: And we used to make these things. We'd go hunting with them. When we hunt birds, we shoot birds, and we would shoot and we'd kill birds. We knew it wasn't a good thing to do. In our mind-set then, we had to survive off the fat of the land, so we'd take those birds and we'd come home and we'd clean them and cook them out there in the yard. They'd get a skin of two bricks, make a fire over that, cook them out there in the yard and make gravy, act like we're grown. Act like grown folk. We sure did. And that was fun to us.

And I also made traps. I'd make a regular box to catch rabbits in, and they worked. It really did. And I made a bird trap to catch birds, and they'd work. I knew how to make the thing. I still know how to make it right now. Yes, and it worked. I showed my son how to make one later. And they caught birds, too. They were little like this [demonstrates]. That was one of the fun things we did.

We used to roll tires, car tires, you know?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Old abandoned tires. We'd cut those tires in half, and we'd be four or five of us and roll tires all through the community, roll them tires. Oh, we could find anything to make fun out of. Climbing trees, jump from tree to tree like—because Tarzan was real popular back in then, swinging on the vine and Tarzan, you know? We would imitate that a

whole lot. No wonder we didn't get some broken bones, but we fell a whole lot. But during that time our bones was soft and pliable, so we made it through. But it was fun.

M.M: It sounds like it.

L.M: On Sundays we'd go out to the farm, Jackson farm. They had a big pasture out there, and we'd wrestle in the pasture out there. The boys would. It was a family called the Rogers family lived on the farm out there. We would all get in the pasture and get to wresting out there, and the boy that owned the farm—his son would come out there and wrestle with us sometime. He could wrestle [unintelligible]. I would throw him sometime, and the other guys told me—his name was Sonny Jackson. They say, "Don't throw Sonny too hard. He's white." They say, "Don't throw Sonny there too hard." I say, "Why?" "Because we ain't supposed to throw him down that hard." [Chuckles.] "He's throwing me down hard." But I found later what it was. They was trying to protect Sonny because that was the boss's son. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Right.

L.M: And I understood that. We did that quite a bit. Like I say, it didn't take much to get us to have some fun.

M.M: As an adult, moving to the community, what did you all do for fun?

C.M: What did you do for fun? What did we do? It was hard then. We had young children.

L.M: During that time, early part, we did a lot of fishing.

C.M: Oh, yes.

L.M: We used to go to a lake, a private lake called Jackson Lake.

C.M: Yes.

L.M: And fish. We didn't know how to fish.

C.M: No.

L.M: But to be together, we went there as two. We didn't have any kids at that time.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And we would go and pay to fish, pay the man to fish, and scare the fish away. Wouldn't get none. Wouldn't catch no prime fish like bass and stuff like that. We'd catch these great big old carp.

C.M: Carp.

L.M: Big old yellow-belly carp. And they was good. But the thing about that was the fun getting them in.

C.M: Yes.

L.M: He'd give you a good fight. We did that for a long time before we even had any kids. It was five years after we married before we had any kids.

M.M: Where was Jackson Lake?

L.M: Jackson Lake was up near Canton, Georgia, near Cherokee County. We weren't going to Altoona at that time. I don't' think Altoona wasn't—I don't know why we didn't. We just didn't go to Altoona. We went to this private lake because we knew we could catch something there. You had to pay to fish there. You had to pay a dollar or two dollars, whatever. I remember this lady, this white lady. She used to come by herself. She would catch them carps, boy. I ain't kidding. And I'd be watching her, trying see what she's doing. And every time you look around, why, she had one. I found what she was using, corn. She was using old kind of corn on there, and we were using what they call a dough ball. I would make that stuff at night. But it was good, too. That would catch them a lot too, but her secret was a corn. That lady was using corn. She was a little

skinny lady. She was catching the fish! And that was amazing. [Chuckles.] And we did that for fun.

And we also—well, when we start going to the cabin—

C.M: With children.

L.M: Children then.

C.M: We had three boys.

M.M: Oh, okay.

L.M: But, yes, we did a lot of fishing together.

C.M: Financially we were in better shape at that time, too.

L.M: Mm-hm.

C.M: Because he had gone into business for himself.

L.M: Mm-hm.

M.M: Where were the favorite hangouts in the community?

L.M: Actually, it was just like house to house stuff. They'd come to our house sometime, and we'd go to their houses sometimes.

C.M: Right.

L.M: It wasn't like a club-like thing, because during that time everything was still segregated here. You couldn't go to a lot of places that you would like to go, and so we hung out with each other.

C.M: Mm-hm. Went house to house.

L.M: It was fun doing that, because we learned to play cards and stuff like that, different things like that together.

C.M: [unintelligible].

L.M: And just have fun and eat.

M.M: How has the area changed economically over the years?

L.M: It has changed tremendously economically, like night and day, because during those times that I mentioned earlier, there was no jobs here. Weren't any jobs here. The public job that I got, that was in high school when I had my first public job, making a paycheck. I was in the tenth grade. There's a fellow here. He used to hang out at my daddy's house all the time, called Jay Moore. He got a job at this place called Stevens Lumber Company in Marietta. We went down after school was out, me and another friend of mine, and we got a job down there. There was no jobs here. Everybody had to go out of town to work. And that stayed there for a long time, because early, in this county, they wouldn't let industry come in here. Big industries, they wouldn't let it come here. The power structure had control over stuff coming in here. There was a few families here controlled everything. It went to other counties, like Clarke County and other counties, but it wouldn't come here. So that limited the jobs, really, for black people.

M.M: Right. Can you tell me who some of those families were that were kind of the power?

L.M: Actually, one was the Dillingers, the Wymans, and—

C.M: Jackson?

L.M: I don't know whether Jackson played a big part or not, because you had Jackson owned the farm, but the Dillingers and the Wymans and the Smiths, the Smiths. The Smiths had this town wrapped around their fingers, and they wouldn't let nothing come in. They controlled everything. Like I said, my daddy didn't—I was grown. I was a grown man when my daddy got his first public job other than the farm. He was helped by another man that felt sorry for him. He said, "Go down at Lockheed." You see? And my dad

was so excited about that job. He never was late. He was there on time. He worked that diligently. He was so proud, because that had been the deprived from him. They had places around here like Atco, Atco Fabric place? They got jobs there, but they were the low-paid type jobs, you know, the janitors, outside stuff like that. But they weren't able to run no machines and get up in high-echelon positions. They couldn't do that. That was by design. All that was by design.

M.M: Right

L.M: There just weren't any jobs here. This time, they really changed, and now you wouldn't even know Cartersville. Cartersville is like a little big city. We have what you call a rush hour here now in Cartersville. We do. Certain time of day, you can't get through town. It didn't used to be like that.

C.M: Dirt roads.

L.M: I remember the horse-and-buggy days in this town, in Cartersville, where the Main Street was almost dirt road almost downtown. All these were dirt roads coming through here. And mules and wagons used to come here. All through the day, people hauling bales of cotton on the wagons going to the Smith gin. That was one of the power structure people, the Smiths. They owned the gin. It was rough. It was real rough. And it was rough on the other white people, too, because a lot of white people were in similar economic places as we were. In fact, on Jackson Street, we didn't know segregation because two doors up some white people lived, a lady named Miss Potts.

C.M: Attended school.

L.M: They didn't have much more than we did. It was some rough times back in there.

M.M: What is your fondest memory of Summer Hill?

L.M: My fondest memory of Summer Hill was during the time that I was in high school. I was in about the tenth grade. We built our own gymnasium, believe it or not. They hauled in lumber from up in Chattooga County. We built our own gym, and I was able to play basketball in that gym up until I got to be a senior. We built that gym. We cherished that gym. And we was the only school in this region in northwest Georgia that had a gym. And tournament time, tournament time would be held at our gym. All the schools from the surrounding counties, like Polk County, Floyd County, Cherokee County, even down to Marietta. They would come here for the tournament. Tournament time lasted about a week. When I went to school, we had buses which would line from one end of the street to the other, buses, bringing people in. And we always had a good team. We went way into the tournament. We didn't win all of them, but we went way into the tournament. And those were fun times for us. You could see all the other kids from other counties come here. They seemed so happy. And that was just so much fun.

During that time, too, at Summer Hill, me and a few guys—we got together to form a little group, a singing group. We called ourselves—I forget what we called ourselves, the Chains, I think it was. We were all in the same class, and all of us could sing a little bit. My wife got the pictures here now on the refrigerator right now of the four guys that participate in that.

C.M: Yes.

M.M: Oh, wow.

L.M: Yes. One of our teachers, Miss Ethel Moore Shell—she wanted to carry us to Atlanta to audition in Atlanta. We were pretty good. And I think the principal, Professor Morgan,

he thumbed down on it. You know what I mean? So that killed that. She had [unintelligible]. She was a teacher working under him, and you know how that goes.

M.M: Right.

L.M: But that was very fun. Of course, fun playing sports, basketball and football. I was on the football team. I played quarterback on that team, and I played running back on that team, played offense and defense, went both ways on that team, and it was just fun. It was just...

And, of course, a lady I adored so much—she'd dead and gone now, Miss D. E. Morgan. That's Professor Morgan's wife. She was a great mentor for me. I mean, she was like my second mama to me. She did things so well. And she could reach you. Where a lot of people couldn't reach you, Miss Morgan could reach you. I think she was a little ahead of her times, Miss Morgan was. She was a music genius. She loved music. She was a national president of the PTA, the national president of the PTA. So she was a great lady. But she played low key. You couldn't tell it. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Right.

L.M: But like the old saying, "Still water runs deep," that was Miss Morgan. And I just loved her. I'll never forget her. She made a great impression on me. Now, she made a great impression on a lot of people. I don't know anybody that said anything bad about Miss Morgan. That was Professor Morgan's wife.

END TAPE 1 SIDE B

BEGIN TAPE 2 SIDE A

C.M: I guess it was when I had a basketball team. [Laughs.] I'm originally a p.e. major, and I never played basketball, but because I was teaching physical education, I had to have to

be coach of the basketball team, so what I did was to get my husband to come up and help me with the basketball team. We won several games. That was fun because I didn't know anything about something I was coaching. [Laughs.] Leonard came up, and he would coach the girls, and we would play, and we won some games, played several games and won. That was pretty funny because I knew nothing about the game, yet I was coaching.

M.M: Right.

C.M: That was really fun and exciting.

M.M: Now, this is a different subject, but do you recall any areas that were considered white only or black only?

L.M: Yes. Yes.

M.M: And were there signs that specifically—

L.M: Yes, there were signs. That's right. You didn't have to go far. Go out of town, and the first place was—the Drugstore—they had a soda fountain. They sold ice cream and stuff. You couldn't go to their soda fountain and get nothing. You couldn't do that. And I wanted to go to a stool and chair that you sit on around the table? We couldn't do that. They would sell you some and you go outside, go out that door and you eat it. Most of the eating places was like that. But one stands out. It's still there now, the Four Way Café. They had a white-only place there. On the side they had a black—you know, "colored here."

M.M: Colored.

L.M: Yes. Well, you knew that, and you just didn't go in there. Of course, the bus station that used to be on Main Street—there's a dry cleaner there now. They had a colored waiting room and a white waiting room.

C.M: And doctor's office.

L.M: And even the doctor's office.

C.M: [unintelligible]

L.M: They had a white and colored—you know. I remember a lot of those types.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Blacks just didn't go in there. Some of them did sometime, but they got in trouble. You know what I'm saying?

M.M: Right.

L.M: They got in trouble. Some just said, "Hey, I'm gonna do it anyway." But that's the way it was around here. Everything was just segregated. At the movie theater, we had a theater called the Legion Theater and the Grand Theater. You had to sit up there in the balcony in those two theaters. But the balcony to me was great. I used to love to sit up there in the balcony. I had a better view and everything. It was segregated, but it didn't bother me at all. But I would have liked to have gone where I wanted to go—you know, would go. But we were having it pretty good.

Of course, you couldn't go to places like the—what's that place they got? The Elks Club and things like that, those clubs that the blacks couldn't go to.

C.M: Most places.

L.M: Yes, most places you couldn't go. Well, actually, when they had, early on, back in the early fifties? Yes. The late forties and the fifties, we couldn't go to ballgames. Like, colleges would have ballgames?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: You couldn't go and sit in the bleachers with everybody else. They would let the football team come in free, but you had to sit on the bank. There's a bank up there, with grass on it. And we all had to sit there and watch the game, but we couldn't go over there in them bleachers, where there cheerleaders and all that kind of stuff. You couldn't go in there. That was pretty hard for me. You know, it bothered me a little bit because I wanted to be up with everybody cheering and stuff like that, because of them. That kind of bothered me right there, [unintelligible]. But I wanted to see the games. The game was real important to me. I wanted to see how they played and everything.

And it bothered me, too, because I used to ask our coach—I said, "Coach, we want to play Cartersville High." That was a white high school. We were Summer Hill. And he never gave me a good answer for that. I said, "Coach, I believe we can beat 'em." A lot of the guys would say, "I know we can beat 'em." Because we done watched them practice, see. And I knew I could run fast, [unintelligible]. But we never could play them. They never would let us play them. And I think the reason for that is, too, they didn't want us to beat them. You know what I'm saying?

C.M: True. [Laughs.]

L.M: They didn't want us to beat them, because their players on their team used to referee our games, not a real official, the players. We noticed when we go to their game, they had real official officials. We checked that out. And when they come, we have a game, they

come to the game with their jeans on and a whistle and a casual shirt. And those referees went to their games, they were dressed out in black stripes. They dressed up. And that bothered me a little bit. It really did. But at that time, we couldn't do anything, and I understand our coaches, our professor couldn't do much because their hands were tied, you see?

I remember the superintendent. He used to come to our school sometime. He'd be dressed out in a sharp blue gabardine suit. I don't believe he had but one suit, because he wear his suit every time. And he's a clean-cut man, and he'd walk around the school. I used to observe our Professor Morgan walking with him. They used to walk together. And Professor Morgan would be watching us out of the corner of his eye. You know, want us to act good and be on your best behavior and all this kind of stuff. And he wouldn't call him—now, this, well, I had a problem too. He would call him "Morgan." He wouldn't call him "Professor Morgan" or "Mr. Morgan." He'd call him "Morgan." And he said demonstratively. You know what I'm saying? I didn't like that. And Professor Morgan would always smile. Everything was smiling. Oh, like funny. You know what I mean? That old thing couldn't be funny all the time. And this superintendent, Brandon Lee—they didn't name him Superintendent Brandon. He had a different expression on his face. But he had to wear that with him, I believe.

I didn't receive that too well, and I didn't receive them bringing us some books over there. We used to use their books. Half the page would be out of it sometime, and they wrote up, you know? That's what come from that school. They would get new books, you see?

M.M: Right.

L.M: So I didn't like that too well, but we had to do that. But we made the best out of those books. Sure did. If I had a page out of mine, I'd ask my classmate, "What's on that page?" You know, it would go like that. But there was a lot of stuff that was done, and we had to get used to—we got conditioned to it. You know, you get conditioned to some things?

M.M: Right.

L.M: That don't mean they're good and you like them, but you get conditioned. Call that conditioning. It was a lot of bad stuff went on around here.

M.M: What was your experience like, teaching with the used textbooks?

C.M: By me teaching special ed, most of my materials were made material, because they didn't, at that time, have appropriate material for special kids, and so I—Atlanta University taught us how to improvise and make our own materials and stuff, and we used experience stories to teach reading because we didn't have books here for that, that would be appropriate for the age yet low enough for the reading level. They would be like *Dick and Jane*, [unintelligible] a twelve-, thirteen-year-old—they don't want to look at that baby book. And so I would use experience stories, just like I would talk to you, experience stories. So the lack of material didn't affect me as much as far as books were concerned, but it did affect me as far as having money to buy the material to make what I needed. I had to use my money to do that. Most years, I would spend over a hundred, two hundred dollars just for materials for my class, because you didn't have any, and you didn't have any funds from the school to purchase materials. You purchased your own materials. And that's the way it worked up until, oh, I guess by the time—oh, about ten

years later, we started getting an allotment for materials. But when I first started, I had to buy my materials, if I had any.

M.M: We're going to switch gears.

C.M: Okay.

M.M: Tell me about the role of the church in the community.

C.M: That's a good one.

L.M: The role of the church in the community? Well, initially we come from Methodist church.

C.M: AME [African Methodist Episcopal].

L.M: Yes, AME, Methodist.

M.M: Is that the one up here?

L.M: Yes, that's the one on the hill. There are two on the hill. One is a Methodist, one is a Baptist.

M.M: Right.

C.M: African Methodist Episcopal. There's a difference.

L.M: Mm-hm. Well, the church—I couldn't see no great thing that they did here for the community other than encourage you to go on to school and do good things. Nothing real outstanding, I would think. I notice sometime at hard times, the church would give out baskets to people that were sick, or elderly people that didn't have stuff. But they'd do stuff like that, you know, and help. Of course, everybody went to some type of church, expressing their faith in some type of church there, Methodist or Baptist, but I really—early on in my life, I enjoyed my church. You know, going to Sunday school

and...In my early years, they used to have a thing called saying speeches in church. You know what that's about?

M.M: No.

L.M: Saying speeches, especially on Easter Sunday. They would give your small kids, sort of like from about six to about ten—they'd give you a speech to learn, and on Easter Sunday you would go up and you could say that speech because everybody get new clothes on Easter. Every Easter, everybody get new clothes, or they give you a speech and you get to show your clothes and stuff like that. Every Easter, they used to have a big Easter egg hunt, where everybody hunt eggs and stuff.

M.M: Do you all attend church in the Summer Hill community today?

C.M: No, no, we go to church in Cedartown, a nondenominational church, which has several races of people there: white, black—

L.M: Multi-culture.

C.M: Multi-culture church. That's what we go to now.

M.M: What type of things are preached about in the church?

L.M: You mean now?

C.M: Now, or before we went to AME?

M.M: Both at AME and today.

L.M: Most AMEs was just structured type stuff you'd do according to their structure, and it's the timeframe within that structure, and you go according to that, and then you're through, you know.

M.M: Right.

L.M: But the other type churches, it's almost just the opposite. There's not hardly no timeframe on it, and it's non-structured. It's just a difference. It's a big difference.

M.M: I can imagine.

L.M: I like it better than the old traditional. You know what's going to happen. You know what's going to happen, what's going to go next, this and that. But the other type churches [unintelligible], it's just altogether different.

C.M: Mm-hm. Plus you get to interact with other races of people, and you find out your more alike. And that was the most good for me, to find out that—of course, I found that out when I was in West Georgia [College at the time; now State University of West Georgia], to graduate school, because before then, I had thought that white people were smarter because of the way I was raised. But when I got to interact with them, I found out they were just like me. Some are smart, some are not so smart, and everything. We're more alike than we are different. We really are.

M.M: Do you feel that the churches took a political stance on certain issues?

C.M: Mm-hm. I do. The AME, yes, because I know anytime an issue of black-white, a racial issue would come up, it was discussed in the black—especially I remember Martin Luther King [Jr.] in particular. Martin Luther King was trying to bring about some changes in the South. They were always discussed in the AME church and the black community, in a positive way.

L.M: He was a minister, himself, too, you know.

C.M: Yes.

M.M: Right.

C.M: And that was a place of platform. The black church was a platform for black people in the community. They could express themselves, and that was probably the only place that they could express how they truly felt, and felt safe enough to do it, because you couldn't do it on the job or you couldn't do it in other places, but in the church in the black community, you could express how you really felt about things. And most blacks during that time and earlier had, like, two personalities. They had one that they showed when they were out working in the area, where they had to come in contact with whites. They were more docile and—you know, like everything was happy, like. And when they would get together, you would see the real person. I know that was true with my father more so than my mother. That really surprised me, that he had to do that. In his work environment, he had to act like he was happy and everything was okay, but he really wasn't happy. So there was a place where they could vent their feelings. At least, I saw.

L.M: And then, too, talking politics, the church was a place where we could get information on political candidates and what have you.

C.M: Mm-hm, yes.

L.M: People were informed. In the church, you could get some realization of what was going on—

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: —and what was the best one to vote for. You know, issues and all that.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: I think it played a part, a big part—

C.M: A big part.

L.M: And it still do.

M.M: Were political candidates every allowed to come and speak with a congregation on Sundays?

C.M: Yes.

M.M: Did they?

C.M: Then and now.

L.M: Mm-hm,

C.M: In our multi-cultural church—

L.M: I know some had come to the church we go to now in Cedartown.

C.M: Yes.

L.M: They come all the time.

C.M: They came in the black church. Yes, all the time, at this multi-cultural church.

L.M: Mm-hm.

C.M: But they did in the black church, too, because I can remember Men's Day. They used to have Men's Day and Woman's Day, and most time it was people who were in politics would come and speak. You know, black.

M.M: Right.

C.M: A leader. I remember that, because we went there a long time, about ten years to the AME church before we changed.

M.M: Did the church go through any changes while you attended it?

C.M: The black church?

M.M: And what type? Or even the church that you're in now. Has it gone through any changes since you've been there?

C.M: The church we're going to now is a continuous changing, because when I went first to that church, and it was a predominantly white church, and now it's predominantly black. You say 75 percent?

L.M: Yes, a lot of the people—when I went there—

C.M: He came [cross-talk; unintelligible].

L.M: A lot of white people, when I went there, they're not there anymore.

C.M: Mostly black.

L.M: I look around every Sunday. It seem like I see more black faces than I do white faces. Of course, you see new faces, both sides new faces. But it's become mostly black.

C.M: Mm-hm. And it's just changing. It's like—I don't know, it look like it's just changing over to a black church, isn't it, Leonard?

L.M: I don't know if that's a trend or what.

C.M: I don't know, either.

L.M: But it is.

C.M: It's noticeable.

L.M: That kind of bothers me, you know? I say, "What's going on here?"

C.M: But our pastor—you know, he promotes unity among the races. Our pastor is white. I don't know what's going on.

L.M: But it's continuously changing. I can say that.

C.M: Yes, I can say that, too. And hopefully for the best.

M.M: Right.

C.M: [Laughs.]

M.M: Let's go back to the school. What were your favorite subjects?

C.M: Teaching, you mean?

M.M: Teaching and when you were a student.

C.M: When I was a student? My favorite subject when I was a student was—I guess you could say the sciences. As a student, science to me, anything dealing with biology and stuff like that. In teaching, I don't know, what my favorite was. I guess it would have to be when I taught p.e., because I was right out of college and energetic, and I had a creative dance group. I just enjoyed activity. So I would say p.e. as a teacher and later on, when I got into the specialty, learning disability. That was also—I loved that. But as a student, I guess sciences was my favorite, [unintelligible] science.

M.M: And what were your favorite subjects?

L.M: I think my favorite subject was English in high school, and history. I liked history a lot. But mostly English. We took—have you ever hear of diagramming sentences?

C.M: Oh, yes.

M.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: I loved that. I just loved that.

M.M: With all the steps?

L.M: Yes, yes.

C.M: They don't do that anymore.

M.M: No, they don't.

L.M: They don't. Did you do that?

M.M: I had one teacher that taught me that.

C.M: That was good, though.

M.M: It was the only way that I clearly felt that I learned the English language.

L.M: Yes, yes. But it was so good. My favorite teacher on there was Miss Nancy Beasley. She could diagram a sentence, that whole blackboard, could take up the whole blackboard. I mean, it was amazing! And you could diagram that thing, just pick out all, everything in there. And I just loved that.

M.M: Now, your favorite teachers?

L.M: Hmm?

M.M: Who were they?

L.M: My favorite teacher was, first of all, Miss Betsy Shell. That was my first-grade teacher. You know, when you're in the first grade, you know how your mind is.

C.M: Very impressionable.

L.M: But on through the years, there was Miss Morgan—she's Professor Morgan's wife. She had the greatest impact on my life, I think. And Miss Nancy Beasley. She was a good teacher, the one that taught me English?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: She was a good teacher. My sister used to love her. She majored in English, and she was just—it was just good. Those were my two favorite teachers.

M.M: Did you belong to any clubs or organizations while you were in school?

L.M: Not really, not really.

C.M: Did they have any?

L.M: What type club?

M.M: I've heard SLAGS—

C.M: Yes, they did have—

M.M: —the Boy Scouts.

L.M: Well, we had a Boy Scouts in Cartersville. The blacks couldn't go to it when I was going to school. They had Troop 24 there on Church Street. I think that's Church Street, whatever street it is. But we couldn't go to that. And I always wanted to. But later on in the years, they had a black troop. My boys went to that, I think. That's the only club or whatever.

M.M: Did you ever sponsor any clubs or anything beside the basketball team?

C.M: I was just trying to think. I had a dance club, yes.

M.M: Okay.

L.M: Creative dance club, yes. That's the only club.

M.M: Did they perform at games?

C.M: Yes, they performed at games, and where else? They used to have what was called assembly—you know, Fridays, and they would danced and things like that. Special occasions, they would dance. Yes, we had a nice—

L.M: They were good. They would dance [unintelligible]. They were good there. She did creative dancing in college, at Tuskegee.

C.M: Yes.

M.M: Oh, wow!

L.M: She was on a creative dance team there.

C.M: Yes.

L.M: They were very, very good.

M.M: Wow.

C.M: We danced at tournaments and stuff.

L.M: I used to love to see her dance off "Canadian Sunset." Have you ever heard that, "Canadian Sunset"?

M.M: No.

C.M: He'd never heard of it.

M.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: Beautiful. "Canadian Sunset." You get that and look at it sometime. "Canadian Sunset." How'd it go? [Sings]: "Doo, doo, doo-DOO-doo-doo, doo-doo. DOO-do, DOO-do, dee."

C.M: Now, see, he used to come down to the games and see.

L.M: And she could dance! She could perform! She could style!

M.M: Oh, wow.

L.M: She could style!

C.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: She was slim. She was tough.

C.M: [Laughs.]

M.M: What did you do after school?

L.M: After school? What you mean, after high school?

M.M: No, like, after your school day, every day.

L.M: After my school day?

M.M: You'd go to school, and then, before you'd come home, what would you do?

L.M: Oh. Well, I'd go to school, I'd come home—well, in high school we had basketball, basketball and football practice, had this type in high school. And then my little job. You know what I mean? I'd go to my other job, and I did that up until I finished school.

M.M: Did you get a lot of homework?

L.M: Well, we had a lot of homework in my early years. Up until I got to around eighth or ninth grade, we had a lot of homework, up until then, but after that we didn't have a lot of homework to do, but in my early years we had to bring homework in.

M.M: Did you give a lot of homework?

C.M: No, I didn't give a lot of homework with the special ed kids because we were just repetitious in the classroom, and I didn't give much homework, unless there was something they need to practice, like writing a letter or writing a word or reading something that they need to read over and over, repetitious work mostly, no new concepts overnight to learn or anything, just repetitious, because I taught the mildly mental handicapped when I first started. But when I went back and got my master's and learned disabilities, I taught the learning disabled in high school and middle school.

M.M: Summer Hill was known for their [sic; its] basketball team. They had a great football team. Were there any other sports that Summer Hill was known for?

L.M: For a short period of time, they had a baseball team, for a short period of time, but this was the early, early, early years. I wasn't even in high school at the time. But the baseball team didn't—I don't know whether they had—it didn't go too well. It just, like, fizzled out, you know. One year, the guys had uniforms and they played well. It didn't have the momentum as the football and the basketball did, and that was it. That's about it.

M.M: What year did you graduate from Summer Hill?

L.M: I graduated in '54.

M.M: In '54, and then you went to Tuskegee?

L.M: I went to Tuskegee, yes.

M.M: And then you entered into the Army.

L.M: Well, I was drafted into the Army, because when I was in Tuskegee, my family come into hard times, and they were—you know, I told you early on that there wasn't any work for black men in this town. They was about to foreclose on my parents' home, and my mama wrote and told me about that, so I said, *I'm outta here*. So I came home, and I got me a job and saved the place that they were living in, because my other siblings—they was under me and smart; they were in school, too. There just wasn't any work here for my dad to do, so I got this job and saved the house and kept on. I corresponded with my wife. During that time, I was drafted into the service. I got drafted into the service and stayed there, and so I started going to school at night, at Morris Brown College—

C.M: That was after we were married.

L.M: —right here in Atlanta. Yes, that was after we were married.

M.M: What year did you all marry?

L.M: In '58. After that—let's see, we got married—I was going to school in Atlanta at night, Morris Brown College.

C.M: About five years.

L.M: About four, because I was going part time then. I decided I wanted to go in business for myself because I was going to make more money, and I got myself a cleaning service, and I made more money at that cleaning service than I ever made anywhere. I really did. It was good. I left the job that I was on after I come from school. I worked down there about almost twenty years. I left there and went to my janitorial service and did very good with that., because I had people on salary working for me. It was just good. And it

paid more money. We was able to secure this house through that. Of course, it didn't look like it look now. It was just an old frame-type house. But it provided money and enabled us to do things while our kids were growing up, and spend time with them. Every summer we used to go up on the lake. We go to the lake. We had a cabin. We did that until they got grown.

M.M: What lake?

L.M: Allatoona.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And that's a time for us.

C.M: [cross-talk] We spend two weeks up there.

L.M: Sometime we'd spend two weeks up there, mm-hm. We did that until they growed up. I bought them a ski boat. They learned how to ski and swim and do all that good stuff.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And we enjoyed them growing up. We had fun with them.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Both of us were much younger then, and we could interact and do a lot of stuff. It take us a little slower for us to do that now, but you know—[chuckles].

M.M: What was your major at Morris Brown?

END TAPE 2 SIDE A

BEGIN TAPE 2 SIDE B

C.M: I went to Atlanta University and got certified in special ed, then I went to West Georgia and I got my master's in learning disabilities.

M.M: How would you say education affected your life?

C.M: Tremendously. I've always—well, my aunt was a teacher, and I think she was like a mentor to me, because I've always wanted to teach. Education to me is so fundamental to who you are, because no matter what you are, you've had somebody, you've had a teacher, if you were a doctor or lawyer, going to school somewhere, and some teacher has affected you in your life. That's what I like about it is that you change lives of children through your teaching. Education is fundamental to who you are, really. It impacted my life, and I hope I have impacted others through my teaching.

M.M: How would you say education affected your life?

L.M: I think it affected mine tremendously because before I went to school at Morris Brown—Morris Brown really impacted me because the courses I took there, the teachers, the instructors that I had—they really affected me. I was, before then, what you call an introvert. I wouldn't talk much and didn't want to talk much, but Morris Brown brought me out. It really brought me out. I took a lot of courses in psychology. I had good instructors in philosophy. I had a Dr. Kaye from Emory University. I took philosophy under him. He was so good. He just—I don't know, he'd just get into you. You know what I'm saying? And that's why—I wouldn't have gone into business if I hadn't gone to Morris Brown, because I couldn't meet people; I couldn't interact with people; I couldn't talk with people. And I had what you may call an inferiority complex dealing with people. And after that, I can talk to anybody. I don't care. It don't matter, the president. Whatever you want to talk about, let's go for it. But I got that from that, and this carried me on all the way down through the years. I fed on that, and it's helped me. When I was in business, bidding on contracts, I could bid good. I could talk to people up front. All the CEOs, I could talk with them and get contracts.

C.M: They have an inferior—

L.M: And I learned so much. And then I learned how to deal with people, different levels of people. You have people with so many different personalities, it's amazing. And you have to treat each one differently, approach it differently. And reach those people, and they can be nice. You know, and schooling, education give you those tools to do that with and give you the wisdom, you see? And it's helped me now. You never get through using education as long as you live. You're going to use it. You're going to need it. Hey, it's good.

C.M: I think it continues.

L.M: Yes, it is. And that impacted me so much at Morris Brown. I had some good instructors there. They were so good. They were good. Mmm!

M.M: Do you feel that you received an equal education to that of white students?

L.M: No, I don't.

M.M: What were the differences you were aware of?

L.M: From going back to high school—I had to go back there. We didn't have a laboratory, we didn't have—

C.M: To do experiments.

L.M: No, we couldn't do experiments because we didn't have a lab. And textbooks, I told you, they were second rate. Our activities that we did, I kind of compared them with the Cherokee white school activities. They had swings outside, sliding boards and things like that.

C.M: Swimming pool.

L.M: Yes, they had all that, and we didn't have that, so we thought it wasn't too good. And we used to slip up there and swing on that swing on Sundays and stuff. I know they didn't want us up there because—but we would do that, just to enjoy some of that stuff. No, I don't feel that we had equal—we had good teachers.

C.M: That's right.

L.M: But they weren't facilitators. They didn't have the facilities to do what they wanted to do. And so that's why I feel it was second rate. But I think, through all that, we got a bunch through our own thing.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Our own thing. We got enough to make it with what we had. And I knew it wasn't equal. It wasn't. It really wasn't.

M.M: Do you think that there's a place for all-black schools in today's society?

L.M: I don't.

C.M: I don't.

L.M: I really don't, not all-black.

C.M: Not all-black anything.

L.M: I don't think that all-black or all-white—I think it should be integrated, for all people.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: I'm not for white power or black power or none of that kind of stuff. I know those guys used to come by here—what you call them? The Black Muslims come here giving pamphlets. I didn't like them. I rode them off my door one day. And they got mad at me. I said I didn't want them coming here. Because I don't like division.

M.M: How did you feel when they destroyed the school?

L.M: I really felt bad. I really did felt bad because I didn't want to see our schools go. I didn't want to see old Summer Hill go. I want that to be around forever, because, like I said, to me that was my second home. It might not have been the best thing for me, but at that time, for me, that was my second home because I felt people there cared about me. They cared, and they took time with me, and I was just boiling with interest. You know, after your mother and father, the next thing you come into, that has an impact on you. And that was my next step, that school was. That's my second home. And I just loved—that's the only thing. I said segregation—I said, well, it was good in the fact that I got a lot of attention, you know? And that was when integration had to come. They say that's good for everybody, I guess.

C.M: It is.

M.M: Now, the first, the original school building on the hill—what happened to it exactly?

L.M: Exactly, the school building stayed there for years. It didn't get burned. Our gym got burned down, that gym that we built. It got burned down, but the school stayed there. They decided, I guess, to tear the old school down, which I hate they did that. I hate they ever did that. They should have let that thing stay there, because that was our second home. And that was really our heritage, that school building. It was an old frame building, but it meant something to us.

Now, we had a bell outside of that school. Every morning, a student would be designated to ring that bell. That bell would be heard all throughout the black community. That bell could be heard, and when you hear that bell, you got five minutes before school time. Five minutes. After five minutes, you late. And a lot of days, I'd be halfway to school when I'd hear that bell. So if you're late, you had to have an excuse from your mama,

being late. We had to write us an excuse. [Laughter.] Sign my mama's name to it. A lot of people did that. But that meant so much to us. They had to tear it down. But I can see it mentally in my mind right now, mentally in my mind, that old school and what it stood for. It stood for a lot.

M.M: When did your family get its first television, car, telephone, and how did it impact your life?

C.M: I can remember television. It looked like we always had telephones when I was small, but I can remember we got this television. It had been in a corner and the screen was so small—you know, tiny screen. And all the people in the community would come to look at our television. We were probably one of the only people on our street had a television. And that was a big thing. When something special come on, all the community, adults and children, would gather at the various televisions in the community, and we were one of the ones had one. It impacted my life in that it was the first time I saw stories that I had listened to on the radio, visualized on the television, like—what's that *Andy*? What was that, used to come on the radio?

L.M: *Amos and Andy*.

C.M: *Amos and Andy*. We used to hear it on the radio. Well, then, *Amos and Andy* came on TV, but I understand that *Amos and Andy* on the radio were white. But when it came on television, they were black. I didn't really know they were white on the radio because they sounded black. But several stories that I had heard on the radio, and then I got to see them on television. I mean, it was just fascinating to see the images on television. It wasn't color; it was black and white. But it was just fascinating to me. It was so different. It's like going to the movies. I mean, we treated it like going to the movies.

M.M: Do you remember when you got your first television or telephone or car?

L.M: Yes, I remember all three of those. The television was similar to my wife's experience. We were about the only one in our community—it was a small community—that had a TV. Every Saturday night, they had a program called *Cabaret TV*, come out of Atlanta. It was a lady—I don't know whether you may have heard of or not, but they had a Roy Mays Band. Roy Mays. He had a band in Atlanta, a historical band, and they were on that television, and it was so fascinating. You'd see this group, dressed sharp in these black suits, playing these instruments, and they looked so good. That's in Atlanta. I said, *This is amazing!* And they had singers. He had his sister, Zilla Mays. She's a singer, and oh, she was made up just like a doll. She was pretty. Had her hair all balled up, turned up. And she was on that TV singing! Ooh, I used to [unintelligible] watch her. *Boy, that's gonna be my girlfriend now.* I just loved that. They were so beautiful. And I hadn't seen that. And Atlanta—I had never been to Atlanta, no way. I didn't know what Atlanta looked like. I thought Atlanta was like Cartersville. But you saw so much, and I was so enlightened by television. I don't know. And strangely enough, I thought one time the people was in the television.

C.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: I said, *Now, how can they*—I wanted to go and see the people in the TV. It was just so amazing. And we enjoyed it.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And we took care of it.

C.M: Yes.

L.M: We loved that TV. We had it on—sometimes a little lines get up coming through there—you know those little—I forget what you call them. They come on there sometime. And everybody get sick.

C.M: [Chuckles.]

L.M: Lord have mercy, our television done got sick and it [laughter] died. We thought our TV was going to die. But it was fun. We all enjoyed it.

C.M: Mm-hmm!

L.M: I told my mama—I said, "Mama," I said, "we're gonna have to charge a fee for these people to come and watch our television."

C.M: I mean, they'd come—

L.M: I said, "We can charge a nickel apiece and make some good money." She said, "Boy, you ain't gonna charge nobody because," she said, "y'all be thankful you got one."

C.M: Uh-huh.

L.M: But it was a lot of fun. And our radio—

C.M: Radio.

L.M: Now, our first radio. Now, I think this had more effect than television, because I used to watch every Saturday night—I used to listen at the *Grand Ol' Opry*. Have you heard the *Grand Ol' Opry*?

M.M: Yes.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: You heard of Cousin Minnie Pearl?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Oh, that was so great. I used to love hear that woman talk. And she had a unique type voice. It carried. It just captured you. In the evenings, when you come from school, they have Pearl come on in the evening on the radio, and I used to love to hear those programs in the evening. They had one called *The Screeching Door*. It was a mystery program. They had a door would be squeaking. The door would be opening, and you could almost see—

C.M: Imagination.

L.M: Yes, you really used your imagination so much in those days. And a story called *Tom Mix*. It was a western type program came on. They had a thing going, just like horses running. You know what I mean?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And all different sounds.

C.M: Sound effects.

L.M: Those guys had to be really good to do that, to make that come over as it did, to keep you captured. And I'd stay till the program has gone off. So that was the art in that. It was so wonderful and good.

And our first telephone. Oh, it was amazing. They had what you call a party line, and a lot of different people would be on the same line, and somebody could listen in on your conversation. They called it the party line. I was so glad when they got rid of the party line. I think everybody else was, because everybody knew everybody else's business.

C.M: Business.

L.M: On the party line. And then you couldn't dial your own number during that time. You had to get the operator, and she said, "Number, please." And you'd tell her your number,

and then they would dial it. But that was some amazing times back in then. You wouldn't think that time could change as quickly as it did, but it did. Like we said, times are constantly changing. They're changing as we speak. Everything is changing.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Change is good.

C.M: Change *is* good.

L.M: We have to change.

C.M: [unintelligible].

L.M: We have to accept that, because that's the way life goes. But those things, I guess everybody still experienced that who come up when I did. A few of us had it a little rougher than others; some didn't have as much as others, but we were all in the same boat, mm-hm.

M.M: How did racism affect your life and your family's life?

L.M: Racism didn't affect me that much because when I come up, I thought that was the way it was supposed to be. We would go to town, and my mama and dad knew what places, what doors to go in, and we would go in those doors. It didn't happen—till later in years, I started questioning a lot of things. I started questioning how things worked. As I grew older, I wanted to challenge some of those things, and my mama discouraged me, said, "Don't do that. You'll get killed. They'll kill you." I said, "But Mama, I want to do this. I want to do that." I said, "If white boys do it,"—she said, "Yeah, but you ain't no white boy." That's what got me, you know. As I grew older, I thought about it, and I realized why things were like they were. And they had to suppress a lot of stuff, my mom and

dad did. I'm sure it affected them, but they had to do that to survive and protect their kids and stuff like that.

M.M: What was your relationship to white families before desegregation? What was it like?

L.M: The relationship. It wasn't a close relationship. I will say that. It wasn't very close, because those things mingled in your mind, you know. It mingled in your mind. I know the lady I used to work for called Miss Hoage, that I mentioned early on?

M.M: Right.

L.M: Well, she had some boys, and I didn't feel comfortable because it seemed like she made a difference in her boys, to me. I know you could work for as much time—she had a boy named Jim and John. As much time, she would fix some sandwiches, and she had a kitchen inside, when we would march through there. She would fix their sandwich and they would eat in the kitchen, and I'd eat outside. I didn't like that. I said, "I want to eat where everybody else is eating." It was cool in there. But I was out there, where it was hot at. I didn't like that. But I knew deep within that that's racism, that she didn't want—even though I worked for her, and boy had to get outside, but we couldn't eat together. I don't know, there was something about that racism, about eating together or sitting down with somebody white—that was the taboo.

Racism was just bad. I remember we was going to the movie one Saturday. We used to go to the movie every Saturday. Didn't cost but a dime. Every Saturday. We'd be walking down the street, and walking with a bunch of guys, and a white lady would be coming toward us, facing us. They crossed the street. I said, "Why do y'all cross?" "Man, you can't walk by that white woman." And don't whistle at one. We couldn't do that. You could get hung. You would. You really would. And that was racism.

It was just a kind of bad time, but you got used to that, and you got your sense of dignity there, because it didn't really bother you.

C.M: Some people did.

L.M: It didn't really bother you because you know you got to do certain things to survive. You can buck the system, but you'll be killed. And a lot of people did. A lot of them died.

C.M: Eventually they did.

L.M: Yes.

M.M: Tell me about the years of the civil rights movement. What was your reaction to it? Were you ever actively involved?

C.M: I wasn't actively involved, but I was very happy that it was coming about. At that time, I was teaching in primary school in an integrated setting. This is when Martin Luther King was starting in Alabama, about sit-ins, buses, and so...Most of the teachers there were white teachers and the principal was white, and everybody was talking against this uprising, black uprising. But secretly—I didn't say it openly, but secretly I was happy to see that somebody had the nerve to try to make a change.

I know—like, my husband and I was taught—I was raised in the city. You had to sit in the back of the bus. So my mom and dad always said, "You go to the back," and that was for my protection, I'm sure. But somewhere, somebody had to say, "No, I'm not going" and take the consequences, because it was sure it would have one. But eventually somebody did, and that was Martin Luther King, so I was happy to see—not that I was a part of it, but secretly I was for it. That's how I felt. But it was secretly—you would talk about it at church. You discussed it and say where he was and what was happening, the marches and so forth. Through the church you would keep up with the movement. But

on your job, in particular my job, you didn't say anything. You didn't call its name, because it wasn't popular. He was a "troublemaker." That's what he was known as back then. Start something. But he was good.

M.M: Were you ever actively involved?

L.M: Not actively involved. I was indirectly involved because I used to speak out against racism, and I was glad the civil rights came about, and then I was a little afraid. I was a little afraid. I could tell early on that something was going to happen bad to King. I said, "He's just going out there." I said, "Something's gonna happen to him." I said, "I'm glad he's doing what he's doing, but," I said, "something's gonna happen. He can't just go on like that." They made several threats on him and tried to hurt him several times. At one point, I said, "Well, I think he's gonna make it. He's gonna make it." That was just when he was in Memphis, before his death. He was fighting for the garbage workers up there. I said, "King gonna make it alive." And bless [unintelligible], not long after, they said, "He's gotten shot." But I just thought he had got shot maybe in the leg or something like that. I didn't know he had a fatal shot.

But I was happy for civil rights because we used to go to—before we had any kids,--well, she was pregnant with our first kid. We'd drive to Birmingham once every other month, down to her people. She wanted to use the bathroom sometime. She could not. I said, "We can't stop." I said, "You know we can't stop." They had signs that said "white only," "white men only," "white women only." And I knew then—

C.M: You were afraid to stop.

L.M: And knew then—at that time, we didn't have superhighways. We was on just little two-lane roads going down through there.

C.M: I was about nine months pregnant.

L.M: She said, "I got to use the bathroom." I said, "We can't." I had to go ahead and try to find a place to stop. Sometimes I had to go two or three miles, and I found those places I was driving in, there'd be a big wooded area, you know.

C.M: We'd stop in the bushes.

L.M: We had to stop and get out and go—you know. And that's dangerous, too, because a lot of times people would drive back and mess with you, just out of the clear blue. So [unintelligible] a lot of times. Radical people, they do radical things. And I thought about all that. And I said, *Boy, one day, them signs, they won't be up there.* That's I'm glad about the civil rights, because what it's going to do to liberate the people and to make them be available to do things that everybody else been doing. Yes, I was for civil rights all the way.

M.M: Were there any demonstrations in Cartersville or sit-ins?

L.M: The only demonstration we did—we would, like, march downtown. We never—

C.M: That was after civil rights.

L.M: Yes. I don't think we didn't did any sit-in demonstrations then.

C.M: There may have been here.

L.M: Now, they had them in Atlanta. We could hear on the news about them, demonstrations going to Atlanta, going to Alabama, but we never played an active part in that. I imagine if I had been living in Atlanta at the time, I would have joined in, or had there been some here in Cartersville, I might have joined in, but nothing was organized here to that effect. In most of the small towns, wasn't nothing organized. The larger cities, you had people

designated to do these things, and I was backing them up 100 percent. I was for that, you see, mm-hm.

M.M: How did global events like the Great Depression, World War II, Vietnam, civil rights affect your life and the community of Summer Hill?

L.M: The Great Depression affected me, as it did a lot of blacks at Summer Hill because we didn't have anything in the beginning and then things got so tough they rationed everything. During the Depression, they issued ration books, almost like the food stamps things they have now. You had little coupons in there, where you could only buy certain things with that: sugar and shoes.

C.M: Bread.

L.M: Yes. It was rationed. And this was during the time of World War II, too. When the war was going on, things were rationed. It affected everybody pretty severely, mostly black people.

C.M: Black and white.

L.M: Mm-hm. But it had its impact on us, the Depression. I remember the Depression very good. There was no work for blacks anywhere, and there really wasn't none when that come.

M.M: Right.

L.M: We had nothing, almost nothing. My daddy—he got a job—I think was during the Depression, on the WPA. I don't know whether you ever read about that.

M.M: Works Progress Administration?

L.M: Yes, yes, WPA. My daddy got a job on that one time, and I was so happy. And a lot of black men worked on that, and they would come in every day from work. My daddy

carried his lunch. He'd carry one cup of rice. You may not believe this. And three biscuits. But one cup of rice, a cup of rice and three biscuits in a little brown paper sack. We all would look for Daddy coming home every day. We were so proud he had a job!

M.M: What did he do?

L.M: He did stuff like—whatever kind of work they did, working on the roads and clearing stuff and different projects like that, and they were doing that to try to give them a little money, put a little money in the community. They didn't have as many white people as they did blacks. But anyway, we knew what time Dad's supposed to be coming home every day, and we'd be at the bottom of the hill. And every now and then, we'd go out and look to see if Daddy—he's walking, because we didn't have no transportation. We'd look out and see if he coming home. Everybody be looking because everybody want to run meet him, and the ones really wanted to run meet him, to see if he had anything left in that sack—you know, the cup of rice and the three biscuits. And did you know, he would always leave a little something in that sack, always leave a little something in that sack. You know, I thought about that for years after that.

END TAPE 2 SIDE B

BEGIN TAPE 3 SIDE A

L.M: I know he was hungry enough to eat all that at his lunchtime, but he was thinking about those little kids so much that he saved just a little bit to give us when we met him, and that almost brought tears to my eyes after I grew up and got old and grown. I thought about how compassionate that was. And we were hungry. He knew that. But he'd been working all day, you see? So that Depression time had a great impact on us. But, like I said, we thought everybody was doing that, that it was just one of those things.

M.M: Can you tell me about the lodges in Cartersville?

L.M: Lodges?

M.M: Like Brotherhood Lodge, Burial Hall.

L.M: Yes. They had two lodges, and I never was a member of them, but I knew about them because all the black people in this community knew about the Brotherhood Hall and this other on the hill. I think you had to be a member of that through something. I don't know whether that was the Masonic, the Masons, the whatever. But I had some people I knew belonged to it, but they wouldn't tell you much about it unless you were a member. They would scare you a little bit, in the initiation part. You got to go through some extremes in initiation, and they could do a whole lot of things that would really scare you. But I thought about it a whole lot. I said, *It couldn't be too bad because it didn't kill them*. I never did get involved into that. But it existed.

M.M: Tell me about Slab Stadium.

L.M: Slab Stadium. Lord have mercy. I can see Slab Stadium just like I can see the old Summer Hill school. That was the first baseball stadium I ever knew about, was Slab Stadium. It was owned by a man named Paul Thomas. The reason they call it Slab Stadium, it was made out of slabs going around the sides. But it was a big old stadium, and they used to play baseball there. They had a good baseball team at that time, almost like the black Negro League. They had some tremendous players, and good talent that could have played in the pros anywhere. And that was the only place in Cartersville that the black people could go and have recreation, at that stadium. They had games every week there. We even practiced football at Slab Stadium when I was in high school. We practiced football there because we didn't have a practice field, and we couldn't go to

Cartersville High to practice then, so we'd go in there and practice football, and they'd just have different events down there. A man named Paul Thomas owned all that, and he owned half of Summer Hill houses, had grocery stores, a dry cleaner, directly up in front of Slab Stadium. It was amazing, mm-hm.

M.M: Now the dump.

L.M: The what?

M.M: The dump.

L.M: The dump.

M.M: It was located right next to the school.

L.M: Yes, it was. It's on my map here.

M.M: Oh, is it?

L.M: Yes. [Shows map.]

M.M: Wonderful.

L.M: Yes. This is Aubrey Street going that way. The city landfill was right there, and believe it or not, this was right next to the school.

C.M: The dump was?

L.M: The dump was right next to the school! I'm telling you. See, this is the dump; here's the school. [Shows locations on map.] The dump was right next [to the school]. The city trucks were coming there every day, all through the day, dumping trash, burning trash.

C.M: Mm, mm, mm.

L.M: It's a dump. The smoke. Imagine the smoke, now. You're in school. You're just this close on the dump, and they're burning trash and garbage and whatever. In the summertime either you had to crack your window to get some air, because we had no air

conditioning in that school. We smelled that for years and years. Now, we wondered why they put the dump next to our school. There were houses all around there, too, because all around here were houses. And the rodents and rats and stuff. They was amazing. You were seeing rats this big [demonstrates] going out in the dump.

M.M: Oh, gosh.

L.M: And the smell. It was just a pity. It really was. But everyone remembers that dump. And the whole city of Cartersville, that was their dump, right there by our school. That was something else. Now, you know they had to affect learning. You know, it had to. The smell.

C.M: Effect everything.

L.M: It was just—it was just outrageous.

C.M: It *was* outrageous. That was outrageous.

L.M: That went on for a long time, for a long time, that city dump.

C.M: That's the first I heard of the dump.

L.M: You never heard of the dump? I heard of the dump. I know. You can hear some people talking about the dump, haven't you? Yes, it was bad. And the trucks would come all day, all during the day, dumping that stuff, going back, get another load, coming back, dumping that stuff. And at recess, you'd go outside, and the playground was down going toward that dump. I remember very vividly one of my friends—you know, the had to burn that stuff. One of my friends got caught on fire. His name was Leonard Godhigh, Jr.

M.M: Oh, my goodness.

L.M: He got caught on fire playing. You know how kids play around stuff like that. And he got caught on fire. I think after that incident, they started thinking about moving that dump. He didn't get burned up, but he got burned, you know? You know a kid has a tendency to run. But that was a big eyesore. Oh, that would have been [unintelligible]. But that dump made [unintelligible] everything. And the smell'll kill you. You can smell it all over town. You know how you can smell a dump. I was wondering why those people lived right under the dump. All the time it's bad. And it was so bad. I blame the city of Cartersville for doing that, because I believe they could have picked an isolated area—

C.M: There are a lot of places, they could have picked.

L.M: —in the county or could have bought an area to have the dump, not with those little school kids up there. We had to go through that. So that was the saddest part of Summer Hill, was the dump. And I was so happy when the dump left there. Of course, a kid had to get almost burned up for it to happen, but it didn't happen soon. It took a little while after that to move that dump.

M.M: Can you imagine that you're walking into the old Summer Hill school building and describe the building for me?

L.M: Okay. When you walk in the front door, on the porch, you walk in the front door, to your right was Professor Morgan's office. And he had a window. He could see all over that hill coming to the school on Jones Street. Okay. Yes, to your right, was that? Okay. To the left—to the right was a room called the typing room. Okay. The open space as you walk in the door was the auditorium. You walked into the auditorium. It had one, two, three, four columns in there. Okay. At that time, we had no gym. They used to play

basketball in the auditorium. And they had a stage up there, and every Friday Professor Morgan would have assembly and do the speech from that podium I told you. And that was a big old floor. We didn't have a football team at that time, just a basketball team, but they would play in that gym. I never played in the gym because by the time we played, they had built the gym. But people earlier on—there was a lady come down to see us not long ago, last week. She's an old lady, older than I am. She played in that gym. Her name is Mamie Mae Pridget. At that time, I thought she was the most beautifulest girl at Summer Hill school.

C.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: And to learn later on, she's my cousin.

C.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: I didn't know she was my cousin. I said, "Mamie Mae, I was grown before I knew you was my cousin." And I always thought she was the beautifulest thing that went to Summer Hill. She's a good basketball player, very popular. I said, "Mamie, how'd y'all avoid hitting those columns when you were out playing ball in the auditorium? I know sometime you'd make a mistake and hit those big old iron columns that go up in the floor, for support, the top." She'd say, "If you ever see, you're just learning where those things are. And when you make a mistake, you pay for it."

And going into that—that was there when you once come into the building. Go to your right and you go down a set of stairs, down I guess about fifteen or twenty set of stairs, and you call that downstairs. That's where the lunchroom was, downstairs. I used to love that lunchroom. I come from a family that loves to eat. This lady, Miss Benham--she used to be cook in the lunchroom. I said, "Miss Benham, what y'all gonna have today?"

She said, “Boy, I ain’t gonna tell you. You’re gonna be surprised.” And, “Miss Benham, you got to tell me what y’all gonna have today.”

And so downstairs was called the cafeteria, and you had to pay a dime for lunch. You had to pay a dime for a plate this big [demonstrates large size]. I mean, ooh, you get fed good. If you had the dime. A lot of kids didn’t have that dime. When we didn’t have a dime, Mama would make us a little sack lunch, but when you could have a dime, you say, “I’m gonna eat downstairs today. We’re gonna have fun today.”

But I don’t see how they made it. I think the state gave them a lot of stuff to support the cafeteria. I know they gave them milk a lot because a lot of times they gave us free milk. They had a class line up and get free milk or free apples or whatever.

And they had a classroom down there, too, in the basement part. What else was down there?

On the outside of the building, they had a building called the home economics building. They had a little room up there where they trained for cooking and sewing and stuff like that. Oh, that was a memorable place, that school. Like I says, it’s my second home. It wasn’t no brick building, just a frame building. It was solid white. Had a great big dinner bell in the back. That bell rang every morning. Just ring that bell. We were just crazy about that school.

And I think that’s where my foundation come, from that school, because as you go in, there’s a room on the right called the fourth grade. I never will forget, Miss Johnson, Miss Monita Johnson said, “Before you get out of the fourth grade, you got to know all your time tables.” I said *I can’t repeat no grade. I gotta learn my time tables*. You know, I know my time table till today.

M.M: [Chuckles.]

L.M: I know them till today. My wife asks me sometimes, "What's something times something? What is that?" I say, "You don't know your time tables, girl." [Laughs.] But that's where I think I got my foundation in a lot of my academics like that, and it was good. But that school had so much memories to it. If you've gone there, you could picture it to your head, every aspect of that school, and I love it.

M.M: Wow.

Now, what can you tell me about the shops, like the café and the barbershop? Was it the Wheeler-Morris Shopping Center?

L.M: Yes. Well, it was a shop about that way before. It was a place called the Delicacy Shop on Jones Street, right up from the school. and Wheeler owned that, Mr. Wheeler, before he got the Wheeler-Morris Shopping Center. This is way before. This is when I was in high school. He'd have a place up there where you could go in, get hamburger, ice cream, Coke, had a little booth where you could sit down, talk to your girlfriend. It was just a unique little place, only place that blacks could go during that time. I was in the ninth, tenth grade, like that. That's a little good landmark.

Now, the Wheeler-Morris Center came in—that ain't been too long ago, the Wheeler-Morris thing, that shopping center. And Dan owned that.

M.M: Right, okay.

L.M: Up there on Bartow Street. In fact, when that first opened up, I had a part in that.

M.M: Did you?

L.M: Yes. I opened up a restaurant there.

M.M: Oh!

L.M: Yes. They called it Moore's Soul Restaurant. I invented a hamburger in that place. I called it the Soul Burger. I copied it from the Whopper, but I made it bigger than the Whopper that Burger King sells. I called it Moore's Soul Burger. That burger was stacked up about like that [demonstrates].

M.M: Wow.

L.M: They cost sixty-five cent at the time. That's all it cost, sixty-five cent. And I ran that for I guess about two years straight. Then in the neighborhood, I had project traffic, this street traffic. I couldn't survive. It was furnished to the teeth. I had an ice cream machine, had fountain drinks, counter. I had everything the other cafes had. And it was good. My wife—she decorated my windows. She had flowers in the windows. We had curtains in there. And it was just tough. But the reason it didn't survive was because I didn't have the downtown traffic. You know what I mean?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: I just had the walk-in traffic. And the people up there lived in the projects. They didn't have a lot of money, you see? And it was just tough. As I stayed there, my rent started going up. I had a crowd in my place all the time. The man owned it knew that I was making money, so the rent would tend to go up. So I would tell him about that from time to time, but I couldn't get any relief from that, and so after a couple of years I found somebody that I could sell my lease to. They thought I was making money then, but I wasn't. It appeared that I was because of the way it appeared. And I sold my lease, and I told my wife—I said, "Okay, who gets this? If I don't make it, I don't believe nobody's gonna make it here." And believe it or not, that's the way it happened. It changed hands time after time after time after time. But I gave it my best shot. My wife—she worked

hard, coming from school, come down there and put on a uniform, go to work. Had little kids at the time. Then she'd come back home and go to work. And I worked down there, and then I still had a job down in Marietta. It was pretty rough.

M.M: Moore's Soul Food.

L.M: Yes, mm-hm. Moore's Soul Restaurant was what it was. And I also ran a taxi line from that place, called Summer Hill Cab Company. I had CB [citizen band] radios and had a bay station, everything. Went to Atlanta, got my radios, put them on top of my cab with a light and whatever. Everything you had to have, I had it. We were just in an area where it just—you know, things at that time were still kind of segregated. You know what I mean?

M.M: Right.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And a lot of white people wouldn't come because of that, because they was afraid to come up on the hill. I put an ad in the paper. I was trying to find a cook. I put an ad in the paper, in the *Cartersville Tribune*. A lady called about a job. She said, "Mr. Moore, I want to take the job, but" she said, "my husband won't let me work there." She was a young lady, white lady. I said, "Well, I can't do anything about that. You gotta do what you have to do." She said, "I really want to work for you, but he won't let me work." So that was a drawback, you know?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: But things have changed since then tremendously, but that was the part that I had in the Wheeler-Morris Shopping Center.

M.M: Okay. Now, let's talk about the old public housing and the new public housing. Was there any animosity that you were aware of when the whole urban renewal project began here?

L.M: Animosity toward? How do you mean?

M.M: Toward those that chose to go live in the projects, because so many people had to give up their homes.

L.M: Right, right. Well, I don't know whether there was any ani—

C.M: It was up on Summer Hill mostly.

L.M: Yes.

C.M: Where they took the houses.

L.M: Yes. I don't know whether there was any animosity against the people or not, but I know a lot of people didn't want to go into the projects. A lot of them couldn't maintain their homes because urban renewal was coming through, you know.

M.M: Right.

L.M: I think they'd be fine with that. I think that promised a lot of people that they'd move in the projects and when they built, they could buy it back, where they left from. A lot of people did that. But it was still being controlled at that time by the power structure, I think. The whole urban renewal thing was controlled by the power structure. They got over good with that. They took a lot of people's land.

C.M: What-you-call-him bought most of it, didn't he, the lawyer?

L.M: Yes, Gerald Davis.

C.M: And Charles Oster, that urban renewal.

L.M: Yes, he built houses up there and sold them to different people. I said, "You build some nice houses, now." And they still look good today.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Mm-hm.

C.M: But the original people living there—they lost their homes.

M.M: Right.

C.M: They're still in the projects.

L.M: Some of them are still here in the projects from there. They never could bounce back.

C.M: Mm-hm. I guess they got first choice on buying the houses back. I don't know.

L.M: And a lot of them, I guess, when they got paid that money, they probably used the money for something else or didn't use it wisely, and then they couldn't buy it back a lot of times, so they were left out there on a limb.

C.M: Mm-hm.

M.M: Were you aware of any place where drinking was known to take place?

L.M: Oh, yes. Drinking took place everywhere in this town.

M.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: Ooh, good gracious, girl! Everybody's house, you had a drinking house. Sure was. And there was a reason for that. You know, the drinking come up way back when I was small. There wasn't no jobs, so people had to find a way to compensate to make some money, and they would sell what they call blues, sell some blues and make a dollar. And a lot of them didn't even drink the liquor that they sold. They did that to make the money, mm-hm.

Now, over at Slab Stadium, Paul Thomas—now, that was like a ballroom. He had a big old—in his house, he had a great big room like an auditorium. He had dances over there. He had known artists to come out to the farm. That was what you called the black club in Cartersville, at Paul's Place, mm-hm. You heard of Paul's Place?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: Well, that's what they called it, Paul's Place. I went there once. He had a barbershop in there, yes. I got a haircut in there one day. I was scared to death, those Harlem people in there and some of them drinking. It was amazing. He had his liquor in a big bowl with a dipper in it, a big one, now. You know what a dipper is.

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And they'd go up there and get a shot. They'd get the dipper, hold this shot glass, pour it in there, get them a shot and they'd go ahead on. And he had what you call a doorman, man on the door. Had two doors, two locks, and he had a man to operate the door, so if the police come, he could give signals or whatever. He operated that for years, and the police knew he was doing that.

C.M: You know they did.

L.M: So what they did one year, they said—I think there was—I don't know if it was Sheriff Atwood. It might have been the one before Sheriff Atwood that was head of the police department. They knew Paul was serving all these. They knew that, and they could not catch him. So what they did, they got the fire department, and right up next to Paul's Place, they had the fire trucks come up there with all the sirens on them and stop right there next to his place, and that's how they raided his place. And they got him. They thought it was a big fire, and everybody come out of Paul's Place, and the police went in.

C.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: And that's how they got Paul. And they had a little joke about that, too. They said, they busted Paul. "That's the only way we would have a chance to get you." It was kind of comical, you know. And he said, "Mr. Police," he said, "I'm gonna run down there to that corner and I'm going to run back. I got to run a little bit." [Laughter.] Paul run down there to the corner and Paul ran back. He had a little cigar in his mouth. He's smoked a little stub cigar all the time. They carried Paul to jail. So I think Paul got out of it. But they got a lot of Paul's land, I think.

C.M: They did?

L.M: They really did, because Paul owned the whole hill. He had rental houses all on that hill. I don't know what kind of sign they put on Paul, but they put one on pretty heavy. But Paul—he was a businessman, with no education. He was a black businessman. I'm telling you, Paul Thomas. He owned the stadium. Had the baseball team out there. Sure did. Mm, mm, mm. I was small when that was coming up, but I remember Slab Stadium. I wish somebody had took a picture of Slab Stadium.

M.M: I haven't seen one.

L.M: I wish they had some pictures. Somebody's, I bet you, somewhere got a picture of that. But it was just like a regular stadium. It really was. Paul was an engineer. He never went to school, but he was an engineer, and he knew how to deal with people. He could—hey, he was a man in this town, and they looked up to him, mm-hm.

Go ahead.

M.M: The name "Summer Hill." Do you know where it came from?

L.M: I really don't know where it came from, but I think the name was there before the school was there. I really do. I don't know what year it came there, but they used to call that area up where Paul was, called that Summer Hill. All that was Summer Hill. When the school come, they named that Summer Hill School, but the name "Summer Hill" had been there for years. I think that came before my daddy ever come here, because they used to talk about going to Summer Hill. Before they talk about school, going to Summer Hill, because, see, Summer Hill at that particular time was where most of the blacks hang out, coming to Summer Hill. Like I said, that's the only place that blacks could go to get recreation or whatever. And when the school came—I don't know what year the school came, but they named the school after Summer Hill, called the Summer Hill School.

M.M: Who are your heroes? Who is the one person that most positively influenced your life?

L.M: One person. One person? Well, I don't know.

M.M: Well, give me more than one.

L.M: Well, Miss Morgan influenced me more than anybody else, Miss Beatrice Morgan. I think she influenced me more than anybody else, but I had a lot of people that I drew from that encouraged me. I was encouraged by so many people. I used to watch a lot of people, but Miss Morgan and my fourth-grade teacher—they planted a deep seed, mm-hm.

M.M: Who were your heroes?

C.M: In Summer Hill area?

M.M: No, in your life.

C.M: Oh, in my life? That's one of the things I'm doing with the women in that church, to pick somebody who's their hero in their life. I would have to say it's my mom, because she always told me what I could be, and she sheltered all of us from the bad part of segregation and prejudice, because we never went to town until I was a teenager, and I lived in a real close-knit community, so I really didn't know about racism until I was actually in high school. I was so sheltered from it. And my Mama always told all of us we could be anything we wanted to be, we could do anything we wanted to do, so I'd answer my mother as my hero. She planted that seed in me before I went out and find out that I was black and supposed to be inferior, so didn't know that, and it was too late for anybody to tell me that, because my mama had already told me I could be anything and do anything, and so I credit her to really setting the goals for me early on. Before someone else told me I couldn't, she told me I could.

M.M: Let's look at the memory maps.

L.M: Mine's kind of crazy. [Opens map.] I don't want to show you about mine.

C.M: Simple.

L.M: That's where I live, right down on Jackson Street. [unintelligible] a block right here [unintelligible] houses, but [unintelligible] because houses were next to one another, just real close. And this is Cartersville High School here. [unintelligible] it yet?

M.M: So you had to walk by—

L.M: Walked right by that school. You understand what I'm saying?

M.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: It was just up on the hill from where I lived. It was up on the hill, right here. That's Cherokee, and it's a part of that school still there now. Part of at the school is still there now.

M.M: Cherokee?

L.M: Yes. We come home, and this was walking, too. We walked on up here. And this is [Cassville?] Road up here, with houses on all that. It's more than a block with houses all around. Okay, we kept on walking. This is called Kanoodle Street. It come down this way. And this Mull Street, it come this way. That's that street right out there.

M.M: Right.

L.M: Okay. There was a store down on this street called Paul [Padget's] Store. We were talking about buying cookies at this store—you know, save pennies for school?

M.M: Oh!

L.M: And we would buy cookies, it's Paul Padget's Store, right there.

M.M: And it was right on the corner.

L.M: Right down there on the corner, yes. Okay. And then you come on up, and this is Aubrey Street, Aubrey Street, right here. And this is—the one up this street is—yes, that's Aubrey going this way, and that's where the landfill is, right there. That's the landfill, okay?

M.M: Okay.

L.M: And on up, this is Jones come this way. That's Summer Hill at the end of Jones Street. That's the Summer Hill School right there. And we walked about two miles in my day.

END TAPE 3 SIDE A

BEGIN TAPE 3 SIDE B

L.M: —middle school, you know, part of the way there. But we did that all the time. We never had no transportation; we had to walk. And there was kids who had to walk farther than we did; people lived on East Moon Street way over there. They had to walk further than that. And it was just a daily thing. You thought everybody did that. We didn't have no...But it bothered me when I had to pass by this school here, though, early on. I said, *I sure*...I said, *Boy, I could get to school in two minutes* from where I lived, right here. I'd be up there in two or three minutes. Had to walk by that school.

M.M: Where was the Jackson's Farm?

L.M: Jackson's Farm was way out on Mission Road. It was going out this way. [Shows direction on map.]

M.M: Okay.

L.M: Go way out Mission Road, I guess about a couple of miles, past the creek, on Mission Road. The big old barn is still there. I used to go out to that barn and get pigeons, go up in the barn and get little pigeons and bring them home and raise them when I was young. I used to love animals and stuff like that. And that's it.

M.M: It looks good.

L.M: It does?

M.M: It looks good.

L.M: [Laughs.]

M.M: Very good. Okay.

C.M: Mine [opens map] is just simple, because I just taught there so mine is just the school and the gym and my classroom, because I never—you know, I didn't live here. I just taught here.

L.M: She got a replica of the school.

C.M: Mm-hm.

L.M: And the gym.

M.M: Where was your classroom inside this school?

C.M: Okay, my classroom inside the school was on the back part, in the back. Like, you come through the front and—they had built another part onto the school connected to—do you remember that, Leonard? It was like the front, and then you had a back part. Well, mine was a smaller room because I had special ed, and I wouldn't have over six or seven kids in there, and so I had a small classroom with a closet and blackboard. It was in the back, the very back of the school.

M.M: And then this is the gym.

L.M: Uh-huh, and that's the inside of the gym.

M.M: This is the inside of the gym.

C.M: With the bleachers.

M.M: The tennis courts were over here. Is that correct?

C.M: Yes, tennis court. But the tennis court wasn't there when I was teaching there.

M.M: That's a new addition.

C.M: That's new.

L.M: Yes.

C.M: Very new.

L.M: Yes, that's very new.

C.M: The recreation department put that up, what?—about in the 80s.

L.M: [unintelligible].

M.M: Did the old football used to be there, where the tennis courts are now?

L.M: Yes.

M.M: Okay.

C.M: Yes. That's a mountain—yes, that's right, yes.

L.M: That's where we practiced football there, right there.

C.M: And that was there when I was teaching.

L.M: And that was dirt. That was a dirt field, too. It wasn't grass; it was dirt.

C.M: Yes, mm-hm. Yes, there was an old football field when I was there. But it wasn't used, was it, Leonard? When I was teaching there—

L.M: No.

C.M: —it wasn't used, uh-uh. It was just old, there. And the bleachers are still there, aren't they? Are they?

L.M: Yes.

C.M: The bleachers. The tennis court and then the bleachers up there, mm-hm. They're still there. I don't know why they ain't tore them down.

M.M: And that's where the Matthew Hill Park is.

C.M: That's right.

M.M: Was he your football coach?

L.M: No, I played ball with him.

M.M: Oh, okay.

L.M: We called him [unintelligible].

M.M: [Laughs.]

L.M: He was a couple of grades ahead of me.

M.M: Okay.

L.M: He was a couple of grades ahead of me. Yes, we played ball together. Sure did.

C.M: He was our son's coach.

L.M: Yes, he coached our son.

C.M: Our son says ---

L.M: He was a good coach.

M.M: So you played on the first football team that Summer Hill had.

L.M: Well, I think so, maybe so.

M.M: Yes.

L.M: Yes, yes, yes, mm-hm, mm-hm.

C.M: You have a picture of that, don't you? Is that the football team you have a picture of?

L.M: Yes, it's in there.

C.M: You ought to show it to her.

[end of interview.]