



STONE MOUNTAIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IN THIS ISSUE

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Merry Christmas!

With the new year and vaccines ahead of us, let's put 2020 away. We hope that all of you are safe and able to enjoy the holidays ahead.

It has been a quiet but busy year for the Society. We were able to replace the air conditioning unit early in the year with contributions made by the 1871 Club members and have started looking for funding sources/grants for much needed shutter repair. The Master Gardener's did not miss a beat in 2020 and have worked long and hard on the grounds creating order and beauty. Please stop by and enjoy what they have accomplished! Smokerise's Morning Glories adapted to the circumstances and beautifully decorated the Wells Brown's exterior for the holidays.

While visitation has halted due to the pandemic, artifact donations have risen with George Coletti donating print material related to the village and his Uncle Elias Nour and new photos of the Wells Family, Doris Hoenig is donating a 1920s toy box and other family items, and we look forward to family portraits, documents, and furniture from Tug Tuggle. We thank everyone for their generosity.

We are thankful that the City of Stone Mountain has committed to our support for 2021 and we will work with them producing banners and exhibits as part of that

(continues)

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partnership. We are proud of our role in the Main Street banner program this year celebrating the centennial of the 19th Amendment providing suffrage and look forward to future campaigns that bring history to our Main Street. We really enjoyed learning about Stone Mountain's first woman voters.

Finally, we ask that you help us keep the Society going by renewing your membership and if possible any end of the year donations. It has been a challenge as we have had to cancel our typical fundraisers and events due to the pandemic this year. Also we would welcome volunteers to work with the board in the coming year and would be delighted if a member with a business background would consider a role as treasurer.

It is our hope by next summer if not earlier we can once again enjoy what makes us such a great organization - our fellowship and love of the village and its history.

This edition of our newsletter is devoted to a historical account of growing up in Stone Mountain written by resident Sam Nuckolls in the 1990s for a Remember When Program. Mr. Nuckolls (1920-1996) lived in Stone Mountain for most of his life, making a living early on as a window dresser for Davisons on Peachtree Street. He married Gisela Vera Preu of Switzerland in 1956 and they resided on Gordon Street. I was lucky enough to hear Mr. Nuckolls give this talk in the 1990s at ART Station. He made quite an impression. A spry seventy-year old with sharp eyes and a shock of white hair



Sam Nuckolls, August 15, 1949, Source: The Atlanta Constitution

drove up to my workplace in a red convertible sports car to drop off his essay.

We chose his account of Main Street to provide first and there are two other segments to follow in the next newsletters: one on the city's institutions and one on race and segregation.

Blessed with a great memory and strong writing skills, Mr. Nuckolls walks us up and down Main Street describing businesses, events and characters, underscoring that Stone Mountain was a great place to grow up! We are showing the 1924 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map of the City to provide a street map from that era for your tour.

Please enjoy.

Mary Beth Reed, Editor

Memoirs of the Years 1927 to 1937: The Places and the People of Stone Mountain as Seen by a Boy

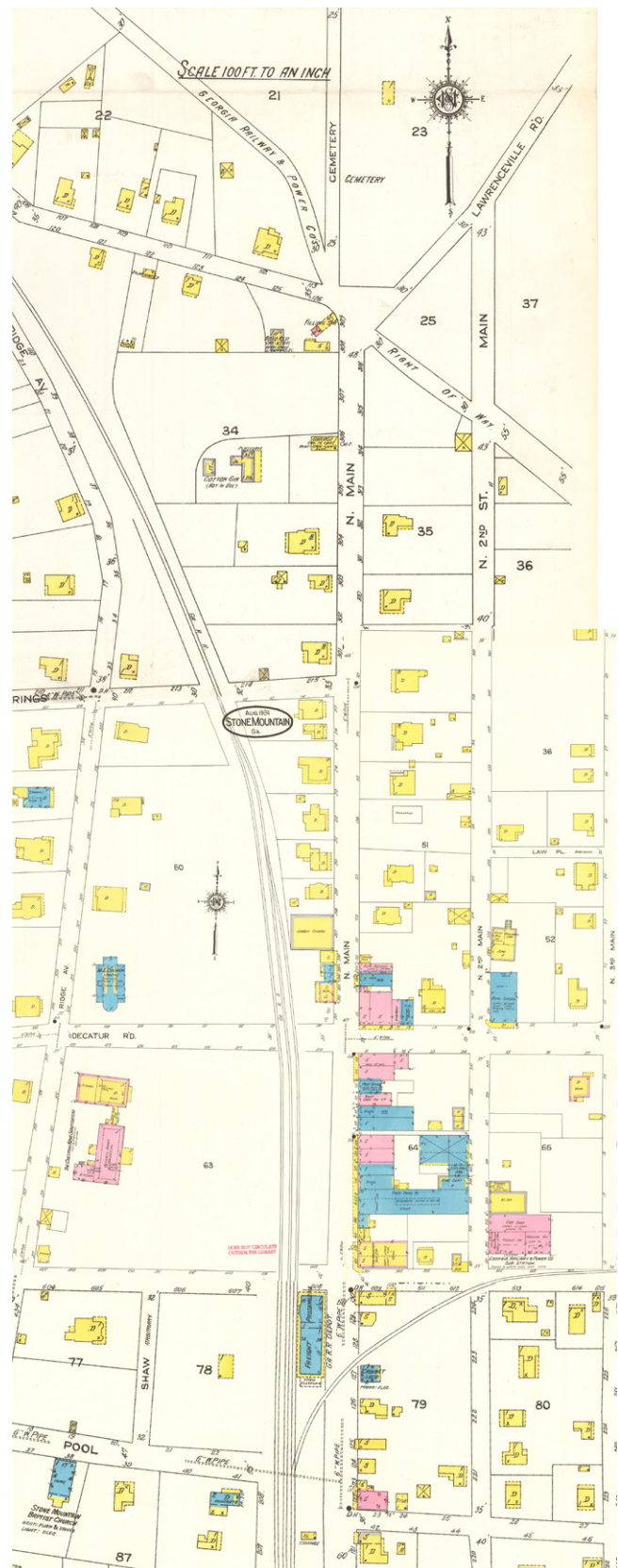
Sam Nuckolls
ca. 2000

At a Work Session of the Stone Mtn. City Council, Mayor Pat Wheeler asked me if I would serve on a Historical Committee. This is to be made up of citizens for the purpose of writing a more detailed History of the City, than we have already.

The more I think of it, the more I am intrigued with the idea. And even though Mrs. Wheeler says the Committee will not meet until sometime in May or June, I find myself already thinking on “I remember when”, and wanting to put some of it down on paper even before the first meeting. I hope the others will not resent my getting a head start, nor think that I want to assume any more authority than that of just another member.

In each of our lives, there was a certain period that we had more contact with the city. With some of us, this period was short span and with others it has been nearly all our life. I'll admit that my most intimate era of association in and with our town was the short span of ten years between 1927 and 1937. This is the time from my age of seven, through High School Graduation. After that, I became scattered, in schools in Atlanta and afterwards working there etc., and even though I have lived here all of my life, I had lost some of that closeness. During those years, '27 to '37, I was as much a part of Stone Mtn. and the town a part of me, as utterly possible.

During “my time” I do claim a bit of authority, as the town and I were very close friends, as we had reason to be. My Grandfather was



Main Street from Ponce de Leon Ave. to Poole Street, 1924. Source: Sanborn Fire Insurance Maps

Mayor for a term or two. My Great Uncle was Chief of Police. My Mother was President of the PTA as well as the Substitute Teacher of the Elementary School and my Aunt was a Teacher there. My Dad was in Real Estate and a Deacon in his Church. Not that I'm bragging (or maybe I am), but I am qualifying myself to write of this particular time. We lived in one of the oldest houses in the town and I knew the area inside out as a newspaper carrier for four or five years. I had routes of all three papers (including the Georgian, a Hearst paper that folded in the Forties). So with these qualifications, I will finally get to my contribution to "I remember when". I will start with the Business Section, then to the Institutions, Government, Schools and Churches, and lastly the Residential.

I'll start at the corner of Main and Mountain Streets, the center then and now. On the southeast corner, the building now occupied by Southern Artistry, I believe, there was in the twenties what was called then, "a dry goods store". It was owned and operated by a solid citizen by the name of Mr. Fred Miller. The building still has most of the physical aspects, though the floor seemed to be a step higher from the sidewalk. Along the left wall, as you went in, there were scores of small drawers full of spools of thread, I mean hundreds and all colors. And beyond, equally a multitude of embroidery thread in little bunches called skeins. I remember this so well, coming in to make purchases like "two spools of white cotton thread #60", for Mom's sewing machine, "and a skein of pink silk" for Grandma's embroidery. Prices then were all in the nickel or dime category.

On the right hand side of Millers Dry Goods, there were tables of cloth wrapped on cardboard panels like they still have in fabric shops now. But in the back of Mr. Fred's store there was a large coal heater that stood four or five feet high. I remember it so well that

I can almost feel a bit of the heat that it put out. There was a similar stove in the back of the Drug Store down the street.

Mr. Fred lived in a big wooden house on Ridge Ave., close by his Church. It's the third house north of West Mountain. His faithful and warmhearted wife, Miss Lenora, was so close a companion that she even went fishing with him. They kept a small wooden boat on the Venable Lake in Stone Mtn. Park, that we called "The New Lake". There was another lake farther along the stream, where the fishing hut is now, that was called "The Old Lake". The long expanse of lake now in the Park, was just a stream called "Mountain Creek", that comes from a Gwinnett County source. Back to Mr. and Mrs. Miller fishing in the New Lake, I like to recall.

Sometimes on a summer late afternoon, they would have rowed their little boat up near the sand bank, where the creek comes in. This was the same place we boys used for swimming. We came down the path always stripping as we ran on a "last one in is a rotten egg" syndrome. By the time we hit the sand bank, we were bucknaked as we sprinted across it to splash in to the water. To wear a swimsuit would be such a sissy, even if we had one. If we were surprised by the Millers when half way across the sand, Miss Lenora would turn her head and faintly raise her hand over her eyes. She realized that with that momentum we couldn't stop anyway, and once safely in the water, there was no problem. That is, unless the Millers stayed longer than we were to be off swimming, and we had to wait until dark to come out and look for sox and underwear along the path.

This isn't History, I realize, but pure old "memories", and I'm afraid that it will take a strong writer to separate the two. I do have an idea on this that I will get into later. But I know I should leave the good Millers and

get on down Main St. Right now I can't remember what was between Millers Dry Goods and the Stone Mtn. Granite Bank. Maybe I can later. The Bank building still has the word "BANK" carved into a stone on the front. The Bank, with the slogan of being as strong as Granite, folded during [the] Depression as so many other banks did. President Roosevelt closed all of the banks to allow them to reorganize and reopen later if on solid financial grounds. Many were not and never reopened, as such was the case with our bank, I believe. This must have been in 1931. Before then, it was a nice little bank, an asset to the town, friendly but with a certain dignity that banks still hang onto. The president, and manager was Mr. Dean Rhodes, that's Jane Rhodes' Grandfather. Mr. Dean later opened a furniture store a few doors on down the street. During the tenure of the Granite Bank, in my life, I had amassed the huge fortune of 86 dollars from silver dollars on birthdays at all sorts of business ventures.

This great wealth had not come easily, needless to say, and I was devastated by the Bank closing. While others jumped from windows on Wall St., I moaned about having to start all over. But my Dad came to the rescue. Not that he had any money to replace my bank account, quite the contrary. He had previously borrowed an amount, over a hundred dollars, from the bank, a year or so before its failure, and was paying off the debt in small installments. As the Bank was trying to pay its depositors, "so many" cents on the dollar, my Dad proposed to the management that my loss be credited to his indebtedness. And he finally paid off the debt later.

For the money, or credit that he had received from me, Daddy gave me a Deed to the two-story garage next to our house, where I was sleeping then. I'm not trying to impress you with how poor we were then, it was the middle of the Depression, and that was



Stone Mountain Granite Bank and its Owners, circa 1930

just how things were. Of course, there was no FDIC back then, and it was only by the efforts of bank managers and their collecting debts and selling off assets, were they able to reimburse their depositors.

The Bank building became the Post Office at a later date. There may have been some other use between which I can't recall. Next to the entrance to the Bank, there is a narrow, winding staircase that went to the Masonic Lodge Hall, upstairs. They are always upstairs, I won't tell you why. During some of those years, Mr. Tolman Wells was Worshipful Master of the Lodge. He was a big fellow, sort of stout, with a chain across his gray stripe vest, probably to a pocket watch. Mr. Tolman was an executive at the Phone Company and looked the part. Seems like I remember the stub of a cigar in the corner of his mouth a lot of the time. Mr. Tolman was Mayor of



The Mason's were active in Stone Mountain in 1849 and originally chartered as Stone Mountain Lodge No. 111. In 1903, a new charter was obtained as Lodge No. 449 and the organization held its meetings on the second floor of the Stone Mountain Bank on Main Street. Total membership in 1939 was 45 and J.E. McClelland was Worshipful Master. An active DeMolay order of young men was photographed in the Masonic Lodge in 1948. (John Fred Maddox, Photographer, Courtesy of the Coletti Family.)

Front row, left to right: Thomas Lanford, Claude Bennett, Roy Mitchell, Victor Mullenex, unidentified, unidentified, unidentified, Vergil Mullenix.

Second row, Left to right: Bennie Gouge, Randolph New, unidentified, unidentified, unidentified, Pete Autrey, Jimmy Pounds, unidentified.

Third row, left to right: unidentified, unidentified, Rufus Foster, unidentified, unidentified, Charles Wade, Bobby Mobley, David Wade, Charles Lanford, Sam Mobley, Gene Bennett

Standing, right to left: Robert Holley,? Haynie, W.T. Thomas, Rev. Jack Nichols, Tom Rawlins, the remainder unidentified.

Stone Mtn. about 1934, I believe. How do I remember that so well? My Dad ran for the office against him and didn't have a chance because of Mr. Wells' popularity.

Also, having a negative bearing on my Dad as a candidate was the fact that he had

supported the Republican Party in past National elections. Men of that era supported their candidates by passing out leaflets and pins etc. Daddy and Mr. Sexton were the only two men in town, I think, that campaigned for Hoover against Al Smith. He also was still supporting the Republican Party against

Roosevelt, but not as a Hoover fan. Hoover took all of the blame for the Depression. There was a sign, motto size, in the back of the Hardware Store on down the street. It said, "Harding blew the whistle, Coolidge rang the bell, Hoover became President and the Country went to Hell!" This was the only time I had seen that word in print. We considered it a cuss word, but wondered why the Preacher could use it, and we couldn't. Mr. Sexton, the other Republican, was a Mail Carrier and was in Real Estate. too. A bespectacled man, rather thin, dignified, reminded me of what I thought an Englishman would look like. He lived in a solid brick house on the corner of Forest Ave. and Poplar Springs, where Al Capagrossi now lives.

Mr. E. A. Sexton was a pillar in the Baptist Church, a Deacon, Sunday School Superintendent, and Teacher. He taught a Boys' Class ,which I was a member for the short time I was a Baptist. Most of the time I was a Methodist. I have a newspaper picture of that Boys' Class, it must have been significant. Mr. Sexton built a "Tom Thumb Golf Course" in his back yard when the idea first became popular, showing he was with it, even if he did look rather stodgy. Mr. Tolman Wells and his family lived on Second Street about half way from Mountain St. to Memorial.

Back then it was called Second Main St., as was Third Main and Fourth Main. Don't ask me why. And there was no Memorial Dr., I remember when it was built between



Stone Mountain joined the 1930s craze for Tom Thumb Golf Course –Made popular by Garnet Carter, one of the originators of Rock City. Unidentified player at original course.



Mountain Pharmacy was an institution on Main Street having been in operation since 1915. Davis Pittard, Jack Pittard, Chick Autry, and Joe Livesy staffed the popular drug store where a row of old theater seats placed in front of the television in the backroom was a community hub. From left to right, Dr. Rufus Spinks, Davis Pittard, John "Jack" Pittard, Charles "Chick" Autry, Joe Livesey, and Dr. John Harris share a laugh. (Courtesy of the Stone Mountain Historical Society.)

Avondale and Stone Mtn. Ponce de Leon was the way to get to Decatur and on in to Atlanta.

This much writing and I'm just down to the Drug store. The Mountain Pharmacy always has been an important business establishment, maybe even more than now. Maybe it was on account of one of the two doctors had his office overhead. The social center of the business certainly kept the Drug Store buzzing. Dr. Harris was the owner and manager. Dr. Spinks was his able assistant. The building has changed very little. It has that same molded tin ceiling that was used extensively back then. The soda

fountain is still where it was and the partition where the prescriptions are produced is still the same as sixty years ago. One change, very noticeable in my memories, there were several metal tables and chairs there just beyond the fountain in the center. That is where fixtures of assorted merchandise now stand. The twisted rod tables, we call coke tables may have had marble tops, many did. Cokes were still Coca Colas and you could have one from the fountain, with cherry added, served at the table for a nickel. The biggest inflation of all times was when all the nickel items for years suddenly let go. Bottle Coca-Cola was available, with a straw, but not as elegant. Ice Cream cones of that soft

tissue quality that always became soggy and drippy before all the cream was gone were also a nickel. And as far as I can remember, the choice was only vanilla, chocolate and strawberry.

Beyond the partition in the Drug Store, now and then were shelves of containers of drugs. But behind that, almost a private club, I had to grow up, start carrying papers and feeling my oats before I dared go back there. Some older guys hung around a big old coal heater, even in summer with no fire. Once I was confident enough, I joined the gang and listened to wild tales of the older ones or grand plans of a fishing trip coming up. I felt that I had arrived and had become a real Drug Store Cowboy. Dr. Harris, a short, neat, good-looking man, had black hair, combed straight back. He was quick, but still friendly, always neatly dressed in colored shirt and tie, and a large ring, diamond or maybe Masonic. Dr. Spinks, more friendly, or maybe seemingly so with an ample waistline and plump cheeks, [was] like a favorite uncle. Dr. and Mrs. Harris lived in a stone house on Ridge Ave. three houses from the Methodist Church. Mrs. Grace still lives there or across the street.

Dr. Spinks lived in the first house north of the commercial/ buildings, on Main St. That is where the Christmas House is now. A veritable fixture there in the Drug store was by the name of Joe Livsey. Joe happened to be black, but that has no bearing, nor even then. Joe worked there longer than anyone knows, and his presence was necessary, not only to the Drug Store, but also to the Community. Ask anyone.

Above the Drug Store was the office of Dr. Bill McCurdy. No one living anywhere around Stone Mtn. in the thirties could help but know and respect Dr. Bill. In my mind, I can still see him standing in the front area of the

Drug Store, possibly leaning against the front glass counter. His long, straight white hair is parted but sometimes kinder hanging across his forehead. He was medium to tall, with a slight stoop shoulder. He knew everyone and kept the conversation going.

There were two Doctors in town, Dr. Bill and Dr. Wells, with Dr. Bill the more outward, social, man of the town. Dr. Wells' office was in the north entrance of that brick building where law offices were but now is Shirts and Things. And he lived in the house on Ridge where the big columns are. A rather reserved gentleman, but he had two cars. One little Chevy, a 28 or 30 model, that he used every day. And he had a big old Packard, or something that he used on Sunday.

Dr. Bill lived in the two-story brick house at the corner of Mountain and Third Main St. I never knew his wife, but sons and daughters, I did. The older son, Dr. Willis, who married Alice, that we all know and love. A younger son was to be, or had become a Doctor also, named Jim. He died at an early age, killed in an accident, I think. I remember Jim used to come home on vacations from Med School, and he would practice his medicine on an old dog named "Mitzy." Poor old Mitzy, a black and tan German shepherd, suffered from a cancer or something. I don't know whether she died from the cancer or from one of Jim's operations.

One of Dr. Bill's daughters still lives there, Myrtice, taught school at the Stone Mtn. Elementary until retirement. Her first year of teaching was the third grade, of which I was a member. Dr. Bill had wanted her to teach in High School, instead. Another daughter did teach High School, Mary, and I was one of her students too. Another daughter, married a commercial pilot, Mark Britt. And one more, Sarah, married Dr. Rufus Evans. Miss Sarah attended school as a girl, in a one-room

schoolhouse with my Mother. But that's going back, instead of forward, and definitely not in my ten-year period.

Next door to the Drug Store was Steve Wells Furniture, now Wells Cargo. Mr. Steve, besides being the only furniture dealer in town, was sort of a financial resource, an unofficial bank. First, selling furniture on credit probably, on terms we called it. Later he would make small loans to people who had a temporary problem of making ends meet. I was too young to borrow money or to buy furniture, so I didn't know him too well. I think he was a divorcee and he lived on Mountain St. with the Rhodes.

Between Wells Furniture and the next building, there is a small alley. I know a tale to tell about the alley, but probably I should just keep it in my memory. The brick front building is a facade onto two buildings, I believe. There was a stone building next to the alley. It housed a Meat Market. Maybe some groceries but mostly or entirely, there were meats. Mr. Bennett's Meat Market, I don't know his first name, but he had a Son named Carl who was also a butcher at a later store, down the street. The Bennetts lived in that house across from Dr. Bill, where there is a taxi place now. Back in the days of Bennetts Meat Market, steak cost 15¢ or 19¢ per pound. And streak-of lean, more often used, was only 10¢. You could go by there and get some bones for your dog for nothing.

Next to Bennetts, in the early thirties, there came the first chain grocery, called Rogers. I think it was the forerunner of Colonial Stores, which also has become extinct. Rogers, managed by Mr. Henry Vickery, had a fresh new look, a contrast to the gloomy country type stores of the day. Clean, fresh vegetables and fruit were lined up neatly in the windows and the fixtures too. Some of my buddies worked for Mr. Henry on Saturdays, by far

the busiest day. I never did but I sold him radishes from our garden and later, bushels of sweet potatoes that I raised in a field where the Post Office is now. That land was loaned to me by a Mr. Howe, who later sold it to Mr. Jimmy Venable. I made enough money on that potato crop, plus paper routes, to pay for two years at Oglethorpe University.

See how I get myself into every discussion of a place or person in town... I can't help it. That is just the reason that I remember it, I guess. Hopefully the History Writer can and will weed me out and just pick up anything of historical note.

Rogers Stores even advertised in the newspaper and started those big paper signs in windows that some stores still use. They had a contest to name the first already-sliced loaf of bread on the market. It became "Poncy", named for Ponce de Leon and it sold for just 6¢ a loaf. That's hard to realize even during Depression, isn't it?

Next to Rogers was a Hardware Store, owned and operated by Mr. J. T. Sheppard. It was a bit like hardware stores now, the smaller ones. But instead of plastic packages, nearly everything was in bulk form, in bins, and had to be counted or weighed and bagged in kraft paper bags. Hardware stores had a large stock of garden seeds, both bulk and packaged and a few now obsolete items like horse collars, coal scuttles, even plowshares.

Behind the big wood stove there were a couple calendars with pictures of girls in swimsuits, very mild by today's standards. The wood heater sat in a box of sand, framed with 2x4s, in case some hot coals spilled. The other advantage of this sandbox was a place for tobacco chewers to practice their aim. Mr. Sheppard was a tall, skinny, very native person, besides running a hardware store, he had a dairy. It was just beyond Fourth Main

and Poole Streets where the railroad to the park goes now. His two grown sons did the milking and most of the other work. Mrs. Sheppard, a plump lady with her hair pulled back into a bun, did some of the dairy work also. She hand churned to dip off the butter and to pack it into round half pound molds. Buttermilk was 5¢ a quart, sweet milk was 10. You would bring an empty bottle, and pick up a full one.

Next to Sheppards Hardware, [was] another Drug Store, but without prescriptions and much of the medicine that the Mountain Pharmacy carried. But they called it a Drug Store and it did have a large soda fountain, but a lot of the merchandise was similar to a variety store. It was run by two brothers, Mr. Will Maddox and Mr. Fred Maddox, but Mr. Will seemed to be the owner. Mr. Will tall, thin with white hair, gold rim glasses, a bachelor, had a charming sister, Miss Janey. They lived on Poplar Springs Road, that big old haunted looking house. Mr. Fred was father to John Fred and they lived on Main St. in a house that was two doors beyond the Funeral Parlor.

The Maddox Drug Store building has or had a basement. I never was there, but I was told that's where the town band practiced. I think the band faded away about the time I started investigating the town. It was a full-fledged brass band and I guess the only Town Band we ever had. My Grandfather was the leader of this band and a leader in the community. He was Mayor for a term or two, back when the job was strictly honorary, paying \$100 a year. The job of Mayor and Council is still very underpaid, probably influenced by these early martyrs.

My Grand Dad, E. D. Jordan, had a series of different businesses. This included a Meat Market, a Hotel, Service Station, Gulf. Distribution, Construction, maybe more. All

this, with one arm, having lost the other as a young man. [Despite the] one arm and the challenge it presented, he was a top golfer at the Golf Course we had on Hairston Road. Granddaddy Jordan was very much a part, a big part, of the Methodist Church, even playing his French horn in a quartet every Sunday. E. D. Jordan was Hugh's, Bill's and Leo Robert's father too. They lived where Mary Beth and Bill now live in that big house on Sheppard Rd.

Beyond Maddox's Drug Store was a large stone building that spanned the generation even before mine. Unlike any stores we have here now, it was a feed store. The owner was Mr. Ben Davis. There were big wooden barn-like doors that opened right out onto the sidewalk which sloped down to the street. I think a vehicle could drive right in. They rolled two-wheeled trucks loaded with bales of wheat straw out to the street. Or loads of corn or other chicken feed in burlap bags, there were bags of cottonseed hulls and cotton seed meal for cows. I choke on thinking of eating cottonseed hulls. Like I say, it was a business that seemed old fashioned even back then.

Next was an active, three-chair Barber Shop, complete with a shoe shiner and a bath tub in the back room. Just like in the cowboy movies, you could get a bath, when you just came into town. More likely, if someone did not have hot running water in their home. The manager, main barber was Mr. Gilham. If you didn't need a haircut or a shave, at 20¢ and 15¢, you could just stop in to read today's newspaper. Why do I keep telling prices? It beats me, but newspapers were 20 cents a week, except the Georgian was just 15¢. Mr. Gilham was a jolly sort of a fellow, short, friend of all. He and his wife lived in the house beyond Dr. Spinks on Main St. It's Christmas something now.

Next to Gilham's was what was probably Stone Mtn.'s first Fast Food. Mr. Pete Beauchamp had a Lunch Room there. Pete was one of the first grown men that I could call by his first name, everyone did. Round face and rounded white apron, Pete was a real nice guy. The usual menu of hot dogs, hamburgers, sandwiches etc., but special, at least to me, a dressed wiener with chili on an oval shaped plate.

It was in Pete's Place, as a young white boy, I first was made aware of the inequities that Blacks suffer. I realized it, but accepted it as most folks did, as just how things were. I would be sitting on a stool, drinking my RC Cola, while an elderly black man was back against the wall, standing, to have his. Pete didn't make those rules, it was the way things were everywhere.

The big two-story red brick building at the

corner of Main and Manor has been several things over the years. It was a Commissary when I was a boy. Who knows, now days, what a Commissary is? This was a grocery and general merchandise store owned by a company for the use of its employees, only. This was owned and operated by the Stone Mtn. Granite Corporation {possibly another name, like Venable Bros., or something). They quarried stone from the back side of the mountain. In addition to their salary, the employees received coupons that entitled them to make purchases at the Commissary.

Two incidents in connection with the quarry employees really scared this little boy. There was an accident at the quarry that killed nine men and wounded many more. A boiler blew up creating such an explosion. Mr. Davis, father of a friend, Masie Dee, was among the dead. Some of the dead and the less wounded were brought to town on a railroad



View of Granite Feed Store (Haynie's Grocery) and Barber Shop.

flatcar. This was on the line that connected the main line, along side of the depot, to the quarry. It was probably the first time I had ever seen a dead person, and the whole town had turned out there by the tracks. It was a very emotional event, everybody crying.

The other incident, no way near this catastrophic but it did scare me. Evidently there were Union member workers and Non-union working together. So the Union must have called for a strike, or sit-in or whatever they did then, and some Non-union workers ignored it. Directly across the street from the Commissary, the Union had hung from a telephone pole, a stuffed dummy in men's overalls. It had a rope around the neck just like a hanging in cowboy movies. There was a sign fastened to its chest, "SCAB" as they labeled people who did not comply to their orders. It scared the daylights out of me; I thought it was really somebody.

Before the Commissary that building had been a hotel. The rooms upstairs still have numbers on them. My Granddaddy Jordan{mentioned before) ran the Hotel. And later, much later, Haynies Store was there, operated by his son, Hugh.

The large stone building across Manor was built about then, so it isn't as old as all the other buildings I have mentioned. Dr. Harris built it as an investment. There was a grocery and meat market, Brandons, in the front corner where Barons is now. In a small first floor section on the east end was the Post Office for awhile. Upstairs was the Community Library, possibly the first public library in our town. Mrs. Lucile Landford was librarian for a while. She taught music and taught school too, {me in the fourth) and was pianist at the Methodist Church for years and years. In the front corner, upstairs, was the Telephone Exchange or the Switchboard, as we called it. Clem Brooks and his sister, Clifford, were operators of the switchboard.

Back then, you cranked your phone, told the operator what number you wanted, and sometimes why you were calling. Clem had a racing car with a red custom body that was the envy of every boy and most of the men in town, parked right in front.

I don't believe there were any more commercial buildings in that block, when the stone one was built. The railroad tracks came across that area and crossed the street south of the depot where Police parking is now. They tied into the main tracks at the opposite angle from the present rail line. The train that ran around the mountain to the quarry had a smaller locomotive than others. Everyone called it the "Dinkey". The roadbed of those tracks is still there in some places, along side of MARTA parking and behind the Womans Club. Not used after the quarries closed, the tracks were pulled up and sold as scrap iron just before Pearl Harbor, to guess who...Japan who had need of iron, just then. And that is History.

On south of the rail line there was a house in which a nice old lady lived. Gray haired, gray dress and bonnet, seems like even the house was gray too. Her name, Miss Minnie Veal, I saw her often but I don't know anything about her. That house is still in there. Farther along before Poole St. there were two more grocery stores. I can count seven groceries at least, and now...none. That's progress?

Mr. Bill Haynie had one, a wooden one. I was a good candy customer there. Being as I'm giving you the price of everything else, let me tell you about the candy. All the famous names, Babe Ruth and Butterfinger candy bars plus some not so famous, Black Cows etc. were a nickel. But even more surprising was small duplicates of these standard size ones, Mr. Bill sold for a penny. A penny is one cent, in case there is a reader that does not know. Mr. Bill's is the Village Doll Shop now.



Stone Mountain Inn built in 1911 became a commissary for the granite company and its workers in the 1920s and 1930s.

The brick building that now houses the Thrift Shop was Rubin Mobley's Store. We traded there and had credit between paydays. Uncle Rubin (Yes, I am related somehow to half the town) had this very typical small town grocery, with just about every thing you needed. I can tell you where every item was kept, from the bananas hung by the bunch, upside down, to the soda pops in a big wooden ice box, by the back door. There by that back, side door a model T delivery truck parked. That open truck, called a "dray truck", never did have good emergency brakes. So the front wheel was against the building to keep it from going down the hill. And with a constantly weak battery all you had to do to start it, was to turn the key on, steer it away from the building, and it would catch up as it started down the hill. How do I know all this? Not just because Graves Pittard, the sometime driver showed me.

But at the curious age of about eight, I tried it. As it caught up and started down the hill, I managed to turn it into the Henderson's yard, headed for the barn. Mr. Henderson jumped onto the running board, turned the key off and help guide it to a safe stop.

The Henderson house, where the Welcome Center is now, had been a combination house and store. But then just a residence with a nice big garden and a barn towards the back. The house remained until the New Ga. Railroad came through.

At that time, there was no other commercial south of Poole St. You ever wonder why the name "Poole Street"? The street continued beyond Fourth for a block, in front of J. T. Sheppard's house and dairy. Then it became a big wide path that continued to the New Lake, passing by a swimming hole called

Poole Spring. This was used by the Baptist Church of the Black community for baptizing there in the stream. At other times, it was good for a quick swim.

Across from the Henderson's house, about where the decorating place is now, there was the Ice House. This was before refrigerators and everyone had an icebox, either on the back porch or just inside the kitchen. The Ice Man would deliver the ice in huge blocks, in an open truck. Then according to your regular order, or a little sign that had various numbers of pounds, depending how you hung it on a nail, he would cut your chunk. And he would put it into the ice compartment of your ice box. The owner-manager of the Ice House was Mr. Laudis Lanford, husband of Mrs. Lucille Lanford (librarian, musician, teacher, mentioned). The Ice House sat right next to the rail road tracks, as that was how the ice was delivered, by train, in box cars, covered with piles of saw dust. It was slid out from the boxcar on a chute into a small, thick-walled building with big heavy doors. In the summer, Mr. Laudis would put about twenty watermelons in there to sell "ice cold" too.

Just south of the Ice House was a Coal Yard which was busy in the winter. Most everyone used coal or wood for heating. You could order coal by the ton, half ton, or if financially strapped, (the depression, remember?) you could get a tow sack full.

On back up that side of Main St., of course was the Depot. And it was a Depot back then. There were at least two passenger trains, through, between Atlanta and Augusta, as well as more freights than now. One car of the passenger train was for mail and small freight, Mr. Murrow was Station Master and he met any train that stopped, saw that the mail, tossed off in bags, was picked up by the Post Master or his helper. Mr. Murrow also

rolled up this tall wagon with shallow sides, for the freight. He was a calm, book keeper-looking person who handled the situation well. We boys put his freight wagon up on top of the Depot one Halloween night. I think Howard Tuggle was our leader. It took about ten of us, nearly all night to do it.

Mr. Murrow came next morning, set up a ladder, tied a rope with the other end around a post, and casually lowered his wagon to the ground. Without a word to anybody, and without a sweat, that's why I refer to him as "calm".

Two other standard Halloween tricks (the word, treat, had not been invented) one was to write graffiti all over the store windows with soap. It was readable but easy to wash off, but I guess we did get to make a statement. The other trick was to pull the rope on the Trolley to dislodge the pulley wheel and stop the car. The Conductor would have to get out, hook it up again, before he could continue, every time we did it.

The Street Car, besides passengers, also brought small freight out from Atlanta. The daily newspapers, in bundles, were pushed off at the stop in front of the Drug Store. The other boxes or packages were taken on around to the Car Barn. That, of course, is where the ART Station is now. The backside



Inside Stone Mountain depot, possibly Station Master Mr. Murrow on right?

of the station, like a barn, held the last few cars daily that didn't return to Atlanta, for the night. The last, going in, was at nine, and the last leaving Atlanta, eleven thirty. You miss it, too bad. Our cars were almost like a commuter train car, leather seats, smoking compartment in back, longer and more luxurious than the Atlanta city cars. Also at first, like a train, there was a waiting room, to the left, and steps going up to a ticket office. Later on you could just pay the conductor, and the trip to various places, Clarkston, Avondale, Decatur or Atlanta, cost different amounts. There was a loading dock on the front of the Car Barn, where Mr. Bob Sprayberry, Paul's uncle, sometimes sat in a wooden courthouse chair. Mr. Bob would let you weigh on his big scales, or push around a two-wheel truck, if you didn't run with it.

There was a house on the corner, across Second St. from the Car Barn. I can't remember the name of the old couple who lived there. But located behind the

Car Barn towards The Old Post Office, you won't believe this, there was a Blacksmith Shop. Big tin building with a dirt floor, a fire going strong, with bellows being turned by a crank. Mr Bowman was the blacksmith. Some people still had horses, for wagons or for plowing. After getting the horse shoes red hot, Mr Bowman would beat on them to get the right size for his customer, the horse, then with his long pliers, plunge them into a tub of water. Then, just like "out west" with his back to the horse, he would lift the horse's foot between his knees and nail them on. It was a great place to hang around. When I was very young, I can faintly remember some wooden fences across the street, behind the stores, like stockyards. But by the time I was out on my own, the only thing back there was a small stone two-room jailhouse. Sometimes we would go by to see if anyone was in there.

Let's get back to Main and Mountain and see if I can remember more in another direction.



View of Main Street, looking north, with Studdard's Shoe Repair in the foreground and the Mitchell Theatre beyond.

From Fred Miller's Dry Goods, on out Mountain, was Douglas McCurdy's Chevrolet, in the thirties. Mr. Douglas also had a service station on the corner. There are several gift shops now in that space. Mr. Doug, as most everyone called him, had been in his younger years, I was told, Stone Mtn.'s only Motorcycle Cop. He was a big man, active, on the ball. He and Mr. Carl Almand had the Texaco Gas & Oil agency, and there were several big red gas trucks around there. Mr. Douglas was Mrs. Lucile McCurdy's husband.

Across Mountain St. where Floyd's Service Station is, there a nice big white house. Mrs. John McCurdy, Miss Maimie, lived there. Also their two daughters, Miss Hettie and Miss Anyrene. Another daughter, Miss Grace, and two sons, Mr. Douglas and Mr. DeWitt, belonged to the John McCurdy family.

The several McCurdy families, then as now, have always been civic minded and an important asset to our community. Back then Miss Hettie had a Tea Room, next door to the McCurdy home, where the Quilt Shop is now. She later was House-Mother at a Ga. Tech fraternity house. Miss Grace was a School Teacher and Miss Anyrene, assistant Post Mistress.

The next building on Mtn. St., towards the railroad, was the City Hall for a long time. That's where Calico Junction is now. The next red brick building, with arches, was at one time, another grocery, Cofers, I think. It was a furniture store for awhile and sat vacant too, before the Robert Co. remodeling of the town, that restored it for Law Offices. At the side door on Main St., Dr. Wells had his office, as I have mentioned before. And next, guess what? Another Grocery Store. This one was run by Mr. Humphreys. Somehow I seem to remember that his wife, Miss Vivian had a lunchroom across the street, some time before.

Miss Vivian, always an avid gardener, she was my Dad's competition for the tallest corn or the biggest tomatoes every year. The Humphreys lived up on the hill, fifth house on the right on Main St. They were Mary Jo Ford's parents.

One more building beyond Mr. Humphrey's Store was an old garage building in which the Fire Truck of the Stone Mtn. Volunteer Fire Dept. was kept. I must tell you about our Fire Department. We were very proud of our Volunteer Dept, for before it we had none. Mr. Fred Miller was Chief and everyone that showed up, either by phone call or hearing the siren, would help. Some men helped with the hoses, while others, plus the larger boys would dash into the burning house to bring out furniture and things. I remember Elias Nour being one of those brave fellows. I never was old enough, or just too scared?

The big joke that we always told went so. Before we had a Fire Dept., a house would catch on fire and it would burn to the ground in an hour or two, while everyone watched. But with our great new Volunteer Fire Dept., they could make a house last ALL NIGHT. I apologize for the joke as they did save some and would have done better, if they could have had better equipment. The Fire Truck, a 1932 Chevrolet with open cab and a big water tank, for there were very few fire plugs.

On the other side of Main St., on the corner, there was a Gulf Service Station. We called them Filling Stations back then. Upstairs, above the station, the offices of the Gulf Refining Co., so named as the distributor of Gulf gas and oil in this area. I'm being specific because my Grandad Jordan was the manager, and for awhile, my Mother was book keeper there. I would stop by on the way home from school and do my arithmetic homework on their adding machine. The gas was brought here by train and the tank cars, parked on a sidetrack, south of town. Three or



Northwest corner of Mountain and Main Streets Showing Pat's Restaurant, Barber Shop, Bakery, and Gulf Station.

four orange and blue trucks would then haul the gas to filling stations between Decatur and Conyers. Oil was delivered in 50-gallon drums and unloaded at the Depot. One of my side jobs was to wire destination tags onto the drums.

Beyond the stairs to the Gulf office, there was Pat's Cafe. The owner, Pat Ross, had a counter with stools plus four or five tables. Pat and an assistant cook put out many a meal in his time. But the guys would kid Pat about his cooking. One tale they told on him was that he used the same oyster on a string to make oyster stew. The string broke, and he had to buy a new oyster. The last couple years Pat was there, his sign didn't help much. He had a neon sign, PAT'S PLACE, on the front of the restaurant. Neon, in case you don't know, is in a continuous glass tube, which when connected to electricity, the whole tube lights up. Therefore as the tube goes

between letters, this portion is painted black, and only the letters are illuminated. The problem at Pat's was that the black paint had flaked off at the bottom of the loop of the P down to the bottom of the A, making the P appear as a R...

Next to Pat's we had a Shoe Shop, a commonplace business at the time. There are still a few of them, but many then and this one by a Mr. Duren. A hard working man, always nailing or sewing or buffing shoes on those big machines. I think Mr. Duren was crippled, possibly by polio, but this did not slow down his good work. Next was a second Barber Shop, Bud Wade, a short heavy fellow, wore his hair long and cut ours short. Let's see, the Art Fair is where Bud Wade's was and Baxters is in the Shoe Shop location. The next building is newer I believe, and it replaced one that had housed Miss Vivian's Lunch Room, and Miss Watson's at another



Early View of Intersection of Ponce, Memorial, Main and Silver Hill. Cemetery in background and dueling gas stations.



The Ideal Place owned by the Nours at the base of the mountain.

time. This was the end of the commercial development.

There was a service station at the Cemetery Corner where the Bakery is now. Mr. Thompson, Helen Goddard's father, ran the Station and he also taught a Boys Class at the Methodist Church, of which I belonged. Our Boys Class started the Sunday Services on top of the mountain, back in the thirties. They dropped out during World War II, and the Youth Ministries started them up again with much more participation later, and take credit. Which is OK, but check with Hugh Jordan if I'm not right. A favorite Pastor, Rev. Foster Young, climbed the mountain that first time. It was dark and cold and we had one or two flashlights. As we debated where the sun would rise we sought crevices to shield us from the wind. Rev. Young, being a rather large person, we told him that we all could get behind him. There was nice old

Gentleman named Mr Jim Griffin for whom we named our class. He wasn't our teacher, he took us to his farm near Covington to hunt on Thanksgivings. We were never successful as hunters, but enjoyed it immensely. There is still a Class by that name, sixty years later.

Oh there was one other commercial place in town. The Nour's at the foot of the mountain, close to where the Confederate Hall is now. The roads have been changed so it is difficult to determine exactly. Nour's was a fun place to get a cola after climbing the mountain, or to try to dance to the Juke Box or even a bowling game with the smaller Duck Pins.

The only other commercial that I can think of was two or three in Sherman Town, the black section of town. And I would rather that someone who is more familiar with these, write about them.