

MEMORIES OF NEW BERN

FRANCES HATCH JONES

INTERVIEW 407.2

This is Marea Kafer Foster representing the Memories of New Bern Committee. My number is 400. I am interviewing Frances Hatch Jones, interview number 407.2. This interview is being conducted on Monday, April 27, 1992. We're in Mrs. Jones' home at 905 Bern Street.

MAREA KAFER FOSTER: Mrs. Jones, you gave me all your personal history the first time I interviewed, and we had a wonderful time.

Today, I'd like to ask you about the Depression and how it affected you and your family.

MRS. JONES: Well, '28, '29, and '30, I was not very old. Could not tell about the Depression very much, but my father had told my brother and I that we had money in the bank, and that was a real boost way back then because everybody didn't have money. He said, "Oh my Lord, the banks has closed." I heard my uncle talking about it. He said, "Well, it's supposed to be protected or something." But we held on to the hope that we would get our money. My father died in 1917.

I thought all hope was gone then, but we did get our money. It was a long time, but we did get our money. It didn't affect me. We kept on going to school, doing regular things.

MAREA FOSTER: Did you find it harder to make ends meet financially or anything?

MRS. JONES: No, because, see, my uncle had me in his care then.

MAREA FOSTER: So he took care of it. You didn't have to worry.

MRS. JONES: No, I was just twelve. (Interruption)

MAREA FOSTER: Continue whatever else you wanted to tell me about the Depression.

MRS. JONES: Well, like I said, I didn't know too much about it because I was just about twelve. By my uncle being in business, it didn't bother me. We did good eating, good sleeping, and still went to school.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, what do you remember about World War II?

MRS. JONES: Well, I had a brother that was in Fort Huachuca, Arizona, 1943. I sent him a package, care package. You know you used to send the care package--chewing gum and razor blades, shavers, soap, and toothpaste. I didn't know what to put in there, but anyway, during the World War II he was so far out, and I tried to get him to tell me where. He said, "It was no man's land." (laughter) I guess that's all he knew about it.

MAREA FOSTER: Probably so.

MRS. JONES: But he had to go. He was drafted. I think he stayed four years and he came out and lived in Chicago, Illinois.

MAREA FOSTER: Was he in the Army?

MRS. JONES: Army.

MAREA FOSTER: Do you know what division? Was it artillery?

MRS. JONES: No, I don't know all of that, but I know he was on a special, he was the mucic... Well, he was director and the music. He played the music. He had a band.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, he was, entertainment doesn't sound the right word to call it, but that's what it was.

MRS. JONES: That's what it was.

MAREA FOSTER: To keep the morale up for the troops.

MRS. JONES: Keep the morale up. That's right. I don't think he fired a gun. He didn't like guns. But anyway, he was in the music department.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, well, Mrs. Jones, did you have to have coupons to buy certain foods or clothing?

MRS. JONES: Yes mam'm, coupons to buy food.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. JONES: And I gave coupons to West Street School cafeteria so that the children could have different canned vegetables for soup.

MAREA FOSTER: What about clothes?

MRS. JONES: Well, I made over clothes. People would give me things and I made them. I can sew. I was taught that in school.

MAREA FOSTER: But did you have to have coupons to buy new clothes?

MRS. JONES: No.

MAREA FOSTER: Did you need coupons for gas for your automobile?

MRS. JONES: Didn't have an automobile.

MAREA FOSTER: Didn't have an automobile at that time, okay.

MRS. JONES: Didn't have automobile. (laughter) Worked for, it was a policeman, right down Metcalf Street.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, the only policeman I can think of is Mr. Neal Smith.

MRS. JONES: No.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, you can think of his name, and you will because your memory is good.

MRS. JONES: He lived in the last house.

MAREA FOSTER: I don't know anyone on Metcalf.

MRS. JONES: Well, anyway, he lived right across from Turner-Tolson.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay. Bob Whitley.

MRS. JONES: No, Wait a minute.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, while you're thinking, I'll ask you something else and maybe it'll pop back into your mind. Were there black-outs in New Bern? Did people have to keep the windows covered?

MRS. JONES: Not the windows covered, but the lights would go out when they got ready, and some meanness was going on and you knew something the lights were out.

MAREA FOSTER: Did you have to practice any air raids?

MRS. JONES: No. The children did at school.

MAREA FOSTER: The children did, but at home you didn't have to.

MRS. JONES: You just kept your mouth shut and your eyes open.
(laughter) They threw a beer can. I had venetian blinds. They threw a beer can right through my window, and I had just picked my baby up and taken her upstairs. And that glass was standing on my settee and on the back of it just like sticks.

MAREA FOSTER: Who did something like that?

MRS. JONES: Who? Who? And they put a cherry bomb, firecracker, on the front porch.

MAREA FOSTER: During World War II?

MRS. JONES: Yes mam'm.

MAREA FOSTER: Just to scare you probably.

MRS. JONES: That's all. But, see, I do a lot of praying. Not so much happened to me and my family.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, did you find it hard to find certain food that your family enjoyed eating? Were they scarce due to rationing?

MRS. JONES: No, we didn't eat too much meat.

MAREA FOSTER: Ate more vegetables.

MRS. JONES: More vegetables.

MAREA FOSTER: Did you have a garden?

MRS. JONES: Yes mam'm I did, right up on the hill beside me.

MAREA FOSTER: And during the war where were you living?

MRS. JONES: 813, changed the name of the street and got the street paved - Jenkins Alley.

MAREA FOSTER: Jenkins Alley.

MRS. JONES: No, Jenkins Alley. I had it changed to North Cool Avenue.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, it was Jenkins Alley.

MRS. JONES: That's right.

MAREA FOSTER: And is now...

MRS. JONES: North Cool Avenue.

MAREA FOSTER: So that's where you were living during the war.

MRS. JONES: That's right. I had the street paved. I told them if they didn't pave my street, I was going to sue the city. (laughter)

I'd lived there thirty-nine years. Yes mam'm, they paved streets of Clark's and Mammoth Mart, and they just got here. Yes, I did tell them so.

MAREA FOSTER: I don't blame you at all.

MRS. JONES: I told them. I went down to look on the books. Make sure there's no taxes due. You may see Simeon Hatch's heirs. I got my deed now. It's on page 308, Simeon Hatch's heirs, Frances M. Hatch Jones, and Simeon Coleridge Hatch. I want to look see if any taxes are due. Lady says, "No, Frances." I said, "Wait a minute. You don't know me well enough to call me that. You can call me Mrs. Jones or Miss Hatch." (laughter)

MAREA FOSTER: But you got your street paved.

MRS. JONES: "Wait a minute." I said, "Just a minute, darling. (laughter) Make sure there are none due", because '42, '43, the money was not flourishing like it is now. She said, "There are no taxes due." I said, "Well, you tell them that I said if they don't pave my street (laughter), I'm going to sue this little one-horse town."

I've collected three streets, Muscular Dystrophy, Red Cross, Heart Fund. I even took census in 1960. They didn't give me a dime. Now, these people come, peep in, and get paid.

MAREA FOSTER: Yes, they do.

MRS. JONES: I'm telling you. So I've done everything I could do since I've been here to try to upbuild, not let down. Well, the railroad came through so they could get the stuff out. The track from the train station cut right across my property to get it from Queen Street from Pasteur Street. They took the track up. Threw the log tires up on the hill on my property. Yes, they did.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, since you were so close to the train

station...

MRS. JONES: Twenty-two feet from the railroad track.

MAREA FOSTER: Then during World War II, did you see a lot of activity at the train station?

MRS. JONES: Yes mam'm. Trains would come in with the troops. My oldest boy would ask if he could go and go to the store for them. They weren't allowed to get off. So he'd go in Pinnex Drugstore and get their cigarettes or drinks or whatever they wanted and run back to the train. Naturally, they'd come back with two or three dollars where they'd give them. I had two big boys then. They were not big boys but they were big enough to do the money right. They were going to school.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, did you see any equipment being moved, like tanks or guns or anything like that, or were they mainly troops?

MRS. JONES: Mam'm, some of everything passed that railroad track coming by my house.

MAREA FOSTER: That's interesting.

MRS. JONES: Acid, everything. I can read, and I knew it was dangerous, but I asked God to take care of me and he did. when the trains started coming by, my children knew to come inside because didn't have any fence. I had hedges, beautiful hedges, all the way round. They pulled them up to put the railroad track down. They ain't said nothing to me, just pulled them up. But i put brakes on them when they got to my pomegranate tree.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, you did? I don't blame you. Well, let me

ask you now about Martin Luther King and the night he was shot. How it affected you and how it affected the black community, if you don't mind sharing your memories with us.

MRS. JONES: I don't mind it because we--I guess you can see from the books I do a lot of reading, and we felt like we knew Martin Luther King, just like you would say Dr. Fisher, you know. Just like I say I know you. You know me. That was somebody that was doing good for people, not black people and white. He was doing good for all the people, trying to keep down the violence. Now, it seems as it, where the trouble came in, I want this on record. The trouble came into this country when the law was passed to take the prayer out of the schools. That's when the trouble came in. My children went to school right here in New Bern. I didn't ever buy them a gun. I don't think one of mine has ever shot a gun, right?

MAREA FOSTER: I hope not.

MRS. JONES: They went to school, Central School. My baby boy and my granddaughter went to Central School, some of the first blacks.

MAREA FOSTER: No problems.

MRS. JONES: Dr. Patterson's daughter, Isabelle (Dr. Patterson's daughter) and Ernell, I said, they'll be to school. I told Isabelle, "Look out for Ernell (Mrs. Jones' daughter) and Ernest (Mrs. Jones' son)." I said, "Thank you." So there was no trouble. Now, two boys at Central School--I used to go to Central School when they had the trailers out there and stand and talk with a Mrs. Gaskins. I don't know whether she's still there or not. But anyway, they had the

trailers, and the little puppies had come with one of the children from my neighborhood. The little girl went back home. I told her, "Come here, baby." She was on her knees crawling in all of her little, you know, bloomers and things shining. I said, "Come here, baby. Don't get down there and crawl with the puppy. You'll be dirty when you go in school, and nobody wants to sit beside you if you're dirty from crawling under the trailer for the dog." She went back home and told her mother I was messing with her.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh dear. This was after Dr. King had been shot.

MRS. JONES: Dr. King had been shot.

MAREA FOSTER: But I'm interested in your memories of the night that he was shot.

MRS. JONES: When he was shot, I don't know what happened up this way. Pasteur Street, I was in North Cool Avenue. North Cool Avenue was in between Pasteur and Howard. Everybody was crying. Everybody was crying, because I had the T.V. and I saw the news, and I spread the news. Everybody, crying. Didn't know what to do. My children were crying. I said, "Well, if y'all will hush, I'll hush." We couldn't stop crying, because they had just started reading about him in school.

It was just, for those three streets down there, on the other side of the cemetery, it was crying time. That's all I can remember about that. It was crying time.

MAREA FOSTER: Was there any violence?

MRS. JONES: No mam'm, no mam'm, not down that end. No mam'm, not down that end. I don't know what happened over there and in

Duffyfield (residential area), out there. But wasn't nothing down there but crying time.

MAREA FOSTER: I see.

MRS. JONES: I would go down and talk to the people. I love people. I would talk to the people about different things, you know, telling them what was going on, and invited them to come and look at T.V. And how in the world, and you know, first along they just saw the pictures and the mouths working. I said, "Well, they'll put the reading there." "Well, you know I can't read." I said, "Well, I'll help you to read." And every Sunday afternoon we'd have church again and sing songs and help them. A lot of people don't know how to read the songs. Read that line, go right down there and read the next.

MAREA FOSTER: Right, they certainly don't. Let me go back to Dr. King. After he was killed, which was a great tragedy, I'm sure the churches had memorial churches.

MRS. JONES: Yes, we did.

MAREA FOSTER: Did each church have a memorial service or did you have one large service?

MRS. JONES: No, I think it happened in every black church in New Bern. I know it happened over here where I was, First Baptist. We had his memorial service, and it was terrible. It was terrible. It was terrible. I said that's the man I was telling you that's marching. They said he was coming to Alabama to march with the people down there, and everybody was getting rejoicing, you know. That maybe if he got in the forefront, that things would turn out all right.

And it did, and it did. And next we heard, they went to Memphis, Tennessee, and done killed our honey. Everybody was crying, everybody.

MAREA FOSTER: I know. As I said, it was terrible.

MRS. JONES: It wa a sad time.

MAREA FOSTER: It was. It was quite a tragedy. Unfortunately, we have had a number of political assassinations in our history.

MRS. JONES: Since he passed.

MAREA FOSTER: And political assassinations before.

MRS. JONES: Terrible. Try to play insane. They know what they're doing. Just like this man the other day, run up on the stage by Nixon.

(She was referring to ex-President Ronald Reagan.) You know, I don't know what they have the guards for. He could have knocked Nixon in the head. He ran right on up on the podium where he was. They got to reach up there and grab him. There's too much taken for granted.

I don't understand it.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, is there anything else you can tell me about Dr. King?

MRS. JONES: Nothing, but I went on a tour, Northwest tour, and saw the hotel. There's a big wreath and bow on the room door that he was in. The museum was not to be finished until '92. It wasn't finished when I went last year, but we did go. It's got some reading on this side, what was going to be on the ground floor, you know. But they were still in there working. But if you look up, you could see the room door from which he was shot. The big buildings are right there.

MAREA FOSTER: I know that was a very moving...

MRS. JONES: We sat there and cried.

MAREA FOSTER: Very moving, very touching experience for you.

MRS. JONES: It was something else. It was something else for me. I struck up on "How Great Thou Art", and we just sang and got on. We better not sing loud because they might put us in jail.

MAREA FOSTER: No, they wouldn't do that. (laughter)

MRS. JONES: There were plenty of guards there. The bus driver got out. We couldn't go in, but you could stand and look see the big place, what it was going to be when they got it finished. It wasn't finished.

MAREA FOSTER: I know this is going to sound like an odd question. Did Dr. King's death benefit the black community in any way? And I say that sounds odd, but I was always taught that behind the cloud, there is a silver lining.

MRS. JONES: For me, I think it gave the intelligent scholars something to look forward to. There's some dumb bunnies that nothing makes a difference, right?

MAREA FOSTER: Exactly.

MRS. JONES: But those people that were up in the schools and going to schools, just like those boys went and sit-in the lunch counter, that gave them an incentive, don't you think?

MAREA FOSTER: Yes.

MRS. JONES: So as I forestated, the intelligent people could look through and see what he was trying to do--make it equal, even.

They then passed a law, separate but equal. That's wrong. God gave this land to Adam. He didn't give it to no man, nobody but Adam. I know, I've got sense enough to know you've got to pay taxes. (laughter) We're not going to stay here on flowery beds of ease.

MAREA FOSTER: No, we're not.

MRS. JONES: He told Adam, go and work. That's what you're supposed to do. It's honorable, right? Obey the law. If I drive on the wrong side of the street, I'm supposed to pay a fine. That's common sense. But for somebody that don't care, he's a hitting this fellow... Man came to my house, knocked my steps down. Drunk.

MAREA FOSTER: That happens a lot unfortunately.

MRS. JONES: Knocked my steps down. He'd be off George Washington's birthday. I said, "Well, what's the date?" "I don't know, but I think it's the 22nd." I said, "You know who's (laughter) born February 12th?" "No mam'm, no mam'm. I'm going to be back the 22nd and put your steps back just like you had them." He's been back; you've been back. (laughter) You didn't knock them. You're understanding what I'm saying. There's always somebody that can tear up. But the influential people and common sense people went about--Martin Luther King gave all of the black people, I'm saying, incentive to move forward.

MAREA FOSTER: In a peaceful way.

MRS. JONES: In a peaceful way.

MAREA FOSTER: So you feel that his goal was carried on.

MRS. JONES: His goal was carried on, more so in the later years.

Mr. Benjamin Hooks, Mr.-- man is dead now-- had this Pullman porters...

MAREA FOSTER: Was it Mr. Porter?

MRS. JONES: No.

MAREA FOSTER: No, Randolph.

MRS. JONES: Randolph, A. Phillip Randolph. You know who I'm talking about. Organized this group.

MAREA FOSTER: His name was Asa, wasn't it?

MRS. JONES: Phillip A. Randolph, organized these porters so you could ride the train. Didn't have to sit here and sit there, and do this and do that. Get it unionized. But you say, two Johns say yea and fifteen Johns say nay, the nays got it. The Bible says, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." Everybody here don't love the Lord. They ain't studying Him. They think this is their world.

MAREA FOSTER: Right. They want things their way. Well, let me ask you about the first time that you voted.

MRS. JONES: Oh Lord, I'll have to get my card.

MAREA FOSTER: Who was the first president that you voted for? Do you remember?

MRS. JONES: I think it was 1945, Mr. good old Roosevelt.
(laughter)

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, President Roosevelt. Did you have any trouble in registering to vote?

MRS. JONES: No mam'm. I had already worked at this hospital, that place, here and there. Mrs. Orringer (Mrs. Kathleen) knows me

just like you and I are talking. She loves my daughter Shirley.

MAREA FOSTER: But she wasn't the registrar then.

MRS. JONES: She was telling the people how do to it, how to go about doing it.

MAREA FOSTER: In 1945?

MRS. JONES: I think it was...

MAREA FOSTER: No, she wasn't because my father was chairman of the Board of Elections during that time.

MRS. JONES: Well, maybe it wasn't.

MAREA FOSTER: She took over after my father died.

MRS. JONES: Well, I don't know when it was. Want me to get my registration card and see?

MAREA FOSTER: That's all right. But somebody did tell you how to vote. I mean about registering.

MRS. JONES: Someone did tell us how to do it.

MKF And you had no problem with registering.

MRS. JONES: I had no problem. I don't have no problem with nobody.

MAREA FOSTER: I know you don't. Some people do.

MRS. JONES: Some people do.

MAREA FOSTER: And in some places. But it was orderly. I mean, it wasn't ugly or anything like that.

MRS. JONES: You know where it was? In the back room, back of the jail.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, I'd forgotten that.

MRS. JONES: It was back in there. You come up that little hill

and go back. They had a sign out there telling you where to go. I went in smiling and skipping.

MAREA FOSTER: So you have never had any problem with voting?

MRS. JONES: Never, no mam'm.

MAREA FOSTER: Do you feel that the black people in New Bern have always had--well, easy doesn't seem the proper word, but I'm going to use it anyway--an easy time of voting here without any violence, without any problems?

MRS. JONES: Some people carry violence with them.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, they do. That's true. But I mean, no one, no authorities...

MRS. JONES: I never heard of any pushing out or waiting outside or all that stuff. I never heard that.

MAREA FOSTER: There was no one denying them the right to register or to vote?

MRS. JONES: I don't think so.

MAREA FOSTER: It has happened in other towns, and I did not know if it had happened in New Bern.

MRS. JONES: A lot of people didn't know how to vote. I forget that lady's name.

MAREA FOSTER: I don't know.

MRS. JONES: But she would come. Miss Orringer was with her one time they came.

MAREA FOSTER: This was in later years, and I can't remember.

MRS. JONES: That's what I'm saying. I can't remember their names

but she was very pleasant. Because, like I said, well, by me being already, I guess, on the voting thing, that's why they picked me in '60 to take the census.

MAREA FOSTER: Let me ask you one other thing about voting. Did you have to pay a poll tax? Did you have to pay a tax to vote?

MRS. JONES: No mam'm, not as I know of.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, again, some places had that.

MRS. JONES: Yes, they do. That's what I'm saying. Used to have to pay dog tax, and I always had a dog. I haven't paid none.

MAREA FOSTER: I just wondered if they had it here in New Bern.

MRS. JONES: Well, if they did, I can't remember it.

MAREA FOSTER: Mrs. Jones, let me ask you, we're really getting into deep discussions, but you're very good about...

MRS. JONES: My memory.

MAREA FOSTER: Yes, about remembering and being very willing to talk about this. After World War II, did you find that a lot of the black men who had been in the service returned to New Bern? There were no jobs available. Did a lot of them have to go north looking for work?

MRS. JONES: I think so. Because when the war was on, they had something called the WPA, and the older people, you know, they got those jobs. But I don't know about the younger people because mine were not the working age then. So they had a lot of men just sweeping the streets, WPA. They told me three dollars a week.

MAREA FOSTER: I guess that was better than nothing.

(Interruption)

MRS. JONES: Complain, complain, complain. I don't complain.

MAREA FOSTER: But let me ask you, when Cherry Point was built during World War II and then after the war when they were hiring down there, were a lot of black men in New Bern able to get jobs down there?

MRS. JONES: I think so, and a lot of black women too.

MAREA FOSTER: That's wonderful.

MRS. JONES: I got three daughter supervisors down there. Got about the twenty years, thirty years, got to wait until you're fifty-five. This picture up here. This girl is supervisor.

MAREA FOSTER: Is that Shirley?

MRS. JONES: That's Shirley. Shirley went to Dr. Stone's office to get a shot. He's very good about the allergy shots, and he asked Shirley if she knew a passport agent. He was trying to go somewhere. She said, "You're looking at one." She said he liked to had a fit. Said, "What? Shirley, would you...?" "I'd be glad to." He didn't charge her.

MAREA FOSTER: Wasn't that nice?

MRS. JONES: My boy played ball and he done something to his knee. When Dr. Stone first came here, he was over in a little office where Family Dollar is. I gave him a plant. He's still got the plant. He asks about your mother, "Shirley, how's your mother? Tell her to come see me sometime."

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) Oh, that's wonderful. Well, before we conclude this interview, because you have kindly answered the

questions that were uppermost in my mind, is there anything else that you would like to talk about?

MRS. JONES: Well, the best thing I would like to talk about is people in general. I think for New Bern, the people here, white and black, have begun to realize that we are people. My insurance man, "Hey." Downtown, you know. Rev. Murphy Smith (Presbyterian minster), he came to my church when I was daycare teacher and we gave him a lot of clothing and stuff when we were closing out, little boys pants and things. He says, "Frances?" I said, "Yes sir, Rev. Murphy Smith, I'm a daycare teacher." "What?" Does Dr. ...?" I said, "Dr. Patterson (F. M. Simmons Patterson) knows I'm a daycare teacher. They know I'm capable." "That's wonderful." He thanked me for the clothing. I think he general, I mean, sometimes some people will... I was going in the post office. I had a caption on my car, "If your heart is not in Dixie," and this big mule, had his butt turned up.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter)

MRS. JONES: "Get out." I still got it. Murphy came out there. I was coming out; he was coming in. He was so tickled. (laughter) He said, "I don't know whose car that is, (laughter) but they got the right thing on it." "Do you know whose car that is?" I said, "It's mine." "Where'd you get it?" I said, "Nashville, Tennessee. I got that caption from Nashville, Tennessee. I rode it around on my first car. Took it off. This one didn't have but one place on it, so I don't have it on it.

MAREA FOSTER: I love that.

MRS. JONES: But it said, "If your heart is not in Dixie," and this mule is looking and his rump is turned up with a big heart, "Get your _____ out." That man laughed that day. He said, "Where'd you get it?" I had another one I bought in Nashville, Tennessee. "Go ahead, fool. Hell ain't full yet." You know these people just speeding and going. So I took that one off and then I bought my friend--had a dear friend who used to play the organ and I played the piano, said, "God is my co-pilot." I like things like that. Used to have those in McLellans (5 and 10 cents store). I don't see them down there.

MAREA FOSTER: No, I haven't seen those in a long time.

MRS. JONES: My duffies back out there. That man was laughing that day. He was so tickled, and he walked right into me. "I don't know whose car that is, (laughter) but it's got the right thing on it." I said, "It's mine." (laughter) "Mam'm, where'd you get it from?" "Nashville, Tennessee." "If you see another one, get me one." He even told me his name. He was tickled to death.

MAREA FOSTER: He liked that. Well, is there anything else you would like to tell us that will go on tape, people might enjoy knowing about?

MRS. JONES: I would like for everybody in New Bern to at least hear or see this '22 fire program, episodes from the different people that lived in New Bern. A lot of people are not interested in this, but if you've got water on the brain, you can't remember nothing. I (laughter) don't have water on my brain, thank God. I got brain

on brain, right? No brag, just facts, right? So I enjoyed your interview because I've been in love with Izora (Mrs. Shelton Kirkman) for I don't know how many years.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, Izora is a dear. She really is.

MRS. JONES: I told her I was going to bring my switch and get her for putting you on me. (laughter) She said, "Well, Frances, she's fell in love with you. She's a nice person." I said, "Izora, the lady feels like somebody I've been knowing all the while."

MAREA FOSTER: Thank you.

MRS. JONES: And after I told her that I worked for the Dr. Kafer (Oscar Adolph Kafer II), fed those two boys. They come from Sunday School with their little overalls and sneaker on, and I'd look at them, "Hey, hey." They'd get everybody out. "Didn't the little one come today?" Dr. Kafer called me the little one.

MAREA FOSTER: I know he did.

MRS. JONES: I said, "I'm here. Who's looking for me?" "I am." Then the older boy (Oscar Kafer III) was teaching in the high school when my boy was there. He tells me, "I know your mother. I think I know your mother. Didn't she work for Dr. Simmon's family?" Simmon said, "She was just like our mama because Daddy said, 'When we go off, Frances is the boss.'" And we got a whipping if we didn't do what she said." (laughter) I whipped them up there one day. David Baxter, you know David Baxter (optometrist)?

MAREA FOSTER: I certainly do.

MRS. JONES: David Baxter came over as a child, and the table

would be shining, dining room table, and he'd sprinkle the salt and pepper and (blowing sound).

MAREA FOSTER: And blow it. Oh my.

MRS. JONES: I got my switch and tore him up. He went home and told his mother. She said, "What did you do?" She came over. "What was David doing?" I said, "I cut him with that switch. There's some of the salt and pepper." "What?" Then I went to work for David Baxter.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, did you really?

MRS. JONES: I went to work for Mama and Dad. David said, "I've got to walk a chalk line now." I said, "Right on, buddy. 'cause I'll put something on you, won't I?"

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter)

MRS. JONES: David's got his eye glass place out by "Buy for Less", and I saw this big sign, David Baxter. So I stepped in the store and the little lady says, "Can I help you?" I said, "No, mam'm, I'd like to speak to Dr. David Baxter." And he looked up, "Frances." I said, "Right on, honey, come here."

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, how nice.

MRS. JONES: They were looking. I said, "I just wanted to see what kind of space he had. Now, all this is plastic, right?" "Yes, Frances. 'Course, we can order you..." I said, "No, you need not order me no glasses. That's all right. But I'm glad to see you."

Lord, he hugged me again. And he began to tell them. I went and got these glasses from Dr. Malcolm Chitty.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, you'll have to go to David next time.

MRS. JONES: No. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Dr. Malcolm Chitty's first office was in the big house right across from the post office, right next to the Christian Science.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, I know where you're talking about. Where Dr. Roy Miller has his dental office now, isn't it?

MRS. JONES: Dr. Roy Miller is in that side. Malcolm Chitty was in this side. My son that was in the Air Force was a scout under Dr. Roy Miller for ten years.

MAREA FOSTER: How nice.

MRS. JONES: When I get my teeth, I go to Dr. Miller. But anyway, I went to Dr. Chitty. "Good morning, good morning, good morning."

"Good morning." "How are you?" I said, "Fine. I would like to see Dr. Malcolm." I dare not call the last name, my tongue might slip. (laughter) So when I went to the new office to get these glasses, he sold me my first pair of glasses. I didn't need bifocalers then. But when I went up there to the new office, Simmons Street, I did.

MAREA FOSTER: Yeah.

MRS. JONES: Right by the Foodland. Was Foodland, it's Pak-a-Sak (grocery store) now. "Good morning. Can I help you?" I said, "I'd like to see Dr. Malcolm." I said, "I dare not call the last name. My tongue might slip." Them girls were laughing. (laughter)

MAREA FOSTER: They got tickled.

MRS. JONES: They were tickled. "He's busy right now." I said, "Well, I'll wait until he get through." Dr. Chitty came out that door. "Who did you say, this lady right over there?" He comes over there.

"Frances." He gave me a hug. "Girls, this is one of the first people that bought glasses. And I remember the whole family that needed glasses." I said, "Haven't you forgotten? I'm calling you Dr. Malcolm. You know why." (laughter)

MAREA FOSTER: That's cute.

MRS. JONES: Beautiful. This is the way I like to meet people and leave people. I don't want to animosity in my heart. Master may come in the morning.

MAREA FOSTER: Right, and you want your heart to be clear, your conscious to be clear.

MRS. JONES: Right, right. Because he's not going to say, "Lord, don't take me now. Let me run over there and tell Mrs. So and S that I didn't mean what I said." I have to live with myself and I want to be fit for myself to know, right?

MAREA FOSTER: I certainly understand that. Well, I want to thank you for this wonderful interview. You have given us so much information for our oral history program. Thank you for participating, and it's been a very great pleasure for me to be a guest in your home.

MRS. JONES: Thank you for coming.

MAREA FOSTER: Thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW