

Transcript of Interview with Ms. Marion Martin Proffit, Virginia

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Interviewer: Mieka Brand

MB: interview with Ms. Marion Martin, May 20th, 2001, Proffit, Virginia.

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MB: ...a little closer because last time I came out real loud and you weren't, so... is that alright over there?

MM: ok

MB: alright

MM: that's a nice recorder

MB: yeah, I got it from my teacher.

MM: I had one similar to that, that I got in '76. My kids gave it to me when I went to visit them in Germany, and...

MB: you went to Germany?

MM: yeah!

MB: wow!

MM: and what I was supposed to do—gave *her* mother one and me one—and what we were supposed to do is, instead of writing we were supposed to make little speeches and little talks and whatever...

MB: right. You mean in stead of a letter?

MM: and instead of a letter send them a cassette. And I didn't understand that until I came home so I was still writing letters !

MB: oh, right.

MM: [laughs]

MB: wow. How long did you go to Germany for?

MM: uh... we were there almost two weeks.

MB: you and who else?

MM: and *her* mother, my daughter-in-law's mother.

MB: ok. That's the girl you used to play with.

MM: yeah. And we enjoyed it. It was really nice. I *did* remember a lot about it, there for a long time, but I'm kind of forgetting now.

MB: that was in 1976?

MM: yeah.

MB: your son was in the military or something?

MM: yes.

MB: oh, ok. So how long were you there for?

MM: uh.... almost two weeks.

MB: wow. Did you travel around?

MM: yes, we got there like on Sunday evening, and we were home all day Monday. Tuesday morning—my son said Monday evening, he said 'ok. What we're going to do now is we're going to pack a knapsack and we're all going to strike out Tuesday morning. We're just going all around everything.' And that's what we did. We went all around to Munich, where they had their

(?) at, and we went to (?) Garden where they had... what did they have there? Well, one thing they had there was beautiful clock shops—oh! Just every kind of clock you can imagine. And when the hour would come around, clocks were just striking all over, and it was *so pretty*, and I didn't get one because, you *know* they were kind of expensive, and not only that: I didn't *need* one, so I didn't get one. And then we went—where did we go? We went where Mark Spitts did his swimming? And won the award for the best swimmer, Mark Spitts? Remember him? Remember hearing about him?

MB: no...

MM: and anyway, where we went to in this beautiful big pool and everything, when you come outside you could see right over into Austria and they were telling us that over that little mountain was Austria. Then we got almost to the—well, we were real close to the *French* borderline, but my daughter-in-law didn't have her passport so we didn't go to France.

MB: aw...

MM: Of course (Ada?) and I had ours cause we never took ours out of our pocketbook, and my son had his, but she didn't have hers, so we didn't go to France. But we had a really good time. They had *planned* for us to have a tour to London and like that—they had booked us on this tour? But they couldn't get the flight at the time.

MB: from Germany to England.

MM: from here to Germany to go on this—well, you know how the countries are over there, they're just like big states here in the United States, so we would have gone on a bus tour.

MB: but not to England

MM: London. Over in that section we would have gone, Mm-hm. Yeah, they had it all booked on a bus tour, but we didn't get there. But we went to several of the castles. One in Heidelberg, and one in – oh, where... see, I've forgotten a lot of it. And then we went to the only little town over there that still had the rock wall around it, you know? Rothenburg.

MB: mm-hm.

MM: and it was really nice.

MB: that is really neat.

MM: and, like I said, I'm forgetting it, but I *did* remember a lot about it. We went to a candle shop, where it was just candles everywhere. It just smelled so good in there, and the prettiest candles. They made the candles from beeswax, and just—really nice. I've got two in there on the wall now that I've had ever since. One of them is leaning over. What I was doing when I had my other stove (I had to get a new stove last year), but the other stove had a pilot and it kept—was lighted all the time—and what I would do is take it off the wall and lay it in the oven on a big towel and it would soften up just enough for me to roll it like this on the countertop.

MB: oh, to get it straight again.

MM: straighten it up. But then during the hot weather it leaned right over again. But I still have them.

MB: aw, that's real neat.

MM: and we had a good time.

MB: just the two ladies!

MM: two ladies...

MB: yeah. You ever travel anywhere else?

MM: well, I went to California once, but I hadn't been out of the country. Well, I went to Saint Thomas

MB: oh!

MM: and to... I'm not thinking well today... On a cruise...
MB: Bahamas?
MM: hadn't gone to the Bahamas...
MB: Puerto Rico?
MM: Puerto Rico. Went to Puerto Rico, Saint Thomas...
MB: huh! On a cruise.
MM: on a cruise!
MB: wow!
MM: yeah...
MB: out of Florida?
MM: out of Miami.
MB: yeah.
MM: yeah, it was nice.
MB: that *is* nice.
MM: yeah
MB: when was that?
MM: '98
MB: oh! Not that long ago.
MM: mm-mm. [no]
MB: how long was that for?
MM: a week
MB: wow!...
MM: so that was fun
MB: oh, I bet it was! How were the rooms?
MM: they were nice.
MB: did you get seasick?
MM: no!
MB: no?
MM: no, I didn't get sick.
MB: oh.
MM: yeah, I just had a good time.
MB: wow that's great.
MM: and we had outside rooms that we could look out (?) and see the water and coast... most of the time we traveled at night and then we got out in the day and we went shopping, and we went, uh... Saint Thomas, Saint *Martin*, and Puerto Rico. That's it.
MB: mmm.
MM: it was fun. Took lots of pictures...
MB: oh yeah? You have an album?
MM: yeah, I do have an album. [pause as MM goes to find a photo album] See the kitty? [refers to a cat-shaped pillow?]
MB: yeah, I see you got a couple kitties around. Where's the real one?
MM: in my room on the bed.
MB: oh...
[pause – MM looking for the album]
MB: I just found out my neighbor is from Saint Thomas.
MM: oh?

MB: *from* there, yeah. I didn't really think about people who are *from* there. I always hear about people going there for vacation.

MM: well, I tell you. It was nice to go there for a visit. And of course you know in one day like that you don't see a whole lot. But it was nice to go there for a visit, but I don't think it's some place I would like to live.

MB: right.

MM: Because it looks to me like life his hard there.

MB: yeah, I think that's true.

MM: they depend on tourists for their livelihood.

MB: that's alright if you don't find it [photo album] – we could do it another time.

MM: ok... but where did I put it?... [pause] I've got a lot of pictures, and I don't know where they all are.

MB: well, don't worry about it. next time.

MM: (?)

MB: yeah.

MM: oh see – well, that was the ship.

MB: oh! [reads:] “sensation” wow.

MM: the Carnival company.

MB: oh, right. Oh, I've seen advertisements for that. So, a whole week!

MM: mm-hm. It was nice.

MB: I'm sure it was.

MM: and you know, on the last night when we were there they had this table all set up, and everything on the table was *food!* And it wasn't for consumption, it was just for looking.

MB: oh.

MM: and everything, *everything, that* was food. And this book right here don't *begin* to show how beautiful and wonderful it really was

MB: oh my goodness!

MM: but it – everything, everything was a tree... the bread was all made in animals...

MB: wow...

MM: snakes and rabbits and turtles and... everything was a sculpture: it was *beautiful!*

MB: oh, and they show you how to make it.

MM: a-ha. And the table was as long as this room or longer. And to begin with they had this big ice sculpture of a dragon, and all the beautiful fruit all around – just everything placed right in place – I can't describe it, and I don't know anybody who can

MB: wow.

MM: and I thought – I *tried* to take a picture of it, but you know it didn't come out. First thing it wasn't light enough, and the next thing is that even in getting—even at having that book—it doesn't

MB: do it justice

MM: it doesn't do it justice at all

MB: that's amazing.

MM: but just imagine food being made like this: carrots and beats and all the vegetables...

MB: wow. *Look* at that.

MM: and they showed you how you could do those things

MB: yeah, that's pretty neat that they have the instructions, although I'm sure its not quite as easy as they show it...

MM: no, no...

MB: that's really neat. So they did that on the last day.

MM: mm-hm.

MB: wow. *Ice* carvings. Wow... [looking through book]

MM: and of course I'm one of these cookbook people, so I got a cookbook. But I'll never make anything in here. First thing, I'd have to sit down and study the recipes and break them down—everything its made for, you know, a large number of people.

MB: that's right. So why did you go to California?

MM: well, I was dating somebody who had a daughter in California and she invited us to come out there. So we went—after she and her husband were married we went out there for a week. And then, we were out there two days and they decided to drive to Seattle. See, they tried to get that together

MB: wow...

MM: we went to Seattle—drove to Seattle.

MB: wow. That must have taken a couple of days.

MM: no, it didn't take a couple of days, but it took – [laughs] what was it? about 17 hours straight driving.

MB: you did it all in one day.

MM: yeah

MB: wow.

MM: but it was nice. It was nice, and we didn't go—we didn't have lunch on the space needle because you had to make reservations and her cousin didn't know that we were coming. So...

MB: I think I heard that actually its not—that the food over there isn't that great, but its real—you know, just the experience

MM: yeah, just the idea of it. But they built that space needle when president Kennedy was in office, and they had the Worlds Fair out there.

MB: oh, yeah.

MM: and president Kennedy ate in the space needle.

MB: oh, did he?

MM: so that's what made... and I forgot there's this restaurant called the Wind Jammer and I had forgotten what the history was about that, but that was some sort of an outstanding famous place, too, that... it was very nice to be there.

MB: hm.

MM: and, of course, there's a lot of water out there, so you can imagine a lot of fish preparation

MB: oh, that's right. My sister lives out in Seattle, but I never ate at the needle. In fact, I don't think I've even been there since I was a little girl.

MM: u-huh. How many sisters do you have?

MB: three.

MM: oh, how nice!

MB: yeah... what about you?

MM: I don't have any sisters.

MB: do you have any brothers?

MM: I have one brother. He's five years younger.

MB: ok. Does he live in Proffit?

MM: no, he lives in Baltimore.

MB: Baltimore, oh that's not *too* far.

MM: uh-uh [no].

MB: do you stay in touch with him?

MM: yes. The whole time I've been wanting to go there, but Ms. Tinsley got sick so I've been helping Mr. Tinsley with her.

...

MM: now you all, the students, you all (?) the Blue Cross, too, don't you?

MB: no, they were trying to get us all to be QualChoice.

MM: oh, QualChoice.

MB: yeah, but I don't have that one. Well, because I figure that no matter wha... cause, you know, I don't have a lot of money so all I can get is the cheapest one, so I figure no matter what insurance I get I'm going to be paying money and not getting anything in return, so I just found the cheapest place that I can get it, and its some company out in Texas [laughs]...

MM: mmm-hm.

MB: and they don't really give me anything for it, but neither does QualChoice.

MM: well, you know, you don't think a whole lot about insurance anyway when you're young. You don't think about getting – start getting around late-40s, early-50s. Then you start with your money. But as long as you got good health, you know, it seems reasonable to not worry about it.

MB: yeah, I mean I know that I *should* worry about it, but I try to... I mean, I try to stay healthy. Its certain things you just can't do anything about, but I try to stay healthy.

MM: that's right, that's right.

MB: you know, and hopefully once I'm out of school I'll be able to get a decent job and get some health insurance.

MM: do you have any prospects?

MB: uh... for a job, you mean?

MM: mm-hm.

MB: well, you know, I'm in the PhD program, so hopefully I'll get a job in the university—a teaching position. And, you know, they say that it's a good degree to get from UVa, that you can get a lot of opportunities, but we'll have to see how the economy goes because people are thinking that they're going to cut down a lot of teaching positions. So we'll see. But I used to work with computers, so I thought that if nothing else I could fall back on that.

MM: mmm-hm.

MB: you know, technology changes so fast that probably by the time I go back I have to relearn everything from scratch, but it'll be alright.

MM: yeah, because they come out with new computers, and new things that the others couldn't do

MB: yeah

MM: I don't know how they can get one that'll do any more that what's already here.

MB: I know...

MM: I guess they...

MB: they *do*, yeah.

MM: I know, just like the telephone: the telephone was a big thing in my era

MB: to have

MM: to *have*. Few people around here *had* a telephone.

MB: yeah?

MM: yeah, all of us went to the store to use the telephone at the store. It was one of those wind-ups...

MB: wait, was that the Cox store?

MM: that's right. *Clark's* store.

MB; oh, Clark's store.

MM: yeah. And we would go up there and ask Mr. Clark if we could use the telephone to call our mothers and sisters and big brothers that worked in town, you know. [laughs] Call them on the job before they left the job because they didn't have a phone *either*.

MB: right.

MM: and then finally the telephone lines didn't come through here until... mid-40s. Everything started to come about in the '40s when these wealthy people from up North came down and started to buy up property and having a farm.

MB: so that's what happened in the '40s?

MM: yeah.

MB: people from the North started buying up land over here?

MM: yeah, like some wealthy people bought that place over there, somebody bought Glen Acre, and a professor came to the university, Dr. Holmes, and he bought Red Hill Farm down there, and some wealthy people came from Montclair, New Jersey, and bought the Holymead that's now a settlement. It was a huge farm.

MB: and *what* is it now?

MM: well, now its Holymead, but its rental, and people have bought, and... you know. But the original house is still there, and there is a restaurant in that house.

MB: really?

MM: really.

MB: its operating?

MM: yeah.

MB: you could go there now and sit at the restaurant?

MM: you could go there and have your meal.

MB: inside of Holymead.

MM: in Holymead.

MB: what kind of restaurant is it?

MM: I don't know. I haven't been in there, but of course you know they renovated it. But the outside building still looks like a house. They didn't change the exterior.

MB: but they still live over there also?

MM: no, no. And Dean Runk, at the university?

MB: Runk, yeah.

MM: ok. It was he and his sister, Ms. Caine, and Mrs. – gosh what was her name?... – Ms.

Brooks! Ms. Brooks was the mother, and Ms. Caine and Dean Runk were sister and brother.

And then Ms. Caine had two sons and one of them went to the university in the medical school and he's now dead, too. But then, they kept that building, and Ms. Tinsley's mother and father were the couple that worked at the Caines. At Holymead.

[phone begins ringing]

MB: Right, at the restaurant.

MM: no, at the home when they lived there.

MB: oh! As a domestic worker.

MM: yes. Domestic. [phone rings again] excuse me. [answers and asks to call back]. And it was a big farm. Then, of course, they were older people and they begin to die out and Ms. Caine left—I think she was the last one. I guess Dean Runk was still alive, but he went into Canterbury

or one of those rest homes, or retirement homes. And she bought a smaller place down in Louisa and she went down Louisa to work.

MB: that's Ms. Caine.

MM: Ms. Caine. But Ms. Tinsley's mother died, she died young. She was still in child-bearing years when she died. She fell and hurt herself internally and she just bled to death. They operated on her at the university, rushed her to the hospital—there was no 911 in those days...

MB: right.

MM: so...

MB: when was that?

MM: that was in the '40s. Ms. Tinsley was just a little girl. I don't believe she was old enough to go to school when her mother died.

MB: she's a brown, too, right?

MM: well, her folks were Browns. She was a Moore. Her mother married a Moore, but her mother was a Brown, and her mother married a Moore. She was Mary Patti Moore Tinsley.

MB: oh, Mary Tinsley is Mary Pattie Moore Tinsley.

MM: mmm-hm.

MB: oh, ok. But what was her mother's name?

MM: Pauline Brown

MB: and her *daughter's* name is Pauline, too, right?

MM: (after her mother?), mmm-hm.

MB: ok.

MM: and then there was another farm up there—somebody named Summerville came here from I-don't-know-where, and he had a big farm up there. As children we used to go up there and thin his corn for 10 cents an hour.

MB: do *what* to his corn?

MM: thin corn.

MB: oh

MM: for 10 cents an hour.

MB: wow.

MM: oh, that was big money, girl!

MB: when was that? It was not big money for *him*, I bet!

MM: oh, no. but it was big money to us! With 10 cents you could Popsicles, you'd go to town on the train... [laughs]

MB: oh, yeah... how many hours did you work?

MM: we'd get up there about six o'clock in the morning. By eleven o'clock there'd be maybe three or four of us and we would go down those rows thinning that corn. You know, the corn would come up three-four-five plans in a hill

MB: right...

MM: and you'd have to thin it down to one, so we'd just pull it up and drop it on the ground. Things were done manually then. Now they've got all this machinery to do that

MB: really?

MM: but it was done manually then.

MB: they had machines to thin corn?

MM: well, not to thin corn, but they have machines to drop it in the first place, so that several grains don't fall at a time.

MB: right, I see.

MM: so that was big money... [smiles]

MB: yeah [smiles]

MM: yeah, and we – cause they were good times. It was just play for us, and then we'd hurry up so we could hurry up and come home and bathe up and get dressed and get the train and go to town and spend it!

MB: and do what?

MM: well, we'd go to the movies, to the Lafayette Theater [pronounced 'thee-AYE-ter']

MB: mmm!

MM: and see the (cowboys?), and we would get a comic book, or a... if that's what we wanted – a comic book. Or, I usually bought school supplies with my money. But my brother would get a comic book and I'd read his.

MB: that's a good deal.

MM: but I would get school supplies with my money. And then we'd have a nickel that we could buy some ice cream, and see, if we spent... if we were up there three hours or four hours we'd making 30 or 40 cents a piece, and see that was really good money.

MB: yeah... where would you go to get ice cream?

MM: well, in town, but this little store up here had Popsicles. It didn't have ice cream, but they had Popsicles.

MB: which store...

MM: had ice cream—um, Proffit Exchange—had ice cream in the cups, but we couldn't get an ice cream cone. But in town we could get an ice cream cone.

MB: where? Do you remember?

MM: I don't remember the name of that store... I can see it now with the great big huge double strawberry ice cream cone up there on top, but I can't remember the name of it!

MB: where was it?

MM: It was down at the foot of Vinegar Hill on Preston Avenue.

MB: ok...

MM: I can remember...

MB: I don't think its there anymore.

MM: no. nothing's there anymore that used to be there. But that was fun, and it was profitable...

MB: yeah! And when was that? Was that in the '40s?

MM: that was... that was in the '40s, u-huh [yes], because I wasn't old enough to go... well, let's see: I was eight years old in 1936, so, you know, it could have been... yeah, it could have been the late '30s. Because I was old enough to... because when I was ten years old, that's when I used to go sweep them porches off for Ms... no, I was *eight* years old when I used to go sweep those porches off for Ms. Hale and she'd pay me 10 cents an hour. And she'd make sure that I didn't get the full hour, and she didn't give me but a *nickel*.

MB: what??

MM: [laughs] so I got smarter. I slowed down, I stopped working so fast

MB: yeah, that's right!

MM: yeah... so that I could make a dime. Well, I can't re...

MB: for who? Ms. Hale?

MM: Ms. Hale. Ms. Virginia Hale.

MB: where did *she* live?

MM: well, on this big house over there on 643—that big house on—Red Hill was the name of the farm.

MB: oh, yeah.

MM: and she was the mother-in-law there. And she kept every penny in tact.

MB: hm. So you started when you were eight.

MM: u-huh [yes]. I'd sweep up the porches, clean out down the basement steps, do the basement steps and do that little landing down in the basement. And then she let me do the bathrooms... eventually. But I had a hard time getting up that – getting that 10 cents.

MB: so you would do all of that in one hour?

MM: I would do all I could in an hour.

MB: how did you get that job?

MM: well, cause my grandma worked there for a couple days a week. And my grandma and Ms. Hale were good friends, so they sat and talked and laughed and drank coffee and everything, and I don't know *how* it come about, but mama [grandma] asked me one day if I wanted to go over Ms. Hale's to sweep up the porches. And she would pay me. And I said, 'yes!' cause I liked—even at eight years old I liked money. I knew what it was! [laughs] and I knew I'd spend it, too!

MB: right!... sure!

MM: so I always told that story about 10 cents an hour and not getting but a nickel, cause I thought I should have gotten *six* cents.

MB: that's right.

MM: because I was there forty minutes.

MB: well, ten... let's see. Ten cents what was that, six... I don't know. But, yeah. You should have gotten...

MM: I should have gotten six cents.

MB: yeah. Or seven.

MM: or seven cents. But she was tight.

MB: my goodness.

MM: it was tight—money was tight. People didn't throw money at you, pay you extra... I mean, Al Capone was doing that in Chicago, but they weren't doing it Proffit! [laughs]

MB: [laughs] yeah. So—Lafayette Theater—was that a...

MM: it was just a regular theater with an upstairs and a downstairs. In those days everything was segregated, so the white people sat downstairs, and the black people sat upstairs.

MB: oh.

MM: uh-huh. But it was a nice theater, and we enjoyed being upstairs, and we could *see* better.

MB: that's what I was just thinking! Why'd they—you know, if they're going to segregate and try to give... you'd probably get a better view from upstairs

MM: yeah, we did. We had a good view. It was really nice. And it didn't cost but a nickel to go. I think it was 10 cents for adults, but it was a nickel for us kids.

MB: hm. When did it stop being segregated?

MM: I think it was around 1963, I think that President Lyndon Johnson signed an integration law. I think it was done in that year. Wasn't that the year the John F. Kennedy died?

MB: '63, yeah.

MM: well, I think Lyndon Johnson passed that law. I think John F. Kennedy started it and he didn't live to finish it.

MB: right... was that strange?

MM: well... It was strange to some, but it really wasn't strange to me, and I can't say it was really strange—so terribly strange to *any* of us young black kids here in this community because this was a community that got along well anyway. And it wasn't too much of segregating—

come in one door because you're black, and go in another door. It wasn't but one door to come in and go out, so you just went in and come out!

MB: where?

MM: at the store, at the post office... there wasn't but one door to *come* in and go out, so you just came in and went out. And we didn't have restaurants and things where we—you know, where you go in and be seated, and we didn't have water fountains where its one for one race and one for another, so it didn't affect us all that much. Now, when we got on the *train*, the black people went to the front of the train, and the white people sat back, because the trains were those coal-fuel trains and they had a lot of cinders. You know what cinders are?

MB: yeah.

MM: Little fine black from the coals.

MB: right.

MM: and, of course, it would settle all in the window sills and the seats and everywhere, you know. But we were accustomed to that, so that didn't bother us and we just got on the trains and sat down

MB: right.

MM: but there was one door that you'd go in, and we'd go to the right and go up to the head of the train, and the white people went to the other end of the train. And if you were a really fair-skinned black person and they didn't know that you... [laughs] they didn't know who you were, they would direct you back there into the white section.

MB: oh, they told *you* where to go.

MM: yeah.

MB: so the conductor had to look at you and decide whether you were black or white, and tell you where...

MM: well, I guess he did it with a glance, and of course the same conductors came through all the time so they'd recognize who you were, and eventually, you know, if they found, or somehow know or they found out that you *did* have some black blood in you, then they directed you to go to the front of the train. But that... and then the train station that was down there, they had a white section and a colored section (they called them 'colored' in those days.)

MB: yeah. That was in the Charlottesville station?

MM: no, this station up here!

MB: oh, really?

MM: we had a station down there. And they had the ticket agent—the ticket office was in the center, and the front part of the building was the white waiting room, and the next section, on the other side of the ticket office was the black waiting room, and then there was a freight room. Where all the freight—if I had ordered that stove right there from Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward or something, it would have come in there.

MB: oh, all your deliveries.

MM: uh-huh. And then I would have had to go up there and pick it up .

MB: right. How would you get it back?

MM: how would I get my..? I'd have to provide a way.

MB: oh, they didn't.

MM: no, they didn't deliver. I'd have to provide a way to get it back. I'd have to get somebody who had a horse and wagon, or someone who had a car—if it could get *in* a car.

MB: yeah...

MM: or if it was a small thing, like that radio, I'd just go over there and pick it up and bring it down.

MB: right.

MM: so somebody from the neighborhood would go by the train station—oh, every *day*, every *day*—and some people would just go by there to see what's there, and who its for. So everybody knew everybody's business [laughs].

MB: yeah! It's a different world from today.

MM: it is... it is... and you know it wasn't bad, that was all just everyday (?)

MB: right.

MM: yeah. It wasn't bad. And so when integration came about, now we noticed some differences when we went in *town*, but we were so busy doing the same things all the time, that it never really bothered... never really bothered *me* that much. And I was—by that time I was used to, I was working at the hospital... was I? No... was I at the hospital in '63? Yeah, I was there! And then you could go into the *big* dining room: the big dining room was the white dining room, the smaller dining room was the black dining room. And you could go into the *big* dining room and eat—but I never bothered because I was satisfied where I was and was used to it, so it didn't bother me. but then some of the nurses on the floor said, 'Well, Martin, come on. Come on and go to lunch with me.' and I was sort of skeptical because I didn't want to be insulted, and...

MB: right. Did that happen a lot?

MM: No, it didn't. it didn't ever happen, so eventually I went and I didn't feel *too* bad. It was strange, but, you know, (?).

MB: yeah. What did your parents—or, what did your grandparents think about it? aunts...

MM: well, let's see. My grandfather died in 1950, and my grandmother died in 1969, but she was an old lady, and so it didn't bother her one way or the other.

MB: oh, yeah.

MM: and it really didn't bother her because all these—(it's the?) white people that lived over there, they would come over here to visit her, and sit on the porch and talk for hours...

MB: oh yeah? Who's that?

MM: and... well, that was the Wilsons that lived there at that time. And the Hitchcocks, she had worked for them and they had all moved away, they had all gone back to Texas, but – and when she'd go over there to do a day's work for them or something, they treated her nicely, but you know, it didn't bother her too much.

MB: right...

MM: of course, she and Ms. Hale, they talked all the time, so it didn't bother her... and this was a nice community to live in, you know. Nobody really hassled anybody.

MB: how many people... how many people live here *now*? do you know?

MM: in Proffit?

MB: yeah

MM: oh... I don't know, because properties have been sold...

MB: oh yeah...

MM: and new people have bought them. Its not very many *black* people living here that used to be here.

MB: yeah, anymore.

MM: now the families have really died out.

MB: what about the kids, though?

MM: well, the kids left home, went to other areas, and stayed there.

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: like the Flannagans—I think it was nine Flannagan children, and they're all someplace except Ms. Johnson that lives right there back of the church.

MB: right.

MM: and it was about... 1, 2, 3... about four houses on their property before Ms. Johnson built *her* house. And, of course, all of the houses are just fallen decayed from old age.

MB: yeah. Actually, this afternoon I'm going to go take some pictures of (them?).

MM: and all those older people are gone, and all of their children are gone. Ms. Johnson is a grandchild and she has—I don't know—six or eight children of her own.

MB: does she?

MM: and they're all in other places. I don't even *know* her children, cause they haven't been around here enough for me to know them.

MB: except the one son who lives—I *think* he lives there. Kevin?

MM: Kevin.

MB: yeah.

MM: yeah, she had two sons—I believe she had two sons and four or five daughters.

MB: wow.

MM: and one son stayed in the military for a long time and then after he was discharged he went back to Saudi Arabia. I think he was teaching there or something.

MB: huh.

MM: he was there for a little while, but all those are high-risk areas, you know. So he finally came back. I think he lives in Richmond.

MB: so how many people *used* to live here?

MM: in Proffit?

MB: yeah.

MM: I don't know. Enough to fill up that little church up there, and some left over.

MB: oh yeah?

MM: mmm-hm.

MB: that's a good number!

MM: yeah. It used to be quite a number. I think, the Fleming family, I think there was Mr. And Ms. Fleming, and I think they were seven children. Then there was Ms. Johnson's mother and father, I think there was *nine* children, and...

MB: her father, right?

MM: her mother and father. But I think her father *came* from a family of about eight or nine children.

MB: oh, and *they* had eight her nine.

MM: and then they had eight or nine children. And her aunt Julia that lived in one of those houses up there didn't have but one son... and then her cousin Sadie that lived in that house close to the road up there, she just had one son. Then there were some Browns across the road that all... I think Aunt Polly... we called them 'Aunt Polly and Uncle Ned' because they were very old people, but they just had, I guess two children that were grown all my life, so... and then were some more Browns over there that didn't have any children. They raised a daughter. And then there some *more* Browns over there, and I think Alice and George Brown had about four children.

MB: did you say Alice?

MM: Alice. And George Brown. I think they had about four children.

[pause]

MB: so who did—you know, the ones that you said that didn't have any kids—you said they raised somebody?

MM: yeah, Mr. Ben Brown and Ms. Elmira Brown, they raised a girl, and then raised *her* child.

MB: was it a foster child? Or somebody related?

MM: no, I don't think she was related. It was a foster child. Of course they didn't speak about foster children in those days, you know people just adopted children from word of mouth, and just took care of them, and raised them. Now you have to go through a lot of rigmarole, but you know you didn't then.

MB: so just if you heard of somebody that couldn't take care of...

MM: well, if there was somebody in the neighborhood who had a child—probably out of wedlock—and they would more or less take to that child... maybe what we would call 'babysit' now, but they got attached to it, and they kept the child. And the mother probably married again, or probably married for the first time, and had a whole lot of children of her own, but that one child stays with whoever had kept her all that time, you know. Just sort of word-of-the-mouth adoption.

MB: hm. And that was pretty common.

MM: that was fairly common.

MB: did you have to report that to anybody?

MM: no... not in those days. Nowadays it's a different story. Children got to have a Social Security number and all...

MB: they didn't have Social Security?

MM: no... when did Social Security come? President Roosevelt brought Social Security and I don't know back in the '20s or something. And anyway, it wasn't really affective. It wasn't really affective until much later.

MB: hm [pause] I never even thought about that. [laughs] that it wasn't—it wasn't there, you know?

MM: mmm-hm. Because I remember my grandmother working in the '40s when the Keenes at Glen Acre came here. My grandmother worked over there a couple days a week, and Mr. Keene wanted to know if they'd wanted to take out 10 cents for social security and she said 'no, indeed!' she said. First thing, you know, they didn't understand what Social Security was (?). and she said 'no, indeed.' she said, 'you don't get but a dollar a day. You can't take nothing out of *that*.'

MB: yeah.

MM: but then, president Johnson came in, when he came in office, he said that all old people should get some social security. So that's when he passed the bill for older people to get Social Security

MB: that was president Johnson.

MM: President Lyndon Johnson.

MB: wow, so that was a *long* time afterwards.

MM: yeah.

MM: and so when—so grandma got \$43 a month in the '50s... and, boy, she was hard to handle when she got that money. I tell you! She was just like a rich woman, she... [laughs] she would make long-distance phone calls, and the phone bill would come and we'd get this phone bill with all this \$2-3 dollars on it extra... where in the—what is she talking?? She had a sister in

Pennsylvania, and she would call up sister Georgia and talk to her all she *want* to talk! And it was surprising, because we didn't know she knew how to use the phone that well!

MB: [laughs] yeah.

MM: but she knew.

MB: is that this... [referring to painting on the wall]

MM: not that grandma. That grandmother died in childbirth. So she was a young woman.

MB: right. [pause] so when did the station close? The train station?

MM: I left Charlottesville in 1948. I got married in May of '48 and left in July of 1948. And when I came back in 1962, the train station up there was closed. So it closed somewhere during that period of time. I don't know exactly. But that was our biggest transportation out of here.

MB: so what did people do?

MM: well, they began to get automobiles by that time. Everybody didn't have one, but the ones that had one—the one's that didn't have would get them to take them places.

MB: right.

[pause]

MM: you're doing a lot of writing!

MB: not as much as last time! I'm just taking a *couple* notes this time...

MM: oh.

MB: I think last time I got about six pages.

MM: oh, did you?

MB: yeah...

MM: I did all that talking?...

MB: oh, well—we talked for, what, I think just about two hours last time.

MM: oh, did we?

MB: yeah.

MM: ok.

MB: yeah. But I wish I was fast enough to write every word, but that's why I'm glad I got the recorder.

MM: I have a hard time taking notes, too, because I'm trying to write it down—I try to get too detailed because I'm afraid I'm going to forget—and I used to be able to take notes and go back (?), but I don't remember what they said too much.

MB: mmm. From last time?

MM: no, I'm talking about when *I* used to take notes when I was in school.

MB: I know. Someone told me one time that you either take notes to remember, or you take notes to forget. It didn't make sense to me at the time, but I know what they meant. Its like, sometimes, if you *really* concentrate, you know, sometimes you're taking notes because you listen and you, like, get so much out of it you don't want to forget it, and so you write it down. But then other times you're just too lazy to really think about what they're saying, so you just kind of write without thinking about it, just what the person's saying. So I had to really think about which one I am...

MM: yeah.

MB: so I think I try to... so ever since I've been really conscious of, like, making sure that I don't just take notes because I'm not listening, but to really listen.

MM: well, I think that this is a good point, and I'm writing this down—and while I'm writing this down and trying to get detailed as I can, so that I'll know what I'm reading when I re-read it, and meanwhile the person is talking on, and the next thing seems just as important, but I can't

hear what they're saying because I'm writing, so I just stop writing in the middle of the sentence. Then, when I get back to it, I don't remember it

MB: well, if you look at my notes here, it do—you know, its all—it doesn't make any sense at all, but I'll know what it means when I go back to the tape, so it just...

MM: oh, oh...

MB: you know, like *names*, if I think I won't know how to spell it just from hearing it, just different things...

MM: are you a good speller?

MB: no. [laughs] but I got a computer that does it for me? [laughs] well, I'm terrible, but that's why I like my computer because it does it for me! Every time it's a word it doesn't recognize it does a little red line underneath it and then, you know, you can look it up.

MM: oh, ok. That's good.

MB: it *is* good because, you know, I teach? [laughs] it'd be kind of embarrassing if I give out things without spelling [laughs].

MM: that's right. Well, it's a lot of people that don't spell well and the computer tells them. All these modern things, if you know how to use them, they help a lot.

MB: yeah. Sometimes they can get in the way too, they make you a little lazy. But yeah, if you're careful.

MM: well, you may as well use them, because that's what you're going to be working with for the rest of your life.

MB: yeah.

MM: and they're not going away, and more features will be added to them, and if you don't learn these features as they come along you won't learn them

MB: yeah.

MM: it gets too befuddling.

MB: yeah, no...

MM: well, that's nice, you're going to be teaching.

MB: yeah! I'm going to be teaching, its going to be my first course. I've been a teaching assistant up until now, but next semester I got my own course that I'll be teaching. But I was just telling someone this morning, that they're making a smart move because they're only allowing 15 students into this class. So that way, you know, keep it small the first time around so I can make my mistakes. But yeah, I'm looking forward to it. its going to be a small class. Its going to be a, like upper-classman? So people who have been in collage for, its either the last year or second-to-last year. So it should be pretty neat discussions, I hope.

MM: I hope so. I hope (?). I would like to go to school some. I would like to take plain math. Just *math*. Fourth-grade math. I just have *forgotten* it. I just, I just didn't use it when I got out of school—I just didn't... you know, do a little adding and subtraction, but I never had any need to work fractions, percentages and all that. I never had any need for that, because I did domestic work for years until I went into the practical nurse program. Well, then, I *still* didn't need it. I only needed it enough to pass state boards, which was—well, that was mostly *situations*. And the lady's name was Ms. Hale. And, oh, when Ms. Hale got into every kind of problem that she could and we had to get her out of it. We had to work with Ms. Hale in her home, in the hospital, in the nursing home. We had to work with Ms. Hale with *everything*. She had every *kind* of problem that was, and it took us the whole *day* to unravel Ms. Hale and her problems on State Boards. But we didn't have to do any *math*! Nothing to, just a couple of little problems, and solve them. And so, you know, whatcha gonna do?

MB: you forget.

MM: yeah, the bible said that if you don't use it, God takes it away from you.

MB: oh, yeah. Its true. There's plenty of things that I learned—not even that long ago!—that I don't remember any more.

MM: and I would like to learn percentages. I can't work percentages any more. And I must have done it at some time or another because I wouldn't have gotten out of school if I *hadn't*.

MB: yeah. Well, they probably do have some enrichment classes where you can do that kind of thing.

MM: well, I don't want to get, you know, in a whole lot of big algebra and geometry and all of that. I just want simple math. Just the basics.

MB: well, I could see what I got... I have some books—I tutor this girl, she's in first grade, she's about to be in second grade, but my friend has all the books up until—I think up until eight grade—it has all the subjects and the things to learn and stuff. So I could see if percentages is in any of them.

MM: ok.

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MB: I know, yeah, its true.

MM: and of course, I can see the difference. I can see how they know a lot, because children take center stage now, all the time. And they're asking every kind of question, and they're worrying you all day and all night, and they seem like they never sleep... And they are learning! And, see, I grew up in a time when there used to be a saying, that 'children are *seen* and not *heard*.' So that means you sit down and you be *quiet*.

MB: right.

MM: and you mind your *own* business, and you don't interfere with the adults are saying. And I guess that was alright—it was alright in that *day*, because two chances to one that the *adults* didn't know what they were saying neither! They didn't know a lot to teach you *either*, you see. But now people going to school, and they learn more, and they know a lot of things to teach children.

MB: I know, I'm amazed sometimes when I see little kids, you know, who can barely even—*can't* even read and write—and they know how to use a computer.

MM: I know!

MB: show me how to do things... wow! I just can't believe it.

MM: there's a couple houses down here, back of me now, did you see that driveway all torn up?

MB: u-huh, yeah.

MM: yeah. They got those modular houses and they had come in with those houses on a big trailer?

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: and they took that wide turn to come in there, that's why they had to go all over and (mess my?) property, and carry them down there.... well, anyways, two little boys: one had just turned ten, and the other one will be ten in December. And so anyway, I was saying something to them—I didn't really *mean* it, that I'd really thought that they believe in Santa Clause, but I just, I said, 'well what's Santa Clause gonna bring you?'

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: they said, 'well my mother and father's going to give me a bicycle.'

MB: [laughs] and they're ten years old! Hm.

MM: he wasn't ten then. he was like *seven* then.

MB: oh, gosh.

MM: 'well, my mother and father are going to give me a bicycle.'

MB: take all the *fun* out of it... [laughs]

MM: [laughs] I know it. I know it. and that was the *funnest* thing of my life! I don't know of anything I enjoyed more than Santi Clause and Easter Bunny with my kids. Of course, it didn't last very long, but they played dumb so it would last longer, so I let it go cause I was having fun, too.

MB: yeah. So you said you were going to tell me about the church?

MM: ok! Let me tell you something about the church. That church was built in 1888. you know that, because you read it up there.

MB: yeah, its on the sign.

MM: yeah. And all of the people that were responsible for getting together and building that church were dead early in my life and I only knew them by hearing their names, like Deacon Sam Lott, and Deacon Shelton Lott, and...

MB: who was the first one?

MM: Sam. I guess his name was Samuel.

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: and Deacon Shelton Lott, and they were brothers. And Deacon Carr—I didn't know his first name, but I know *of* who he was by his name. And somebody named Deacon—no, I believe he was a Minister—Gofney, but I didn't know him either. But all those people were... well, Sam Lott wasn't dead before I was born, but I was so little I can't remember him. I couldn't put a face with him at all. And that little church, we only had service twice a month: first and third Sunday. And all those—and that little church would be almost full, almost every Sunday. And that didn't include all of the people in the community because there were always those, you know, that didn't attend. But when we'd have a special day—mother's day, or father's day, or children's day, or church anniversary, or church revival—more people would come out for that special whatever was going on.

MB: right.

MM: and we always had good singing groups, and Edward Brown—we all called him Cousin Eddie—he was the church organist for over fifty years and he played the old-fashioned organ, you know, when you pump?

MB: oh yeah...

MM: he could *play* it, too. He could *play* it.

MB: oh yeah?

MM: yeah!

MB: where did he learn?

MM: well, he—I heard him say he took music... he *had* a little mental problem there some time in his life that I don't know anything about, just by hearsay, but they said that his mental problem came about when he had to stop taking music. He didn't want to stop taking music. But he played for that church free of charge for over fifty years.

MB: wow.

MM: and some of the deacons—my grandfather was a deacon there, and ...

MB: your grandfather?

MM: my grandfather.

MB: what was his name?

MM: Orlando. A-R-L-A-N-D-A. That's what this driveway was named after.

MB: ooh. Yeah.

MM: my grandfather.

MB: A-R-L-A-N-D-A

MM: ...A-N-D-A

MB: Arlanda.

MM: Coles.

MB: Coles.

MM: and he was a deacon there, and there were several deacons. Deacon Frank Beasley and Deacon Phil Beasley were brothers

MB: Frank and...

MM: Frank and Phil. They were brothers. Deacon Garfield Moore was Ms. Tinsley's father's brother, her uncle. Deacon John Banks was little man right here [shows picture]. He died in '63.

MB: is that *you*?

MM: no, that's Ms... that's Deacon and Ms. Banks.

MB: oh, ok.

MM: he died in '63, and she just died a year ago this past February. She was 99 years old.

MB: oh wow.

MM: we were really pulling for her to make 100, but she didn't quite make 100.

MB: that was John and Lydia Banks. John Banks was the deacon, and his wife Lydia was a *really* good church worker. She did everything in the church but preach a sermon, and she could have done that if anybody had asked her.

MB: but nobody did.

MM: nobody did, but she was really good. And she remembered—she could *pray* like—she could pray—I don't know anybody could pray better than Ms. Banks could. Even when she was, like, 98 years old she could still pray. And, of course, she got senile by the time she was 98 years old, she was senile. And we would go in and—she died in a nursing home, but you'd go in there to talk to her and she'd sit down and say 'well, let us pray.' And she would start right into praying.

MB: hm...

MM: and whatever you were going to say to her, you just had to stop and bow your head and listen to her because she just went right on.

MB: wow.

MM: and one time I remember she had got down really low. About ten years ago. Ten years ago, I remember she had got down really low. All of those older people in the community were dying off really fast and the younger people had already grown up and had left the community, and their children had done the same thing, and so we just had very few—just a *very few* members. I remember one Sunday sitting down, I counted 18 people in the church, and that included the pastor and the *choir*.

MB: hm. Wow.

MM: it really got down low. And then Rev. Stanley Woodfolk was hired as a minister and he started bringing in his young acquaintances and school friends and people that he knew and met in the community, and so the membership had grown again. I didn't ask you: would you like a cup of coffee?

MB: no, I'm good.

MM: you sure? Cause I got the cup all set in there.
MB: oh, do you?
MM: I forgot.
MB: I actually don't usually drink coffee,
MM: you don't?
MB: I drink tea or...
MM: oh, you want a cup of tea?
MB: um... I think I'm alright, actually. Unless you want to get for yourself?
MM: no, I don't want—I don't care for it. But I've got a—I had a sweet bun, too, that I took out the freezer.
MB: oh... well, you can enjoy it
MM: ok... I've got to pick up Mr. Payne in the morning and carry him to the doctor.
MB: tomorrow morning?
MM: yeah, he's got to have a... I think it's a regular, routine...
MB: for his knee?
MM: I gue... Yeah, Dr. Kovack, so it must be for his knee.
MB: yeah. I'm supposed to go there this afternoon.
MM: oh, are you?
MB: yeah. He got insulted last time—I didn't call him when I came over here.
MM: oh really?
MB: he said, 'I heard you were here last Sunday and you didn't call me!' [laughs]
MM: [laughs]
MB: I said, 'well, I'm sorry. Next time I'll call.'
MM: he's real funny.
MB: yeah
MM: he says cute things
MB: yeah, he does. He was telling my friend.... um. Now, you can tell me whether you think its just a story or if its true, but he said some guy he knew—I can't remember who it was—but he couldn't read, he didn't know how to read, so he bought himself some reading glasses, and when he put them on he said, 'oh, they're broken!'
MM: [laughs]
MB: because he couldn't read.
MM: because he couldn't read.
MB: and he thought that it was, you know, *reading* glasses to make him read. And my friend just thought that was so clever, and...
MM: that *is* cute. But you know, that could have been. It could have been, because Mr. Payne is near 100 years old. I think Mr. Payne is either 87 already or going to be 87 in June.
MB: he's uh... I think he's 89.
MM: I don't think he's 89, but he's up there.
MB: yeah.
MM: yeah, he's close to it. And back there in that day that is quite possible. And, see, he remembers...
MB: I think he was just being cute
MM: no, that could have been. That could have been.
MB: you think so?

MM: that somebody thought those glasses was going to really teach them how to read, or read for them or something. That could have been.

MB: well, maybe so.

MM: [laughs]

MB: she just... she was just so tickled by it, she kept talking about ‘oh, its so cute, you know, this guy he bought the glasses.’ And I said, ‘no, he didn’t really *mean* it. it was just a story.’ And she thought I ruined it for her when I said it was just a story. She said, ‘no! it was real!’ so...

MM: [laughs] it could have been real.

MB: you know who it was? It was Mary Lee Epps’ daughter.

MM: oh. Oh – oh, yeah.

MB: Pattie.

MM: yeah, I know, but Mr. Payne can tell some cute little jokes.

MB: I know, he does.

MM: and what did he say when he come into church the other day? And you know he have a hard time getting up a step or two and getting into church.

MB: yeah.

MM: I said, ‘how you doing, Deacon Payne, today?’ He said, ‘oh, I ain’t (no count?). I ain’t nothing but breath and britches. [laughs]

MB: [laughs] yeah. [pause] He’s always got a good humor and a good story.

MM: yeah, he stays in a good humor. But he can’t get his knees to work very well when he’s trying to drive.

MB: yeah, that’s what he said—that the doctor said he shouldn’t drive anymore because he could—cause something could happen and he’d be in the car.

MM: yeah, because he can’t get his foot from the gas to the break fast enough.

MB: right, right.

MM: that knee don’t bend that...

MB: oh, yeah.

MM: but he’s been driving all of his life. all of us round here learned how to drive when we were in our teens, and... license—driver’s permit was 50 cents.

MB: 50 cents.

MM: 50 cents. And you learn about driving from just sitting in you car with your father or your mother or somebody. Of course, a lot of the women round here didn’t drive. The men mostly drove, and you just sat in the car and watched them. I remember when I was a teenager, I just couldn’t hardly *wait* to get under that steering wheel and drive. But I was puzzled by what you do when you get to an intersection. Cars were coming from this way and that way, and see back then we didn’t have all these *lights*. So you’d just have to sit there and wait until you got your turn, and then go out, and all these cars coming this way and this way—and I just couldn’t figure. And its because I had a picture of myself—of all these cars going—like *I* had to go each one of those different ways or something. I couldn’t figure it out for *nothing*!

MB: what, to get across?

MM: to get across. I couldn’t figure out ‘how do I get across there?’ ‘which way do I have to go?’ I couldn’t get it for so... and then the first time that I drove and mother—when we went all the way up [Route] 29 to right there where the tennis court is?

MB: yeah. On the corner of University.

MM: and, you know, you used to give hand signals, and I gave my hand signal and went on round the corner and went up there. And then all my problem was solved.

MB: oh [laughs].

MM: but I *dreaded* it. I thought 'how'm I going to get through there? What's gonna go on?' but now they put lights everywhere, which—goodness—you wouldn't get *any* place now if you didn't have lights. But there used to not be any lights in the (?) Main Street.

MB: huh. There's no lights in Proffit, are there?

MM: [nods] I can't hardly get out that driveway sometimes.

MB: is it real heavy, traffic?

MM: working from 6 to about 9 in the morning, traffic is *really* going by here.

MB: hm. [pause] yeah, its those little things. You think, you know, forty years ago wasn't really that long ago. But its just such a different world in so many ways.

MM: that's right.

MB: it really makes you, you know, I think that the way you, sort of, think about the world around you is real different. Like, we're so used to all these luxuries... you know, I would *never* imagine going to the station to pick something up. Stuff comes right to my *door* if I order something.

MM: yeah, I guess you wouldn't.

MB: and I was also thinking about the phones. Because, you know, everyone has a cell phone now—you walk around UVa and everyone's, you know, you could have three people walking together and they're each talking to a different person on the phone.

MM: that's right. And its even gotten to the point now that they're thinking about putting some sort of ban on some of these cell phones because people use them at the wrong times, the wrong places—as they're driving...

MB: yeah, you know, I can't... I think that's so dangerous

MM: I know. I think that's really unnecessary. And I can't drive—I get a glass of water because I have a hard time drinking water. I can't drink eight glasses of water in a day. And so, when I'm going out here someplace I always get me a glass of water and sit it in the cup holder, and I drink it as I'm going along. And I find that when I stop for the light or stop for the traffic, that's when I get a big swig of water.

MB: right.

MM: by the time I get where I'm going I will have drank the whole glass of water, but I didn't sit up there driving with one hand holding a glass of water. And I find that I can't even turn the radio on while I'm driving. If I stop for some reason, then I can reach over there and punch the radio. But, so I don't know how these people can do all these things, and...

MB: you drive an automatic car?

MM: uh-huh [yes]. And 20/20 had a feature on that and it was showing *all* the things that people do—one man was *shaving* while he was driving! And one man was leaning over there with his elbows with the steering wheel and doing something up here to... some wires he had on his ears. And all kinds! Of course women *often* put on lipstick, put on their makeup on their way to work.

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: and, uh... just all the things that people do while they're driving.

MB: mmm-hm.

MM: and you just need all your attention on your steering wheel. I mean, even on the road that's—not like the freeway—this road is busy busy busy, but its not like a freeway, but its so many curves!

MB: right.

MM: you know?

MB: oh yeah, Proffit road is

MM: that you need to be in control of your steering wheel.

MB: right, right. No, Proffit road can be dangerous if you're not paying attention.

MM: its *very* dangerous. And its been several accidents on this road.

MB: mmm.

MM: and I've been after—I'm going to call Charles Martin [Albemarle County Board of Supervisors member] again and find out who I can talk to—its somebody in the State Highway department in Culpeper. And I talked to him once before and I'm going to talk to him again. And now that they have given us a lane here of our own, I'm going to see what they can do about putting some kind of signs up—not that they'd pay any attention to it—but if the sign is up there, and somebody comes around and hits me when I'm coming out, I can say, 'well that sign up there—didn't you see it?' and have *something* on my side. But when I go out there, I look down *this* way and see what's coming, but when I look up *that* way, its nothing coming. But after I get half-way out there, here comes somebody bursting around that curve at about 50 miles an hour! And they come around there so fast, their wheels are just crying and squeaking and carrying like they can hardly stay on the road.

MB: mmm.

MM: so you know, it really is dangerous.

MB: yeah, it is.

MM: but they won't do anything about it until some bad accident occurs.

MB: right.

MM: and then, *maybe*, just maybe.

MB: hm.

MM: but I would almost be willing to pay for a caution light out there.

MB: right.

MM: if it was within reason and I could pay for it.

MB: yeah. I wonder if they could do something where, when you're getting ready to go out you press some button and it lights up. So it says 'caution when flashing,' you know.

MM: yeah. One of those that flashes on and off.

MB: yeah, exactly.

MM: I don't know. They'd probably tell me 2,000 dollars, and I'd have to have it on my electric bill, or something that I can't afford to do... [chuckles]

MB: [chuckles] yeah...

MM: and I'd ask them: well, where is my tax dollars? What did you all do with my tax dollars? Because I paid, and I got my notice one day and I went and paid my taxes the next day. Get that out of the way. I tell you, I'm somebody who *pays* bills, because I don't want them to keep coming to me. when they come I'd *pay*'em. [chuckles] [pause] so what else is new?

MB: well? I think I should actually head out to Mr. Payne, but since I do have more of a break now—or, I got... I shouldn't say 'a break.' I have more time to focus on work in Proffit—I'll be able to come by, you know, a few more times if that will be alright with you.

MM: that's alright.

MB: ok. You always say you don't know anything, and then you're just so full of stories!

MM: oh, well... I don't know. Looks like to me I've run out. Looks like to me I've said everything there is to say.

MB: mmm-mm, no. Because then I look over my notes and think, 'oh! That's really interesting' you know, 'let me ask more about that...' But, gosh, I hope Ms. Tinsley gets better.

MM: yeah, I hope she gets better. Well, he was in church this morning. First time he's been in church in about (10? 2?) weeks.

MB: cause he's been sick, too, right?

MM: yeah, he was sick too. He was having some internal bleeding and I think it was (ivotichilosis?) and it filled up. So he's doing alright. So he's going fishing tomorrow. Several people have told him that he ought to go. He really needs to go for a break. He really is, because he's sort of—he's so concerned that he worries her. He puts his hand on her head, you know, and he, 'you doing alright, honey? You doing alright? How you doing today, huh? How you doing today?' and she frowns, you know, because he's worrying her. He's worrying her. But then, when he's not there and she comes around clear enough, she says, 'William?' and he's not there, so he's been *being* there.

MB: oh, yeah...

MM: so its kind of sad...

MB: does he go fishing around here?

MM: no, I think—I don't know where they're going, but wherever they're going its going to be out of town in deep water, because they're going in a boat.

MB: oh!

MM: yeah.

MB: that's nice.

MM: its fun—have you ever gone?

MB: not deep water...

MM: oh, its fun!

MB: is it? I can imagine.

MM: yeah! Its fun.

MB: my friend—I have a friend who has a boat, so I'm waiting until I get (somebody?)

MM: I'm (acting?) for him to go, because he'll give me some fish!

MB: oh, yeah!

MM: [laughs]

MB: sounds good.

//Tape ends//