

George Roberts Interviewed by Sharon Fahrer and Jan Schochet

June 15, 2005

Sharon Fahrer: You are being recorded right now. Tell me, where was the first Schochet store you remember?

George: Mirian Roberts: On Broadway. Then it moved to Biltmore Avenue.

Sharon: That was a long time ago. O.K. We need to start this officially. You need to tell us what is your full name and your birth date, and where you were born and where you live now.

George: George Mirian Roberts. I was born at 21 Girdwood? Street in Asheville in 1911. March 12. And I lived there until 1918. Then we moved out and my father bought 41 acres of land out near the Square D Plant was. It adjoined the Bingham property. A big military school had been moved up here from Mebane, North Carolina. And they were down there during the Civil War. Colonel Bingham and Mrs. McKee was a sister-in-law of his and a Mrs. Grimmon all were in the family there. There were 6 of we boys. My mother was killed in July 1921, July 7, 1921. A car ran off the road going out towards the Bingham, a section called Yama, hit a telephone post. She was sitting in the front seat with a gentleman driving and his wife; and there were three people in the back seat. And split—just cut her open, just opened her up, as a matter of fact. Left my father with six boys from 7 months to 13 years of age. We had in some house-keepers for several years that come in. First my aunt, my mother's sister, stayed with us for about 2 ½ years; she had to leave because she was having a new grandbaby come along into the family. So we had interim house-keepers for a couple of years. And then my father was a railroad engineer, locomotive engineer; ran down to Spartanburg, down near Green River Bridge—if you know where Green River Bridge is—going across there each day, and there was a buxom gal up on the bank that waved at him as the train

passed—a red-headed girl. So he had to stop in Saluda to wait for a passenger train to come up; and he asked the lady that operated the grocery store there, Mrs. Patison, in Saluda, who that girl might belong to. Said “That’s Will Gordon’s daughter.” Says “He’s got one daughter and four sons.” He said “Well, I need a housekeeper.” “Well, you might go out and talk to him. She might be interested in going.” So my father came in on Saturday morning; he took a little ol’ T-Model Ford we had—never driven it before in his life. Got behind that thing, and went down to Saluda, and went up an eight-foot road, and the little truck caught on fire. The gas tanks then were under the front seat. And he had some waste, which locomotive engineers use to wipe off the grease around the locomotive; and it had dropped down on the exhaust pipe. He put that fire out, and went on down to see the Gordon family to talk to them. And said “I need a housekeeper. They will have to milk two cows a day, cook two meals a day, at least—because I am going to be gone part of the time—and look after six boys.” And the youngest was about three years old at that time. Well, she wanted to come. But the family said, no, we won’t let her go, unless there is something that you can give the oldest boy to do. So we employed both of them, \$5 each, and their board. They came up—Bill, the oldest boy, found work in town sooner or later. She continued on at the house. And during her lifetime, all the boys came up and worked with my Dad. He didn’t need any boys on the place with a bunch of boys running around; but, after my father died in 1963, she lived in the family home for twenty-some more years. We wouldn’t sell it until she had to go into a nursing home. So the total was around 62 years, that she stayed as housekeeper.

Jan Schochet: And your dad never got married again?

George: Never got married and never looked at another woman. He always said he had the only one he ever wanted.

Jan: What was this lady’s name that stayed in your house?

George: Her name was Mamie Gordon.

Jan: How old was she when she came to be the housekeeper?

George: She was 18 years old.

Sharon: And she never got married?

George: She never got married.

Jan: So she was in her eighties when she went to the nursing home?

George: Oh yeah. And when the children were coming along and younger brothers, she would go over to _____ thing and come back and tell my daddy what took place, you know, she was just like a mother to the younger two boys. So there were six of us boys, and we all made a career out of the postage service. Another brother, made a career, used to be superintendent of the post office station in the courthouse; then went down to Florida and retired from the labor department. The third brother—my oldest brother was a general manager for a sales for _____ Foods. And the second brother was a doctor and practiced medicine in Asheville until 1940; and was called into the military. First doctor out of Asheville went to the Army; came back when the war was over, and his office was rented down in the new medical building, and had been taken by somebody else. So the Surgeon General called him and said “Roy, how about coming back into the Army?” So he did, and made a career out of it; and he retired about 1962, from the Army; went over to Whitesburg, Kentucky; headed up a little hospital for the United Mine Workers. Dr. Morgan, who had been a county physician here, passed away. Colt Cannelly was chairman of the county commissioners. Colt went over and asked Roy if he would come over and be the medical officer for Buncombe County. So he came over, and moved up to 21 Grissom Blvd, and rented a house there. And was medical officer there for about 5 years; got all his patients on Medicaid. And went in and told them “I want you to get rid of my damn job,” said “I don’t have anything to do.” So they did; they abolished his

position. He and Dr. Justice went out to a mission, North Hospital, and opened up their first full-time emergency room.

Jan: Now was that when the Mission Hospital was—where it is, sort of now?

George: Right. So, he continued to stay there for two or three years, and his wife had an accident—tripped over an ironing cord in the kitchen there one evening—she was ironing, she was working different shifts up in the emergency room. And he came home about 11:30 and she was laying on the kitchen floor. She said “No, I am not dead, but I have broken my hip. And I can’t get up.” The telephone was up on the wall. So he called the ambulance, and they came right to her from the hospital. He went over the next day, and she said “Now, when you come over tomorrow, you bring all the bills and the checkbook; I’ll write checks.” O.K. That was the 3rd of July; next morning he called up and said “Roy, you better get over here. We are having a problem.” By the time he got over there, she had passed on. An embolism had gone through, and just killed her off. Well, he lived at that house, up until about when he died in 2004, November. He lived up there until just a few months before he went to Beverly Nursing Home. So there was just two of us left: Brother Harold, he was in charge of the airport, of the FAA; then he retired and moved to Spartanburg recently, a couple of years ago, lived on Greenleaf Circle. His son was in Spartanburg; he previously lived there, before he came up here. In charge of the airport in Spartanburg. So he is down there now, and I am the only rooster that is left around here.

Jan: So did you go to Biltmore College?

George: Never did. I had my first job at Smith’s Drugstore in the Square, on Biltmore Avenue in 1923. I was 12 years old. And I knew a lot of these people up and down Biltmore Avenue. Some of them were—Emporium, was across the street, had a big fire and burned down. I remember that. Caly Ror? was right below on Biltmore Avenue—a fellow by the name of Marras? I believe, owned the

Caly Ror? Number 10 down there, was Gold Cuke? Company. Bob Zageir was over about eight, across the street. His slogan *was just a whisper off the Square*. He later on went in with Coleman, The Man's Store. Then the Goldberg's had a store down there, just a merchandise men's store—Izzie Goldberg.

Jan: Actually, that was Izzie Goldstein. And there was E. C. Goldberg.

George: That's right. Then there was a record store was number 16. That was Harry Blumberg's father. Harry use to go down—and he told me, and take all the umbrellas on a rainy day, and got on the street and sell them there. And then put the money in his pocket. Old bastard kicked him out. LAUGHTER Told him to get his own damn business. That's what old Harry told me. Said he gave him \$500 and to start into merchandising business. Well, he didn't; he started in the automobile, filling station. His picture was the first place right in this book; I was looking at it today. Goldstein's was at number 18, dry goods. No. 22 was Louis Michalove? Then there was a Mayer—Zeiger, down there at 38. I believe he had a man's store.

Sharon: Wait. What did the Michaloves do?

George: Michalove, I believe was in the furniture business, but I'm not sure.

Jan: I think it was sort like that was the IXL shop, that we knew.

George: Moved up on Haywood Street, first on Patton Avenue. And became the IXL shop. Then in '41, Biltmore Avenue, my uncle had a little grocery store, concrete. He also worked with the Citizen Newspaper; and he was known as the “ham” man. He was the circulation man; and he went to Yancey County, and old Bob bought these country hams, and he had them hanging all the way around. I can remember that. Then we would go over to Broadway. We find over there Milt Shwartzburg? He ran a little men's store there, right next to D. Gross' hotdog stand. Were the grocers Jewish?—I never did know. Oh God—knew Leon and

Charles and old man Dade? And the one that left him, went down to J. B. Schochet, with 9 and 11.

Jan: That was my grandfather.

George: Your grandfather. Across the street, J. W. Neely, had a man's clothing store there.

Sharon: What did the Schochets have?

George: Schochets had dry goods. Then I noticed in your book—I have it here—that you mentioned Milton Lurie. I knew Milton well. Called on him when he was with Vanderbilt Shirt, both on Walnut Street and on Bingham Hill. Well, he married a girl whose father ran a little grocery store at the corner of Rector Street and Cleveland Avenue. I believe his name was Rivel, Harry Rivel?

Jan: Well, his father-in-law was Wadopian.

George: That's right. Was Wadopian also one of the partners in Vanderbilt Shirts?

Jan: Herb was Mr. Lurie's wife's brother.

George: I knew Lurie's sister, I believe it was. She was married to a jeweler, on the Miles Building, wasn't it? We was connected with that family, the one down in Florida.

Jan: Yeah, and I will have to ask my mother who that was, because I don't know who that was.

Yeah, the jeweler in the Miles building, was that Roth?

George: Roth Jewelers, right.

Jan: Lee Jewelers, but Lee Roth.

George: The Lee's had been there at one time. And Fader had a place across the street, and then Bill bought it, and moved across over next door too, in the Miles building. Then there was a Mrs. Zuckerman up on 71 Haywood Street; she had a little grocery store. Right where the Library is now. I went up there to ride a bicycle for her, and I was 13 or 14 years old. It had a great big basket on the front

of it; and I delivered groceries down on Flint Street. And I said “This job is not for me. I think I worked 2 days for Ann Zuckerman.

Sharon: Were there mostly houses on Haywood Street then, boarding houses?

George: Oh yeah, the houses started in. At the Bon Marche and Ivey’s, when I was with them, there was houses all the way up to the Haywood Building. Then the Haywood Building would have been constructed in there. Then there was a filling station just above the Haywood Building, where Avenue Furniture use to be. Back of the bank there, sold Good Year tires. Where Harry use to be, 77 Haywood Street on Harris Cadillac, was Dr. H. H. Graves. Now Graves operated on me in 1918, a mastoid operation. And next to that, was the old auditorium. Had a thing looked like a silo attached to the outside of it; and we use to go up there and—actually there was a place to get out there that caught on fire on the second floor. We would get this wax paper off the bread and go up there and slide down.

Sharon: Sort of like the skateboards, on the other side of Hiawassee now, there is this big skate board park. So you had early skate boards, without the skates?

George: That’s right. Use to block off Flint Street and Cumberland Avenue, when it snowed. And I have ridden a flexible fl_____ when I was a kid, all the way from where Sam Fischer ? use to have a motel there on the corner of Hiawassee Street, all the way to where _____ lived on Flint Street and Cumberland Avenue. I mean you could really go down there on a flexible flare?—man, you could really go.

LAUGHTER And three or four of us on that big old flexible flower?

Jan: Seems like it was a lot more fun back then than it is now.

George: There were all houses on Hiawassee Street and Flint Street down there. Mr. Davis, who use to run there at 58 Cherry Street is on the corner of that street and Cherry Street, ran the Slaton place-- Wholesale House, out here at Biltmore. And a Neely girl married him, the boy—Emmett Davis. And they were reared—the Neely’s were reared at the corner of West Chester Street and Flint Street. He is

the one that ran the clothing store along Broadway. Now Valley? Street had a couple of Jewish grocery stores down there, but I don't remember one except Reuben someplace on—

Jan: You are right, because my Dad told me about that, and I have to go back and look at his tape. Now do you remember these numbers because of the post office?

George: No, I don't. I looked these up in the city directory. I remember the businesses, because I use to buy Nugrape and all that kind of stuff when I was working for the Western Union—you know, you get hot and spend a nickel here at Reuben's and a nickel at somebody else's. Feldman had one; and the fellow that ran the Standard Beer Company had one, Mr. Lynn. I worked for the bank 8 years after I left the post office. Northwestern.

Jan: Where was Mr. Lynn's store?

George: On the north side of Eagle Street. And Eleanor was on the other, south side of Eagle Street, one on either corner. Now I believe there was a Pinder Grocery Store that had one of them, because still had the yellow front of it. The Pinder Company, here at one time we had several stores around town. Had one out on Charlotte Street, near where Charlotte Street goes through. And had one down on the corner of Eagle Street.

Jan: Now when you say Pinder, was that a local business, or a national chain, like A & P?

George: It was a chain, like A&P—similar to that. But I remember it most of all, because they use to have cakes. If you would buy a slice for a dime, every day they would have fresh cakes.

Jan: Now, one of my relatives—you may or may not remember him—he is about your same age—Leonard Rapport. His mother Dora had a hat store called Doray's, on Haywood Street.

George: I remember the hat store.

Jan: But he told me—he's lived in Washington for like 65 years—but he told me that there was a grocery store in the Grace section that my aunt on College Park Place would go and get this special kind of ketchup for my dad, 'cause he was much younger, and she was like making sure he got what he wanted. So do you remember, there was a grocery store, probably like where Grace Restaurant was, around there?

George: I can't remember a grocery store up there, except the Grace Supply.

Jan: That's what it was I guess, Grace Supply.

George: Run by Hols Grosen's daddy. The Grosens lived over close where your people lived on the Country Club Road. His father ran that store—Grace Supply—he moved out and started that store out at IMCO Plant (?) When IMCO opened up, he started a vintage ? store out there. That's where he went broke.

Jan: So who else do you remember? Do you know what year city directory you were looking all those up in?

George: 1923. And here's some in '34.

Jan: Before we get to 1934 though, can you tell us about what the people were like who owned this store? When you went there, did they know your name? Did they know what you wanted?

Were they friendly?

George: Oh yeah. That was the thing to do, you knew everybody. Asheville wasn't all that big. When I worked in Mullen's Pharmacy at 25 Montford Avenue, I knew everybody on Montford. Everybody on Pearson Drive, Cumberland Avenue, they were all our customers. Hill Street. Stump Town. All this stuff. You knew these people. And if you'd come in and you didn't say Good Morning Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, they probably wouldn't come back. It was just one big family, Asheville was, until the Yankees started moving in here.

Jan: When was that?! LAUGHTER

George: Well, I don't know. They use to come up and stay a little while; now they come stay all the time. I go to McDonald's every morning over on Merrimon for coffee. And these people move in there and I say "Where are you from?" "Well, I came up from Florida. And I said "Now where did you live before you went to Florida?" "I lived in Brooklyn. I lived in New Jersey." A neighbor down the street two doors, from New Jersey, a neighbor down this way three doors from New Jersey, and they all have to come South.

Sharon: So what were some of the events that were happening when you were growing up?

George: A major event in Asheville, was the climate. 'Cause this was the tubercular center, one of the most prominent tubercular centers in the whole United States. The people came here for tuberculosis. And in 1918, where the Kenilworth Inn is or was, the Appalachian _____, on the side of that hill up there, was tents—Army had the soldiers up there with soldiers with tuberculosis. In the tents. I had an uncle who died there. Then, from that, came the VA Hospital.

Sharon: But around downtown, what was happening with the trolleys—

George: Well, you couldn't walk around downtown, on Saturday night, 'cause everybody stayed open until 9 o'clock. I can see your father and some lady—might have been your mother—standing in front of that ____ store on Patton Avenue when you went in beside there, you went in Gilmore's Department Store. Have you ever heard of Gilmore's Department Store? (NO) You went in right below where his place was on Patton Avenue.

Jan: Where it was across the street from where it is now? Where the bank drive-through is?

George: Your store was next to the Carmichael's Drugstore, which was on the corner of the BB&T Building.

Jan: Right, all that whole block where the BB&T is now.

George: Your father's store, or whoever ran the store, was there. You go in through the Gilmore's Department Store and come out over beside Gum to Midas' shop over here, hat shop. And the building on the corner was Carmichael's Drugstore. Now when I went to work there, in 1923, there was Carmichael's Drugstore, there was Smith's Drugstore, there was Grant's Pharmacy over on the other end of Patton Square. There was Acon and Horton's down in Langor Hotel. All those drugstores, right down town; and there was two on Patton Avenue: Razor's and Teague's.

Jan: I remember Teague's, 'cause that stayed until I was in high school.

George: Well, that wasn't a drugstore though, that was a soda shop.

Jan: That's right. What did you do in the drugstores?

George: Well, soda boy. I was out the soda fountain. I later learned pharmacy. I started in at 500 Merrimon Avenue, Dr. Farrington. And he moved from the Pack Square on the Square at Carmichael's—he went broke in '29 when the banks closed; and he moved out to 500 Merrimon Avenue. And I worked for him out there. That's where he started teaching me pharmacy.

Jan: What's there at 500 Merrimon?

George: It's vacant now.

Jan: I guess it's around, Woolsey Dip? Or further out?

George: Right down in the dip. When he was there, there was a watering trough across the street where you watered your horses. And there was a fellow had a grocery store on the corner of Chatham Road and Merrimon by the name of Ged Allison. And Dan Bole and Charlie Cartis, whose brother was an attorney. I think Charlie ended up about Lenoir or someplace up there. And Bill Bradford, whose parents operated a supply store on Walnut Street. Sold barber? supplies. And I was sitting on the curb there one night. And there was one of these 10-gallon things you pump gasoline up, and there was 10 gallons up there

you could see it. And we took a hose that was just hanging up, and dumped that out into the storm? and set it on fire. Well, we had that creek on fire all the way down the way. We run like hell. LAUGHTER.

Jan: Wild boys.

George: Wild boys. Of course the street cars ran up and down Merrimon Avenue, until coming out from Merrimon Avenue, it stopped over about where the Esso station is now, just before there, where the Citizen's Hardware. Then this car came in from Weaverville, went right down through the middle of Beaver Lake. And it reined a freight car in, hook it onto the streetcar and pull it downtown to 47 Broadway, where T. S. Barth? Was , and load all this farm equipment. That double-track there on Merrimon Avenue. And up on the Square, in the legal building, was the weather bureau. I was looking in this book over here, and a Mr. Downs was in charge of that weather bureau; and he use to ride that streetcar; and if he had his umbrella, you better go get your raincoat and your umbrella, 'cause it is going to rain that day. We could catch the streetcar and go to town on the streetcar. Of course you learned the people, everybody in Norwood Park then. Gambley Avenue. Mainey Avenue. Farwood Avenue. They were just developing that stuff.

Jan: That was when you were working at that drugstore?

George: Yeah. In 1927, you know where the Lord's? Pharmacy was?—I worked behind the soda fountain in 1927, when they opened that store. Davidson McGill did up—neither one of them was a pharmacist, but a fellow by the name of Kline was a pharmacist.

Jan: Ben Kline—might have been Ben Kline's father.

George: I don't know whether he was Jewish or not. But he had worked in the new medical building and the drugstore over there. And when they opened this up, I worked over there with them. Because my aunt lived off of Edgewood Road, and

I was staying with her. Lived on Ivey Street. And so I came out there and worked in that store, and went to grease ? school, when he had a new building. Not the new building they've got now, but—Erol Dillance?? Was a teacher just come here, he taught high school then. Later on it went back to a grammar school. And K. D. Johnson was a teacher. His wife, he married Alda Screen's? daughter. She was a teacher there. Mrs. Raundalus ? was a teacher. One other lady that lived on Chestnut Street in Commodore Apartments over there—her husband bought that apartment later. He's a real estate man came here to consolidate realty. But I can't remember the name.

Jan: So you went to high school there?

George: I went to school there awhile. I finished at Emma School. That's where we lived out back there, back up to the Emma School, if you know where it is. We had 41 acres from Oak—Net Fisher operates a convenience store there, all the way to Emma School.

Jan: That's a lot of property.

George: Yeah. Had 41 acres and back to Rick Yard Road. I picked up rocks all over that place. I know how to pick. My wife and I built a house out there in 1955 and lived out there for about 6 years and then moved back to town.

Jan: What happened to that property?

George: We sold it off, bit by bit to begin with. Sold it to a fellow by the name of Weiss. And he made a trailer park; there's a lot of trailers over there now. And his he sold a lot off, we would release it, we would get so much money. He wanted to enlarge it and make a trailer park up above where we built our house; and we had a second mortgage on it. And we continued on that second mortgage. He went to Hendersonville and borrowed \$270,000. And they gave him all that money at one time; and he went to Europe and put in the bank and came back and declared bankruptcy.

Jan: One of western North Carolina's famous crooks, but anyway... So talk about your next list.

George: Talk about Haywood Street. 16 Haywood was Finkelstein's Art Store. 26 and 32 was the Bon Marche. _____ hadn't bought it out. 38 was Meadow Mart Flower Shop. Now I forget the fellow's name that ran that.

Jan: Max Krone.

George: Max Krone. But they use to have a big greenhouse, at what they called Seltzer Springs. The old Haywood Road out here, to the right, opposite Asheville School. Max Krone married a—I forgot his last wife's name, but I remember Max. He use to come over to McDonald's and over to Rose's and have breakfast. Harry Blumburg use to come over and we would sit and talk about old Asheville wasn't any more. So we would have coffee, and Carl Ide?—say 25 of us, in Monfirrey's up there at Grand, Grand Neck (?)

Jan: Vogue Furriers?

George: Yeah.

Jan: Inman Furriers was on Battery Park, owned by Mr. Inman, but that was later I think.

George: Vogue, up on the left-hand side. Flat iron building was built in 1923. An architect—the same architect that built the flat iron building built in New York City. Going again to Biltmore Avenue, No. 3, Uncle Sam's Loan Shark, send _____ back. Then Maurie Zayer, who moved up to 4. Bally Royal is still there. The Star Store is at No. 10. Goldstein's at No. 12. There use to be a J. Meyers Shoe Store, went up the steps, up above where Payne was—

Jan: Where the candy kitchen was, downstairs?

George: No, that was up this way, a couple of doors. The Greek fellow that ran the Candy Kitchen up on Wallington Street, yeah. That was by the old bus depot.

Buses use to come in there, to the back of the Candy Kitchen, down Lexington Avenue. Yes, all the buses left out of town from there.

Jan: Oh—maybe that’s why—when I went to Little Beaver Day Camp, like in the early ‘60’s, Emma Bus left out of Lexington Avenue. And I always wondered why. That must have been the last one that did.

George: That’s right, because they built that new bus place along Cult? Avenue. And Harry Finkelstein was down at 23. Of course Leo moved it up on the Square later on. There use to be a fellow, Cooper. But before Cooper was up on the Square, Twyford Shop use to be in there. Cooper moved down on Patton Avenue corner of Church Street, in a man’s business, dry goods, suits O.K. And Fagen had a luggage shop about where your shop was on Patton Avenue.

Sharon: Somebody had a luggage shop there, but I don’t know who Fagan was. What was his first name?

George: I don’t know, but I believe he went up to IndianGeorge: And Milton, MetOMan Shop was over at No. 6, Patton Avenue.

Sharon: What was it called?

George: Milton—I just wondered if he was the same Milton that use to be on Broadway.

Sharon: Not Websters.

George: Webster's was in there later on.

Sharon: But this was the same building—

George: I think it was the same one. Mr. Blumburg was next door on the Leader. Kagen’s was 14. So the Man’s Store was No. 20 over there, R. B. & Coleman there. I think R. B. died in ’34. I remember we use to get a new suit every year, going to school, up on Biltmore Avenue, he’d always give you the necktie. Fields is over at No. 30, use to be a shoe store. Of course the Imperial Theater was in there. Then there use to be the State Theater use to be where Joe Battipark Bank,

and Wachovia bought them; and then they moved across where the Imperial Theater was, along in there. Now back where the Imperial Theater was, use to be a wooden bridge across Patton Avenue. That was before Patton Avenue was paved. And that was still there in 1918.

Sharon: Now why would people use that bridge? Did people use is actually?

George: Sure they did, because a lady didn't want to—the street wasn't paved.

Sharon: So they would walk up some steps, and then cross and then walk down—

George: If they were on the Eckerd's side and decided they wanted to go to the picture show on the other side, they didn't want to get their feet all muddy going across there. Of course Kress is on the corner there. C.C. Mallard built the Kress building. He also ran Charmil Hotel, down at the corner of Broadway and Market.

Sharon: And when do you think that bridge got taken away?

George: Sometime after 1918. I was out in the country, and I didn't keep up with some of that stuff. It didn't mean anything to me. The thing that sticks in my mind, I was up on Pack Square, there was a little tower, right at the head of Pack Square, it was pigtailed in here. And the policeman stayed up there at night. And he could look down Broadway, or across the Square, or down Patton Avenue. There'd be an officer up there all night. Like a fort.

Sharon: Was there a lot of crime?

George: Well, if he needed to blow the whistle, and get somebody there from the police station, which was not too far away—he could do that if he would see something going on on Patton Avenue or Haywood Street, or down Broadway or Biltmore Avenue. You didn't see people around the street all night. Ten o'clock or Eleven o'clock at night, they pulled in the sidewalks.

Sharon: Nobody lived downtown then?

George: Well, they did. Some men lived downtown. Men had rooms up over the Wachovia Bank. And they had rooms up in the Castandey? Building up on

Haywood Street. ‘Cause there was a time along about 1933 or 32 that I use to relieve the night watchman down at Wachovia Bank. And he was what you call a merchant policeman. I was just 21 years old. We had all the banks, had this one old laundry. We had up Haywood Street to the Castandey Building. And the Man’s Store. One night we caught this boy breaking in the back of the Man’s Store from the alley. We use to go down that alley and then under the _____bridged over. Called Spark Plug—a little old black boy, that smoked a cigar all the time, and talked to Miller and looked after him as long as he lived. But that Spark Plug was—we were walking down through the saddlery _____and heard this thing coming on like somebody put a rusty nail—and Buck had this old 32.20 that belonged to the bank, had a 6-inch barrel on it. “Halt there! Halt there! I’ll shoot!” And Spark Plug took out on Lexington Avenue. Buck shot BOOM—you look on the side of the old building—he dropped down in the middle of the street and said “Don’t shoot no more” said “I can feel the blood running down my leg” He had just wet himself all over. Well, almost a year from that day, gave him a year in jail. Wintertime in jail, anyhow. But almost a year from that time, he broke into Kenny’s Shoe Store on Patten Avenue. Now Kenny’s was across from Lou Pollack’s. Do you know Little Bill Michaello???

Sharon: I didn’t know Bill, but I knew Lou and his wife, because they were the grandparents of my really good friend, Betty’s daughter.

George: Well, old man Lou built his first house on Red Oak Road, down at the foot of the hill here. His doctor lives there now in a little cottage around the corner, 22, a single lady lives there.

Sharon: I’ve been in that house many times.

George: But then, Rubenstein’s Clothing is 25; Lou Pollacks had the shoes. Later on came the S&W. It was not on that side when it came to Asheville. It was on the other side where the Army store was. And you could go in the S&W and go

out Durankin??? Avenue. Where Leroy Leder, is where Perlman opened up his Goodwill Salvage. I remember then Eckerd's came in. I don't remember—I believe it came before Perlman. Anyway, I remember building the shelves up in there. And then Eckerd's later moved across the street. And the Charles Store was up next to where your people's business was. They moved on down next to where Montgomery-Ward was, along in there.

Sharon: What kind of store was that, the Charles Store?

George: Dry goods, and just a novelty store, just kind of like Kress or Woolworth's. Five and dime. Montgomery-Ward was in there. That use to be Chambers' Shoe Shop, sold good shoes. Next door to Good's Drugstore. You don't remember Good's—all the jellybeans use to hang out in front of Good's.

Jan: What's a jelly bean?

George: Well, zoot-suiters, later on you'd call them. But the Bingham boys, from the Bingham Military School use to come in on Friday night. And every time they'd come to town, the boys from Asheville High School—of course the Bingham boys were dressed up in their uniform. The girls kind of took to the uniforms, so there would be a damn big fight on Patton Avenue. But they always called that “doing the drag”. You would go down, if you had a car, and you would go up around the auditorium and back up around the Square. That was doing the drag.

Sharon: What were they fighting about? The girls?

George: Yeah, about the girls.

Sharon: That was outside of where?

George: Good's. On the corner of Patten Avenue and Haywood Street. There was a building on the corner of Patten and Haywood that you went in on Patten and you could come out on College Street. Came across over where Wilkins Corner was—in there somewhere. In 1929 they tore that old post office building, use to be in that

Pritchett Park there, that was built in 1895. And it took the building material from that building and built Ben Lippin, out on top of a mountain out here, a Bible College, Ben Lippin.

Sharon: Why didn't they want the post office there any more?

George: Well, they didn't have enough room. The city was growing. They only had a place to load one truck, maybe two in there, the triangle that makes Pritchett Park. College Street use to be called Government Street. From Haywood Street to Patten Avenue, that was Government Street. Now in '23 when they tore the Vaddie? Park Hotel down, there was 25 acres of land up there. And Clyde Reid had a contract to actuate that. And he hauled all that dirt down and made Cox Avenue out of it.

Sharon: What was there before?

George: Cox Avenue? A cow pasture. Before 1923, There was some houses down there. You could ride your bicycle down there, all dirt, just a valley. Of course the Sears-Roebuck Building, now where the County Welfare Building, now they put pilings down there, to lay a foundation, because it was all fill-dirt.

Sharon: So what are some other things, happenings, that kind of happened around that time? Did President Roosevelt come through Asheville?

George: He came here, yeah, to dedicate Smokey Mountain National Park, in 1936. Yeah, I remember that. I had just gone to the post office, in October 1936. And they issued a Smokey Mountain Park issue, a 10-cent stamp. I worked with that. And later on in 1930—the latter part—come social security. I worked in that. They issued a social security card, and I turned that office over to the gentleman who came in and opened up the Social Security Office on the Flat Iron Building.

Sharon: But it came out first through the postal department?

George: We issued all the cards. Came in and took the history, got all your background—your mama and your papa, and all the history—and that was quite a

task. And it became my job to turn it over to them. I was just a substitute then, and of course they could get me cheaper than they can get the man. And I was down there and this gentleman came in, and opened up the office over in the Flat Iron Building—his name escapes me right now—but shortly before I retired, he stuck his head in my little office over in the post office. I was customer services for the last 8 years, and introducing zip code. When zip code came out in '64, that was my job—to introduce it from Mirror to Murphy. That was quite a job too.

Sharon: So what did you do before you did customer service for the post office?

George: I have been a rural mail carrier; I've been a post office clerk; I've been on the money-order window; I've been in the central accounting office. We issued passports. All that stuff.

Sharon: So did you actually—I would imagine you got to meet a lot of these business people through your work or through being a customer of theirs.

George: I can show you a file that I have got letters of commendation from almost every business in Asheville. Would you like to see it?

Sharon: Yeah. That would be interesting.

George: There was a period of time in there in 1932 and 1933 and early 1934 that I was doing some work in addition to being a bondsman around the police and sheriff's departments. An outfit called Ross Federal Service in Charlotte. And we did research and made inquiries, if you wanted to take out fire or car insurance or something, we would contact your next door neighbor and get information to establish you as a good risk. And I had gone to check the theater, over in Silva. I can't remember whether it was the Will Roger's Picture, but we had the camera on the people went in the theater. So because they rented the film based on \$75 and a certain percentage. Well, I got over there and Mr. and Mrs. P.G. Hamlin and his little theater, right next to Buchanan Oil Company, was next door. And across the street was a little restaurant called Velt's Hole in the Wall. About 8 people and pit

feet deep. But this little theater held 365 people. This is during CCC days. So I dropped these people going in; I checked the ticket sales. And at 9 o'clock that night, every seat was taken in that theater. But we had only sold 50 tickets. I said Mr. Hamlin, we have got a little problem here. He says "What's that?" I said "Well, you don't have any vacant seats, but you have only sold 50 tickets." And he kind of stalled me a little bit, and I said "I'm not down here to argue about it. I said we are going to settle up on the basis of my count, or I take the film with me when I leave." And if you ever took the film, they never got another first-class film. And he said "Well, I sold these tickets for ten or fifteen cents up at the CCC Camps. I said "I don't care if you give 'em away. You are going to settle on the basis of how many are in there tonight." Well, he and I, it is the only time we ever had any problem. And I read just a short time ago that he still owned the only independent theater in North Carolina, and it is located in Murphy. But, the same day that I was over there, a gentleman was getting ready to open a store I had opened a store. And he thought there was a new store come to town. Now there wasn't much to silver at that time, and I don't think there is a whole lot to it now, really, downtown. But Chumann was there a long time, and I enjoyed the book. And before you leave, I want you to write something in here, 'cause this is Richard Callin's book; and he asked me this morning to get her to put something in here for me. So I told him alright, I will.

Sharon: So did you actually talk to Sal about—

George: No, I wouldn't have known Sal. Sal was only a young feller then. Didn't mention the fact that he had opened up a new store down the street. I was talking about silver growing. There wasn't much to silver at that time. And a strange thing happened on my way home—a fellow, Mahen was sheriff of Jackson County at that time. And in '32 the city of Asheville didn't have money enough to buy alcohol to put in the radiators for the cars. So what did they do? They filled

them all up with corn liquor. And that corn whiskey turned back to mush and stopped up the radiators and all that stuff. But I was coming up the old highway from Silva, roundabout and round and round; and I got to Balsam Gap, and this car cut me off. And this fellow came out shining his flashlight around and said “What are you hauling?” He kept sniffing. I said “If you take that radiator cap off, you can get a good sniff.” He said “What is that? It smells like corn liquor.” I said “Well, it is.” And they had given me enough to put my car over there at the police department. So his name was Mannie. I called on Mr. Mannie some time ago, sometimes I would go up there and talk to him. You could drive up there; it’s about a hundred steps up to the courthouse there in Silva, if you are familiar with it.

Sharon: Did the man who you were talking about who owned the theater, did he say anything about Mr. Shulman?

George: He didn’t know him. He just knew he was opening up the store.

Sharon: So he didn’t have any comments, good or bad?

George: No comments, good or bad, ‘cause he hadn’t met him, I don’t think. But there wasn’t much down there. He was about to get a new business in town, I tell you that.

Sharon: So, when you use to deliver to people’s houses, I mean like these business people, were they like, middle-class kind of people, were they wealthy people? Did they have fancy houses?

George: In Asheville, I never delivered mail.

Sharon: Go back further, like when you worked at the drugstore.

George: Oh yeah, we had bicycle delivery at the drugstore. And you know, Montford Avenue section was where I was born, on Gerdwood Street, was beginning to be a good class section. “Cause Gerdwood Street and Park Avenue was one of the nicest streets in town. I remember old man Long, who ran the

cotton mill down here, superintendent, and he would walk down in front of our house with a mutton-chop coat. And I thought “That’s funny—he’s got all of that stuff up on him.” But, at that time—

Sharon: Now is that in Montford, or is that Chicken Hill?

George: I thought it was _____, it was over from Chicken Hill. I’m telling you it was first developed, the city did, on South Franksbrose? And Patton Avenue and Jefferson Drive and Park Avenue. Then the next development was the Montford section.

Sharon: So that’s in the 1890’s?

George: Yeah, and John Rumbaugh was the mayor of Montford. Has that name ever turned up?

Sharon: Sure, we have the Rumbaugh House. I live in Montford.

George: I know you do, around Nexlin? Park. And there was a big murder up two doors from where you live one time, this woman.

Sharon: Oh, the woman they found dead in her back yard? That was in the ‘20’s. They never did solve it. Did you know those people?

George: No, but I knew everybody on Montford Avenue. Otis Green’s and Smith that ran Smith’s Wholesale Drugs, 165; and Dr. C. C. Orr was at the corner of West Chestnut Street and Montford Avenue. And Lipinski that ran the Bon Marche was on down here on Soco Street; and Nimpard Baker was at 216 Montford Avenue, was in Prudential Life Insurance. And Norvin had a little hospital down at the corner of Montauga Street there. I could almost name them.

Sharon: Did you know Dr. Melinder? He lived in my house in 1896, but he lived to be 104. And he moved over to Pearson Avenue and Tacoma. He moved there in 1908 though.

George: That was a new development that came around over in that area, off of Pearson. Beautiful houses down there on Pearson. There's a house down there that a fellow build that later on—Art Center had it down there for awhile--

Sharon: The Art Museum. That was a Green house too, Gay Green.

George: Now Gay Green was a partner in building the Langman Hotel. He and John Lane built the Langman Hotel in 1913. And the story goes that the Battery Park Bank was robbed. And the man hauling money over there in a wheelbarrow, and said "Now, Gay, you keep this money, 'cause I'm going to prison. And when I get out, we'll split it." They say he came back, when he got out of prison, and said "Now I want my half of the money". Gay said "What money?" And they said from that they built the Langman Hotel, and started the Imperial Life Insurance Company.

Sharon: So was he a dishonest man, Mr. Green?

George: I wouldn't way he was. He had come into some easy money.

Sharon: Well, they said he was one of the biggest landowners in Asheville.

George: He was a big landowner. And Lang was too. Lang was out on what they called East Street then, Mt. Clair now. At the place they call Witchwood, and across from Witchwood out there was a big sanitarium. And the doctor that ran that sanitarium called Winure? Sanitarium lived at 52 Albemarle Road. He took two houses and combined them into one. I think his partner is in 52 Albemarle right now. But that house is still there. But the people are always framing? Down in that section. Of course a lot of them are walking; a lot of them didn't have cars. Nice people on Pearson Drive.

Sharon: Did you know Maude Cox? What was she like?

George: She was on Pearson Drive, yes. She had an account there at the drugstore.

Sharon: Her father built the Battery Park Hotel. Tench Cox.

George: I don't think he built the Battery Park Motel—

Sharon: Frank Cox.

George: E. W. Grove built the Battery Park Hotel.

Sharon: Not that one—the one before him.

George: Yeah now, he owned it. That's become the Vanderbilt Estate here.

Vanderbilt sat on the front porch up there and viewed this back end and said "I've got to have that land."

Sharon: Well, wasn't that Maude Cox's dad?

George: She was in that family. That had a lot of property over Roseton (?). I have never seen the place in Roseton, but it is on the river and has some famous name. It is a historical place in Rutherford County. End of CD1

Sharon: So what did Maude Cox do?

George: I've never read anything about the history of them. But the old Battery Park Hotel, I remember when they started tearing it down. There's 25 acres up there. And that was called Battery Porter, initially, so I've been told on the following. I don't know what Battery Porter meant. But there was another motel over there called Margo Terrace. On French Broad Avenue, across from Carolina Apartments. I remember when they tore that down. But there use to be a real steep hill up off of Haywood Street, right across from where Asheville Citizen use to be on Haywood Street.

Sharon: Yeah, yeah. That's where Woolworth is now.

George: Where Woolworth was, YMCA was in there, moved out; and Asheville Citizen went in there. And next door, a fellow by the name of Stewart had a boys shop kind of down in the basement; and shops up the road there. But the hill went up to Battery Park Hotel. An old dirt road up there around there, was 25 acres of land up there. They say that Vanderbilt came in and spent the summers, and was rocking in his rocking chair; and viewed that estate over there. Later on I carried a rural route through the Biltmore Estate for three years; and that Judge Adams was

head of the _____, because they were about to go broke. This was after the crash, and Mrs. Vanderbilt had married the ex-Senator from Rhode Island. She moved out in Frisk (?) part of south Biltmore Forest. But she started Biltmore Forest, that started in 1922, about the same time Lakeview Park was started. But getting back to how it developed: the section around south Franks Road and Park Avenue and all was first, because the people from the northeast come down here and set up textiles. And they wanted to be able to build; and they could build on Park Avenue and look across Sprink ? Road River at Mt. Pisgah. Of course it has all grown up—and all those houses had a lot of gingerbread trim on them. Now as you went down Park Avenue, there was Park Avenue School—I went to kindergarten there, when I was 4 years old. Queen Carson School.

Sharon: What do you know about her?

George: Well, I know that she was head of the school, and we use to call her Beard Carson. Of course, she had a kind of a moustache. LAUGHTER And she was the principal; and Grannie Irick ? was a teacher, a big Irish woman. And she did all the spanking and all that stuff. And they had a Negro janitor who would hold the big kids while Grannie Irick give them a spanking. The kids went up to the 8th grade.

Sharon: Did you get spanked?

George: I was just 4 years old. I should have. Now, the kindergarten was financed by George Pack. The library and all that stuff is named for Pack. He was probably the most influential man in Asheville; and probably did more for Asheville than any one single person. No, I don't remember him. But he lived on Merrimon Avenue one time, where Diehl Wittick is, and later on Mark Brown lived there, who was a very prominent lawyer. And then Morris-Gaten Funeral Home was in there after that. Well, 35 Park Avenue was the old Ida Crowley house, called the Rumbo house. But it was built by a Greek builder, and it has got beautiful

woodwork. Have you ever been in the Harriet Anger (?) house? OH YES. Now I went to my first Halloween Party there. Bobbed for apples in—my aunt rented part of it, you could rent it out then. But the school, Park Avenue School, had domestic science class for the girls and wood-(?)working for the boys in the basement over there. And there was Asheland Avenue School that also came over and used that. And then there was a school off of Bartlett Street down there that—there was three schools. And later on, Montford Avenue came into play.

Sharon: Was Bartlett Street black then?

George: No, it was all white. Most all railroad kids. My father being railroad engineer was the reason they bought that house at 21 Gerwood Street. The railroad roundhouse, where he went to work, was over by the old passenger depot. It's been beautiful depot, and a shame they ever tore it down. A beautiful place. But that was all business down in there. All in that area and the South side Avenue, all the way up to Pack Square was houses and businesses. I worked at 144 Biltmore Avenue my senior year in high school in 1929. I worked for what you call "beverage delivery" We delivered Coca-cola products to homes. And it was run by a retired sergeant from the military. And there was a Harry Hershout run a little grocery store—he was Jewish—built the first house going up Mannie Avenue on the left—built a nice brick house there. And his daughter married this tennis player that died here a few years back—was always in the news around Asheville. Anyhow, I talked to her over here one day—and they lived in Lakeview Park.

Sharon: Was he Jewish?

George: No, but she was Jewish.

Sharon: . How did people view Jewish people?

George: I never had any qualms with Jewish—I never had any trouble getting along with anybody.

Sharon: But I just wondered in general, if people distinguished—like when we were in Silva, they always said—referred to Sal as “the Jewish man”.

George: Well, sure, because he was very much regarded that way.

Sharon: But did that happen in Asheville?

George: Oh, I’m sure they did, when I was a boy, and first coming in. I’ve heard it said when I was growing up, that there was a good Jew and a bad Jew—a kike Jew. I never heard that. I was in the Navy with a fellow from John Star (?); and a Jewish fellow came in; and he said that guy’s a kike, from Boston. Both of them was from Boston. I never knew that. But I guess you know what I am talking about, I had no idea. And I never asked John to explain. But I have known lots of Jewish people. S. Sternberg had a big business down here. I worked for the Western Union past the depot there, riding the bicycle, delivering telegrams out of the Southern Depot. S. Sternberg was down there, and Jewel Dave and Hyman came along and took that over. Johnny Huntsman—the Daves sent Huntsman to school to study something, and he started his own business later on. So I see Hyman every once in a while; he still plays golf. 93 or 94 years old. He is my age, just had a birthday not too long ago. I have coffee with the fellow that plays golf with him every week. So a small world.

Sharon: What about the relationship between the Negroes that—in those days, going back, and the white people?

George: Well, they was very divided. We went down Negro Street, that was black.

Sharon: So would a white person even go there?

George: Oh yeah. We had no problems. Got along alright. Dr. L. O. Miller is one of the nicest fellows that I ever knew. And his daddy, Jim Miller, worked for Mount Zion Baptist Church. He was one of the early brick masons, lived on Yamma Road. He and my father and Sneed Adams owned farm equipment together. I’ve heard him call him and say “Mr. Long, are you going to use that hay

rake today?” No. “Well, if you are not going to use it, I want it.” He said “Well, you own a third of it.” And he would come over and get it. But he owned 14 houses on Brickyard Road that were rented to whites. But all his boys—L. O. Miller was a doctor—you had to lay brick. Another one of them was a contractor, and a pastor—built a little building down on the corner of Eagle Street and Biltmore Avenue. Built it for Bill Harrison, little yellow brick thing on the corner. That was the last building I knew, but—no, no problems.

Sharon: Well, like Stump Town—you talked about Stump Town.

George: Well, Stump Town was over back of Montford School.

Sharon: But people said you know, they were allowed to go to Stump Town to play, but the kids couldn’t come and play with them.

George: Well, kids didn’t intermingle much, together. I guess it wasn’t—but it didn’t mean anything to me. I wasn’t conscious of it Whites had one kind of a job; blacks had another kind of a job; and the Jewish people, most of them, like it was in the Navy, small stores or something like that, you know. Mercantile business and that part of it.

Sharon: What about the Greek people here?

George: Well, the Greeks—there was a time when there weren’t many Greeks in Asheville. I can remember when there wasn’t but one Greek restaurant in Asheville. That was the one up on Pack Square, run by a fellow, Demus. Central Café, right beside where you went down to the Old City Market. City Market and Fire Department is all over there at the Plaza now, but I use to kid him: I’d go in there and I’d say “I want a piece of that raisin pie over there,” and he’d do this a couple of times: “That’s not raisin, that’s pineapple.” “Well, look at all the flies on it.” LAUGHTER McIntyre’s had a fruit stand up on Pack Square; and they built a building around the corner of the McIntyre building on College Street. He lived on _____mont Avenue on Haywood Street. John Vance, who was county

commissioner, lived on Haywood Street. All the old houses around here—
businesses just started springing up—

Sharon: What about the neighborhood by My Old Kentucky Home, where the
Radison is now? What do you remember about that neighborhood?

George: Well, that was Spruce Street—it went all the way through. There was a
Jewish Synagogue down there, next to the last building, on the right-hand side,
before you got into Woodfin ? Street. Then there was also another Jewish
Synagogue on South Liberty Street. One was Orthodox, and one was not. Which
was which, I can't tell you. But I know that one pulled up and went over on North
Liberty, and built at the corner of Broad Street. That property was old man E. W.
Grove lived. You knew that I guess. That whole block from there to Washington
Road was E. W. Grove's block.

Sharon: Did you know him?

George: I did know him. I delivered messages to him. His little office is over on
Charlotte Street now.

Sharon: What was he like?

George: Well, I didn't know him personally. I never dined with or anything like
that. But I know he's developing all them sections up here; and all those streets in
Grove Park are named for his children, or members of his family: Gertrude and all
that kind. And he bought this land to build Grove Park Inn from a colonel—doctor
they call him—he's from the University of North Carolina—Kimberley.

Kimberley had all this _____ that Kimberley hadn't used, atop Sunset Mountain.
Grove bought it. He was interested in real estate more than he was anything else.
And in '39 and '41, Edgewood Road now, use to be on Kimberley Avenue. And
they were moved right on Edgewood Road. Still over there. And another member
of the Kimberley family built that rock house. She just died here. Percy Carter.
Percy was related to me. When she died, she was a hundred years old.

Sharon: Mrs. Carter was my gym teacher at St. Genevieve's.

George: When she was 89 and 90 years old she could get down on the floor at the Library and exercise—and one of those younger women said “I can't keep up with that old lady!” Percy Carter was quite a character.

Sharon: She was a hard gym teacher, I'll tell you that.

George: Did you know Beulah Hoffman over there?

Sharon: No.

George: She use to be dated the latest (?) She was also, her husband was in the military school. And they lived out in Bedrum(?); and she would come over there—that school was open in '29—same year the Tunnel was opened. I was out, got out of high school that year, and went over to Ritt Plumbing Company and helped the plumbers that summer. I found out I didn't want to be a plumber. And they built the Mission Hospital Nursing Home.

Sharon: Where was that?

George: Across from Wilkin Street. Near the—right across the street from the hospital. On the corner of Locust Street, a little street that use to run through the colored streets. It's closed up now. That's where the Bank of Asheville is over there. And we built that. Then, cut the Tunnel; and Alfred Williams and myself, we put the fence through the Tunnel, stretched that wire with a Ford tractor; and I threaded all the pipe. That pipe, we cut that stuff by hand then too. So when they took that fence out of there—Alfred is still living on Brevard Road—I stopped up there one day—the sun was setting—I said “Is your Daddy home?” He said “Yeah, he's upstairs.” He hollered “Hey Pop, somebody's in here to see you.” Alfred came down; and I said “Alfred, I just came by to tell you, they are taking our fence out of Tunnel Road.” He said “You know something: I don't give a damn.”

Sharon: So do you remember people who lived in that neighborhood?—the one that doesn't exist any more?—College Hill? College Park Place? Where Thomas Wolf lived—over there?

George: Thomas Wolf lived on Richards Street at one time, just near Central Avenue. Yeah, Mr. White lived over there—White's Transportation, later on. And M. B. Haynes came out of there. Get Haynes owned it, and then he died; and then his partner out there bought him out. Gump Haynes, they called him. There was a little Jewish grocery store up it, Mr. Buncombe. There was also a Mr. Buncombe up on Cherry Street and Montgomery. There was a lot of little Jewish stores around town Mom and Pop operations, they called them.

Sharon: The Chandler's?—do you remember their store?

George: Oh, that old man Chandler—he was a character. He had a post office box over at the Courthouse Post Office. He always had a joke about something. And he use to—he had ladies make handkerchiefs upstairs there, over that business. Joe use to come in over here every morning in Rose's Cafeteria. He and his wife—she is from up in New York—Arlene, yeah. Harry Blumburg couldn't stand her. LAUGHTER _____ Harry would say—she'd get on him about eating country ham biscuits. And Harry would get up and say, when he got through, "Give me six of them biscuits to go," and he took them over to the girls that worked over there at his business. But I've had a good life; can't complain.

Q. Well, you remember a lot of stories, so—

George: Well, it's not going to always be that way. Hope it is.

Q. Did you meet Thomas Wolf?

George: I didn't know Thomas Wolf. My brother was in school with him. My doctor-brother was in school with Thomas. But I knew his mother. I remember the Old Kentucky Home, up there. And I remember Spruce Street coming down through it. And right across from the Old Kentucky Home was Renaissance Inn?.

Use to be a street, a dead-end street, cut back in there with four or five little houses on it. But I cannot—I can look and see—but I know a fellow Bryant came in, and opened up a Ford place over on Spruce Street. And Bryant also built a building when he was _____. Bryant's wife and Henry Westall got involved in something. And somebody was sued for alienation of affection. George Penal represented the person; went up to Philadelphia. George lived over on north Kennington, and we were—Agnes and I were married in George's home. He married my first cousin. But he came back in 1929, night before the banks closed; and gave Madeleine \$500 and told her to put it into the bank the next day. Well, the bank didn't open. That was \$500 a lot of people didn't have. You see, Beaver Lake and Lakeview Park was started in 1922, same year Biltmore Forest was. And in '32 there was 120-some houses in Lakeview Park; and the banks closed. Nobody up-town still owned their house; they lost it.

Sharon: Everyone in Lakeview Park lost their house?

George: I understand Prudential Insurance Company had bought all those homes.

Sharon: What about the houses in Biltmore Forest?

George: Biltmore Forest was a little different. There weren't too many houses out there. Houses out at Biltmore Forest had 2 ½ acres, for a minimum, you could have them 2 ½ acres, to start out with. For a long time, they were slow in development. Property didn't go out there; you could buy property a real deal. When I retired, you could buy property in Biltmore Forest for \$10,000. Now it's gone up in Biltmore Forest. John—town manager out in Biltmore Forest—I know we went out there one time—they wanted a collection box put out in Town Hall. I wouldn't put it out there; I said we don't generate enough mail to just be driving a truck up there. And he wrote the Congressman or somebody about it; and so I wrote—called up Mr. Martin down in Greensboro; he came up—he was in charge of that stuff. On the way up there, I said I want to make you aware of something:

The people that live in Biltmore Forest get the best mail service of anybody in the United States. The carrier out there would go up to their house, and put the mail in the kitchen, on the kitchen table, and feed the cat. That's true. And it would be a quarter of a mile back off the street. You go to Biltmore Forest on Eldin and Vanderbilt Road, you will never see a mailbox on the side of the street. And I told Martin about that, going up there. So Martin told them "We are not going to put a collection box out here." So the fellow said "Well, looks like we are going to have to bring some pressure on the department through the congressional office some." He said "Mr. Severe, you write your letter; and when you do and it comes to my attention, you tell everybody in here to put their damn mailbox out on the street." He said "You'll never hear from us." And I never did. And he use to be post master of a little old town, Bryson City. And he was just hard as nails. So we went back, and next thing I knew, they built the Town Hall, but I said "They got a collection box out there now." Of course, they've got a lot of houses out there now, too.

Sharon: I've seen post boxes down on the street.

George Vanderbilt Road, not any other road. You look when you go out there.

Sharon: You mean every other road, they come up?

George: I've been retired thirty-some years, but it wasn't out there when I retired. I'll tell you how that come about: In 1938 or 39, Post Master General built a summer home out there. That's about the time—up until that time, it'd been Route 5 out of Biltmore. I can't remember his name. But I worked at the post office in Biltmore along about that time. It was where Banks Clothing Store down in there. Right where Beale's was. And Biltmore Pharmacy was down on the corner down there, towards—use to be a bunch of cars parked down there. The guy operated that store—it was a good store. I worked down there at that time, and the fellow who carried Biltmore Forest—that was a very-much preferred route—it still is.

Those boys get a lot of money, Christmas-time. And this fellow who was the carrier out there, had to go to Johns-Hopkins for a serious operation. Those people in Biltmore Forest paid for that operation.

Jan: Wow. What do you think about when Downtown went into decline, and then they wanted to build the Mall there? Do you remember that—in the eighties? After the Asheville Mall was built, remember they wanted to tear all the buildings down Downtown and build a Mall in the middle of Downtown.

George: Well, no, I wouldn't go for that. Look at Betty Park (?). I don't know whether it is going to ever pay off or not, up there. People get accustomed to going out and parking as long as they want to to shop. Ain't going to pay a two-hour parking to go in to get a soda, or whatever they want. You have just legislated everything. I worked for Adams in the Arcade Pharmacy behind us, soon after they opened, in the Arcade Building. Kim Adams, he and Bauble ? was up there and had a little drugstore there. I worked there; and got a lot of business out of Battery Park Hotel. Adams, later on, when the government took it over, he moved down to _____. Kim Adams lived on Kimberley Avenue. He built a house up there pretty close to _____--right along in there somewhere. But that Arcade Building was full then: people upstairs, doctor buildings, lawyers in there, all the shops around there: a dress shop, every kind of shop you could think of, all the way around there.

Sharon: So what do you think of Downtown now?

George: It's coming back. I'm amazed. Look at Lexington Avenue. Use to be called Water Street. The BB&T Building where it is on the Square—the spring under that building is still there. It feeds Reid's Creek; it runs down Broadway. I am told that when they were laying out the city of Asheville, that there was a saloon over by where Tots for Shoes is, right on College Street. And these two guys, two surveyors came into town to survey out; and they got them a bottle and

went over there by the Springs. Said it's _____start in West Asheville. And if you think about it, West Asheville would be the logical place. Even roads, come down, are going out through there. But they got to _____ and after about the third drink, they said yeah, that's about as good a place as any. And from the BB&T Building is a marker put in there by the Geodetic Survey, a brass or bronze marker. That is the center of the city. Gives your _____. Whether it's still there or not, I don't know.

Sharon: It was on the sidewalk outside?

George: Right in front of the BB&T, closer to Patton Avenue, somewhere in that area... But that was known as the center of the city.

Sharon: Well, did you have any more lists to tell us about?

George: No, that's about all—just what I can remember. I couldn't tell you about something I didn't know anything about.

Sharon: Now I actually have a question that you may be able to answer, because a long time ago, Mr. Callin told me this story, and nobody in my family could corroborate it, but he said that my Uncle Gene, that owned the Star Store, got into a fist-fight one time with some other man—he didn't know who it was—Mr. Fader or somebody—I don't know.

George: You mean down in Asheville?

Sharon: Downtown, somewhere in Asheville. Do you know what he is talking about?

George: No. Look, if a police investigated it, they would still have a record of it, if you knew the year. When I was around there working, as I say, for Ross Federal Service, I really had access to all the files over at the police department. I would go in there, and see if you had been driving intoxicated, or anything like that, you know. And not only that, I could call up—I still got the list downstairs, some of the people I use to call about. Call on the telephone and say “Do you know so and

so?” “Yeah, next door neighbor. Yeah, that damn sop.” You’d be surprised what your neighbor knows about you. And what they will tell you; and sometimes they will never see you.

Jan: What can you say about Harry Blumburg?

George: I liked Harry.

Jan: Was he funny?

George: Oh yeah. Harry was—to me he was funny. Last time I talked to him, I was over there having my car worked on. I had a Pontiac at that time; and Harry was kind of losing it at that time. We walked around his parking lot and all around there, and I started talking to him about some of these things. And he said “You know, it’s kind of getting away from me.” And it was kind of sad. Harry was a self-made fellow. And he had a fellow Mutton, that worked for him over there. Mutton Leder left him for a while, and then went down and started his own service station on Biltmore Avenue. And when urban redevelopment came along, I think it tore that station down; and Mutton went back to work for Harry, and was working there when he died. He’s—Orville—Mutton was his brother—I can’t remember this much—but anyhow, I asked Harry—I said he was talking about going to Kingman’s Café, for Christmas dinner, 1924 we will say. Said “What did you have for Christmas?” He’d say “Had two hotdogs and a piece of apple pie.” When Harry opened in 1923, you could take your car over there and fill it up; he’d give you a case of coca-cola—24 bottles of coca-cola, and coca-cola cost 80 cents a case at that time. But I’ll tell you: Harry Blumburg was a nice fellow. I came up, when I was working one time—I didn’t have money to buy a car. I was walking up Cox’s??? Avenue, and Johnny Grooms was working for him—I don’t know if you ever heard that name. But Johnny stayed with him for years. Johnny just moved in here. I said “Johnny, what you want for that little ’34 Dodge out there?” Might have been a ’24.... He said Harry wants \$200 for it. Had these

suicide doors, open out the front. I said I don't have any money to put down on it. He said "You go up there and see Harry."

Jan: And did you know Harry by then?

George: I had never talked to him. I knew him; I knew who he was. So I went up there and introduced myself. Said I worked over at the Post Office; and I said I don't have any money to put down on that car. I said I can pay you something every two weeks. He got on the phone and called Johnnie Grooms and said "Give him that car." About ten days after I talked to Harry, he didn't draw up any papers on it; it was all shirt-tail stuff. The title came to me; it didn't show any lien on it. I carried it over; I said "Aren't you suppose to keep this thing?" He said "You're going to pay me, aren't you?" I said "I'm going to pay you, if I get the money, if I work." "Well, you keep the damn thing then." I went over there every two weeks and paid him; and when we got paid up, I said "Harry, we're even." He said "Come back to see me." I bought five Pontiac's from Harry. I never had any problem with him. I bought one Pontiac in Morganton, had trouble with it. It was a '65. Oh, it had a knock in it. Drove it to California and came back; and I took it up there, and Spider Ellis was his service manager for many years. Spider checked it out. George: says I took it 'fore I left. If it has a knock in it, then drive it like hell and see what happens. Well, it stayed in there 'til we got back. I took it up there and he worked on that thing and worked on it. And he said "Well, I'll have to drop the pan on it." I said "Go ahead and drop the pan on it." We found out every insert in that thing--Pontiac had been on strike, when I got this car. And I bought it in Morganton. When he put those inserts in, that cleared it up. Then the carburetor started giving trouble. Fooled with that for six months; finally put a new carburetor on it. It had 50,000 miles on it—50,000 mile warranty. It was about 48,000 and the water pump went out on it. They put a new water pump in it. That was the last thing that happened to it. I visited Spider; he went to Ft. Myers,

Florida in the wintertime. Agnes and I visited him down and spent the night with he and his wife.

Sharon: So what would you say is the biggest change—in other words, what do you miss the most about the way Downtown use to be?

George: I don't know anybody. New people, new faces. That's one of the reasons I go over to McDonald's. To meet new—I like people. And I meet them over there in the morning; and I call them, if they come from the Northeast, I say let's call them “damn Yankees.” And one fellow from New Jersey, saw him this morning; another fellow came down here from Boston, a real estate man. Came over there and told me where he is from. I said, “Oh—you are one of those damn Yankees.” He bought a house over on East Jukley? For 180,000. Talking about, man what a killing he'd bought—he'd stole that house. \$180,000 seven years ago. Four years later, he died. His wife sold that house not long ago for almost \$500,000. So he made a good investment.

Sharon: Where did you go before you went to McDonald's?

George: Roses, makes coffee every morning. We'd have 25 over there. Called ourselves “the bull-shitters.”

Sharon: Who else was in it?

George: Well, Carl Hyde, Harry Blumburg, Kernelin, use to live up on Griffing Blvd, Bob Stancer—lives on the next street down here—two Bob's over there. We called one the silent Bob, and Harry and Candler—they would come in just about every morning. They would come and go. But we had about 25 in this group. Only two of us left, that I know of. The rest of them died.

Me and a fellow named Joe Pataneaude. He worked for an automotive place and stocked parts. And later on he was in business for himself; sold parts, automobile parts and supplies. I had coffee with him this morning. But we are the only two left. I am twenty years older than he is. I tell him about old west end; and it's all

been cut up. West Haywood Street is all cut and Spring Street use to go down there to the river. Chicken Air, you know what brought that name on?—all those little houses in there belong to the mill—the cotton mill. And they all had a little yard in the back, and every one of them had a chicken. People in town—we lived on Gerwood Street, we had a cow, and a garden AND chickens. ‘Cause we had a great big lot about 300 feet square around there, and all fenced with 6-foot board fence. And mother would make butter, make a big garden—we never wanted for anything. Of course when she got killed and we moved out to the country, things changed.

Sharon: What were some of the stores that you liked to actually shop in yourself?

George: Well, I shopped in mostly in clothing stores. I traded with J.W. Neely, over on Broadway. Mr. Neely moved down on Patton Avenue later on, the Man’s Store opened up. I came by one night about 9 o’clock. We got paid on Friday night at the post office. And Mr. Neely was standing out front. All the stores stayed open ‘til 9 o’clock. I said “Mr. Neely, how about cashing my check for me?” He said “Well, I would, but I’ve already locked my safe.” I said “Alright. That’s alright.” And so I went on up and stopped at The Man’s Store; and I said “Mr. Zinc, Coleman Zinc (?), “ I said “How about cashing my check?” “Yes sir.” He cashed that check, and I never bought another suit from Neely. I came by the next Friday night, and he said “I got something in here I think you might be interested in.” I said “I ain’t interested in a damn thing you got.” If a guy can’t open up his safe to cash your check—people were accommodating. We had people come in to the little drugstore down here; the blacks would come in. Modem ? was the most liberal fellow—in the wintertime—“my baby’s sick, and I don’t have any money to pay you.” Filled the prescription. I would say “Do you want me to make a ticket on that, Doc?” “Naw, don’t make a ticket on it. If he pays me, good. If he don’t, I don’t want to be reminded of it.” And he never

would—people were neighbors. You don't see that any more. People don't want to know who their next door neighbors are. Now since I have been here, 43 years at this house, when a new neighbor moves in here, my block, I take him a list of all the neighbors, with telephone numbers, and I get their name. I started that because we have a neighborhood watch around here; and we have never had a break-in. We don't have that kind of stuff. If you go out of town, the neighbors across down the street come down to help me—"I've got the key right here to get in the house." I got their telephone number if something happened. And that is the only way you can do it. That is better than any burglar alarm you can ever have. If I see you messing around over here, I am going to call the police. My wife was school secretary at Hope Creek School; and Dr. Marlin, who use to be on Patton Avenue selling foot clinic catalogs (?)—about where Western Union use to be on the left-hand side—you don't remember that—below the S&W about two, two doors below the S&W. He lived next door, and his wife was Hill (?). Anyhow, he's retired, and I had a plumber coming over to put a new faucet in my kitchen. He came over here, and didn't have the right faucet. I said Charlie—Charlie Adderson—I've got to go to work at 10 o'clock down at the bank. Here's the back door key. You go ahead and get your stuff and put that thing in when—so he went down and come back, and Marlin called my wife at school said somebody was carrying stuff out of the house and putting it in his truck. And he had already called the police department. _____ But we do that now, like if I see somebody and you are out of town and you are messing around, I'm not going over there and talk to you and see who you are. I'm just going to call the Police Department and let them find out who you are. And you become neighbors that way. Now we have got new neighbors now, but I know who they are. New house down the street—you saw somebody working on it when you first turned in. The first house is a man connected with BB&T Bank—getting ready to—done a lot of

work. The next house belonged to Judge (or Jerry G.)? Bailey. He died; and this young couple bought it, and he is up from New Jersey. He is a carpenter and she is an architect. The next house is _____Nursing Home. They still own that. The fellow next door _____Sewage. The gal over here is in the real estate and insurance business. Next guy is New Jersey; he's retired. The fellow down there is John Bridges; use to be up at the Library. Next below that is the doctor, retired out of the Navy. And the next house down there is retired out of the Air Force. Across the street is a doctor, who has two Chinese children. Next place is a _____ and his wife. Next one is a man from St. Joseph—and the church over on Charlotte Street. And the next one over here is a retired oil man from Texas. Next one is a veterinarian across the street.

Sharon: Which vet, do you know?

George: Yeah, Casey Fletcher. They have gone on a two-months trip to Minnesota—wife, husband, three children—one less than 2 years old—going to live in tents—going to CAMP out now!

Sharon: Who lives in the Gervey's house? Remember them?

George: Did they live on the railroad?

Sharon: Yeah. They were older. Their daughter was in school with me and graduated in 1971. It was one of these—might have been right across from you.

George: I don't remember a Gervey house.

Jan: What about the Pollacks?

George: Pollacks. Built the last house. Built the first house on the street.

Sharon: What do you remember about Mr. Pollack and the shoe business?

George: Every Christmas-time, he use to give the children free shoes, every Christmas. And he would have a dollar sale. Stick dollar bills in there, and you could buy shoes. I bought shoes from Pollack. Next door to the Pik Quik Grill up there, use to sell beer and all that stuff. And M. B. Moore's was along in there

somewhere. It burned down. And up over there use to be an Opera House—a beautiful opera house—big chandeliers. Upstairs. Building’s torn down now, but our church, Central Methodist Church, was having a remodeling, and we had all our records stored out there somewheres in the Auditorium. Anyhow, they had the fire, and all the records got burned up, except a membership records, all the church records got burned up. The membership records were in the parsonage. So we had those. That church was built in 1835, Central Methodist, first church in the city.

Sharon: A beautiful church. Oh really?

George: That’s right. But 15 years before that, they worshiped out on Biltmore Avenue where the old Newton School was, the Newton Academy.

_____ Presbyterian, built the New Academy. And where the Episcopal Church is, the corner of Aspen Street, and Church Street, use to be our cemetery.

Sharon: The people got moved to Riverside.

George: That’s right—got moved to Riverside. And our church started out as a little wooden church. And then they had a school for girls. And under that church, some slaves are buried, still, under our cemetery. He had a little cemetery, I guess, out to the side. But they moved the bodies over there; in 1861, we had 59 black members and 61 black members. That meant there was 59 slaves. But, in 1880, all the blacks left.

Sharon: Is that St. Matthias?

George: St. Matthias, still in operation. See—she’s getting up on her history here. She thinks I don’t know it too.

Sharon: No! LAUGHTER You’re just—all those things I read about, you are telling me, you know. So I am guessing they are true now.

George: Well, when I talk to a group, I usually preface it by saying “Was anybody born here before 1911? LAUGHTER

Sharon: Usually not.. I had a descendant of M. V. Moore's come in and show me a picture of the Moore's house. It was where the Greek Church was, up on Cumberland. So when you said M. V. Moore—this must be a granddaughter, would you say?

George: Could be. Now Anthony Lord—do you know where he lived? When his father was an architect, see, well it was Anthony. But there was also an iron maker—a blacksmith, and all that stuff. Tony Lord, they called him.

Sharon: Did you know the Lords?

George: I knew the Lords, yeah.

Sharon: Did you know his father, William?

George: I knew his father.

Sharon: What was he like?

George: He was a nice old gentleman. He was the guy drew the plans for the Mission Hospital Nurses' Home I was telling you about. And he was over every day, the old guy came over there; and we was checking out the water lines. And they were galvanized. He crawled on his stomach over there, run his hand on them water pipes, and said "You've got leaks back here." I said "Let's wait 'til it cools off a little bit, 'cause it's cool under in there, and you sweat." Well, he agreed that that was right; and he come around over on where Locust Street run across—I told you he was on the east side of the building. And he said "Well, there's only one thing—said you got a wall there and you got a refrigerator over there, and you don't have any hole for them to put the drain in." Well, I laid on my stomach for three days with a star drill and made a hole through there, to put that. And then he comes over and said "Fasten it up. They are going to buy electric." LAUGHTER Lord have mercy.

Sharon: Do you have any more stories like the one you told us about Mr. Zeiger cashing your check, so you would always buy stuff from him? Any other people that you had experiences like that--

George: Oh, I never had any unusual experience. Old Norman Sultan and I had bought some tires from here one time, that went bad. And Norman called his daddy—they started in business down here on Patton Avenue, just below North French Broad. But there use to be a barn. Saul was his name I believe. What was his name?

Sharon: Wait a minute. Jake.

George: Jake! Jake Sultan. The Electric Ice Company used that barn, still use that barn. They had horses.

Sharon: The Electric Ice Company?

George: The Electric Ice Company. Leon—they were down on Valley Street.

Sharon: Because it was ice for the refrigerators?

George: Yeah, that's when he would go around and deliver ice, see. And Mr. Sultan rented the upstairs part of it to start his automobile junk business. Kind of later got into recapping business. And Norman moved on the corner of Whippen ? Street, across from the Courthouse, and then he moved down on Asheland Avenue. But I knew the Sultans well. I knew a lot of Jewish people. But I've never had any problems with them. I knew the Coopers, that ran the store up on the Square.

Sharon: Did you know Milton Lori before when he had a tire recap—he worked for tire recapping too.

Sharon: Milton Lori?—I did—first up, I remember Mr. Lori was with Vanderbilt Sherry (?) That's where I met a lot of people, when I was working on the zip code. I would go zip code the mailing list for them, you see. I went out to Lake Junaluska—had a complaint out there—this Methodist church official out there that was in charge of the Worldwide Council of Churches, or something, go in and

complain about his mail. And so I called up out there, and I said “It’s wrote to Congressman Roy Taylor.” Well, sent it to Atlanta; Atlanta sent it to me and said “Go out there.” So I called up, got the secretary on the line, and said “I want to set up an appointment with the Bishop (I called him).” Well, says to tell you to come here at 10 o’clock on Tuesday. Well, I was out there at 10 o’clock, and he had gone to Franklin. I said “Well, what’s his complaint?” “Well, he’s complaining about this piece of mail. He plays the stock market, and this piece of mail goes away and then has to go back to Asheville and start it down here.” I said “Look at the address on it: Dr. So and So, Lake Junaluska, Waynesville, North Carolina. Where would you send it?” She said “I’d sent it to Waynesville.” We were forwarding it back over there. We didn’t have _____ or we would have done returned it. A day late you know. Well, if you are playing the market, that makes a lot of difference sometimes. So I says, I told her how—her name was Miss Smathers—and says I don’t want you to think he’s picking on the post office. Says he complains to he telephone company, he complains to Ford Motor Company. About a 40 or 50 thousand miles. They gave him a new car. I said “Well, I want to get him on my side.” She said “Now he complains about this junk mail.” I said “Miss Smathers, we don’t have a class of mail called ‘junk mail’. First class, second class, third class and fourth class. That’s what you are talking about.” So she got 15 pieces, circulars, all 14 of them, nonprofit. The fifteenth was from this outfit, if you use to buy a new automobile, they would send you something want to sell you seat covers. She said “That’s what I am talking about, right there.” I said “Well, if we cut that out, we would have to cut all this out.” “Oh, he wouldn’t be in favor of that.” I said “Well, tell him if he has any more complaints, if you are not satisfied with what I told you, you let me know, and set up an appointment, and tell him to be here.” She said “By the way, while you are out here, call on the Methodist people down here, mailing that journal..” They had a mailing list with

55,000 names on it. Worldwide. And I went by there, and he said YOU are the man from the Post Office, are going to help us make this mailing. I said “Uh uh. I come down here to find out what your problem is.” I said “You are not set up according to zip code.” “Well, how are we going to set it up? Are you going to come down here?” “No, you send me a card, on a 3x5 card, just run it through your addressing machine, and send me the card; and I will zip code them, and put ‘em in sequence, and send them back to you.” I said “It might be three months.” “You’d do that?” “I’ll do that.” So I did do it. So one day the Pitney Bowles? man was coming into the post office up there, and he had sold them this system that they were using. He said “I want you to go out there to Rigg _____ to see that system that they got set up out there. I said “I don’t need to go look at it. I’m the one that set it up.”

Sharon: That’s a lot of work. How did they do that before computers?

George: Put it on a prints-graft machine. And those plates, see. I never had but one complaint: Dr. Claude Frazier. SOB He was on the Courthouse Post Office—City Hall. I was over there one day and talked to his secretary, and she had talked to him about putting the zip code on there. And said “Mr. Roberts, I just don’t have the time.” I said “Well, I would come over and do this for you.” “You’d come over?” So I went over on a Monday, and sticks his head in there “What are you doing in there, looking through my files?—Get the hell out of here.” He wrote the nastiest letter to the Post Master you’ve ever seen.

Sharon: Was he a medical doctor?

George: He was an allergy doctor specialist. So, the next day the Post Master called me, and said I want to show you this letter I got from Dr. Frazier. And he had written just exactly like he talked to me. But he said “Don’t pay any attention to that. God, he’s a nut.” Which he is. He goes over to the First Baptist Church

now and sits up, takes a long yellow clip and critiques the sermons. Use to write articles for the newspaper, before—but they won't take them anymore.

Sharon: I remember his name from somewhere. Too crack-pot?

George: Same old stuff, you know. Well, his wife left him, separated. And then he remarried. But on my last day, I made him a chart out there. If you mailed two vials in here, it was 8 cents; if you made four vials, 11 cents, or 10 ½, or whatever—we had the half-cent stamps then. And when they moved, down to Biltmore Avenue, she lost the chart. This was my last days' work. So I went over there that morning, and he got out from behind his desk, and come in there, and I said "Dr. Frazier, you go in there and sit your butt down. I don't want a damn thing to do with you." "Well, I'll have you know I will have the Post Master send you out here any time I want you." I said "The hell you will. They don't have anything to do with me. I signed my retirement this morning. That was my day."

Sharon: Well, you know what, you are perfect timing, 'cause we are running out of tape right this moment.

George: That's good.