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Connie Brown: This is an interview with Dorothy Richmond Hewlett and Emma Hewlett Rivers, resident of Sulphur Springs, Florida, conducted in Mrs. Rivers's home on October 14, 2003 by C.J. Brown, graduate student in anthropology from the University of South Florida. First of all, ladies, let me tell you thank you so much for allowing me to interview you. I hope you enjoy this trip down memory lane as much as I know I'm going to. And I want to start off by asking you what year you moved to Sulphur Springs and how you came to be in Sulphur Springs. Mrs. Rivers?

Emma Rivers: I was born here in 1924.

CB: Okay, were you born in the home or in a hospital?

ER: Home.

CB: And where would that be?

ER: In my grandmother's home. We lived there when my mom and dad first got married, and that was on Nebraska Avenue—8526 Nebraska Avenue.

CB: Okay, and did you—

ER: The Carpet Barn is there now.

CB: Oh! And how long did you live there before your parents moved somewhere else?

ER: Not real sure. We went to South Carolina, and Oscar was born there, two years after me.

CB: So you came back to Sulphur Springs when you were how old?

ER: Yes, uh-huh.

CB: Okay, how old were you when you came back?

ER: I'm not sure.

Dorothy Hewlett: He was very young (inaudible).

ER: I don't know—

CB: So you were—before you went to school then?

ER: Oh, yeah.

CB: So you didn't come back as a teenager?

ER: No.

CB: You were a young, young child. Okay, okay. And Mrs. Hewlett?

DH: I was born in 1926 at Richmond Hospital—that would be downtown Tampa where the (inaudible) branch used to be.

CB: Okay.

DH: And my family lived on the corner of Fowler [Avenue] and Nebraska. My dad had a garage (inaudible).

CB: And did you live there till you married?

DH: Well, till I was eighteen. Then we moved into the Springs itself, lived on Brooks Street, and there I met Oscar. We married and then (inaudible).

CB: So you were sister-in-laws. Were you friends before you met Oscar or were you friends after you married Oscar?

DH: Well, I guess friends after—

ER: After, 'cause I don't remember you before.

DH: I remember Oscar in school. He was two years ahead of me, but you know, he was already—he'd gone into high school, then he went in the service after. So, after he came back.

CB: So how did you meet?

DH: At a skating rink in the Springs.

CB: I've heard about that skating rink. (all laugh)

DH: It was quite nice; we spent a lot of time there as teenagers.

CB: Okay, so how old were you when you married?

DH: Twenty-three.

CB: And how about you, your marriage?

ER: Married in 1942, I think it was, and it didn't work out—he was later killed in a motorcycle accident. And then in 1956 I was married and we had one son. We were married for eleven years and then he had a heart attack. And then in 1983 I married my last husband and he had a heart attack.

CB: Did you stay in the Springs all that time that you were married?

ER: Except the first marriage—lived in Michigan for maybe two years.

CB: Okay. And it was your son—then did your son grow up in the Springs, too?

ER: Yes, but he didn't go to Sulphur Springs School. He went to (inaudible) and then to what's the name of that other school?

DH: Buchanan?

ER: Buchanan and then Hillsborough High School. He went to Hillsborough High School, also, so that was nice.

CB: Oh, I'll bet. Now you both said you were born here. Where did your families—are they native Floridians? Did they come here from somewhere else? What?

ER: My mother was born in Ohio, and she came down with her aunt and uncle when her mother died. My dad was from—he was born in Alabama.

CB: And what brought him to the Springs—is that where they met, was here?

ER: Yeah. I think he decided he might make a better living down here; he had an uncle living down here already. And this was about 1922, I think. He always liked to tell this story that my mother came all the way from Ohio just to meet him.

CB: That's sweet. That's wonderful. And what about yours?

DH: Well, my dad is from New York State and he was in the Merchant Marine in the First World War, and the ships would come in and out of Tampa and that's how he met my mother. She was born in Lake Mary, Florida, which is near Daytona Beach. My grandmother was trying to raise four children all by herself before the aunt here in Tampa took two children, and so her mother was living with her aunt and met my dad.

CB: So you're half native Floridian.

DH: I'm half Yankee, half Southern. (all laugh)

CB: Now how many—there are two in your family, just you and—

ER: Three. Two brothers.

CB: And the other brother, is he living?

ER: He's in California.

CB: Okay.

ER: He was born in 1930.

CB: Okay. And how many in your family?

DH: Just one.

CB: Just you? Okay. And what did your parents do for a living? I knew you said in the beginning, but—

DH: My dad was a meat cutter. I think first he worked downtown in what was called City Market in the produce department, and then he worked for this little neighborhood grocery store close to Sulphur Springs School on Twelfth Street Frank's IGA market. He was the meat cutter, but he did other things there, too, and it was run by Mr. and Mrs. Frank. After Mr. Frank died, Mrs. Frank continued on, and Daddy, and then I think they had one other regular, and then on weekends they'd hire someone else, a young person to help with things that needed to be done.

CB: Did your mother work outside the home?

DH: Not until we were grown. Actually, she substituted at Sulphur Springs School during the war. And then she worked at Maas Brothers in the Colgate toy department.

CB: Okay, and what about your parents?

ER: My dad owned and operated a filling station, and he was a car mechanic and he had the garage there.

CB: And where was the—

ER: On Fowler and Nebraska.

CB: Okay.

ER: (inaudible) and my mother—and, well, we lived in the back. She was out there pumping gas and tending the cash register (inaudible) books part of it. And then my grandmother lived—her mother lived with us a lot of the time. She was—McDonalds (inaudible).

CB: Wow. You pretty much have told me you lived for a short time in Michigan and a very short time in South Carolina—did I get that right? Have you lived anywhere besides Sulphur Springs?

DH: No.

CB: Not at any time? All right. Now I want you to tell me about your first home in Sulphur Springs and how you came by it. Now, that can be the first home you remember as a child, or preferably the first home as a married woman.

DH: Our first home—(cell phone rings) my dad, at one point during the last part of World War II, he went to work for the shipyard because, you know, Dad's rationing and everything, it was really hard. So then they moved down into the Springs and settled on Brooks Street. And then we found this home after we married—this little house (inaudible) on March Street.

CB: So tell me what it was like. What was the house like?

DH: It was a little square little house, had not been finished on the inside. We had no baseboards, no cupboards, no doors to the closets. And the people that owned it—they came down during the winter and it's just like a winter place for them. But anyway, we got it—it was real, real reasonable. I think we paid \$3,800 for that and the fifty-foot lot.

CB: How many rooms?

DH: Well, it had—let me see, a living room, a dining room and kitchen combined, two bedrooms, and a bathroom. But it was wonderful because we lived in a little apartment upstairs at the garage, so this was great.

CB: This was huge, wasn't it?

DH: This was huge.

CB: Is that where you had your babies?

DH: Yes.

CB: Brought your babies home to? And did you guys go ahead and finish up the inside interior?

DH: Yes, yes, we did, we put in cupboards and—

CB: How long did you live there?

DH: Thirty-five years.

CB: Oh, wow. And what about your first home—whichever first home you'd like to tell me about.

ER: When we came back from South Carolina, I don't know how long it was, but Mama and Daddy bought this little house about four or five blocks from where my grandmother lived—this was on (inaudible). It was a small house too: it had two bedrooms, a living room, a dining room, which had arches dividing it at one time, but I guess Daddy took 'em down because it made one rectangular shape out of (inaudible) afterwards. The kitchen was very small; my mother said she had room enough to go in there, turn around, and walk out. Later on—there was room for a bathroom, but it had no fixtures in it. And later on we did get bath fixtures, and Daddy built a sleeping porch on the back that helped—another bedroom.

CB: Right. Right.

ER: And after that, lived on Elm Street when my second husband and I were married. That's where my—(inaudible) lived with us when my husband died. From there, well then, my last husband, we lived on Tampa Street, and from there we bought this house.

DH: You might mention that he was a minister.

ER: Yeah, my last husband's a minister.

CB: Oh! Of the church there in Sulphur Springs?

ER: United Methodist—Calvary.

CB: In Sulphur Springs?

ER: On Waters Avenue, across from the dog track. We were there first, so we always said the dog track was across from us.

CB: Oh, how wonder—now, see, this is why it helps to have two different people. (laughs) So tell me about him being a minister there.

ER: We actually didn't get married until after he retired, so like I tell people, I missed all the good stuff.

CB: (laughs) Okay. So, what's the most special memories you've had about any of the places you've lived? When someone mentions that house, what does your mind go back to?

DH: Well, I have some in March Street, because that's where our son grew up. We just had a lot of memories—my mom and dad and Oscar's mother and dad, everybody that you know, and everybody was living and coming there. It was just a very special place.

CB: And you?

ER: I think about our house when we were children—(inaudible) we were there for the biggest part of our young lives. And I remember playing in the backyard. We had no grass, no trees. Daddy planted the four chinaberry trees; he thought they'd grow fast and give us a little shade.

CB: Did they?

ER: When they got big enough, we were finally allowed to climb 'em.

CB: What's the main area of Sulphur Springs you remember? Over the years—I know everyone talks about the Arcade.

ER: I was just gonna say that.

CB: Okay. Did you have a lot of experience at the Arcade? Was this a big part of your life?

ER: That's where everything was. The post office, the sheriff's office—

DH: The dime store [Maves]—

ER: —two drugstores.

DH: The doctor's—everything was there.

CB: You went there for everything.

DH: Everything. Grocery stores—and there were grocery stores across the street from the Arcade, also.

CB: Well, what age were you allowed to go there by yourself?

DH: I don't know, I wasn't about to go by myself. (laughs)

CB: Oh.

DH: I was real, real shy. There was a—Emma, what was the name of that man who had that vegetable stand? Not right across from your grandmother's, but—

ER: Smithy's.

DH: Smithy's, yeah. And I know Mama would stop there sometime and get vegetables, not too often. I don't know how that's stuck in my mind. Of course everybody had gardens then, too, you know, for vegetables and that. I remember Oscar's mom and Emma's mom saying that—'cause he was a meat cutter, so whatever the store left Saturday night, you know, he would bring back home, which was reasonable during the Depression. So they had meat occasionally. We had chickens and Daddy would find a woods pig [wild boar] and raise that, and the neighbors behind had a cow, so we bartered.

CB: Explain to me this “find a woods pig and raise it.”

DH: Well, I had a cousin who did a lot of traveling; he drove a truck. And you know, going through there was nothing but woods between here and wherever, and you’d see these—they didn’t belong to anybody. They were just a woods pig. You just had to bring them home and clean him up and—

CB: And then raise him till you fatten him out—

DH: Raise him till you fatten him out.

CB: For goodness’ sakes. One of my questions was how the Depression impacted you?

DH: Well, I remember it, don’t you?

ER: Very well.

DH: Yeah.

ER: Another thing you wanted to bring up was the Arcade. We also—that was the end of the streetcar line. The car barn was there and we had to walk down to the Springs to get the streetcar. Later on the buses came in; we could catch it at the corner of Seward and Nebraska. But—

CB: So where’d you take the streetcar to?

ER: Hmm?

CB: Where did you take the streetcar to?

ER: Oh, downtown.

CB: Downtown—

ER: That was the only place to go—

CB: Tampa?

ER: Downtown Tampa, mm-hm. If you wanted to go to a department store—

CB: Okay

DH: The movies—

ER: Department stores.

DH: They had a movie in the Springs but (inaudible).

CB: So there wasn't—primarily, there was not a lot of personal car use? You didn't use your car?

DH: Well, of course, my dad had a garage. So we had a car, which I think folks thought we were really wealthy 'cause we had a car, 'cause most people did a lot of walking.

ER: We didn't have a car. Not until, I guess, I was in high school. My uncle died and my aunt told Daddy got a car to take her where she needed to, to the doctor or whatever.

CB: Oh, my goodness.

ER: So, if you couldn't walk it, if there wasn't a streetcar going that way, you stayed home.

CB: Okay, sounds perfect. And when did the buses come in, do you remember?

ER: I don't remember.

DH: We didn't have a bus out there that went from the Springs out there until—maybe Second World War.

CB: Wow.

DH: Maybe sometime in there. And as it was, it was a pretty junky rattley type thing, but it—you know, it got you there. So, that's—

ER: Our buses drove from the Springs [to] downtown were good.

DH: They were like a HART—well, like a HARTline—small.

CB: Right. So transportation was very much an issue in the beginning years.

DH: Uh-huh.

CB: Okay. What stores do you particularly remember in Sulphur Springs, besides one—you know, the garage and grocery store—what other stores do you remember?

DH: What was it, Emma, they have a—

ER: There was an A&P.

DH: A&P, yeah.

ER: Right in the middle of the Springs; it was on the left side. On the (inaudible) there was a table supply, and later on, I think in the same old fashion, it was (inaudible). It had a couple different names, but it wound up being Winn-Dixie.

DH: It wasn't a Piggly Wiggly back then, was it?

ER: I don't think so; at least, I don't remember it.

CB: What other kinds of businesses, besides those kinds of stores?

DH: Well, like I said, there was the post office, the doctor's, the sheriff, there was a lawyer. There was that five and dime, Maves Five and Dime store.

ER: What did (inaudible) carry, was it material?

DH: Materials and, well, that sort of thing. But I remember Maves—and there was a Swan's. Which was a—like a dry goods place, there was a Cooper's

ER: Oh, yes.

DH: Across from—

ER: Cooper's was right across from my grandmother's.

DH: And—

CB: What was Cooper's?

DH: It was—well, shoes, dresses, and thread and things like that. Just the nicest couple—but anyway—

ER: There's a barbershop right next door to it.

DH: Yes. Everything—I mean, except maybe a department store, like you'd go to Tampa for Maas, [W.T.] Grant's, Kress's.

CB: But it was all right there in the Arcade?

ER: All except the bank. Later on the bank came. I remember my mother get on the streetcar and make house payment every month.

CB: Is that right?

DH: Citizen—wasn't it Citizens Bank and during the Depression I think (inaudible).

ER: But on the other side of the street was where the grocery stores were, and then there was a beauty parlor and a movie theater. We just had it all.

CB: You really did. Somebody said something about an outdoor theater one time?

ER: Yes.

DH: Uh, yeah. They did have an outdoor theater one time. Yes, I'd forgotten all about that.

CB: And then the skating rink you mentioned.

DH: Skating rink.

CB: Was there, like, a bowling alley?

DH: No. And of course they had the swimming pool—you could always swim in.

ER: If you take picnics, you could go along the little area and have your picnics.

DH: Yeah.

CB: And were there a lot of church activities? Was that a big part of that area, in other words?

ER: Yeah, there was.

DH: Yeah. They were—the church I went to was (inaudible). I guess her dad and her aunt were charter members of that Calvary—

ER: Who was?

DH: Your dad and Aunt Norma.

ER: Yes, they were. Daddy was the last living charter member.

CB: Oh.

ER: Mm-hm. It originally was called Sarah Spencer Methodist, but later on the name was changed to Calvary. We moved from one corner of the block to the other corner.

CB: Oh, for heaven's sakes.

DH: Her husband was responsible for getting them the new building, which they needed desperately.

CB: Okay, my curiosity is too much—Sarah Spencer? Was this a person?

ER: Yes, there was a Colonel Spencer, and it seems he gave—I'm not sure the amount; it might have been \$50, I'm not sure. But he wanted it named in memory of his mother.

CB: Oh, okay.

ER: There also was a Spencer Memorial Baptist in Seminole Heights, and it was the same Colonel Spencer that I guess helped them, too. But they're all called—I think it's Tampa Bay Baptist now.

CB: That's the first time I've heard of a church named after a person, [which] is why I was curious as to how it came about. Now I already know you have long term acquaintances or friends still living in Sulphur Springs, but what I'm going after is, how much do you keep up with them? You know, how much do you interact with those people, to them—like phone, see them at different locations?

ER: Some of them. Some of us were related. Some cousins that we've kept in touch with and they go to the reunions.

CB: Who was your childhood buddy? Did you have one?

ER: Yeah, she died. When my last husband and I got married, she died shortly after that. Her name was (inaudible). But some of the people that we went to school with—we graduated together from Sulphur Springs School and went on to Hillsborough High.

CB: And you still keep up with them? Their family lives?

ER: Some of them. I mean, you don't make real close friends, very many. But the ones that you do you stay close for many years.

CB: Okay, and how 'bout you?

DH: Well, my, I guess, closest friend I went to school with—well, I have two of them, actually. From elementary through junior high (inaudible) Dolores (inaudible) is her name and she was (inaudible) and Hazel (inaudible) Ruth. And she lives not too far from here. And yeah, we call each other and Dolores and I occasionally call each other. She just lost her husband Max several months ago. So we keep up much and still have neighbors that still live here in this—or they were neighbors of ours. And they come up to the house or we go down there and visit them.

CB: So there is definitely some connections and threads all the way to today.

DH: Oh, yeah.

CB: I want you to tell me what the school was like when you went and what a typical school day was like.

DH: Well, the elementary part of school was wooden buildings—long, narrow, wooden buildings—and then in the center of that was a brick. That was the—what would be the second school, and they still use that today for the elementary group.

ER: The little brick building I think they done away with. That was the first grade.

DH: Right. Emma and Oscar and I were all in the first grade in that building, and Oscar's aunt was one of the teachers of there, Mrs. Norma Hood. I have a—had an uncle—there was a wooden building that was right where that brick building was built and I guess—he was one of the—either the first or the second principal at Sulphur Springs School way back when. And this is (inaudible) the Second World War, they came through and wanted to know, you know, how we can do with all these kids in a junior high area if they had some kind of tragic thing happen and they would have to know where the water, the well—there was a well there. So I had written my uncle and he told us where the well had been, you know, in case they had to do something about that.

But anyway, they had these windows and then there was a lunchroom one end. Then when you graduated to junior high, they had a big red brick building with an auditorium and you got to go to the big building, which was a very scary (all laugh) very, very scary thing, to go to the sixth grade or that big building over there. But that was—it was kept up nice, but in today's terms—'course, they tore all that out 'cause it had just deteriorated.

ER: Remember the rooms always in—the little brick building, we called it, that was first grade, had four rooms in it. Then there was the wooden building—that was my second and third grade and the lunchroom. Then when we went to the big building—that's what it was called, the little building and the big building.

CB: Is that right?

ER: And the big building had a second floor. When we went back many years later, it wasn't near as big as it was when we were there.

DH: I know the principal (inaudible) soon as you went in the front door to the left of the principal's office and to the right was the—

ER: Teacher's lounge.

DH: Yes. And people who would be sent to the principal's office, you just went (inaudible) you just sort of skirted around. (all laugh)

CB: So was lunch served in the lunchroom prepared or did you bring it from home?

ER: Both. We prepared many sandwiches. And we bought (inaudible) we had a nickel plate and a dime plate.

CB: Oh, really?

ER: If I had a nickel, I'd get—it was a metal plate, a tin plate, and you'd have a big serving of pork and beans and a slice of bread. But if you had a dime plate, you got some vegetables.

CB: Is that—no meat?

ER: Well, I remember they had Cuban sandwiches. I don't think I ever got one.

DH: (inaudible)

ER: Cuban sandwiches. And they had little ice cream cups.

CB: Oh, my goodness. What about milk?

ER: Maybe a nickel. I'm not sure.

DH: I can remember—they had the best tomato and lettuce sandwiches, and you take—if you were really flushed with money, you'd buy a bag of potato chips and put that in your sandwich. Then you halved it, and then somebody else could have half and you could have half.

CB: All right, you've gotta tell me how to make this concoction. Did it have mayo or mustard or white bread?

DH: I don't—well, it was white bread, but I don't remember mayo or anything.

CB: Just lettuce and tomato?

DH: Yeah, and then you put potato chips on it.

CB: That's wonderful, sounds wonderful! I remember—the things I remember from grade school are the little great cartons of milk. You know, at home you had—but at grade school you had these little cartons of milk.

DH: Cartons of milk.

CB: So did you have chocolate milk?

DH: I don't remember having chocolate milk.

CB: Only white milk.

DH: I don't remember.

CB: So tell me about a typical day, first in grade school and then in the scary big building. (laughs) What was it—what was a school day like? What time did it start, do you remember?

ER: Eight o'clock, wasn't it?

DH: I think—I know I had to catch the bus, 'cause I was way out in the country, and I think we had to catch the bus something like at seven and then it would go up into Temple Terrace and up into Lutz, back and around, and only the east side of Nebraska because the other side was for another school. So that was a long ride. And then at night

—once in a great while my mother would come pick me up so I could get home earlier because school was out at—three?

ER: Sounds about right.

DH: And by the time I went home it was 4:30 (inaudible), and in the wintertime it got right cold. I remember my dad, he got a big old drum, he lit a fire, and everybody gathered there, 'cause it was a garage fill-up station, and everybody gathered there and (inaudible).

CB: Oh, my goodness.

DH: (inaudible)

CB: So did you walk to school?

ER: Oh, yes, my mother really taught us never to be late going anywhere. I don't know what time I left home, but it was plenty of time and I'd go to my grandmother's house—it was on Nebraska—and she would help me cross that busy Nebraska Avenue. I'd go in crying, "Am I going to be late?" "No, sister, you've got plenty of time." So she'd help me walk across the street and then I would hurry and get on to school, and I'm sure I was the first one to school every day.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes, oh my goodness. So, in grade school, this was the building where you only had like four little rooms?

ER: And a big hallway, and there's a piano right in the hallway.

CB: And do you remember anything at all about how the day went?

ER: I remember spelling words that we had one time. The teacher had them on the board, and I think we had to learn—maybe we had to write a letter to our mother, "Dear Mother, I'd like to go to school." And she had, like, a window shade covering up the words on the blackboard and she peeked behind the shade to tell us the next word, and I remember crying one time, "I can't spell Mother."

CB: Oh, my goodness. So what all did you learn in grade school?

ER: I don't remember. I know—I have a picture of me, a little tiny picture with a book in front of me, and I guess the photographer came and took everybody's picture—set up one desk. And in the third grade I had pneumonia and I missed a whole report period and I just knew I was going to fail, but I didn't. That's when I got my first D.

CB: (laughs) In those young minds, we can't understand it wasn't our fault. We think we were just really not good.

ER: My fifth grade teacher, every Halloween she would dress up in a black cape and a long pointed black hat and go around and visit each of the classes.

DH: And that was Halloween.

ER: That was Halloween. I remember—

DH: I don't ever remember going trickin' or treating. I don't remember that.

CB: Is that right?

ER: No, I remember I went—Oscar and I would go over to an aunt's house, who lived a few blocks from us, and we might be able to afford a new mask every year. And that was it, when we were kids.

CB: So you didn't do parties or anything?

ER: Not till we were older.

DH: Yeah, when we were older, I remember the church would have a party, and we'd bob for apples and have, you know, games and everything, and maybe you could find something you could dress up, whatever.

ER: Church was the main place to go for meetings and parties: get-togethers of any kind.

CB: So most of the holidays were probably also centered around the church?

DH: Yeah. Yeah, they were.

CB: So what was it like going to the big scary building? What was a day there like?

DH: Busy, 'cause we changed classes, which we hadn't been used to.

ER: We didn't start changing classes till about the sixth grade, sixth or seventh grade.

DH: Well, that's what I'm saying. We went to the big building and changed classes and —

ER: I remember starting in the big building. I was in fourth grade.

DH: Oh, did you?

ER: Mm-hm. I think—'course, I was a little ahead of you.

DH: Yeah.

ER: I think it was about the sixth grade—it could have been the seventh grade—we started changing classes.

CB: Does that mean you had different teachers, also, for different subjects?

ER: Mm-hm.

DH: Yeah, we'd go to different rooms in the school.

ER: And we had good teachers.

CB: Did ya?

ER: We really did. When we went to Hillsborough, some of the kids didn't understand what the English teacher was talking about; we knew all about it 'cause we had such a good English teacher.

CB: Wow.

DH: We really did, we were really—

ER: Just because we lived in the Springs didn't mean we didn't have good teachers at all.

DH: And you know, I can remember Oscar's aunt saying that every morning when she got up. She fixed I don't know how many lunches—there was such poverty back then—and she would take lunches every day to school.

ER: Did you know what she fixed?

DH: Well, it was—

ER: I asked her one time and she gets—she'd fix these dried apples, or peaches, and cook them and make sandwiches.

CB: Apple sandwiches?

ER: Apple or peaches.

DH: Looks like jelly.

CB: Right, right. Oh, for goodness' sakes. But they had something to eat.

ER: That's right. And I said a lot of kids (inaudible) that were fed by her.

CB: That's amazing.

DH: They talk about poverty (inaudible)—

ER: We'd always save our bags to take the next day, but a lot of children, they had their sandwiches wrapped up in newspaper with a rubber band around it or a string tied around it.

CB: Is that right?

DH: Even when we went to high school, I can remember we thought kids from the Latin quarter were very fortunate because Cuban sandwich—the Cuban sandwiches then, they'd start out with meat and vegetables and work on down to the dessert, in their sandwiches, and we just thought that was the most marvelous thing we ever seen. Not that we starved—I personally (inaudible) starved, but there were some people that were in really, really bad shape, really. But, like she said, we had good teachers, dedicated teachers, teachers that would take up the time with those who were in a problem. When we got to high school, it wasn't bad at all. Thought it was gonna be.

CB: Right.

DH: But it wasn't.

CB: So you feel like you got a really good education?

DH: Oh, yes. We had one of the best math teachers in our school, 'cause I was—I didn't like math. I didn't want any part of it. But she explained it. And as far as keeping order—no problem, she never had a problem with keeping order. But she did it in such a jovial way—

ER: Was that Mrs. (inaudible)?

DH: Mrs. (inaudible), yeah, and she taught those people math. They maybe didn't want to learn it, but she taught it to them anyway.

ER: In the ninth grade our principal, the same one that warned us against marijuana—

CB: Right.

ER: This is Mr. Bates, and he was our teacher in algebra class.

CB: Is that right?

ER: And he'd let us go to the board so we didn't have to use paper, waste paper. And we'd do our problem at the board; he'd come by and check it, erase it, and go on to the next one.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

DH: He was a one-armed person. He's lost that arm—

ER: He'd go out and throw it and boys would try to chase it.

DH: Teach 'em how to play baseball. Teach the girls basketball (inaudible).

CB: My dad did the same thing to me after my children got into school. He says, "You know, your kids didn't get the same education you got. You got their education." And he felt like he—even though he had stopped, you know, to go off to war, he felt like he had a better education than I had. Is that what you would see from over the years?

DH: I do.

CB: Do you feel like the years you spent—

DH: And I don't know why, 'cause so many of the teachers now, they spend at least 70 percent of the time keeping order. Now, I don't know, because there was some pretty rough kids—

ER: Our teachers, we had respect for them.

DH: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. The first grade, we started out with that.

CB: That's where you began—

DH: And they deserved the respect. You never heard anything really bad about them at all, and they lived for their kids. They really did.

CB: You had to want to be a teacher.

DH: Yeah.

ER: My aunt did.

DH: Oh, she sure did.

ER: My aunt loved children, and she just—well, for example, I would sometimes ride with her, maybe from church or maybe from my house—she had a car—and we'd ride down to Victoria Springs; she lived [on] just the other side of the river. And we'd pass someone, and she'd always speak, "Hello. Now that's so-and-so and I had him in such-and-such a grade, and his birthday is such-and-such a date."

DH: "He's related to this cousin," and such and such. And she'd kept it all of that straight; I don't know how she did. And she—right up to the very end she could just remember all everything: who's related to who through who—I don't know. (all laugh)

CB: So was this respect for the teacher taught in school, taught at home? Why do you think you respected these teachers right off the bat?

ER: We were taught to.

DH: But we liked them.

ER: We respected our parents, in the first place.

CB: Okay.

DH: Oh, yeah.

ER: And if we ever got bad grades in school, we could look for a tongue lashing when we got home, or something.

CB: Right.

ER: I know Daddy used to tell us, “You might not make the best grades in some of your subjects, but there is no excuse for you not to have a good grade in deportment,” as it was called in those days.

CB: Oh, and what is deportment?

ER: Deportment.

DH: Well, that’s how you behave yourself.

CB: (inaudible) okay. So you actually were graded in your behavior.

ER: Yes.

CB: So what I remember my children having a section called citizenship—is that what (inaudible)?

ER: That could possibly be the same.

CB: Okay, just what kind of person you're going to end up being.

ER: Whether you listen to the teacher or misbehaved in class, you got graded on it.

DH: Oh, I know. Even our son, when he was younger—well, I guess when he joined fourth grade, sometimes boys get a little carried away at that age, which would be ten, nine, somewhere in there. And the first day the teacher asked him something, and he said, “Well, yeah.” He was kept in after school because he did not say, “Yes, sir,” or “No, sir.” I mean, that's the way (inaudible) school, and it just crushed him. He said “Yes, sir” or “ma'am” from then on. (laughs) You know, it's just little things like that.

CB: Well, the difference is you obviously backed up the teacher.

DH: Well, of course. Sure.

ER: Certainly.

CB: Okay, let's move on to: do either of you remember the train depot?

DH: The train depot, the downtown train depot? You mean?

CB: I've just been—periodically I hear people say, “There's never been a train depot,” and then I've had other people say, “Yes there was a train depot.”

DH: There is a train depot downtown.

ER: Downtown.

DH: Are they talking about the car barn?

ER: On Twelfth Street, was it?

DH: I don't remember the train depot.

ER: I don't remember people getting on it. Mainly for freight; I shipped oranges.

DH: Oh! Yeah. There in Sulphur Springs, there was a little wooden bed—yeah, I used to take fruit up there and ship it—early, frosty, cold mornings. (all laugh) Fruit. But that was when our son was just a baby, so that would be 1950s. But other than that, I never went up there.

ER: And I never—I might see it from the street.

DH: In fact, that building is still standing in Heritage Park.

CB: Right.

DH: That's the one you're talking about, right?

CB: Exactly. Exactly.

DH: 'Cause I remember we went over there a long time ago, turned the corner, and I thought (gasps) there's my—I found it.

CB: Now, what were you doing shipping fruit early in the morning?

DH: Well, we had a bunch of fruit trees, and my mother had an aunt who lived up north and so we would—at Christmas time, we would pack fruit, you know, and send it up there, ship it up.

CB: Uh-huh. Well, tell me about the car barn. I heard that.

DH: Well, yeah, we all knew about the car barn.

ER: That was the end of the streetcar line.

DH: Yeah.

ER: In the Springs. Right near the Arcade building.

CB: Okay. Okay.

ER: It was a big old barn.

CB: Yeah. Okay. Is that where they turned the streetcar around?

ER: They didn't turn the streetcar around; they just put the money holder from one end to the other and they'd go through and flip the seats back in the opposite direction.

CB: Oh. Oh, for goodness' sakes.

ER: And then put this trolley thing up on the wire from one end to the other.

CB: So it'd go the other direction?

ER: Mm-hm.

ER: How often did the trolley come?

Part 1 ends; part 2 begins

ER: I can remember when it was all woods.

CB: The dog track?

ER: Mm-hm. Completely. We had a little—well, I guess the car had made ruts going from Waters Avenue to the Springs. And we'd walk through that road and around and around this way. And I can just remember when they started putting up the fence, and my mother would take us down to the swimming pool during the summer and we would have our bathing suits on with our clothes on top of the suits. We'd get to the end of the fence, she'd say, "All right, you can go ahead and take off your outside clothes now." And you'd be all ready to get in the water.

CB: Oh, my goodness. Well, why did we get a dog track? I mean, it's not a challenge. I mean—

DH: I don't know. I don't know much about it, but I know everyone seemed to be upset about it. But nothing was ever—

ER: And for a long time—I don't know if you would remember it, but there was one oak tree left on that parking lot close to Nebraska and Waters, and they said that was where they held our first church service.

CB: Is that right?

ER: They left it there for many, many years, but they finally took it down.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes. So did the dog track bring in a lot of outsiders?

DH: Oh, yeah.

CB: Did that begin to change the—

DH: Well, I don't know if that they lived in the Springs, but there were still a lot of outsiders for the duration that it was open; they would be in motels or whatever.

CB: Did that make a difference in how Sulphur Springs felt at that time? You know, how they talk about when the tourists come to town, so to speak.

DH: Yeah, well, we had that tourist (inaudible) and they had—what'd they call the trailers? Tin can trailers and everything. So, I guess they were kinda accustomed to having people come in, you know, so I don't know that the dog track made that big of a difference. Then the dog track tried to buy the property where the church—

ER: They wanted to try to buy the church property for many years, and kept telling them no.

DH: And they just fought it and fought it and fought it. I said, "The dog track's about done, that church is still standing there going." (all laugh)

CB: Guess we know who had a little more clout on their side. So—I know this next one is a really painful question. Tell me about when we lost the Arcade.

DH: Oh.

ER: It made everybody sick.

DH: It really did. It really did. I know (inaudible) and it needed repair, but it could have been repaired, I think. I don't know. We didn't fight hard enough? Long enough? Strong enough? I don't know.

CB: Did you maybe not know enough about it early enough?

DH: Well, that, too. Yeah, that, too. But it really did come down, down.

CB: Do you feel like it actually affected the community, the people? What impact do you think losing the Arcade had on the Sulphur Springs that you had known up to that point?

ER: Completely changed. We could go down there for anything. Now you had—well, we could go downtown, but now you can't even go downtown; you have to select a mall to go shopping.

DH: Well, it was really like our mall.

ER: Yeah, it really was.

DH: If you think about it, 'cause everything was there.

ER: Right. Had a big fountain right in the center—was real pretty. And the post office was right in there. I remember I could just barely see over the top to ask for stamps.

DH: Yeah, and the drugstores with the big ol' (inaudible) most of the people who were just really nice folks.

ER: Oh, did you tell her there's a bakery there, too?

DH: That's right. I forgot about that.

CB: Oh, really? Oh, the smell is wonderful.

ER: It really is.

CB: Tell me about the second floor of the Arcade.

DH: I was only up there one time.

ER: I was never up there.

DH: I had a cousin that lived there just for a little while. It was nice. And I suspect when it was first built it really was nice. It went up and then sort of a big room—chairs and stuff—and then you would go down to different apartments, and I suspect they had certain porches out. At one point, toward the end, I suspect it was quite noisy, 'cause the traffic was getting more and more—in its day, it really was beautiful.

CB: You think there was any real budding romances that formed around the Arcade?

DH: Oh, I don't know—

CB: I heard about the skating rink.

DH: Yeah.

CB: And I'm guessing maybe the movie houses.

ER: I suppose, 'cause a lot of the kids worked in the drugstore, you know, doing the sodas and what have you. The girls would go in because the guys— (all laugh) that sort of thing. So I suppose, yeah.

CB: Had you ever been to the tourist club?

DH: Not as a—well, yeah, tourist club, during World War II. They had dances up there, and of course the mothers would go and check in, 'cause I don't know, I guess I was sixteen or so. I weren't allowed to date till I was sixteen. But anyway, the mothers would go up there and you know, and go to the skating rink, really. They would have the servicemen come in. They would have a dance, a U.S.O. type thing, with refreshments.

ER: Our choir sang there a time or two, and we had—I guess what, twenty-five or thirty at one time. Something really exciting about being in the tourist club.

DH: Oh, yeah.

CB: So did you ever go up to that springs or get water, or did you go to the gazebo and get water?

DH: (inaudible)

ER: If you could smell it, you wouldn't want to drink it.

DH: See, that doesn't bother me.

ER: It smelled like rotten eggs.

CB: Well did anybody in your family tell you it was good for you or make you drink it? No? How 'bout you?

DH: Not really, no.

ER: Mom and Dad didn't like it either.

DH: No, my dad didn't like it. I guess he'd occasionally (inaudible).

CB: Well, when you went swimming, did it smell like that, too, over at the swimming pool?

DH: Uh-uh.

ER: It was fresh water. It was fresh water.

DH: Well, it was sulfur water, but it wasn't strong. It wasn't strong at all.

ER: Well, with our water hook up we didn't get any sulfur taste.

DH: No, you didn't. So that's why I said when you went swimming there (inaudible) a lot of people they say lived in the Arcade—would go there for help—(inaudible) water good for arthritis.

ER: So much good.

CB: It wasn't the sulfur, it was the—

DH: I don't know that they ever said sulfur, but—'cause it was cold. Really cold.

CB: Well, in Florida that would be a premium.

ER: That's right. Didn't it say—used to say 68 degrees?

DH: Something like that.

CB: Oh, wow. Oh, wow. Well, what memories do you have about the tower or the gazebo? Any?

DH: Not really.

CB: Where the little river runs.

DH: Yeah. I don't think—we went down to the gazebo a couple of different times; a group of us would go and look around.

ER: Sunday afternoons.

DH: Yeah.

ER: A lot of us would get together and then just take pictures. Walk up and take pictures.

DH: In fact, we have a picture at the house now, of the water tower, that her brother took, and he really did a nice job. And he framed it and sent it to us for a Christmas present.

CB: Oh, how wonderful.

Pause in recording

CB: Okay, so what was your favorite food growing up?

DH: Hmm, I don't know.

ER: Favorite what?

CB: Food. What'd you like to eat?

DH: Anything.

ER: I still like pork and beans as much as I had 'em at school.

CB: (laughs) So you weren't picky eaters?

ER: No.

CB: Weren't allowed to be picky eaters, probably.

DH: No, you were lucky and you'd get whatever.

ER: You better clean off your plate.

CB: Well, obviously— was gonna say what was a special food in your family. I'm guessing yours was meat, since your dad was a meat cutter? Are there any special foods or traditions regarding foods that you remember?

ER: We always wanted biscuits. Mom had to get up and fix biscuits for breakfast and for supper. She gave us a well-rounded diet.

DH: Yeah, she did say that she, at one point, got tired of lamb, because he would bring lamb bits and she'd make lamb stew. And when Oscar and I first married I loved lamb, and he said, "Do we have to have this quite as often?" (all laugh) Could you fix it? It was just because they ate a lot of it.

ER: I remember mostly Sunday dinners; this would be lamb stew and green beans.

CB: Green beans from your garden?

ER: No, we didn't have much of a garden. But you worked at the grocery stores.

CB: (inaudible)

ER: On Saturday we'd sit around the dining table and we'd snap beans or shell peas, one or the other.

CB: What about traditions? In other words, during Christmas, during holidays, were there anything that was just traditional—you were gonna have it at a particular time?

DH: Well, I think Thanksgiving and Christmas. We'd always have a turkey, unless we didn't have it. We had chicken, baked chicken, 'cause we had chicken. A neighbor down the street, I remember—for some years they were raising turkeys. And so they would bring the turkey and then my mother and my grandmother and whomever else, you know, we'd bring everything. But we always had meat at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

ER: As we grew up in our families—Dot's parents, my parents, my brother's in-laws—we'd eat at one house or the other for special occasions. Christmas at one house, Thanksgiving somebody else's house, Fourth of July, Easter, any holidays we just got together and everybody would bring something. It wasn't hard on anyone.

DH: That was one group of in-laws—they'd travel on trips and would go wherever things were gathered, which was really a wonderful thing as far as three kids were concerned. It made for a really good collection amongst all of us.

CB: So you have an—larger family.

DH: Oh, well, it was wonderful because not all in-laws get along.

CB: This is true. Tell me, do you remember how you learned to cook?

ER: With much difficulty. I kept asking my mother, “Why won’t you let me cook when I come home from work? I’ll never learn how.” She said, “I’m just sitting here; might as well have it ready when you come home.” And so I’d call her from work, “I’m gonna have squash for supper, how do I fix it?” So she’d tell me over the phone what to do and I’d go home and fix it. I always said, “If you can read, you can cook,” and I had several cookbooks so—

DH: Well, I don’t know. My mother—when I was growing up, my grandmother lived with us, so I remember they taught me how to bake a chocolate cake and they taught me how to scramble an egg. I mean, you know, different things like that. So I knew that much—but when we married and I had to learn after that.

ER: I would make candy maybe Sunday afternoons, chocolate fudge. And then my mother had me bake a cake; we didn’t have cake mixes.

DH: No.

ER: I mean, you cream and sugar and shortening and I’d think, “Is that enough?” “No, do it quite longer.” So my second thing was cakes, and after that it was—whatever.

DH: You know the little (inaudible) eggbeater, yeah, and trying to make angel food cake. It was so slow, you had to keep beating and beating and beat. Now you have your hand mixer, you just—no problem, but—she has a friend that does angel food cake.

ER: From scratch.

DH: From scratch. And I always am so thrilled ’cause I know what kind of work goes in it.

CB: Maybe that’s why the food tasted so much better back then, is—

DH: You had to work.

CB: It was a talent.

DH: It really, you know—and like you said, you snapped your beans and you did the black-eyed peas, you did that and you did—I mean, everything, vegetable or fruit wise—I mean, it was work. You had to peel and chop and carry on.

CB: Well, now, did you—was everything fresh or did you can some things for seasons?

DH: Yeah. Yeah.

CB: 'Cause you did put some effort canning.

DH: Yeah, we did.

CB: Did you work outside the home, either as a teenager or after you left your parent's home? And if so, what did you do?

ER: My first job was with the NYA¹, and it was at the Seminole American Legion, doing some typing, and the typewriter broke. And the man who was in charge was also in charge of draft board number 4.

CB: Now, what's the NYA?

ER: National Youth Administration, I think it was. Youth group. It was just part-time. And then when I started down—working in the office for the draft board—that was also part-time, but I was there for a while. Then I went over [in] the Hyde Park area for board 2—I worked there for a while. And then when I was in Michigan, I worked at General Motors in the office.

Came home and worked at (inaudible) meat packers, which is mostly answering the phone and taking orders. And then I started working at the camera center where my brother Oscar worked for so many years. And I thought when he got out of the service they wouldn't want me because a lot of places didn't want families, but he said—the owner said, “No, you can keep on working.” So I worked until just before my son was born. And then when he was in the second or third grade, I knew I had to go back to work; my husband's health was not good. And I finally got a job at Sears—I worked

¹Part of the Works Progress Administration, the NYA employed high school and college aged individuals of both sexes.

there for twenty-three years. That, too, was part-time; that was in the cashier's office. Now I'm retired and I volunteer at my church.

CB: All right. And you?

DH: Let me see, graduated high school and went to business college for a year, then I went to work for a paper company; we sold paper for printers in the accounts receivable. And then—let's see, where did I go from there? I married and I didn't work for a while, then I went back to work for a while—oh, they did IRS forms and so forth—worked there for a while. I helped my husband.

ER: You were a chambermaid, too.

DH: Well, that's right, I went to chamber and I worked for people—this was someone who did not like me. (CB laughs) Good bookkeeper there for some years. Then my mother and dad had passed away within just a few months of each other at some point, and so I had to give that job up for a while. Then I helped my husband at the camera center, and then I went over to (inaudible)—all these times was, like, accounts receivable.

CB: The lady who didn't like math.

DH: The lady who did not like math. That's why I tell you—she was a good teacher. And then I worked for (inaudible) for a long, long time.

ER: She and Oscar both.

DH: Yeah, both of us. And just retired last year.

CB: Is that right?

DH: Yeah, like she said, we volunteer at the church, and that's about it.

CB: So, did you have chores when you were growing up? Specific chores when you were growing—

DH: Oh, yes.

CB: What were they?

DH: Clean the dishes; being sure to push my chair back up under the table, 'cause there wasn't much room and you didn't leave the chair out; sweeping; and I had to make this bed that you slept on, but really you made up into a couch, so that had to be done every morning. Sometimes when I got older I could answer the phone (inaudible).

CB: Right. What about you?

ER: I remember washing dishes and Oscar would have to dry 'em—or he washed, then I would have to dry.

CB: Right.

ER: I'd sweep—later on we got a rug and a used vacuum cleaner. I slept on the couch—I had to make that up, too.

DH: Yeah.

ER: Dusting—it was not my favorite thing; it still isn't.

CB: Me too.

ER: I think that was—whatever my mother said to do, you did.

CB: What's the biggest change you remember as a child or a teenager, you know, when you were a child, when you were a teenager, what happened that was—that sticks in your mind—biggest changes?

DH: I guess (inaudible). I always thought that when I got to be this age, I would know all the answers. But I don't even know a lot of the questions anymore. I just don't. You

know, you think you're gonna grow and kinda solve problems, but problems, are they deeper now, is this why—I don't know.

ER: I don't know. Life is changing (inaudible). Year to year you see changes. I can't put my finger on any one thing.

DH: You know, too, when we were growing up, this area was our world. Now it might be Pakistan or Australia. I mean, it moves from all over the world and it gets to be (inaudible) it's just overwhelming.

CB: Which brings me to another possibly painful or difficult position, and that was World War (inaudible)—how you experienced it being in Sulphur Springs. How was World War II (inaudible)?

DH: Well, where we lived, there was Henderson Field, behind the shop—much where University Mall and Busch Gardens and all that. And my dad was one of the wardens, and so if you wanted to recognize what kind of plane flew over and if you called and told him that such-and-such a plane was heading north and what the time was and so forth. And two you had black something—black windows, so at night you just didn't view light.

ER: We didn't have a car, but the people who did had a—oh, what was it, the top half of the lights black.

DH: Yeah.

ER: Or you only had half light.

DH: Right. And then Daddy, like I say, selling gasoline, had all the rationing tickets or coupons, I guess, and we would go to get sugar and fat—lard.

ER: You had to give 'em your ration stamps.

DH: Meat.

ER: For that—

DH: Yeah we had to give 'em our ration stamps (inaudible), and that was pretty—I don't know—it was hard, I think, but there again, I think more people were behind the men. And women—you went to the Red Cross and made bandages. Things were just different and hard, because here in Tampa they had so many fields. And we would meet these fellas at these little dances or parties or whatever—the churches. You got to know 'em, and you worried about 'em, and a lot of them didn't come back.

ER: And our daddy used to invite some of the fellas home for Sunday dinner and we'd just go for walks. We'd either go up to the dam in one direction, or we could walk in the other direction, just kinda follow the river and take pictures on the way.

DH: Long picnics, go swimming in the pool, or to the beach. But I think we can say that none of us in that group was ever talked to badly or anything like that, ever.

ER: All the servicemen were—

DH: They were just the nice—

ER: Nice.

DH: Yeah.

ER: I mean, one man was from California, another man was from Kentucky. And our minister had been in Miami at one time, and he said he always told fellas stationed there wherever he was, they should look him up when they were in that section, and he had a number of fellas that we met because they looked him up. I remember one of them. The minister took us for a ride, I think over in St. Pete, and later on he was sent to Alaska and I heard he was killed—plane wreck or something. There were others—like I say, they attended church and they were just like your neighbors.

DH: I know it! We never—we would sometimes go skating on Davis Island—it's a big, big skating rink, and a lot of the fellas would go there and we would—afterwards we would skate from there all the way downtown to catch the streetcar—

EH: I remember that.

DH: Yeah. I mean, nothing—that was the first thing (inaudible) who or what, we just never had any problems.

CB: You talk about there being men, how old were these men?

DH: Nineteen. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

ER: This one from California, I kinda felt he was a little bit older, they—you remember him (inaudible)?

DH: Yeah.

ER: We didn't think about their ages.

DH: No.

ER: They were just the servicemen.

DH: They were friendly and it was just fun talking about what they did, like this one fellow was from New Jersey and that was quite a bit of difference from Florida—the difference, I mean, that's what we'd talk about. "How did you do things?"

ER: We'd get together Sunday afternoon and gather around the piano and sing. This one man is from North Carolina, I remember him, special friend of Doris's, and he had one particular song he liked and we always knew he was gonna ask for that one. And we just had a pleasant time together.

CB: Well, the two—the Depression and the war, which do you think affected you the most, becoming an adult?

ER: I'd say the Depression.

DH: I think so. That was one thing, that the Depression was about the same time as the Prohibition, and there were a lot of stills up north. And of course they would call my dad to come get the trucks out of the muck, and this place would have been back where the University Mall sits now, and I remember I used to (inaudible) flat bed truck to get up there (inaudible) (singing) "I can see." And I remember my dad coming up there and he was about to switch me a good, 'cause—I mean, you don't know what was hidden under there and this worried him, so he wasn't sure about all this either. I didn't do that but maybe once or twice. That era was—it was something that I don't miss. (inaudible) never gone through that Depression and that was that.

ER: We didn't have many things.

DH: No, we didn't.

ER: But we had friends.

DH: That's true. We didn't have hardly anything.

ER: We stuck with our friends, and I guess that's one reason we're still friends today, because they meant so much to us when we were growing up.

CB: Do you remember—someone earlier had mentioned to me their mother feeding the hobos coming through the backyard.

ER: Well, yeah. Ours came through the front door, because it was easier to get through, than the back door. I don't remember too many of them, but I remember she always fixed 'em some kind of a sandwich.

DH: We had a lot of them, 'cause the railroad ran up behind us, and being on that main highway, my mother would (inaudible) egg salad sandwiches and coffee.

ER: I can't remember what she gave 'em.

DH: And I'll never forget. And you know, they seemed to be very—and there again, never had a problem with any of that they would—I don't know whether they had our place marked or what, but we had a lot of them.

ER: 'Course, Mother was worried because of her little girl. People were just different in those days.

DH: I guess nobody was into this—nobody had anything; we didn't even have sense enough to know that you were poor.

ER: That's right.

CB: So there wasn't any competition.

DH: Nope, not really.

CB: (inaudible)

ER: Nobody had anything better than yours.

CB: What adults do you remember the most from your childhood, besides obviously your own parents? What else made an impression upon you when you were a child? Obviously, your teachers.

ER: I was gonna say Sunday school teacher—very impressive, we had Mrs. (inaudible).

DH: Yeah.

ER: She's very hard of hearing, she couldn't see too well—she had to squint, but she—and we would meet her in the house every Friday after school. A lot of us lived in the same area, and she would have what she would call junior league. And she didn't read us a story or the scripture, she told it to us. She was a marvelous person.

DH: I didn't know her until Oscar and I were married, but she really was a (inaudible). I remember there was a couple that lived behind the shop there, and when Mother and Dad would want to go off somewhere and do something, they would leave me with this couple. He had one of those crystal radios—when radios first start—and so that, of

course, was wonderful; you know, you had programs and that. And she would always fix me oatmeal in the morning—I don't know how she did it, but I loved it. And she was our Sunday school superintendent (inaudible); she was so sweet.

CB: (inaudible) I know there was some tourist rentals in Sulphur Springs, but did the townfolk all own their own homes, or did some of them rent, or did people move around often within the Springs? You talked about staying in one house for thirty-five years. Was that normal, was that unusual for that area?

DH: I don't think it was.

ER: No. I think a lot of people did rent. I know there was a big house next door to us—Mom and Dad always referred to it as the big barn—seemed like we had a lot of different neighbors over the years. But we stayed in our house from the time when I was—whatever it was—three or four, until—well, after I graduated from high school I lived in Michigan, as I said, and then I came back and stayed there. So it was—that was the old home place.

DH: I was shocked, though. They would have lived out there around thirty-five years, and then we moved back down to the Springs and I wasn't there too long 'cause I was married (inaudible). I don't know, I guess there was a lot of people that rented. There was a lot—there was some—they would come down in the winter, they would save and save and save just to come down and it would be just a dilapidated place, but just to get out of that cold.

ER: We had two or three or more trailer parks—is that what they called—

DH: Well, cabins (inaudible).

ER: There was a couple up on Nebraska and Florida.

DH: Yeah, a trailer—

ER: Trailer parks, I think that's what they called them.

DH: I know out there they had a lot of cabins that people would rent to people going through. Real teeny, tiny just enough to store a bed and a (inaudible).

CB: So did you know anything about the Jim Walters Homes during that era?

DH: Oh, yeah.

ER: They started on our church property.

CB: Is that right? Well, tell me what you know about them.

ER: Let me see—I have a stepson that when he and his wife got married, it was the Jim Walters home and they finished it up.

CB: Is that right?

ER: (inaudible)

DH: Yeah. The house that we bought in the Springs, it wasn't a Jim Walters, but it was like a Jim Walters. It was leftover parts of Drew Field [Tampa International Airport] and starting to smell.

CB: Oh, my goodness.

DH: Yeah, the Jim Walters, they were just really shells. But that was much better than people were living in.

ER: People could afford that and finish it up as they could.

DH: That's right—it was a long, long (inaudible)

CB: Did you know Jim Walters himself?

ER: No, I didn't. My husband did, but I didn't.

CB: And what about Billy Graham? I understand he was a fairly constant fixture in this area, early in his career².

DH: Oh, yes, I have heard him preaching on the corner.

CB: I've just been handed a book, *Footprints of a Pilgrim: The Life and Loves of Ruth Bell Graham*³.

ER: It's very interesting.

CB: Is it? Okay. So you didn't get to hear him when he was—

DH: Oh, yeah.

CB: Street corner preacher, huh?

DH: One of our friends in—I think it's in that book or another book that we have—was the girl that he was supposedly engaged to before he married Ruth. And that family—they were always very close—they would come down and visit people. And he really—I had never just stood and talked to him, but other people had. But he was so close with his family (inaudible) and they had been up there, and as a matter of fact they had some homes up there. (inaudible) had homes up in (inaudible). This one boy that I went to school with, he is a minister, also, and he lives in north (inaudible) and consequently he goes to the same church Billy [Graham] does, and they love each other (inaudible). Yeah we all (inaudible).

ER: I just heard him once or twice at the stadium.

²Billy Graham attended the Florida Bible Institute, now known as Trinity College, which was located in Temple Terrace at the current site of Florida College.

³*Footprints of a Pilgrim: The Life and Loves of Ruth Bell Graham* was written by Ruth Bell Graham and published in 2001.

DH: Oh, yes, we were in the choir.

ER: I don't think I sang in the choir one time.

DH: (inaudible)

CB: So tell me about health routines that your family performed. Just kinda everyday—I'm sure you're always told to brush your teeth, but how many things—did you go to the doctor a lot? Were there certain things that were treated at home and everybody understood how to do that, or what?

DH: Well, you had a problem with anemia.

ER: Yeah—the doctor that was here in the Springs had been an old army doctor, and he and Daddy were good friends. His office was in his home. And my mother kept telling me I looked awful pale and she thought I was anemic and really ought to go to the doctor. Well, some point we finally got there, and the first time we walked in the door—I don't remember him saying hello or anything; it was, “Young lady, do you eat your breakfast?” “No, sir, Mama won't let me out the door without drinking a glass of milk, and that's as much as I will eat at that time.” (to DH) You think she wants to know the rest of it?

CB: Do you want to tell me the rest of it?

DH: I just thought it was interesting. I thought she was being very brave.

ER: Well, he had me eat a quarter pound of raw liver a day.

CB: Wow.

ER: My mother put it through a meat grinder and put it in either pineapple juice or grape juice—stirred it up and you drink it real fast (inaudible) it.

CB: And did it cure it?

ER: I guess so. I'm strong and healthy now.

DH: Maybe that's why she's so healthy.

ER: I told my doctor about it and he just shakes his head. We didn't have money to go to the dentist, and I had a real bad toothache and it seemed like it hurt every morning during my first yearly class, and I poked on my cheeks so hard, felt swollen. Finally, she got up enough money somehow to take me to the dentist. Think he pulled two teeth and filled one that time.

CB: Oh, my goodness.

ER: But we couldn't afford to go to doctors and dentists like that.

CB: So how did you treat the everyday ailments or hurts and pains—did you have any—

ER: We took castor oil. Castor oil was the old standby.

DH: And you did that, and if you were lucky you would drink root beer to get it down. (inaudible) orange juice.

ER: It still floated on the top.

CB: Oh, no! Oh, no.

ER: And then at one time we had to take black drop. I told Mom, I said, "It looks like ground up sandspurs to me." It was just dry and you had to slush it down with a lot of water.

DH: I never took that.

ER: It was not the best.

DH: I know though—again, I go back to my daddy had a garage. If you had a sore throat, you got your tongue swapped with kerosene.

CB: Kerosene?

DH: Mm-hm.

ER: Oh, we used to take kerosene and sugar.

DH: Yeah.

CB: For what?

ER: A few drops—

DH: Sore throat, colds, I guess.

ER: I think the kerosene they have nowadays is different from what they had then, from what I've read.

CB: Amazing.

ER: Sugar cube drops.

DH: Sure does get rid of a sore throat.

CB: (laughs)

ER: Just a few drops and a little sugar.

DH: Yeah.

CB: Were there very many surgeries back then, or—

DH: Not really—I don't—you know, the technology is (inaudible). Oscar had to have his tonsils out and he was—how old before they determined that? Six?

ER: He never grew very much. Mom bought him a little navy jacket, it looked like, and he wore that the second or third grade through the ninth grade—

DH: Anyway, he was older than you think about, and they took him in the office and (inaudible)

CB: Oh, for heaven's sakes. (inaudible).

DH: I know it hurts every time we (inaudible).

CB: So do you think that basically you were just helping her back then?

ER: I think so. I know at one time I jumped on a piece of tin and it sliced the back of my heel. Didn't go to the doctor. I don't remember what we put on it. It healed up all right.

CB: Did anyone you know take the waters? I know that was a big tourist thing to come and down—

DH: That was take—

CB: Was that only the tourists?

DH: Yeah, I think so, because—

ER: Take what?

CB: Take the waters.

DH: At the pool.

ER: Oh, I was gonna say—

DH: There was people, I guess, who did that, yeah.

CB: But it was pretty—outsiders.

DH: Yeah.

CB: So, in fifty to a hundred years when somebody is playing these—one of your wonderful descendents—what would you want them to know or remember about the Sulphur Springs that you knew? What would you want them to take away and know about this little town that at that point you might not be able to identify on a map?

DH: It isn't even the same now, you know. The beautiful trees—we had space, like we all had a vacant lot; we'd go out and play in it. And the people were just—people tried to help you and you tried to help people.

ER: I was just gonna say friends, that's the main thing.

DH: Even sometimes bartering, we did a lot of bartering. It was just—I don't know, it was just a closeness. They had like a—well, they called it a civic club. It was a building next to the church, and they would have parties and things, and for refreshments we would have soda crackers and hot chocolate, if we were lucky. And I would have been old enough to remember that. And they would just leave every so often and just take care of it. Find out who was in me. We'd go out and (inaudible)

ER: I think everybody was willing to lend a helping hand, no matter who or what. Just—they're just different people nowadays. We talked about having respect.

DH: Well, being there at the garage, you met all kinds of people—tourists stopped there, but then, all kinds of people would come in. I can remember as a kid I could hide back in the back there some way and just watch and listen—but watching. I learned a lot about people. (inaudible) isn't it remarkable, you think hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of

people stop by and no two people were alike. Have a lot of people coming in from the west—and there were no roads, particularly—or relatives coming from the north. It would take them days and days to get down here. There was no cabins to stop in then. You had a tent with ya, if you were lucky, or you slept in the car. I know my aunt and uncle, they had four children and they cooked their food along the way, and if they were lucky enough to get to a grocery store they'd buy maybe some extra canned goods or something. But when they got down here, there was always a place for them to stay. That's just it—we just had—everybody helped everyone.

ER: And nowadays you don't really do that.

CB: My final question then would be, what would you hope people would remember or know—or what would you want them to know about your life?

[Transcriber's note: The audio becomes difficult to hear.]

DH: That I helped somebody, somewhere in (inaudible), that I was helpful, and (inaudible).

ER: I'd like them to remember I'm honest, had a lot of friends, I think a lot of them and I hope they think a lot of me.

CB: Okay, then the last thing that I ask, then, is there anything else you want on that tape for somebody to know? Anything you want to add or talk about or some memory you want to insert or anything else before we shut it off?

ER: I might think of something after you leave.

CB: I would be more than happy to come back. It's not a problem. You ladies have been delightful. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this and look forward to maybe even an opportunity to do it again. Thank you.

End of interview.