Interviewer: Unnamed
Narrator: Henry Fields
Date: November, 1986
Intro: Mr. Henry Fields, a store owner in Salisbury, shares stories of Salisbury around the turn of the century. He recounts the various changes in the town and people over time, what life was like in the early 20th Century, and other various topics.

(Tape starts mid-conversation. Low static disrupts some spoken words.)

I: You mean we had no power? (Talking to someone off screen) Okay, basically what I want you to tell me is everything you can remember about Salisbury.

H: Well I was here before they opened up Main St.

I: When it was a dirt road?

H: Huh?

I: When it was a dirt road?

H: Well it was muddy, yes.

I: What was it like?

H: Well most (who lived on Parsons?) [long pause] had a store like a five and ten where they carried a little of everything right to Main St. Right between the courthouse and the hotel. And they had to buy east property to get through. Had a lot of moon picture upstairs and it would cost you five cents to go up there and look at it.

I: A moon picture?

H: A movie, it wasn’t a movie they was just slides of pictures and talk, somebody on the side would talk and they put in another slide and talk about it. That was the oldest building that I knew of that was here. And this street here was budding and then later years they bricked up Main St. here I was here before they bricked it up.

I: When did they put the bridge in?

H: Well I can’t tell you what year but they used to have the bridge here that you had turn it. You put a post on a clog on there and you turn the bridge by hand up top and lifted it up and it turns with the river this way and this way, very straight (motioning with his hand) that would let the boats through. A lot of those boats used to come through the river and tie up to the river here.

I: Right here?
H: Right here yeah. The two vessels that I knew of that used to come in there and tie up and go get the lumber somewhere, load it into the old boat down until you think she’s gonna turn over you might say but they would help bring the load up here and then they used to be the old Virginia steam boat used to come in here and it got in here about three times a week. It would come in on a Sunday and it brought all the passengers and things in teams like (J.A. Fallon) they’d come on this boat and go down there and get the team right on Sunday, live team and count em’ down. Oh I remember quite a bit about when (Mr. Tony Carey) up here right across from the other side of Watkins Smokehouse, he sold peanuts when Ulman opened up his opera house.

I: Oh really?

H: He sold enough for to buy the three-story brick building. (laughing)

I: That’s a lot of peanuts.

H: 5 cents per quarter. (voices from the background)

I: Well come on in, Sam’s got a lot of history here doesn’t he?

H: He sold them peanuts, well you never seen anything like him, I forget his name Harris I think it was that used to sweep up the halls and see when we first come to town from Watkins smokehouse across to the dock street they had to have two oak boards about that wide together for a walkway. It went from one side of the street to the other and I Mesick that was the name.

Mesick used to take a broom and brush that hall about every hour because the horse carts and things would carry all this mess and mud up there and it was very very nice. There was a lumber mill up here Adkins lumber mill which was over there by the wharf and also they had a Mesick, the ice company was just as nice here in Salisbury, it wasn’t called Mesick’s and later when Mesick worked out there and got a bunch of ideas and he started in the ice business and his heirs, not him but his heirs are running it today. At that time you could buy a big chunk of ice for a nickel.

Oh yeah they’d deliver it right to your door on a wagon. And its like everything else everything has changed. We had a bicycle shop on Main St. called T-Bird Langford’s that used to repair bicycles and Normand Smith on the other corner was a hardware store and L. W. Gunbys just up the street. I was here when he bought Cherry Hill (laughing)

I: When did he buy Cherry Hill?

H: I don’t remember what year but I remember him buying—come in! (looking behind interviewer) Cherry Hill. I got a suit of clothes here that I’ll sell you for cheap they’d fit you like a T. Here is a suit that is hanging right here.

Right there that first one, you can put the coat on and try it but it’ll fit you right to a T. Take your jacket off and try this on. I know I’ve been here sixty-two years, they ain’t kidding me about that. (Episode with a customer)

Right here across the river. It was called Shepard’s Store. You could get a carload of this a car load of that, whatever you want. And they brought in western horses from the western state a car load at a time and park there on Mill St. and they would
sell them auction them off around the corner at a place called Jim Lowe’s Lumber service. They’d block off the street and take two or three of them older horses to lead turn em right loose and drive em across the back of the lot where Feldman’s store is. It used to be (B.L. Gillis’) wholesale place.

I: So is that why there used to be a horse’s head on the corner where Thurston’s used to be? That used to be a livery stable? The building where Thurston’s used to be? Over near Feldmans?

H: But they built up that lot into a parking lot over there in front of Feldmans place, what used to be where they used to auction off their horses, mules and everything. It had a laundry, about the only laundry I knew of that time, and was on Camden avenue on that side. Uh, “Kennelies”, uh “Washing Place”. Was no such thing as a dry clean established then. But this washing place, you’d carry your clothes to have them cleaned with this, that, and the other, that was on there. I could mention a lot of different things that’s changed and what’s there. The very back of this building was “Tuckeyhoses”. Of course, you may not know what a tuckeyhoe is. That’s a weed that grows up out of the marsh and, well, this was all marsh land over here.

I: All this area here?

H: Yeah. And C.L Liverson, when he first come to town, he was in this flat-iron building, this very first building, in the basement! You hear what I’m telling you?

I: Uh-huh

H: In the basement, and he run an oyster place. Scalded oysters, ten cents a scole (?), or three for a quarter, in these little wire baskets. And he had these two men working for him. This boy’s father that works up here to the- Salisbury first national bank. His father worked for C.L Liverson and shucked oysters down there. And I don’t remember when he lost his leg, but he lost his leg, this boy's father lost his leg, but he used to stand in an old wooden box like shoes used to come into, and up to a table (makes shucking motion) that’s where they shucked oysters. That’s why I’m speaking of all the things that changed. O. E. Pal was the biggest clothing store that was in town, and later, while Mitchel, and then Mitchell got out and mr. kinley kept going all the time. I couldn’t tell you about a lot of things. Saw (?) have an office out here, in back of us. Mitchell’s brick yard. Now that they’ve done away with that entirely. And there used to be a lumber mill up here at uh—they used to drift up logs, trees up here what they called a “raft”, or whatever they call it, by the tides, and they had a place about that wide (hold up hands about 2-3 feet apart) and they’d hook on one tree at a time, pull it up there for to saw it up and make lumber.

I: Hmm

H: The fella that got killed at uh, the—the boar killed him but the boar didn’t do the killin’ it was his own son killed his father.

Man, Off Camera (OC): I was in school... let school out at one o’clock-- he was thirty-three, I believe, When I was in high school down there.

H: Well I'm just speaking—I'm just telling her about the older stuff. Yeah, I remember when there was only two or three cars in Salisbury. Walter Miller had one of 'em, he’s the one that owned the bunging (?) mill, and I forget who had the others. I remember the first gasoline boat that went down river, they called her “Little Florence”. Say “here comes a
runaway boat,” and she’s going maybe five miles-an-hour. And uh, they was down on the banks lookin at the boat coming down our way, no sails or nothing because they had never seen boats without sails, rowing or pulling. Oh, times is all changed. Number-three mill was running, just started. Number two burned down, and number three just started, you might say.

I: Who owned those? Who owned the lumber mills?

H: I don’t remember the date, but they had three mills. number one mill was out by a neatpole (?), number two lumber mill over here, then they had number three out on division street and they staye there until they called... broke or moved out to North Carolina where they get timber cheaper. Used to get ten cents an hour for working there.

I: In that case, oyster for three for a quarter was pretty expensive.

H: Oh yeah! That’s about how it worked. Neither hard-surface road in Salisbury that I’d heard of anywhere. Some of em dropped shells as they shucked oysters. When W. F. Allen started, they had no hard-surface road so the shell went down.

OC: All the way down to old route 50. That was an old set of roads. My father worked that... in dunyhoe(?). Yeah, my father worked on that. I think around 1926 because I just about remember it somewhere in there. '26 or '28 somewhere.

H: Well when dunyhoe was a preacher [Laughs], and he turned out to be a--

OC: --multi-millionaire. He went on to [mumble] in ocean city.

I: Ah! Okay!

H: Yes! Yes! He’s got the biggest place (Is the mordella?). He’s dead and gone, but his remains is still there! A brick place all round. I forget... he brought about a dozen dogs with him--(Offscreen: foxhounds) when he died.

OC: I could hear him across the pond from where I lived.

H: Yeah, he’s the one that owned the spring. And he’s worked for me since I've been here for five dollars a day. He and his first wife used to work right in here when I had that sale one time.

I: But he didn’t need to?

OC: Yeah, he did then!

I: He did then but not now?

OC: He got rich during the war is what I understand.

H: Yeah, he got the money, my brother took him to Crisfield to talk with an oil man. And the oil man said “If you want to play honest, it’s just an honest living. But if you wanna play crooked, you can make some money.” Never said nothing but he come back and started a crooked business. And been crooked ever since! [Laughs]

I: and he used to be a preacher before that?

OC: Yeah!

H: So that’s the reason why I’m just speaking.
OC: You got boats out there on the ocean there stopping for oil, you know?

H: Yeah, he owned the Blen Hamlin (?) hotel there in Ocean City.

Off: Burned down, he built it back up. [mumbling]

H: Well it's like everything: There's tricks in all trades. And that's the way it was with him. Yeah, when I came to Salisbury, they only had two cops: One daytime, one at night. One of them is named, uh, Ol' Captain—let me see-- Jim Canelly. He wore a hat different than what they do today—looked like a peak on their head or something. It was different altogether.

OC: British-style, you know. Bobbies.

I: oh okay.

H: Yeah, the fire engines, they usually had nothing but horses. One horse in a fire got killed in a fire right here on the corner of market street, main street. They were comin down the street with so much headway they couldn't turn going to the fire, it run into that window and killed him. “Oh, man” is right. It's like the old saying: “Everything has changed” Even the people has changed. Good and bad, you'll have it as long as the walls stand. The lord handles us all, and that is the truth if it ever was spoken. And I may tell you one thing, its “you may not understand it, or I didn’t understand it.” I went to a spiritist church in the first world war, and you had to put an article on the table, and if he picked that article up, he gave the reading. Well I had a horsehead on a ribbon we used for our watch fobs, it was right attractive. And I put that right up on that table, and he picked mine up. And he said “To whom this may concern” (you recognize yourself), he said, “This ain't your home,” I said “no sir.” He said “But you're goin home.” And he said “Your father is here” and my father died 1912. HE said “you're going to prosper” and I didn't have enough to buy a barn door, you might say. And he said “You’re going to own property by where the water ebbs and flows. And you're going to own a brick building, a nice home in between that.” and he said “and you're going to be married a second time” and I said “I know you're wrong there” I didn’t tell him. He told me “your last days will be your better days' and everything has come about true.... present time. But what my last days will be, I can't tell you, but I'm being treated pretty nice. I had two wives, my first wife I stayed with her 54 years, and I couldn't have gotten one better. She was fine, she helped me get a start. I wouldn’t be here sitting if it wasn't for her. And she was just as poor as I was, but we got together and made it. And, I'm just as speaking, the last one is just as good to a certain extent, but there aint no two alike, everyone is different. I've had my faults, not their faults, I've had my faults that a lot of things in life I wouldn't do again if I got the chance. I know—I'm not talking to hear myself talk but I can prove what I've said. And that's the reason why I'm just speaking. Them days is different days altogether. Like I'm saying, the wife I got now she does anything in reason. And like I just say, my first wife, when we got out of the service and I come home, I didn’t kiss the ground but I put my hand on her and said “Lord, I'm back home and as long as I'm makin a living I'll never leave again.” And I've been here up until now. So I'm just a-speaking that things have treated me a whole lot better than I've treated them, to a certain extent. Some people say they've never made a mistake. I make mistakes every day, there aint a day goes by. I heard one young man in here a little over a year ago who said he was going to join the army and he was going to tell them what to do. I never opened my mouth, i kinda choked myself, I thought to myself “I'm sorry for you because they're either gonna cure you or they're gonna kill you.” Now he'll get one or the other, he'll get cured or he'll get killed. He’s gonna do what they say to do. When they come around and
they say “Attention!” (he straightens out, mimicking attention) I mean, you aint got to wait to say “what'd you say?” You know something about it. (He gestures to the off-camera man).

I: Did you serve in the service?

OC: Yeah, I was in World War II and Korea.

I: (Repeating) WWII and Korea. (Back to Henry) And you worked in the shipyard, right

H: Yeah. I was in there two years, nine months and fourteen days. Never forgot it, never will. You got a buck private walking around, and you aint supposed to stop and talk to him or speak to him. If he calls you or says “Attention!” I mean you better straighten yourself up quick. Yessir, that's a reason why I'm just a-speaking. The lord has been a lot better to me than I've ever been to them. And it’s like I was just saying: I don’t smoke, I don’t drink, I don’t swear. I might’ve used the words after someone else said something but I don’t use that word. And I try to tend to my own business and leave other people’s alone. I’ve been here sixty-two years and ive tried to do that. Any man or woman around here says I haven’t treated them right; I want to look at them. You can ask him (gestures to off-camera guy, who agrees). Yessir, I treat everybody the very best I know how and always will as long as I’m in this business. ’Cause I tell you, we’re all living, we aint dead and when I come along, they a whole lot more friendly than you are now. Man, we used to go to a church that had a revival, and when the meeting was over and they’d get to the door and somebody started singing a hymn, next thing you know they’re back in the church getting fifteen or twenty, having a real good time, some are shouting... all has changed... all has changed.

I: When did you first open your store? (Repeats so Mr. Fields can hear)

H: When did I start in here? In 1923.

I: During the depression?

H: Oh yes! I was here through that.

I: When did the depression start?

OC: It actually started after... WWI. He come in right after WW1, when he got out of the service. War ended in 1919; I was two years old.

H: When I come home, I went to ocean city to run a stand for a starting business. Had no experience. I didn’t have more experience than a rabbit, you might say. But I went down there and rented a place right on a corner there from R.B Adams. And we were there four years, and we made money every year. She ran two frying pans, we sold oysters, we sold fruit, we sold cigars and cigarettes, and candles. And everything was ten cents besides soft crab and chicken. Soft crab was a quarter and chicken was a quarter. Ten cents. And someone come up and say “Can I get a dozen for a dollar?” “No, just ten.” We kept mustard, pickles, different things sitting on the counter for what you want, take it, fix to suit yourself after you buy your sandwich. Two slices of bread, and bread wasn’t even sliced then. You had to slice it yourself. The doggyrolls weren’t cut. After a while, somebody learned to machine and cut through them.

OC: They were good though!
H: Oh yes! They were good! And she run two-to-three pans cooking oysters, and I run one that was hot cakes and hot dogs, and hamburgers. Crab cakes was already fixed and she'd fix them and put them on a pan; all you had to do was fry them, just lay them in a pan.

I: Now, this is your wife?

H: That's my first wife. Like I say, it couldn't have been no better. She was good. Sometimes we'd close up in the night and it'd be two o’clock in the morning. That's the reason I've been saying it. From then on, I come home and tried to get a store like this. Well, I had to wait a year; it might have been a little longer to get the store up on main street here and get started. Henry Scott Bruinn (?) had a vacancy, said, “You pay the fellows back-rent for two months, you can have the store. We're going to lock him up, if not.” I said, “Alright”. I paid three month’s rent to get one; to get in, to get started. That's why I'm saying: The lord was right with me, been with me ever since. No complaints.

I: Your first store was on main street?

H: Pansy. Her name was Pansy E. Fields.

OC: He thought you said “First wife”.

I: Your first store? Where was your first store?

OC: (a bit louder) Your first store!

H: That was the first one right there by the side of T. Burt Lankford (?). We stayed there until he raised rent and couldn't stay any longer, then we come down here. This fella was sold out and was here in this store. We happened to be five or four dollars higher in price—sealed bids. We bought the place out and moved down in June. Then we run it from June to Christmas week. In Christmas week, we moved everything down here. Been here ever since.

I: Now, you said at one time, this was a garage? Or this was burned out? (Repeats so he can hear)

H: Yeah, it burned out in 19... Uh... I can't tell you the day. It burned out. Cook over here, he was shining shoes in there in a stairway-like. He had a gasoline stove. It held, I think, one gallon’s-worth of gas. Somebody come down right on a Sunday and either turned it too high or something happened, threwed a match over there and it went right on up. Burnt the ceiling out and the wood partition, come through here and just messed up things. But, we got back together, I moved my stuff across the street—a roping place was there then—stayed there until they got the place ready to come back in here.

I: Now, what type of businesses were down here when you moved here?

H: Uh, it was—before I came here, it was a clothing store. They marked everything in Jewish. I knew just as much as if they put it in Latin.

I: Was it a Jewish owner?

H: It was a Jewish owner that was selling out. I think his name was Goodman, I'm not sure. But he lived up in Church Street, in that V-shape coming down Church Street. He had a store up there in his dwelling-house and his son was running this. Later, while the leadmen were across there, they hired his son to go run that firm.
I: Was there another clothing store across the street?
H: Yeah there was a clothing store back there, across there.
I: What else was around?
H: Well, from one thing to another.
I: There used to be a grocery store, right? (Repeats so he can hear.)
H: Depression?
OC: No, a grocery store! There was a grocery store?
H: Yeah, there was a grocery store here on the corner.
(OC and I talk, inaudibly)
H: Yeah, they moved all these houses—there was all dwelling houses in there.
I: Really?
H: Oh yeah! From here down to the corner. Oh yes, old wooden buildings when I come here.
I: Then they built brick buildings, right?
H: Then they built brick buildings in there. All besides the one that Torne Palone (?) is in. They had a wall on each side and just bricked up the front. He run that as just a solid building.
(inaudible)
OC: Back where Sam’s is at, huh?
H: Yeah.
I: Ah, okay.
OC: You understand?
I: Uh-huh. I never realized that.
H: Peter Leonard was over here. Later, he was on Aging(?) Church Street. He moved down here. Some said he partly-built the building, but I had never seen anyone’s hand on it. But, anyway, he come down here. He had a little wagon he used to travel the country and sell rugs and nearly everything in two or three suitcases.
OC: Didn’t Rotin(?) have a store on the corner?
H: Oh yeah, later. His father had the meat store up here. He owned the whole block, you might say in there. But when Rotin’s(?) son got in there, Dave—I think his name is Dave—when he got in there, he wanted to widen-out. He lost this, lost that, lost the other until—I understand he’s lost everything he’s got. I was working at one time for Johnny Testa’s (?) father, when he—his father—lent Johnny enough money to buy that lot where Sam’s and John’s is today! Yeah, I was here before they even built that Wicomico Hotel.
I: Before the hotel?
H: Yeah! This brick hotel is right up there now. Had a wooden hotel when I first started. Wooden hotel right up where the first national bank is.
I: Ok. When did they build the brick buildings?
H: Yeah, the Salisbury National Bank built this building, tore the wooden building all down, and built the bank in there like they wanted. Since then, they made so much money, they built another bank over on Upton Street, I believe it is, I don’t know—it could be some other name. They’ve changed up streets, changing everything.

I: What was PGH like? What was the hospital like?

H: Uh... What was the...?

OC and I: Hospital.

H: The hospital was—There weren’t even no hospital here!

I: There wasn’t?

H: No! We had this place down here as a hospital. “Todd and Dick” is the first ones who ever started a hospital in Salisbury. The Lorburn (?) Corporation bought, or Purdue’s bought it now, that first brick building down there.

OC: Oh, he’s talking about the Salisbury Battery.

H: (Looking past the interviewer) Come in, Come in!

(Henry Fields gets up to talk to a customer. Interviewer talks to the fellow off-camera.)

I: You were born in what year?

OC: ‘17. You know, he was talking about in the service, I tracked the experience of a lot of guys. Everybody couldn’t deal with things, number one you had that farmer to feed that stomach. You’ve got to have somebody to make that clothes and you got to have somebody to pack the food then you got to have somebody to get the ammunition. Everybody plays an important part.

(Mr. Fields finishes with the customer. The video cuts back to the interview)

H: There was a wooden building there when I come to town. They pulled teeth, called them the “Smith Brothers.” Fifty cents, pulled your teeth.

OC: Well, Mr. Juke(?), he’s the last of the Gunvy’s(?), isn't he? Mr. Juke Gunvy.

H: He’s the last Gunvy.

OC: I—he’s got some nieces and nephews, Gunvy.

H: He was tight.

OC: Yeah. You know, he married down to Mardela. He owns—they own a lot of property down in Mardela. The Gunvy’s.

I: Oh, ok. Hardware and...?

OC: Yeah. He married a lady down in Mardela around there... at one time, they owned quite a bit in, what is it, Cherry Hill?

H: Cherry Hill, yeah, they went and bought that.

OC: Yeah, they sold a golf course or something.

I: Dresser (?).
OC: Dresser? I worked for her, painting and all this stuff, because she didn’t want to give me $1.50 an hour.

I: Hmm, she was as tight as he was.

OC: Well, it’s not so tight as her. Isn’t he about your age, Mr. Fields?

H: He ain’t quite as old as I am, but the rest of them was: Jack and his two or three brothers.

OC: But he’s the only one that’s left?

H: Yeah, he’s the only one. I’m the only one of the Fields bunch.

I: That’s right, you said you got a brother in Philidelphia.

H: I got no brothers. I got a son who lives on Riverside drive, and I got a gradson who lives on Parkhill Avanue. But I wouldn’t know my grandson if he were to come in the door. He’s got three daughters married, and one home. And I’ve never—well, I wouldn’t know and of them if they come here, he’d have to tell me who they were.

I: Now, what year were you born in?

H: 1894.

I: In Salisbury?

H: Shad Point.

I: What did your family do?

H: My father ran a boat and run oysters. Bought and sold oysters. All his life, he would go down and get 100 or 200 bushels of oysters, bring them down to Salisbury, and sometimes he’d carry them to Annapolis but not—very seldom. He run up here every week if it wasn’t too stormy. He’d bring in here no less than 100 bushels and up as high as 300 bushels at a time and sell them right here in Salisbury. In a day, he couldn’t sell a bushel of oysters. Especially at $20. Here what I’m saying?

I: What made you decide to go into the clothing business?

H: When I was six years old.

I: What happened then?

H: I was born right up in it. (Looks towards customer in the back) Good morning! (Brief interlude with a customer)

OC: But oyster sales were something valuable. They didn’t throw them away like they do now. All they use them for now is re-seeding, but they used to use them for highways, or the roads. They used to use oyster-shell roads. Then they started gravel roads.

H: used to be 50 cents per bushel. Buy a bushel, you get a steel tub—a 21-inch tub—and today, they’re $20.

OC: I thought they were a bushel...

H: My father--

OC: There were guys that made deliveries, though. That’s what my father used to do; what they called “Tonging”.
H: I was going to say, my father bought oysters and was Tonging as low as a quarter a bushel.

I: That's hard to believe.

H: That's correct. He'd bring them up here and pay 40 cents for them, then bring them up here and get 50 cents.

I: That's a lot of hard work for a little bit of money.

OC: Well see, then, the oysters were plentiful. But they managed so extravagantly, they'd go out there and get those oysters and never re-seed them. They could go out and make a decent-day's work. Where now, they have to scrounge around and this place and then there's exhausted resources, they have to keep them from over-drawing and not putting any of them back.

H: Yeah, I'd get $5 for a half-bushel right now.

I: *chuckles* You like oysters?

H: I like oysters.

OC: You like to shuck them yourself, see?

H: Oh yes!

OC: Get the juice too.

H: Nobody's going to shuck and oyster for me. I don't eat oysters when I go to a restaurant or any place.

I: No?

H: Uh-uh. I've seen it too much. I've seen them shuck and oyster, split the bag of juice and right into the same can.

I: You told me there was a guy who used to sell oyster dumplings downtown.

H: But I don't eat that kind of stuff. I might eat a hotdog, and I don't know what's there—probably just as bad as the other.

OC: As you know, this is a seafood part of the world, see? But as far as oyster fritters, I've been all over the world—all over the United States—but none of them can fix them like the Eastern Shore, that's for sure! They can't fix them because you ain't at home fixing 'em.

H: I can shuck that oyster to suit me, and I can tell you whether one is bad or one is good. It don't go in that can or that tin if it aint suit myself, it goes in with the shells.

I: Do you eat them raw?

H: Yes, I can eat them raw. Or I can eat them shucked or eat them cooked, stewed, fried, any way you want to fix them. Even put them in a pie. Oyster Pie.

I: I've never heard of oyster pie.

OC: It's very good. This guy would fix it. In fact, yesterday, or the other week, a lady fixed a watermelon, uh, bread. Boy it was good. It's better than fruitcake. This lady, I think she cooked three. I got a piece in there now, gosh it's good. We've never heard of it before, but she's a southern lady, and I don't know her skill or recipe or what, but grayson
county police—everybody got a taste of it. And he looked to see what it cost to make, and we made about three or four. He was try—he told her that (inaudible) (Interviewer shifts the camera to view the man off camera.) They weren't very hard to make. So, what we'll do, I'll have her make some.

I: Have you ever heard of watermelon bread? (repeats)

OC: Watermelon bread! Have you ever heard of Watermelon bread?

H: No.

OC: I never, until I met Mrs. Pat. Well... tell them about—I think it was ‘33 with that lumber yard. Ellick? Was that Ellick’s Lumber Yard down there? That’s the one—the lumber yard where they had that guy—a man got—they called it a lynch during that day and time. It was 1933–‘33 or ‘34. The eastern shore had only eastern shore, and proud of it. Western shore had (inaudible). They had the militia down here to quiet things down. What happened, this colored fella that supposedly killed the owner of the lumber yard. They found out after they had lynched the man that it was his son. That’s what he (points to Henry Fields) was talking about. During that time, the lynching down there, they lynched that colored fellow. He was somewhat retarded and he found out it was his son that did it. That’s why people are concerned now about capital punishment is so many innocent people that had been, you know, like in the old days, innocent. Actually, capital punishment is only to satisfy the public because during that day, up until they come out with the anti-lynching law, because the sherriff would say “Well, I couldn’t stop them. They just took over the jail.” But now its sheriff, the law, and the chief of police, they are responsible so that we don’t have it.

I: So, what happened here? They arrested the black man--

OC: They didn’t arrest him, they lynched him!

I: They just took him and...

OC: Yeah, well they arrested him then went to jail and got him out.

I: The community?

OC: Yeah. Well, you know, it was a gang that decided he killed one of their leading citizens.

H: Talking about (inaudible).

OC: Yeah.

H: That boy used to be in here! (inaudible)

OC: But he was somewhat retarded.

H: Yeah. Is he living?

OC: Yeah—No! Oh, you talking about the one that killed his daddy?

H: Yeah.

OC: No, I don’t think so.

H: I was up here the time they lynched that fellow, and that’s a doggone shame, I said. The tape, the bandages was stringing from him as far as me to you.
OC: Yeah, they dragged him up and down the street.

H: They pulled him—carried him out of the hospital, brought him out here and hung him right there in courthouse yard.

OC: Richard was the governor then?

H: (nods)

OC: Because you know how things are like that when you turn out the school.

I: So, what was the result when they found that--

OC: It wasn’t nothing back in those days. Just a mistake.

I: Did the son go to jail?

OC: No, no. Walking around free as anybody else. But see, I mean, (inaudible) they tried to squash it and so forth. But it was a mistake so... you know. (Walking away and talking, inaudibly)

(Someone comes in the shop and interacts with OC. They mention the interview. She is later identified as Mrs. Fields)

I: Listen, we’re getting lots of information here.

Mrs. Fields (MF): Is that right?

I: Yes!

H: (Asking Mrs. Fields) Did you get what you wanted?

MF: Yeah.

OC: (Inaudible) lights went out at six o’ clock this morning, but do you know what it was? Car hit that telephone pole up there about 15-20 minutes? Knocked the, uh... what’s the name of it?

MF: Transformer?

OC: Transformer!

MF: Oh, I know! Our clock had been off.

OC: Yeah, well this what it was. I called up the same ol’ thing (inaudible) I told them “I’m in the dark down here!” And after I explained, I said, “Yes, I’m the same one.” I said, “This is not no meter, it’s the transformer. A car hit a pole. (inaudible) I was feeling around in the dark... (inaudible) “I can’t see”.

I: We’ll have to buy you a flashlight!

OC: I should have one. I couldn’t find my candle! But lights go off like that.

MF: You’re blind.

OC: You are blind! I still didn’t have my clothes on!

MF: (Hard to understand. Mentions something about the clocks not working.)

OC: I forgot about the clock in there. Well, you have a good time.
I: It was nice meeting you.

OC: It was a pleasure meeting you.

(Henry waves to OC as OC leaves).

OC: And that’s a nice young man. (inaudible)

(Henry smiles)

I: Well, we’ve been talking about all sorts of stuff here.

MF: Good, good.

OC: Some of it, Mrs. Fields, I know about.

MF: Good, good. Glad you came in!

OC: (inaudible. Leaves the shop)

MF: He’s a right nice, you know... colored fellow. Lives over near the barber shop. I was right glad the other day, we had a woman come in the other morning. When she came in, she acted kind of funny. Never gave it much thought. She kept picking up stuff “I want this and I want that.” I was trying to tell her, you know, about sizes and stuff, but it didn’t make no difference to her, she wanted it anyway. So, by that time, he came in. He walked in, he said “Little(?)” that’s the barber’s name over there—he said “Little, I want you to get out of here.” I thought, “What in the world is going on?” When he said that, she started cussing him and belittling and calling him all kinds of names and everything. He said, “Well, Little said for you to get out of here.” So he said, “or I’ll go call the cops,” so when he went out the door and made the car to go back to the barber shop, she watched him and then she went out. He came back and said she just got out of Cambridge a week ago, said she was a mental patient. See, that’s what she was doing! Picking up stuff... Lord knows how we ever would have gotten rid of her if he hadn’t have come in, because I wouldn’t have known what was wrong with her or anything. I said “Boy, I’m glad you were here.” Because it’s hard telling what she would’ve done. Mr. Austin, the mail carrier, he was in here the other day talking about—he said he stopped one day to leave the mail and said she’d come out to his truck and he told her he didn’t have anything for her. She hit him with the back of her fist as hard as she could hit him! He said she had a knife. He said he doesn’t know what they ever turned her out of Cambridge for. She ain’t got no business roaming the streets. I was glad he came in, I’m telling you. The barber seen her when she came in, so he sent Amus(?) here to get her out.

I: Good idea.

MF: Yeah! Because we wouldn’t have known with her. It’s hard to tell what she’d done before she left.

I: It’s good to be in an area where at least you have some people looking out for you.

MF: That’s right. ‘Course, I’d been knowing that colored fellow for years and years and years. He worked in a store in Mardela when I lived out there, so that’s how (inaudible)

MF: Well, you got all your information?

I: I think I have.

(TAPE ENDS)
Interviewer: Unnamed

Narrator: Joseph Bailey

Date: March 11, 1987

I = Interviewer

B = Joseph Bailey

(?) = Indicates are where spelling is unknown.

(l/a) = Inaudible/voice unable to be understood.

Keywords: Early 20th C. Quantico, Quantico Development, Salisbury Development, Salisbury Banking, The Great Depression, Prohibition, Salisbury Sailing

Intro: Joseph Bailey recalls his life experiences growing up in Quantico, MD, in the early 20th Century. He shares experiences on all the facets of life in the area and the growth of Salisbury and the Eastern shore since the 1910s.

(Tape starts mid-conversation. There is low static that slightly disrupts some spoken words.)

I: Oh really?

B: (Nods)

I: Who had it?

B: Doctor Lynch?

I: Doctor Lynch.

B: When (l/a) Came back from Georgia, there had been a whole lot of people (Tape cuts)—he came back driving an old (l/a) touring car. The year after that my father bought a (l/a) model T ford.

I: A model T, huh?

B: Yeah. After that, everybody was getting fords (l/a). Then there was another car that was very popular for a while called the “Hanes”. The cars brought the roads. If there had never been any of these automobiles, there never would have been any of these paved roads because they’re bad for horses to travel on. For years and years, there was still a lot of horse travel, and they had a horse trolley right to the edge of the road, so that meant one wheel of the vehicle up on the surface, another here, so there’d be a horse channel—track in the ground where the tires had gone by the carriage or whatever happened to be drawn.

I: Do you remember Quantico before the automobile?

B: No, oh no. I said, my first recollection, there was one automobile here. That was the only one that’d ever been here. I don’t know how many years he would’ve had the thing before I was born, but I would say “not long”. I was born in 1907. Maybe he got it that year or the year before. But when I first remember, he had this car. That was the first car in
Quantico history. That’s not the first one to ever come through here, but it was the first one anybody owned.

I: I understand your father had a hotel here?

B: Right on this lot. He was the last proprietor of it. Who told you that? Tyler Jenkins (?)?

I: It’s a good piece of information. Do you remember the hotel at all?

B: Well, I was 15 years old when it burned down.

I: Burned down?

B: Yup, burned down one night. December 12, 1922.

I: That’s a cold night!

B: Mhmm. It wasn’t so terribly cold that night. Before morning, it had clouded up and started raining. I remember that. We killed hogs that day. They had—they had no running water or anything like that in the old hotel. It had these stoves and these two kitchens: One kitchen that we used practically all the time, the other was a utility room. Sometimes, if it was too hot, it was open on two sides—we used to live there in the summer, just the family. Come time to kill the hogs, that’s where they’d cut up all the meat and stuff. Had a fire in the old cook stove that was in it. It’d gone on late, we killed four big hogs that day, they were cutting up all the scrap like sausages and lard, it got late and mom said it got cold in here and “I’m not going to build up any more fire, let’s all go to bed and we’ll finish this off in the morning.” So, we went to bed a little after eleven o’clock. At one o’clock, the blaze—the thing was so built that where my father and mother slept, they could see it. I couldn’t from where I slept. Pop saw this glaring and flickering, he got up and looked and that place was on fire. By the time we all got down there, there was nothing we could do. The fire company from Salisbury finally came, and they hooked up a hose to this creek (points to his right), and they saved the church and this house (to his right). Look over and see that holly tree?

(Interviewer gets up and looks where he points)

I: Oh! Huh!

B: The fire from that big barn going up, that’s what burnt that tree. The heat killed the tree, or much of it. That’s been a long time ago, it’ll be 65 years this year. With the hotel, a livery stable went with it. And taverns always had bars back in those days, but this county went dry. They had, what you’d call a “Local option” here, there were no more bars, there were no places to buy the whiskey but order it from Baltimore on some sort of a ratio. I was old enough to know how to work that ratio. They were allowed a gallon a month, I don’t see why that was any better than having a bar. I think a gallon of whiskey a month is too much for anyone! So, then the whole country went dry in 1919. We were dry down here on the local option. I know they cheated on that thing. They would order—they knew people who were opposed to whiskey or didn’t drink—they’d order it in their name. They’d come down to the wharf or this (i/a) station and pick it up. This old man, French, his name was Papa Hilworthey, (i/a), he went down to the wharf to pick up fertilizer that had been shipped to him. When he got ready to leave, Henry Rheys (?) who was agent foreman says “don’t leave yet, Mr. French! There’s a package there in the
—all special small freight, they kept locked up. Big freight they left out on the wharf and people couldn’t move them. Anything like that was locked up in this warehouse. He says “package in this warehouse for you.” And Mr. French says “What in the world is this? I didn’t order anything but this fertilizer!” “That’s a gallon of Whiskey!” Said, “Well, I didn’t order any whiskey!” Says, “Well, it’s got your name on it. Take it.” So, somebody else had ordered it, but the rightful man got it before the person managed to pick it up!

I: What can you remember about the wharf?

B: Well, it was just a typical standard steamboat wharf. They didn’t have to build a pier to it like they did over on the lower part of the Nanticoke. Over on Nanticoke and (i/a), they had to—and sandy hill, they had to build a long pier, and they had a narrow-gauge railroad track laid on the pier to push the freight ashore. It was all pushed by manpower. But the wharf, to get it where the water was deep enough for the steamboat must’ve been a good quarter of a mile or more. All that weight, that must’ve been tremendous. From upper Wicomico to White Haven—Mount Vernon has a slight peer. But, uh, from White Haven right on up the river, they could build a wharf right up on the shore. The towns, where people were, were right up close. That’s about all I can remember about it.

I: How often did the freight come down?

B: Well, uh—are you recording all this (smiling)?

I: Mhmm!

B: The steamboat came three times a week and went out three times a week. And on the Nanticoke river, it was the same thing only they alternate. The boat on the Wicomico came in Sunday morning from Baltimore and went to Salisbury, and she stayed over Monday night in Salisbury. Then she came back down the river on Monday afternoon. She came back Wednesday morning and went back Wednesday afternoon. Uh... she did the same thing on Friday, then came back Sunday morning and laid over. The one on the Nanticoke would be just opposite from that. They went out and came up Saturday morning, then went out Sunday afternoon. Just alternate days. So, when people would—and the days when they used to grow a lot of peaches around here, those things, you know, they had to—they get ripe so fast, you have to pick them every day. So, some of them would go to the ones down this road to Sandy Hill on one day, next day they’d go to Quantico Wharf. The ones up north would go to Athloo (?), on the Nanticoke. So, I think it was a right good system, but after trucks came, that ended steamboats. The boat that came to Salisbury in the summertime, during that layover from Saturday morning to Sunday—to Monday... I mean, the layover from Sunday morning to Monday afternoon was—sometimes they’ll have excursions. Go to Crisfield, Hookers Island, Quantico Point(?), look out, you would get on just for the rides, you know? I went on one or two of them, I was young. The interiors of these boats... You get on those modern freightliners, there’s nothing gaudy, just plain... building. But those steamboats, oh the insides were all decorated salons, you know, all fancy colors and everything. Then they had another salon, they called it “Smoker(?),” and it was fairly gaudy, but that’s where they gambled; played poker and stuff. On these excursions, they gambled all over the place. On the regular runs, they only used those, but on these excursions, you’d have craps games going up on the boat deck. There was a game they called “put-and-take-it(?).” Where you
spun—you put in so many or take so many. I never knew how they ever—I guess when they quit, they just divided the pot and called it square. Sometimes, they stuck on and took everything on you. If it stopped on that particular thing, you took everything on the board!

I: Woah! Sounds like quite the game of chance. Well, how did Quantico ever get started? What was here that made people come here?

B: Well, Quantico and White Haven are the two oldest places in the county, and I would say when they settled this country around here, they came up the creeks and rivers, and they came right to the head of tidewater here and put the village here because that’s where they could dam it up and have a mill. See they used—it was in the early 1700s I think, they build these ponds—build the dams to create these ponds. This one lasted until... it was right around 1890, I understand. It washed out and was never repaired. So, the saw mill and the grain mill closed, down here on this street.

I: Down where the church mouse is?

B: Well, (points to his right) the mills were down here on the road, and the church mouse is right on the edge of where the lake was. So, that’s the reason I would say that Quantico got started was because it was at the head of tide-water of this creek and the stream could be dammed for power. They had no electrical power or steam power in those days. But, most of the mills—lots of the mills in this town were still operating until the ’30s and ’40s. I came back here from—I was in the army in 1945, and there were several water mills still operating, making meal and (?). That’s my supposition on how the village got started.

I: That sounds pretty logical. Now, your family hotel, the hotel that your family had, was that for travelers coming on steam lines?

B: No, not too many out of the steam boat. The hotel was an old institution here for years and years before my father got it. He bought it in 1892, and had it just 30 years from 1892 to 1923—1922, rather. It was mostly traveling salesmen. None of them had their own transportation in those days, and of course the livery stable went up with it. Papa knew their (video cuts) he knew their schedule but most of the time, they’d send their penny post cards “Pick me up in Sharptown on a certain morning” and Papa’d send a horse and driver to Sharptown to pick the man up, and they’d go to all of these stores all along Mardela... and by that time, Hemberton(?) was a new place. There wasn’t a Hemberton until the railroads came in. Then they’d stay overnight. Next day, they’d (I/a) if the roads were really bad, there’d be two horses to a carriage. They’d take him all down this way, and leave him off at White Leaf, then somebody in Somerset county would pick him up. I don’t know why; they did not make—The bulk of the salesmen did not make Salisbury their headquarters. After automobiles came in, they started.

I: Well, Salisbury was a pretty small town until...

B: Well, it’s always been a fairly-large place... It was small enough where everybody knew everybody who was there. They don’t anymore. (pause) With the hotel, it didn’t— through the first world war, he still had good business there. The bar, as I told you, was closed in 1905, they never had any drinks there. All these whiskey people from Baltimore wanted
him to bootleg it there, he said no. He didn’t want any part of it. The hotel was dry, but
the livery stable kept up pretty good. You know, it takes money and work to keep a
horse, because you have to pay the driving(?) fee or the road fee. A lot of the people
that lived here in this village, tradesman and whatnot, that had no need for a horse, if
they wanted to go to Salisbury, they just—it was cheaper for them to just rent a horse
from my father.

I: So, you had the first rental-horse, right?

B: No, all livery stables were that way. The livery stable had been there before papa bought it.
They built a new barn for it. And that was where... uh... we had no refrigeration.
Sometimes, we’d cut some ice off the creek and just use it to—pack it with sawdust and
keep stuff on it. Fresh meat, people were afraid to eat it in the summertime. You could
eat chicken; you kill the chicken in that barn and eat them, they hadn't been going that
long. But beef and fresh pork were almost a no-no because a lot of them, a lot of the
summer fare was soft-pork and meat that you could buy canned, you know; corned beef
and that kind of stuff, and salt fish. They did pedal fresh fish through here a lot, you
could get fresh fish in the summertime. But pork sausage and that stuff were a no-no in
the summertime because everybody was scared of it with no refrigeration.

I: What other kind of businesses were in Quantico?

B: Well, from my first recollection of the place, there were four stores, general merchants. Two
ladies ran millinery shops, two blacksmith shops, a carriage shop where they repaired
carriages... and they had an Ice cream parlor up here in the summer where they made
homemade ice cream and sodas. In the winter time, they sold roasted and scalded
oysters, it was an oyster bar then.

I: Well, that’s an interesting combination.

B: See if I can think of any other businesses... No, that’s about all. The carriage shop was more
or less inactive when I—Mr. Freeda(?) had sold the whole place over there and moved
away. But... it belonged to my aunt... my aunt by marriage (I/a) and (I/a) would open up
and Charlie Gillens(?) would paint carriages upstairs and Fred (I/a) used to do cabinet
work. Oh! I forgot there was an undertaker shop here. You know, in the old days,
undertakers were cabinet makers.

I: Oh, I didn’t know that.

B: Oh yeah. If you look at the old 1877 map, cabinet makers... they made the caskets. So, they
were the undertakers. Jones up here was the undertaker. But they didn’t have power to
embalm anything. Sometimes in the summertime, if they kept the person up more than a
day, you didn’t want to even go to the funeral. Odor was terrible. Of course, it was a
horse-drawn Herse, and they always had—one horse could have pulled it easily enough,
but they always had two who matched. Close in size and color, and they would stay for
both days and both nights. They used, uh, most of the time, they used Sorrel horses,
what they call “red” now, or what they call "chestnut". There’s another color of a horse
that’s a real chestnut color, but they don’t call them chestnut, these sorrel horses they
refer as chestnut. That’s about all the business that was here that I can remember
besides the hotel... the livery stable was combined, two blacksmith shops, four stores...
The four stores were pretty much general merchandisers. You'd go there and buy cheap work clothing; they didn't sell any fancy dress-clothing, but you could by work pants and shirts. There were loads of bulk goods that women could buy to make ginghams and shimmery dresses out of. The millinery shops, they trimmed hats and sold barters and all the accessories and that kind of stuff.

I: Are any of the stores still standing?

B: One. The poorest one in architecture is still standing. The rest of them were built in... I thought it was (I/a) they had the boxed-in gaple(?) and a truss. That one that's left up the street is nothing but a hatchet and saw shop.

I: What happened to the other stores?

B: Well, they just went out of business one after the other. They were all—well, one of them burned. The old jones store, they tore it down and got rid of it. Mr. Bounds, and later Melissa's(?) store, it got vacant after Owen Darwin died, and uh... tore it down. The one that George Graham had... well, after the Gilses(?) owned it, they used to let people store things in it and had the upstairs finished as an apartment. (I/a) lived there for a while. When the Gilses died, they left that property to the Methodist Church because it was joined to it, so they tore that whole thing down and made a parking lot. That's the story of all the stores.

I: What can you tell me about the church?

B: This church across the street?

I: Mhmm.

B: Well, the original church there was built in 1845 and was still standing when I was a little boy; that's where I went to Sunday school. They decided right at the time that—not that the old would collapse or everything had to be new—they decided to tear the old church down. And they build this, what I call, “east lake architecture’ that’s not keeping with the village of Quantico whatsoever. This one was completed in 1915 and consecrated in 1916. It's the second building on that church.

I: On that property.

B: Yeah, that one. This, uh, it always had the status of a chapel up until just a few years ago, because the old church out on what now is route 15, Spring Hill, was a parish church, and this a chapel of Eden(?). Now, they've got a parish here called “Quantico”, so this has the status of “Church”.

I: Huh.

B: I don't know how much you know about the Episcopal church. It has a bishop, and the church that he resides in is called the “Cathedral”; any time you hear the word “Cathedral”, that's where a bishop is. It doesn't mean a large church or anything like that, it's just the church where a bishop is. Each church in a diocese has one church and it was two or three other churches there called “chapels”. Most of the time, the person that officiates at a chapel, he's a full-fledged priest, but he has title of “Vicor”. The man at the parish church, he's the “Rector”.
I: Was this the only church in Quantico?

B: Oh, no. The Methodist church up here—the Methodists—the religion is newer than Anglican—the Episcopal church is part of the Anglican. The Methodist church never got started until the 1700s. But they had a church here years and years before this chapel was built. This is the older religion, but this is the newer church than the Methodist. They’ve got a beautiful building over there, it’s a classic building. You’ve seen it, haven’t you?

I: But those are the only two churches?

B: No, there’s been a Methodist protestant church out on the corner. But see, methodism is all one now, the three branches have united.

I: Do you still have your waddles(?) and that sort of thing?

B: They do in the Methodist church, yes.

I: And the school. Where did all the children go to school?

B: Well, they had a two-room school out here, right beside the Methodist-Protestant church. Our (I/a) has built this little brick house there, right on the corner where the road turns. The church stood right in the corner, and the school lot was next. So, he got both lots and built his house on there. That’s where the two-room school was. They were limited for space, they used to have a lot of trouble with the church. They used to use the churchyard as a playground. The church faced east-west, so that made it a barrier to the north winds and cold days when the sun was shining, all the kids would congregate to the south-side of that thing. They wore the side right out with all the dirt and mud. Those church people, they put up a fence once between the school, and the fence was almost right against the north-side of the school, but it wasn’t any time before boys were climbing over it and pushing it around and tore it right down.

I: How many grades were in the school?

B: Eight.

I: Eight?

B: Five in the lower room, three in the upper.

I: Mhmm. And you had two teachers?

B: Yeah.

I: Were they from the area?

B: Well, the area, yes. My first-grade teacher was a lady that was from Quantico, the second-grade one was from Sharptown, and the third-grade—third and fourth—was a lady from Quantico, and the fifth was a lady up here from Rockawalkin road, not far from where you live. In the upper room, Chesta(?) Tailor was the principal at Quantico, she was from Quantico. When Mr. Bounds took over...

I: After eighth-grade, did the boys go to work on the farm and such?
B: Most of them did. A few of them—well, that was an unfair situation, I always thought. We all paid taxes all over the county on the same tax-rate, but if you lived within the vicinity of Salisbury, you could go to high school because they had high school there. But if you lived out here in the country, if your parents were not able, financially-able, to board you in Salisbury, you didn’t get to go to high school. But fortunately, in those days, you didn’t have to be a high school graduate to go into college. If you’d gone through eighth grade and passed some sort of test, you could—that's what my brother did. He did eight grades here, then he went right on to St. John’s college, and from St. John’s college right on to the University of Maryland. In two years, he became a lawyer.

I: You have quite a bit of lawyers and judges in your family, don't you?

B: Well, yes. Let’s see... my uncle was a lawyer and a judge, my brother was both lawyer and judge, he’d been state’s attorney—well, they’d both been state’s attorney and judges in this county, my nephew is a lawyer, first-cousin once-removed is a lawyer, and I had two first-cousins that were lawyers. My nephew, he’s retired now, but his name is still on the firm: Hearne and Bailey. Now, with these school buses, every child gets transportation to a school, which is much more equitable, I think.

I: What did you do after you got out of school here?

B: Well, I went to work in the Farmer’s merchant bank in Salisbury, which is now called Union Trust. I worked there seven years from 1929 to 1936, then I got an apartment in Turner Revenue’s (?) office in Baltimore, and I went there and worked three years and ten months. Then I was drafted into the army. I spent almost five years in the army. When that was over, I came back down here, farmed and raised chickens. I did do some special work for the state tax commission there in the courthouse when they were getting ready to make those tax maps. I did a lot of the research that they made them up for this county. Judge Truitt, he was just a law student at that time, and he was working on it too. Oh, what was that fellow's name... John Terraclose (?), he worked on it too. We had three years to get it done and you were on your own; if you wanted to go in to work today, I could, if I wanted to stay home and work on something, I could. You got paid by the item that you found. It had to be done by January, ‘54. We started on it in the first part of ‘52. Had two years to get it done.

I: When you left to go in the service, when you came back, were things different here?

B: Well, somewhat, yes. Everything changed after the war. Farming changed radically. When I first came back here in ’45, there were any number of farmers working still using horses in the field, they might have had one small tractor. It wasn’t long before all the horses were done away with except race horses and leisure horses.

I: You said you raised chickens?

B: Yeah, I had a brother out here. We used to (l/a) four times a year.

I: You could only raise them in the winter or summer?

B: Some of them. Took about a year to raise four flocks.

I: That's before all the Holly farms and Purdue and that type of thing came in?
B: Oh, no. I started off in Purdue. It got so they wanted me to spend more back at the house than I was making, I said, “I’m just working for you for nothing this way.” I talked to Hahn and bach (?) down in Princess Anne, they came and looked and said “There’s no need for that, we’ll put chickens in for you.” I stayed with them the rest of the time.

I: What—you said they raised a lot of peaches around here at one point?

B: Oh, yes. There was acres of peaches around here. Peaches and strawberries were the two most common fruits raised here. A few blackberries, but not like strawberries and peaches. Peaches require light soil, and on the south shore of all these creeks and rivers, it’s ideal soil for peaches. Most of the farmers that had farms on that—in that particular region would have big peach orchards. Everybody had a peach tree, there was no disease developing in them in those days. People—instead of having shrubs around, we’d just stick a peach tree here because they’re pretty in the spring when it blossomed and get the fruit off of it.

I: Practical too.

B: Yeah. Buying peaches now, I used to tell my wife and daughter, I said “I had a time when it didn’t cost me anything.” We kids would be playing in the village when we come across someplace where there was peaches and one had fallen off the tree, we’d pick them up and eat them, then we’d come home and they’d have peaches for dessert—for lunch.

I: What happened to all the peaches?

B: Well, for one thing, it got so expensive to raise them when you had to always be spraying them when disease got in them. I talked with Fuller (?) a few years ago, and he said one year they didn’t sell enough peaches to pay for all of their cultivation to keep the place from growing up and it spread. He had enough expenses with the tax on the land. So, things have changed. All down the south shore of this creek where Fullers... they had big peach orchards. Peach orchards don’t last too long. I think every year, they’d get some new trees each year and dig up the same amount get rid of them; they were old at that time. They just kept them coming all the time. Didn’t let them grow too tall, they kept them trimmed. You could stand on the ground and pick most of your peaches. You only had to have a light ladder that you could put up and walk up and get them. They had to be picked before they fell off. Once it’s ripe enough to fall off, it’s too soft to ship. They shipped them in crates in those days, they had to crate the things up. Flat crates. They were beautiful. I had seen them at the wharf there, just piled up waiting for the boat to come and take those peaches.

I: They shipped them off to Baltimore?

B: Yeah.

I: Do you think they went to Philadelphia?

B: If they did, they went by rail.

I: Well, you remember when the rail came in, then?

B: Oh, no. The railroad—they were all here long before my time. I saw them die a natural death, but I didn’t see the birth of them. The first one came down as far as Delmar in 1859.
Then this other—from Plagrum(?) to Ocean City was opened up in 1889. That’s when Hebron got started, at the crossroads there. They put up a saw mill, just one thing brought on another until they got a little manufacturing town. Hebron is a regular-sized place now, but it’s not old. Not quite a hundred years. My sister is living, she’s 93, and she remembers when there was no Hebron. She said the saw mill was there, and a canning factory, and that’s about all. Just one or two houses.

I: A canning factory?

B: Yeah, where they’d can tomatoes. Used to be two of those here in Quantico. They were scattered all over the community. Let’s see... In Quantico district, there was two here—right here on Hebron road and on Cherry Walk road, and there was one down on Farlowe, one down by the country club, there was one by the steamboat wharf—across the little stream from the steamboat wharf, near where the Crisco (?) plant used to be. There’s that many I know of in this election district. All canned tomatoes.

I: Was there a debtor’s house?

B: You mean where they locked you up for your debts? That ended in colonial times.

I: Oh, colonial times. I remember seeing a marker down there from cherry walk, off cherry walk, I think.

B: A marker? No... I don’t remember.

I: I’ll have to take a look again. I discovered it one day.

B: There’s a debtor’s prison down in Tappahannock, Virginia that’s still standing. It’s a museum. That was the rule. You’d lock a man up for his debts, you never would get paid. You let him stay at work, maybe he’ll pay you; but lock him up, he’s just a—society has to keep him and feed him. I think that was a foolish law, myself, to lock people up for their debts.

I: What do you remember about prohibition around here?

B: I remember it was a mess. A lot of people drank stuff that wasn’t fit to drink. Then there was all this... it never was clear where all this whiskey came from, they came here on boats. I think most of it was made in Scotland or Canada or something. Brought it all up these creeks and different places, boatloads of—and it was pretty good whiskey, as I understand. It was made professionally, not some jerk who had a still in a root cellar. People drank more during prohibition than they drank since, per capita I mean, per each person in the population. Drank more than— I remember my father saying there was more drinking in that time than there ever was when he had the bar. That goes to show you, I know you can’t prohibit a thing like that because it’s too easily made. Anything that will ferment will create alcohol. In other words, you don’t even have to distill it to get it down to the whiskey, you can just drink the batch before distilling; the alcohol is still right in it. Of course, they couldn’t do anything with you for selling hard cider provided that you owned the apples it was made from so you were selling your farm product. But if you distilled it into brandy, you’d have to pay the federal tax on it and it would be illegal to sell it because of prohibition. There was someone who made brandy and they sold it too. Had hard cider and distilled it. I think it takes 12 barrels of cider to make one barrel of
brandy, what I've always heard. But prohibition didn't work at all. That's how gangs got started in the big cities.

I: You mentioned somebody who used to have a farm on Hoffin(?) hill?

B: Yeah. That was originally the Terrill(?) farm. Then after old-man sandy Carlin died, I don't know who got ahold of it. Some lawyers, and there were several others. Then it was sold to a lady in Philadelphia named Mrs. Watt(?), then she sold it to Mr. French. Their old house—there was a nice old brick house there, but that burned up. A bit before December 8th, since the war. The only part of the old house that's left is the kitchen part that (I/a) left fixed up as their office down there. Is it recording?

I: It's doing just fine. Be sure now that (I/a) will be able to see you.

B: Huh. What else did you want to talk about?

I: Oh, let's see.

B: Want to talk about the sailing boat days?

I: Sure!

B: Well, as you know, up until recent years, the only industry in Salisbury had to do with local stuff. There was a lumber mill there, and with the exception of shirt factories—there's always been some shirt factories in Salisbury, but the rest of them all were something to do with agriculture, canning tomatoes or fruit, and the working with lumber and that kind of stuff, and the manufacture of burlap. It all had to do with local stuff with the exception of shirts. There's always been shirt factories there, all my lifetime and before, I think. Well, a lot of the—Lumber is what really made Salisbury. The local lumber and what they brought in there; they had the big mills. The raw lumber was sawed up in the woods and worked up into building material in these factories, all this trim stuff, all resawed into that. (I/a). If you look on your map, you'll notice in the northern-necks of Virginia, there's no railroads in there until you get down to the last neck and then the Chesapeake and Ohio comes into Newport, through Williamsburg. So, all that timber that they cut down there, most of it was loaded onto sailing vessels and marked “Salisbury.” Oh, I've seen—everywhere you looked around that dock in Salisbury—Oh, I forgot. R.G. Evans lumber, it was Ellie Williams when I first remember, then it was R.G. Evans got it. It was right down there where Riverside drive is now just as soon as—you know where the river forks in Salisbury? It was right there to the same side of that fork. A great big lumber mill. Any kind of sailing vessel that would bring a load of lumber that I've seen in Salisbury was at that lumber mill. A lot of people ask me, “What was the making of Salisbury?” it was really lumber.

I: Seems like you've gotten the roots, doesn't it?

B: Yeah. Now most of the lumber that we're using, it's all shipped in from the west. J.S. Adkins, they had a lot of their own timber. When they used to have their mills, they were cutting it and bringing it into their own factory, but I don't think they do that anymore. Every time I go through, I see redwood, spruce, and pine from the west. That was really what made Salisbury.

I: Do you remember when Cherry Hill was built?
B: Cherry... Oh no, that’s the old Summers home. No, it was there all my lifetime and many years before, I guess. (I/a).

I: Did you ever work on a sailing vessel?

B: No. My m—see the man in the yard? (Points at a picture off-camera) That was my grandfather. He was a bay captain. He died when he was 49 years old. Two of his sons were sailors, and lord knows how many of his grandchildren; my first cousins. They were all watermen, bankses (?). Carroll (?) was the last one who was in it, he left sail—he was running those freighters for Victor-Linn (?) company. He was the last one. I (I/a) I asked them “Why’d you all quit the sailing? Why’d you all quit the water?” “Oh,” he said “We didn’t quit it, it quit us.” All those trucks came in, sailing... The big thing now with transportation on the water is bringing gravel and oil, that kind of stuff, on barges.

I: You remember when the roads were put in Quantico and Salisbury, when they were being paved? For the automobile?

B: Oh yeah. I remember the one piece of paved road, we called it paved. You know where you live, right through the middle of that stream, there was a narrow strip of mcannum (?) laid from there into where west main street is now. It was laid by the United States government as an experiment. Every county, as I understand it got a piece at that time. What was it, 1906 or ’07, before I was born? It was just a narrow strip. The one in Dorchester was over near Williamsburg, but they put this one here on Quantico road from Rockawalkin Branch to West Main and Isabella. Horses went to the side of it like I told you, they made a horse channel down each side with a track out here (holds hands to either side) and the left-hand would run on the pavement. Then they started building these concrete roads Just about... it must’ve been 1916 or ’17, but not many until after the first world war; that’s when they started laying them broadly. All of these paved roads here, I remember when they were filled.

I: What was your first Automobile?

B: My father’s. No, it was a brass-bodied Model T Ford. Tell you the truth, I’ve never—well I’ve owned cars, my wife drives. But you know, I hate to tell this on myself, but they never would give me a license to drive. I tried several times and they said I wasn’t coordinated or something. I started to get bewildered when I got in tight spots, and I couldn’t park the thing right.

I: Well, it’s not easy to park a car.

B: They just wouldn’t give me a license.

I: You did fine with the horse, though, right?

B: Well, I can handle a horse.

I: See? There are people that can’t handle a horse.

B: Yeah, but I still remember all the rules about gearing-up the horse and whatnot. Not many people knew--

I: Rules about gearing them up?
B: Yeah.

I: Such as?

B: Well, the first thing you do, you put the bridle on him. Then the next thing, you have to put on the collar; or if you’re going to put it on a carriage, then you put a breast strap, which took the place of a collar. Then the next thing you got out, you put the hames on it, tighten the strap. Next thing, you took the back-harness or saddle, threw it across his back and drew it up underneath of him. It went back around his thighs. We always stayed to the left-side of the horse when you lift, then put the shafts in the (I/a) that held them. Next thing you did was you drawn what we called a hand scythe(?) then, it was a touch scythe(?). You fastened your train to the single train, which was attached to the hames. Next thing you did was fasten your britches-strap to the shaft, next thing you fasten the girth strap to the shaft. Then you went around to the other side and did the same thing. Then you undid your reigns—see, when you go to a horse, you go to the right side, not the left, like you would a car. You were invited in(?) to get in and drive. When you un-geared him, you started on the off-side and did up your reigns first, undo the britches strap, the girth strap, undo the trace, go on the other side and do the same thing. Then the horse is in your right hand, you’re on his left side. There’s not many living today who know how to do that.

I: No! Well, how long was it—when you came back from the war, did you still have horses?

B: I kept a horse up until ten years ago. I had two for a while, but I had one, she got old. In fact, I’m not physically able to fool with a horse now. I’m not scared of a horse, but you’ve got to be on your toes. I don’t think there was ever a horse born mean, they’re made mean through mistreatment. But it was awful frightening, and the things you have to remember is never put yourself in a place where if something frightens him, he can--

I: Hurt you?

B: Yup. Like if you got him into a corner or something. Never get between a (I/a) and a tree or anything like that. Always—and when you’re cultivating with a horse—and these people, I don’t know, Mr. Linsday(?) was from west Virginia, he came here from west Virginia, and these cooks were from Tennessee, and they all had a habit of the two reigns that are aligned, you know, that you guide the horse with; they would tie them together and put them on the back of their neck so they had their hands free. That’s a walking (I/a). Well, it likely killed old man Lindsay, I don’t know why he never quit doing it. He was tending two lots up here in Bunbork (?) swamp, and something scared the horse. The horse ran away, and of course the reigns dragged him out, and dragged him clear through those woods for ¾ of a mile, killed him before he got loose from the horse. That’s the first thing my father taught me, he said “Never make yourself fastened to him.” Said, “Always have it so if he wants to run away or kill himself, turn him loose. Let him do it. Don’t let him kill you.” They’re awful frightening. Anything unusual can scare them, and you have to know that.

I: Did you have a tractor before you went to Salisbury?

B: No, I never did buy a tractor. I quit farming, rented my land out and raised chickens. Just ten in the garden. I take the horse and tend the garden. No, I decided no more land and I
had a—I couldn’t make enough on the land and I had to pay the interest on the machinery I would have had to buy. So, why work yourself to death to make nothing? No paying that. Nope. That's what happened to a lot of farmers: all this great equipment they've got, it won't pay for stuff.

I: Now, these two buildings out here, are they fairly-new buildings?

B: Well, they were built after we had the fire in 1923, I guess you can call that fairly-old then. They were right out here, but I had them moved back. The hotel stood right here on the street. You'd step right of the front porch into the street.

I: Then your family built this house after the hotel burned?

B: No, I did. My wife and I after the war. When we settle up our old estate my father had, I took this lot as part of my share of his estate, so the lot really laid vacant for 25 years except for the barn—the shop that was the election house. I got back out of the army in 1945 and lived in a house up here on Hebron road for two years. The second year I was there, I got some carpenters and made this old house. I'll be living in this house for 40 years on the 23rd of this December, if I live to see that.

I: You say that shop used to be the election house?

B: Yeah. See, they were using the old barn for elections. We didn't know where else to go, so Mr. Shepard and two or three more were on (I/a) at that time, so they got through the county commissioner somehow, they told pop that he was—well he needed it anyway, we were always using it for something else. When he built it, we were having elections every year; it's every two years now, but then it was every year. He got $40 every year for having the election here. In the meantime, we used it for a shop and whatnot. Then for elections, we just had to straighten it up a little bit. But they finally quit using it. We used it up until... I think '54 was the last--

(Video cuts to Mr. Bailey preparing to smoke his pipe)

I: You said you identified some houses for Ronnie Years(?)?

B: Yeah. You know Ronnie?

I: Yeah, when I worked at a camera store, he used to come in quite often.

B: Worked where?

I: At a camera store. He used to come in...

B: Which camera store?

I: Navarre(?). It was down on court plaza. He used to come in quite often.

B: (I/a) He’s coming tonight.

I: He’s coming tonight? Well, you'll just have to tell him you’re talked-out today.

(Mr. Bailey settles with his pipe.)

I: How many houses have you been able to identify?
B: Well, I can identify them all, but I know more of the history of some of them than I do others. People are interested—well, person who either built it or lived there the longest will use that name. Like this house here, the Slake (?) was the Carlner property; N-E-R. Dr. Carlner lived there in the last century for years. He died and his widow lived there. That house across the street is comparatively new. It's from Quantico just before the turn of the century, a man named Townley (?) who lived there. Some of these houses are quite old.

I: Was there a doctor? You say a Carr? Was he the town physician?

B: Doctor of the old school alley, back in the last century. I don't think there was any great doctors at that time, you just did the best that you could. They hadn't done the research that's been done now in modern times, the doctors—even if they can't help you, they know what's wrong with you. I think a lot of the medical care you got in those days were maybe sugar pills or they'd bleed you or something like that. They didn't really know what was wrong with you.

I: Now, you have a brother and a sister?

B: My sister is still living, she's 93 years old. She's now at the Charlie Parson's home in Salisbury, came there last August. But my brother died in 1952. His son's living; Jim Bailey, the lawyer. I was the youngest of the three. (Pause) Ask some questions, I can't--

I: (chuckle) Ok. What do you remember about growing up in Quantico?

B: Well, I remember that it was not a bad place to grow up. There was more people in the community then. There were all these family farms. There weren't so many people that lived here in the village, but they all came in here. We went to school out here and enjoyed ourselves. There was more snow back in those days than we have now, these winters are exceptionally—we would sled around here in the winter time. Out on the creek, we used to have ice sleds as well as snow sleds. Had the spring runners on it, you know, you ran and it would go across the ice. Well, there's one thing. We had these stores up here that—they were more than what a grocery store is now. They had all kinds of little doo-dads that kids could buy, and that kind of stuff. And that Ice Cream parlor.

I: How many flavors did they have at the ice cream parlor?

B: I don't remember any but one: Vanilla. That's all I remember. Oh yeah! They did have chocolate. And in the spring and summer, we would go fishing down here in the creek. This creek is much saltier that it used to be on account of the—there was a shortcut made to the river called Darwood's (?) Ditch. That thing had gotten bigger and bigger and bigger until it's almost about the creek, and its two miles down to the river further than the actual mouth of the creek is, so it's letting salt water in here. All these freshwater fish that we have in here are not doing well.

I: What'd you used to catch?

B: Sunfish and that kind of stuff. But there's hardly any of them in there. There's a lot of white perch, which are really the best fish, but they require some salt to them. And there's
always been catfish. Used to take catfishing days. We were not very serious; it was something for the kids to do. And we played ball and that kind of stuff.

I: Was there a ball field around here?

B: No, we used to play on the schoolhouse lot. Another game, they called “Prisoner Space”. I’ve almost forgotten how they played it now, there wasn’t any ball in it, you just had these two bases and a jail and... but it was real strenuous, a lot of running. I’ve almost forgotten how you play it, but you got your exercise, I know that.

I: How big was the town?

B: Just about the same it is now.

I: About the same size, huh?

B: Yup. There’s two more people right in the village here because there’s several people to a family, children that hadn’t left and all that. Right now, the place is—was (I/a) just full of people just one to a house; widows and old maids, widowers. So, we had a right good time here, when we were young.

I: Were there any traveling carnivals that would come through?

B: Mhmm. One day, a little one-ring miniature circuses would come through here. They’d go to all these small places and play for one day. Then, sometimes there would be a—oh I don’t know what you could call it, it was mostly music. They would put up this tent and a bunch of musicians would play music. They played fairly good music. They put on a little circus. The circuses were not much. They usually had a lion in a cage and several things you could look at, a clown or two, and trapeze was usually pretty good. But they didn’t have any big animal acts like elephants racing around and you know. It was just something to go to once.

I: Did you ever have any trips to Salisbury or Baltimore?

B: Oh, we went to Salisbury quite a bit. My mother and my aunt, we’d all—papa used to go to Salisbury once a week, but my mother and my aunt, they used to go—my aunt—my mother’s sister and my father’s sister, they used to go out once a month.

I: Did you guys go with them?

B: Lots of times we would, in the summertime when there’s no school, I would go.

I: How long did it take to get to Salisbury?

B: Driving a horse... a good 40 minutes. 40-45 minutes with a good horse. Of course, the liverymen could not keep high-spirited horses, because a horse you run out, if he’s too free, people will drive him to death. You wanted a lazy horse that you sort of had to get after to make him do it, he won’t hurt himself. That’s the kind—pop got one that was too free, it was nervous; wanted to go, you know. The one on the lazy side, you had to nip him with the whip ever now and again. He was the kind that everyone wanted: not too spirited.
I: When you went to Salisbury, was there anything there that you remember doing specifically? Or anything you remember doing differently in Salisbury?

B: Well, one of my hobbies was to go down to the harbor and look at all the boats. All these sailboats unloading lumber and whatnot. That was a high time. Used to worry my mother “All he wants to go to town for is look at those boats!” And... oh we went to soda fountains, that kind of stuff.

I: Do you remember where you went to the soda fountain? Was it Watson’s or someplace else?

B: The soda fountain was (I/a) Drug store, most of the time, or (I/a).

I: What do you remember about downtown Salisbury, besides the boats?

B: I remember it was much more busier than it is now. Downtown Salisbury is practically dead. The only real stores in Salisbury were there. Harvey Pal (?) had the biggest department store, Alman’s furniture(?), all that stuff. They couldn’t wait until they got Salisbury bigger. I told them, I said, “You’re doing fine as it is, if it gets any bigger...” “Oh, well we want more people in our stores.” “What makes you think, when the population gets bigger, they won’t want something to take your place?” Right on top of that. They built that mall, Hutzler’s (?), and all that. The bay bridge hurt Salisbury, because Salisbury is—well, we were isolated here. You had to go by boat to get off this peninsula, unless you went to (I/a) and got off that way. So naturally, everybody down here-- now with automobiles and the bay bridge, anybody that wants to go to Baltimore just go across the bridge. Drive up there about two hours and a half, late-afternoon, two hours and a half, back from Baltimore. Going to Baltimore was the rarest thing, lest you went up by boat and spent a couple days there or something. So, if you ever heard of (I/a) cutting their own throat, Salisbury merchants did, I always thought. Ryder Jones, he was a big man in that Sunshine Laundry, and he was also a big man in St. Peter’s church and had some office that was in the dioses—his office of the whole nine counties in the dioses of Easton. Well, I was registrar at Spring Hill parish at the time. We finished a meeting early and got to talking about how things were going, and he said well, suited him alright. I said, “Why?” He said, “Oh the country developed, farmland taken up and the forest is ruined and whatnot. He said, “If you were in the Laundry business like we are, you would want to see growth.” I said, “Ryder. Once all this population gets here that you’re gunning for, there’ll be a dozen laundries to take a cut of your business.” And my god, there must be twenty-five different “washettes” and all that kind of stuff around. Some people thing that the isolation and the old times was the best. I don’t know.

I: How did your—your brother went away to school then came back. How did he feel about coming back?

B: Oh, he never had the intention of leaving here, I don’t think. My uncle was, he was well-established as a lawyer at the time, and he took him off. Later, he went with Miles brothers. Miles—Bailey and Miles for years; it’s just down to Hearne and Bailey. (I/a) Our firm has had a dozen different names, I think.

I: Did you ever go to ocean city?

B: Oh yeah. I went to ocean city—in fact, in my younger days more than I go now. I don’t like the place since it’s gotten so big. Used to be—we’d go to Hebron and get the train and
go down, spend the day down there and take the train back. Hebron’s only about four miles up the road here. Then after automobiles came about, we went to ocean city 2 or 3 or 4 times every summer.

I: What do you remember about ocean city?

B: I remember the boardwalk was only about one mile long.

I: Haha, down there at the very end?

B: It was up as far as... well, it wasn’t quite to where the George Washington hotel is now. All that was just beach and sand dunes on up. You walk up and down the board walk and see all the number of people that you knew from Wicomico county or neighboring places. Now, if you walk up and down the boardwalk and see anybody you know in a thousand people, you’re lucky.

I: Was the boardwalk like it is now with the French fries and popcorn?

B: Oh yeah, especially down at the lower end. More amusements down there.

I: Hebron started their carnival. When did they start their carnival?

B: Oh, let’s see... about 1925 or ‘26, right in there.

I: Is that when they started their fire department? Where was Quantico’s fire department?

B: We don’t have one anymore. Hebron takes care of that.

I: Before Hebron?

B: Salisbury was the nearest one. See, the carnival ground in Hebron now was the old Methodist campground. They didn’t use that at first when the Methodists did away with the campground, then the carnival moved in. You see them gambling on the same land a Methodist preacher beat his jaws off talking about whiskey and gambling! (Laughs)

I: Practicing exactly what they were preaching against. Well, you were probably too old to fully appreciate the carnival when they started the carnival.

B: Well I never cared too much for that type of carnival, but I used to go up there quite a bit. After they got in that park, the campground, (I/a) people started a little meeting place where you can meet your friends and talk to them. I got up there once last summer. But if you go to Sharptown, it’s just—to me, it’s just misery. There’s no place to sit down under a tree there, and if you’re not playing one of those gambling games or pinyo, you might as well not even be there. I went up there one time, or my daughter and I went up there one time, I went up there and tolder I’d had enough of Hebron, just use their facilities where an old man can sit and rest and talk with his friends.

I: Well, Quantico is far-enough inland that you don’t have many watermen around here, do you?

B: Well, there used to be some who lived here. And, of course, the boats were tied up at White Haven or Salisbury over here on the Nanticoke. But there was, let’s see, captain Bill Giles, he lived here in the village, Mr. Will Gale (?), I never did call him captain, a lot of people didn’t. There was three independent sailors.
I: Well this was pretty much a farm community.

B: Oh! Did I say Tom Fellebruce(?)? He was one. Yeah, he sailed.

I: Did they work on the water or just transport?

B: Most of them—captain Tom owned his own schooner, and Mr. Gale owned his. Captain Billy Giles, I think he just commanded for some other owners. That's all I can think of now, but there were more of them. Though, Chris Layland(?) came back.

I: Hehe. Got another waterman back in town. When you worked at the bank, what can you tell me about when you worked at the bank?

B: Well, sometimes there were only three banks in the county-- I mean, in Salisbury. They were all located right downtown, there was no branch offices all over the place. They were small. I remember when I worked there, we only had a little over $1-million on deposit.

I: uh-huh. Pretty small amount!

B: Yes. They made a little money every year, enough to pay the employees for service to the community. Salisbury National, which is now First National, they were a little bigger. I think Tracy Holland (?) went to work there in '26, I went in '29. I think he said it was about 1928 when deposits reached over a million. When I was there, there was about a million and another hundred-thousand. Now, some of them have forty, fifty, sixty-hundred million on them.

I: You say you remember when Harry Fields opened his store?

B: Yeah, I was going to high school there at that time.

I: So, you did go to high school?

B: Oh, yeah. I went to high school and went to Picam(?) (I/a). Im not too well educated, but I’ve done a lot of reading. I’ve educated myself. I never was too much interested in mechanical things, only just enough to make out with what I had. But I’ve always been interested in History and geography, Nature. I’ve read a lot on that.

I: There’s nothing wrong with that!

B: You’d be surprised in the amount of people who usually don’t know one tree from another. I can identify... I can identify all the trees around here but one. They’re not too plentiful, but they grow in a cluster around here and there. So, one time, this thing was in blossom, and Chester Sumer(?) is one of the foresters here, took a sprig of it and went to the church where I go here. I said, “Chester, what kind of tree is this?” He says, “I don’t know. Let me have it and I’ll find out.” He packed it up and sent it somewhere. It came back, he said “I know your tree, it’s a fringe tree.” SO, when I looked it up in my pocketbook, it described it just as it is. It looks like these native magnolias, and the bark and the shape of the tree, when it blooms, doesn’t have enough blossom like a magnolia has, it has these long fringy things, like the fringe on a bedsheet or something.

I: Interesting. Are they native to the area?
B: Yeah. They're not too common. The serbal(?) trees around here... you never find them way back in the woods, you always find them up where there is a house or where there's been houses—like sycamore. They're native to America, but I think they were transplanted from place to place by the settlers. They're around forests here then you'll get about half a mile where you don't see them anymore.

I: I noticed it looks like you lost some trees that were out front.

B: Yeah, four Elms. My beautiful mimosa died, and my mulberry here- storm tore it all to pieces, and two years ago, a big storm blew my pecan tree down.

I: You're treeless!

B: I know. I got two—got them just yesterday—I'm going to plant them in the back yard, and I'm going to plant three in front tomorrow. They'll never do me any good, but I'll be able to see them grow a bit.

I: Well, you never know!

B: Those elms, I put them in in 1949, they were no higher than my head. They died a year or two ago, got that disease in them. God, they were tremendous. I might've had to get them cut down because they were all over the wires of this house. They were going to charge me $950 to cut them down. But they cleaned it all up.

I: Well, in that case it was probably worth it. I hate picking up little tree limbs.

B: Oh, I mean all this big stuff. They sawed it up. One fellow out here with a truck, he was helping them for the wood he was going to get. Several other people came by—I wasn’t here that day, I had to go to dialysis, but I understood that several other people came by wondering what they were going to do with all that wood, said, “Help yourself.” So, it was all gone in two days.

I: Something to be said there too. Do you remember some of the businesses in Salisbury? Other than Powell (?)

B: Jake E. Shockland Company, Thurgood men’s store, Allman’s(?) Furniture store—

I: Is that the same people that had the theater?

B: Yup. And uh... there were only two five-and-tens left, Walrus and McCroys. Walrus is where it is today, and McCroy’s was where the city center is, and some more came later on. The big industry around Salisbury at the time, that I first had recollection of, until the depression—early-depression, was Jackson Brother’s Lumber co.

I: Those are the people that built the house over by the catholic church there, right?

B: Yup. And uh... Jackson Brother’s Lumber co., Jackson’s big shirt factory, which they just tore down.

I: Where was that?

B: Right on South Salisbury Boulevard. Right where the thing makes the turn—Lowes is there.

I: Oh, ok. That was a shirt factory?
B: Originally, yes. And C.R. Dissue(?) Lumber mill, E.S Adkins, and they build an Elliot’s Basket factory where they built basket—they made veneer baskets, (I/a) all that kind of stuff. Then there was another building there owned by a guy named Tillman that made, uh, wood—several things. They made carriage whips; there’s a certain amount of wood inside them that was worked into the other—he made staffs for them. R.D Evans had a big lumber mill down on the river, like I told you before. Timman’s fertilizer... Farmers-Planters fertilizer... I can’t remember of any other big businesses there.

I: That’s plany.

B: Early on, it was agriculture or forestry products, with the exception of the shirt factory.

I: You say there were two shirt factories in Salisbury?

B: Well, there were two or three. But uh... Jackson definitely was the big one, and I remember—oh, I was grown, working in Salisbury when Manhattan came in. But there were several smaller shirt factories around east Salisbury, but Jackson definitely was the big one.

I: What do you remember about White and Leonard’s(?)?

B: Well, it was a drug store, then they branched off into an office supplies-stationary. They finally sold out to the Lucas Brothers and that’s all it is: Stationary and little gifts, that kind of thing.

I: They used to have a soda fountain in there?

B: Oh yes! All this tape(?) went down the center with the... cane-bottle (?) chairs, and the tabletops were white porcelain—looked like marble. Had a thing in the center that held the straws for the soft drinks.

I: You said Allman’s(?) Furniture were the same people who had the theater?

B: Yes.

I: Were you around when they built the theater?

B: Oh, no.

I: Just when it was torn down?

B: It burned down. It burned down since I lived in this house. Charlie Allman was a very good friend of mine. Those Allmans, they... the old heads of them had a big wholesale liquor business in Baltimore. Sometimes you can an old jug... Allmans... Then they came to Salisbury, and they ran... this was before my time when they came here, but it was still going on in my early days. They had a... I guess their bar has closed... they had a bar there in Salisbury that was nearly a block long, and a theater and a furniture store. They were quite enterprising people. Charlie told me that one of the originals, he doesn’t know anything about them. Most of them came from Pennsylvania to Baltimore. Then had this business going in Baltimore, then they came to Salisbury part of the family. Some of them have always been in Baltimore. In fact, for the longest time, they were the only Jews in Salisbury.

I: There was another theater downtown also, right? How many theaters were there?
B: There was three in my younger days. Allman’s, Arcade, and Greene's. Greene was up on N Division street where the city office building is?

I: Really? Huh.

B: Then there was a restaurant that was a block to it called “Mead’s Café”. I never remember being in it but once, It was as good a place as you can go to get anything to eat in Salisbury.

I: So, you remember the Salisbury hotel when it was a hotel?

B: The Salisbury hotel... oh, you mean that big building there? I was going to high school when that was being built. The old Peninsula hotel was right there where the First National bank is. It burned down in ’29, Salisbury National bank wasn’t built in there until 1930. There was a central hotel down on Church St., which is gone now. That’s the only two hotels I remember, except for the one that used to be down by the station that was kind of a dump called “Salisbury hotel”, but the central hotel was not a bad little hotel. It got torn down not too many years ago.

I: Is that what they used to call the “Chauncy house”?

B: Oh no. The Chauncey house was down on that little sharp street called Calvin(?) Street. See the post there out on my front porch? The round posts? They came out of that building.

I: Oh!

B: My cousin owned it, and when they were going to tear it down, he told me, “You go in there and salvage anything you want.” So, I took out all the brass plumbing fixtures I could and sold them, and I got those four posts. I had to saw them out in what was hot weather. One sunday afternoon, I knew there wasn't going to be too many people around so I drove in there, it was shaded and my saw was sharp, so I sawed them loose and put them in the car. Still have two of them in the barn here. When I had this house redone two years ago, I had to build a new front porch there, I had those post put in there.

I: Might as well put them to use.

B: Yeah. I remember when the chantry house was built—the Chauncy house, or whatever it was called. That John Hanson building, I remember when they built it—but it wasn’t very big then. But I was practically grown when they built the hotel. I was 17 years old. And the new addition to the courthouse, that was built in ’36, I remember that. There weren’t very many other buildings being built.

I: Well, when you were staying in Salisbury, where did you stay?

B: I stayed at home here.

I: Oh, you just went back and forth?

B: I could’ve stayed in my brother’s house out on Camden Avenue (Phone rings) Will you excuse me please?

I: Sure!

(Tape cuts past the phone call. Mr. Bailey is back in his chair, mid-conversation.)
B: -- it's about six acres, I guess. It's a solid Stanley pine next to that. I'd say, I've had the place since 1940, that's 47 years, must be at least 65 years old. Pretty stuff, it's tall. I was at one of the timber companies who bid on it. Yeah, they asked if any other company has bid on it, I told them "two". I told them that "if y'all bid on it, I won't tell one what the other's bid, so they'll change their price. Whoever offers the most money is going to get it."

I: Well, that's the way to do it.

B: Boy, they can be—I sold a piece last year... You're not recording all of this are you?

I: (Laughs loudly)

(Tape cuts again)

B: -- I remember a lot of it. "A lot of people see but they don't observe." That's what Colin Dowell said in his books about Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes used to tell his friend Dr. Watson, "Watson, you see but you do not observe."

I: (giggles) So, what did you do in the war?

B: Well, I was in the infantry the first year. Then they pulled out everybody that was over 32 years old, took them out of the infantry. I got in the MP's, I was in the station combat MPs in Virginia for, let's see, two years and six months? Then I was sent overseas and I was in the escort guard MPs for transporting prisoners from one place to another. So, that was it.

I: Then you said you got married after you came back?

B: No, I got married while I was in the army. It was no one I met then, I had known her before that.

I: And you built this house in 1940?

B: 1947.

I: What made you decide on Quantico?

B: Well, I owned land here... I was rooted here.

I: Did you find that a lot of the families stayed from here?

B: Not too many of the original people here anymore. Are you recording this?

I: Mhmm.

B: The people that were born here: there's Bill Armond(?), myself, Delta Pounds (?) who's now 95 years old, and Dick Taylor, they're the only ones that were ever born here in this village. The rest of the people living here, some of them were born in the community, but as far as being born right here in the village, that's all there is. And there's whole families of names that you don't here anymore like the Carolyns(?), Balimores(?), the Gales(?), Bradys... not any of those people. The Crawfords died out here, but Guy Crawford, when he retired, he came back out here and been here six or seven years. So, that brought
the Crawford name back. But other than that, the one’s I mentioned is not representative of what was here.

I: The Kennalies(?) were the ones that had the canning factory out in Somerset?

B: Well, these (l/a) at Nanticoke, they’re the ones that had the fish company, his grandfather came from (l/a). It’s all the same people.

I: How often did you get to Nanticoke? Or, how often did they come to Quantico?

B: Nanticoke and Quantico never really had any ties with each other.

I: Just because of the distance?

B: Well, I don’t know if they were all that oriented to the water there or whatnot. Oh, a lot of people knew people who lived down there but were not close to them. There were lots of times, after they got automobiles, take a ride on a sunday afternoon and ride down to Nanticoke, just for the ride. Be close to the river and look out on the sound. That’s about all it amounted to.

I: There used to be a hotel in Whitehaven?

B: Oh yes. I remember that one. Bob Statemen (l/a).

I: That’s not very old, is it? The hotel is not very old?

B: I don’t know how far back it dates, but it was many, many years before I was born. And the building is still standing, right there on the curb. I’ve been in it lots of time when it was operating. It’s been a long time ago.

I: When did the ferry go in?

B: Back in the colonial days, I think. It’s an old, old ferry there. People in Quantico really had more ties with people in Whitehaven than they did in Nanticoke.

I: You said that Whitehaven and Quantico were two of the older communites?

B: Mhmm.

I: So, the steamboats would port in Whitehaven. How would the freight get up to Quantico?

B: Well, part of the Wharf was right here on catchpenny(?) road?

I: Oh, really! I didn’t realize it was that close.

B: Yeah, it’s right there in (l/a) front yard, where the Wharf was. The next Wharf down the river was Collins’ wharf, which was down there right on the point where Wicomico creek and the river come together. The next one down was Wood’s on the Somerset side. Then, across the river from that was Belhaven. There was a wharf in Salisbury where the marina now is, and whiteshed point, next one was Quantico, Collins’, Mt. Vernon, and Deal’s Island. But most boats—the one at Nanticoke was at (l/a) point, and they had a boat there every day because even the boat that came up the Wicomico would stop there. They had boats there almost every day at Nanticoke. The Wicomico and
Nanticoke rivers, they don’t each have their own moat, they have a common moat that comes together to the sound.

I: How long after the trucks came in did the wharfs still operate?

B: Well, I think the boats folded up about 1932 or ’33. Then trucks had been in full operation for five or six years. I mean big trucking lines. That ended all that. I know they—I started working in the bank in 1929, and the steamboat docked in Salisbury several years after that. In fact, it must’ve been five or six years because in 1934, which was the 300th Anniversary of the state of Maryland, the steamboat ran an excursion or two over to St. Mary’s city, over on St. Mary’s county. She was still operating. I’d say the steamboats folded up around 1935. The one that went up the Nanticoke went all the way up to Seabridge(?).

I: That used to be a big ship building community?

B: Yeah, up in broad creek. That’s where they built those Chesapeake rams. Sharptown was... oh, it was famous for building schooners.

I: Oh, really?

B: yeah, the Pearl T. White (?)… (Mr. Bailey gets up and retrieves a book full of pictures of ships). This is Chesapeake Bay crafting, with Pearl T. White’s picture there. (He flips a few pages, then shows a picture to the interviewer. It appears to be a four-mast ship.) They built that type of boat in Sharptown. The type they built in Delaware were the Ram. (He flips through the book some more). It don’t make me mad, but sometimes you know a book that you’ve read but can’t find anything to save your life.

I: I do that all the time.

B: (He continues flipping until he reaches the picture he wants) Heres the type of boat. In fact, this one is still in existence, she’s called the “Victory Charm”. It didn’t have a bow split(?), well it had a bow split but no Jim Bow(?) or a topsail, and they didn’t have the rate that a schooner had. They carried a big load of freight, but they were slow. (He continues flipping through the book) The Pearl T. White that I showed you earlier is a schooner. (He closes the book and sets it aside.)

I: I understand there used to be a shipyard down in Salisbury? Where the shipyard is now?

B: Oh yes. The shipyard there, they built a lot of smaller sailing crafts, such as bugeyes and pungees(?) and that sort of stuff. But Sharptown, they really built big boats; Oceangoing sail vessels. I don’t think the rams ever sailed outside much; they were Delaware and Chesapeake Bay craft. The reason they were named “rafts” -- I mean “Rams” was they were built to the exact width that they could just squeeze through the locks in the Chesapeake-Delaware canal. They were ramming them through. A schooner got its name from New England, first one ever built was built up there. They had launched her and put her to sail, I don’t know, New Bedford or some other place. Anyway... some lady asked the owner, “What are you going to call that boat?” He said “I haven’t decided.” He knew he was going to give her a name, but what type of boat would she be? A little girl looked out and said “That’s called a schooner!” He said, “That’s a good idea!” You know how the--- schoon—you take pebbles, standing on the beach and toss them out to see
how much you can make them jump? The little girl said—I said it wrong—she didn’t say “That’s called a schooner”, she said “My how she schoons!” He knew what schooning meant, so he called it a schooner. The best of them were built in Sharptown, Maryland, here in this county and Nova Scotia. That’s where (l/a). A lot of these sailing craft were invented here in America, with the exception of one thing, a boat called a “Sloop”. That was an old one; dates back before the discovery of America. In (l/a) office in Salisbury, a boat happened to be going through maryland not too long ago. (l/a) Somebody says “that’s a skipjack!” I said, “Lady, that’s no Skipjack.” and she says “That’s what I’ve been told it is.” I said “Well, whoever told you told you wrong. That’s a sloop.” She says “How do you know?” I say “I’m old enough to remember when those boats were around here. That’s a sloop.” I remember it’s a model of Joseph T. Leonard, and there’s a picture of her in this. (He gets his book again and starts flipping through.) Let’s see if I can find it. Yes. That’s the exact model of that boat. (l/a) So, I copied what was there and gave it to the receptionist next time I went through there. “Now, there’s your boat.” That’s not a skipjack.

I: Did Whitehaven have a shipyard also?

B: Oh yeah. They built schooners there. The fastest sailing rig they ever invented here in America is that bugeye. They built a lot of them in Salisbury. They were really fast. (He flips through his book until he finds an example, then shows the interviewer) Here’s some bugeyes. They had the raking masts, all three-cornered sails, and the mainsail here was larger than the foresail-- I mean the foresail was larger than the mainsail. So, in all attack, this would let this one get more wind. They had a lot of power. They were long and lean; boy they could fly across the water.

I: They look pretty too! (They both look at the book for couple seconds) So, they built bugeyes in Salisbury?

B: Yes. (l/a) McLain, his shipyard was doing pretty strong up until the depression, that’s when they went bad and the bank I worked in had only a $21,000 margin. They just had to take care of themselves. (l/a)

I: Whitehaven made what kind of vessels? Schooners?

B: They made two massive schooners, bugeyes, sloops.

I: That’s still got part of the railway down there, doesn’t it?

B: It was still operating a year or two ago. Some man was running it, (l/a). They didn’t do too much ship building on the lower part of the Nanticoke because the water’s too shallow. First place on the Nanticoke suitable enough for a shipyard was Sharptown. There’s water enough right there, narrow and deep. Lower part of the Nanticoke, you can walk out there a mile and the water won’t go over your head. That’s why they had to build those long piers with a wharf at the end of them.

I: Well, guess what. We’re just about out of tape. You realize you’ve been talking for two hours?

B: I knew it’d been over an hour.

I: If you don’t mind, I’ll take this, and I’ve got some editing to do.
(Tape cuts off)
Interviewer: Unnamed

Narrator: Ted White

Date: 3/12/1987

(?) = Indicates where spelling is unknown or hard to understand.

(I/a) = Inaudible/voice unable to be understood.

I: Interviewer

W: Ted White

Keywords: Prohibition, Salisbury Development, Early 20th C. Salisbury Business, Early 20th C. Recreation

Intro: Ted White, previous mayor of Salisbury and retired pharmacist, tells his account of life in Salisbury since the early 1900s and onward. He talks of nearly every aspect of life including education, prohibition, work, and the changing face of Salisbury.

(Tape cuts in mid-conversation)

W: -- of him, I didn’t know him.

I: I used to stop in his store quite often and talk to him. I realized, after talking to him for quite a while, that he knew a lot about Salisbury that a lot of people didn’t know and had never been written down. So, one time I went in and I videotaped him and I got not only his store, but also him. I think his is as important a record as the stories he could tell me. Well, then I realized that there were a lot of people like him, people like you, and that you can tell me things about Salisbury and the area and how things were that people don’t write down. So, that’s really what it’s all about. Just, you know--

W: Well, I have a book here: Historic Salisbury. Which gives more information than I have, or could ever have, I guess. Written by Charles Truitt.

I: Charlie Truitt, yup. I’m going to talk to him too.

W: But he has made research of Salisbury, it's origin, and everything about it, written right here in a book published in 1982. If I wanted to learn something about something I don’t know, if I look in this book, I can find it, I’m sure.

I: I was talking to John Jacobs, and he said that you used to—that you were the mayor during World War one?

W: After—No! Not during WWI, I was in WWI.

I: You were in WWI?

W: I was overseas, yes.

I: Right, then you were mayor?
W: Right after WWII.

I: WWII. Oh! Well, what can you tell me about Salisbury then?

W: Well, it was a booming little town, a big town becoming a city.

I: Were you involved with putting route 50 through?

W: Yes, to some extent. A lot of people objected to it, but I was for it. I didn't come down the box and cry about it, but it's been a big help to Salisbury.

I: Were you partners in White and Leonard?

W: Yes, I was—my father started White and Leonard in 1897. Er, in 1889. He and a cousin of his, by the name of Leonard, who (l/a) in 1901, and he changed the name to White and Leonard ever since. When my father passed away, my sister—who has since deceased—and my brother became the owners. So, we incorporated it so we wouldn't get in trouble. When my sister passed away, my brother was still living and so am I, but we sold the business to the Lucas Brothers, sold for a million.

I: When it first started, it was a pharmacy and a soda fountain?

W: It was a pharmacy only. It was just a drug store. And when I—I'm a pharmacist, by the way—in WWI, I graduate from Prep-School one day, and went in the army the next day. I was overseas for over a year in WWI, came back and went to college to study pharmacy. I graduated in '21. So, I was a pharmacist, until... the stationary. We opened another store to take care of the stationery and office equipment. It became more prominent to the drugs and the gifts that we carried, so we closed up the drugs and became all-stationery. I was president of the corporation, my brother was vice-president, my sister was secretary and treasurer. So, that was the corporation.

I: What can you remember about the store itself?

W: What can I remember about it? Originally, when I went in, it was a—fixtures were all white, all painted white. There were (l/a) homemade fixtures, so to speak. Of course, we tore that all out and remodeled the whole thing, twice.

I: Twice? Do you remember when that was?

W: Oh... Approximately, I would say, right after the depression: 1933 or '34. And again in the fifties when we closed up the drug business and made it all stationery. When we bought the store next door, we combined the two. We had a second floor, our house was on the second floor, and a showroom up there, for furniture.

I: When they describe the store, I guess in the '20s, it had a soda fountain in it?

W: Yes.

I: He said they had keemed(?) chairs and marble tables, and I think I've even seen a picture where there was a car in there.

W: A car?

I: Somebody brought their car in there to have their picture taken?
**W:** In the store? No.

**I:** Somebody else’s store, huh?

**W:** No, you couldn’t get in there with a car! We had a front entrance and a side entrance, but you couldn’t get a car in there. We had a truck that delivered merchandise. And salesmen, we had three salesmen on the road selling office furniture. They each had a panel truck. They would park it on the side, but they couldn’t come in the store, no.

**I:** interesting. What do you remember about business during the depression?

**W:** Well, didn’t seem to be hurt much. We were not in the stationary business to the extent that we were later, but it didn’t affect the drug business that much. It wasn’t booming like it was before, but it wasn’t bad. Not trying, anyway.

**I:** Now, you were born and raised in Salisbury?

**W:** Yes.

**I:** What do you remember about Salisbury when you were a child?

**W:** It was a delightful place to be, and still is, and this was (he waves his hand back and forth) the nicest street in Salisbury.

**I:** This Park Avenue right here?

**W:** Yes. Although, I bought a lot and a home in the Camden area, near the college. Sold that after we moved up here. But when I was just married, I lived in an apartment over the store. I didn’t have to go outside to go to work. Had a backdoor on the second floor that ran into the store. And that’s where I lived for five years after we were married.

**I:** What was downtown like then?

**W:** Just a busy big town. Very delightful. It was actually very pleasant. I was opposed to the plaza idea. It was the only thru street east and west, that’s why I was in favor of a boulevard going through, to give more freedom to traffic going east and west. But that eliminated all of it, and put all of it on route 50, and I objected to it because I felt it would detract. I don’t think it has helped. It created some advertising, yes, and I think (l/a) is beautiful, the way it was done, I think it was done beautifully. But I don’t think it helped business, I think it repelled business. It caused the mall to be built as soon as it was and the shopping areas around it to be opened up and developed. Like where the super-giant store is, that’s a real bg shopping center. That wouldn’t have been done, certainly not when it was, anyhow.

**I:** Montgomery Ward used to be downtown, right?

**W:** Yes.

**I:** How long ago was that?

**W:** Well I would say it’s been probably 25 years or so. My memory is not good.

**I:** That’s fine. You’re doing just fine. Now, Harry Fields told me he could remember the first car in Salisbury. Can you remember that?
W: No.

I: Neither could I. But he had a good memory on that. Do you remember when the streets weren’t paved?

W: No, I remember when they were only two streets paved, that is North Division Street and Camden Avenue.

I: Uh-huh. This wasn’t paved over here?

W: No. It was just a dirt street with an oyster shell base. My father had one of the early cars, and when I learned to drive, and I drove when I was just 12 years old, I used to have to run over oyster shells, and the potholes they would fill with oyster shells. That’s how they would repair the street. Cut the tires all to pieces.

I: So, you learned to drive at age 12?

W: About that age, yes.

I: How many cars, at the time, were in Salisbury?

W: Well, there were dozens of cars at that time.

I: They were starting to pave more streets?

W: Yes. It came gradually, it didn’t all come at one time.

I: Do you remember any of the other stores that were downtown?

W: Oh, yes. Homer White (?) Suit company, R.E Palin co. (?), Feldman(?), Slicener(?), Toleson Dunn (?), Woolworth (?), McCroy...

I: Some of them are still there, aren’t they? Like Feldmans, Woolworth... Where McCroy’s used to be?

W: Across the street from Woolworth, in that block. They closed out late (I/a).

I: The Allman(?) theater was down there also, wasn’t it?

W: Yes.

I: Was that part of... Let’s see, John Bailey was saying that that was—they had a furniture store, a theater, and something else?

W: No, it was just a furniture store on the theater above.

I: Above it?

W: Yes.

I: When did that burn, do you remember?

W: I don’t know. Been a long time.

I: It’s where that empty lot is now, right? Between Howell and the old Tom Sawyer Young(?) building?
W: No... the empty lot there... the young building, the music store? It was next to that. Where the music store is, that was a hardware store.

I: That was a hardware store? Quite a fancy place for a hardware store.

W: Yeah. It was. Gunby hardware was across from White and Leonard now. That was (I/a) Gunby. There was Darwin Smith hardware on the corner of Dark Street.

I: Dark street... Dark street doesn’t exist anymore.

W: No. That’s the cross street between plaza and Camden.

I: Now, what was in the old synagogue? Or was it always just a synagogue?

W: No, it wasn’t a synagogue. You mean downtown?

I: Right across from the music store.

W: I don’t even know where that is now.

I: It’s a law office now.

W: It was on the second floor. The synagogue was on the second floor. It was there until they built the synagogue on Camden Avenue. I don’t know... that’s been 20-35 years ago.

I: Then there is the hotel on the corner there, right? Near the music store? Past Watson’s smokehouse and close to the river?

W: No... The hotel was across from White and Leonard on St. Peter street there, where the bank is. That was the Wicomico Hotel.

I: That burned down also?

W: That burned down.

I: And they built the bank there?

W: yes.

I: Let’s see. Downtown was basically that two-block area?

W: That’s right. From Division street to the river. That was the downtown area. It started spreading across the river all the way to where Fellman’s (?) is. And... what’s that furniture store across from Feldman’s? Now with the mall?

I: Uh, Langwells (?)?

W: Langwell’s, yeah.

I: Used to be down there also?

W: Yeah. We had a merchant’s association that was quite active at one time. That was... quite far back. When I first started the business with my father, which was in 1921.

I: The boats used to come right up to the backdoor of where Feldman’s is now, right?
W: Yes. That was the branch of the river. The river kept on through Main Street up to Isabella Street.

I: Mhmm. Up to here.

W: Yeah. And that’s where the profit was. The river didn’t extend to the east from the main branch until after the dam broke. You’ve probably heard about that.

I: Humphrey’s Pond?

W: Humphrey’s Pond, yes.

I: Were you around when that happened?

W: Yes, I was there when that happened.

I: Well, what happened? Nobody can tell me the whole story.

W: Well, it was just a beautiful lake, I’ve skated on it in the wintertime. The railroad truss went across the lake there. It’s an underpass now on Main Street, it was extended after the lake went dry. But that was South Division Street. The dam broke there and emptied the lake, and that’s when they dyked-up the sides of the little cut they made up there, and made it a branch of the river. It was a meadow down there. Just a meadow. (I/a) Marshy, before the dam broke. It became a part of the river.

I: How did the dam break?

W: (Shrugs) I don’t know. I guess—it just broke. It weakened. There wasn’t a special amount of rain to flood it or anything, but it was just weak, I guess. Just broke. I was going to school over there where the high school was, over at (I/a) heights. You’ve probably been told about there, where the old high school is?

I: No! Tell me.

W: Well, the old high school was on Upton(?) Street, where the daily times is. That was the old high school. I say “old”, it was new. I went there in the seventh grade. We just had eleven grades. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th. I didn’t graduate, I went away to Prep School. I went up to (I/a) Petty. Graduated from Petty in... ’17 I guess. Graduated one day, put a uniform on the next day. Well, I sailed the next day or the next few days, anyways. Then I was in the army for 2 ½ years, then went to college for pharmacy. So, my schooling at Salisbury was terminated at the time.

I: Where did you go to elementary school at?

W: Elementary school... I went to private school for three years... on day(?) street, which was the same block where I was born.

I: Oh, you were born in that same block, huh?

W: Yeah. I went to that school; it was privately-owned and we just had one teacher. Went there for three years. Then I went to the elementary school which was on Bell(? Street. You know where the southern Methodist Church is? Trinton(?) Church? That street makes... back to a parking lot. It was a parking meter parking area—that’s Bell Street, lower Bell
Street. There was a school there. It had an exit(?) to the— to Justin Street, that’s just down here. Are you from Salisbury originally?

I: Not originally. I’ve lived here about 20 years.

W: You have lived here. Well, that’s where the school was, that’s where I went. From there to 7th grade in the high school.

I: Mhmm. You said you met your wife in school?

W: I met her before then because she was born in Whitehaven and her family moved up here and they lived on william street, until Mr. Elegant built this house here. Then they moved out here. Yes, I knew her. I went to her birthday party... I think she was five or six years old, and her mother threw her a brithday party. Yes, I knew her all my life.

I: Your family has lived in Salisbury for how long?

W: Always.

I: Always?

W: My father was born in Hiaskin(?), my other was born in what is now known as Handy Hall, you that—that’s where my mother was born. She was a “Parsons”. Young brother owned “Pemberton”, the adjoining farms. My mother was the daughter of the Parsons of Handy Hall.

I: How did they manage to locate in Salisbury?

W: Now, that I can’t say.

I: They just got here, huh?

W: They just got here, yeah.

I: I was curious because at one time, Whitehaven was quite an active community because of all the river traffic and steamboats and stuff. Do you remember the steam boats?

W: Oh yes! Matter of fact, I’ve been from Salisbury to Baltimore on a boat.

I: Really? What do you remember about the boats?

W: I remember it was a delightful trip. It was a luxury to have a state room there--

I: Oh, you had a state room?

W: --And spend the night, yes.

I: Were the boats well-furnished or were they kind of rough?

W: No! They were not rough. (I/a- Clock chimes loudly) A good time. And they were equipped as long as they had a passenger to carry. Of course, they died out gradually, not all of the sudden. Just a gradual thing.

I: This was a steamer, right?

W: A steamboat, yes.
I: Do you remember the sailing vessels at all?
W: Oh, yes. They were just business boats, work boats.
I: What did they bring? I know that they hauled--
W: Lumber. Produce.
I: I understand that this area used to have quite a few lumber mills?
W: Yes.
I: Did that have an effect on the downtown area when the lumber mills started leaving?
W: No, I don't think so. The heavy lumber moved away from there—E. S Adkins company and (I/a) company were the two big lumber mills. They moved away from the river because they—the railroads brought the lumber, then. That was the beginning of the over-land shipments, not the railroads but the trucks started carrying lumber. My father in-law—which area was he in... manufacturing crates, baskets for produce and whatnot. That was acrossed the river.
I: Over where Purdue has their holding area?
W: Yes, yeah.
I: He used to manufacture crates for vegetables?
W: Strawberries and all kinds of vegetables, yes.
I: Did he also manufacture things for the seafood industry?
W: Well, mostly farmers, I guess. I'm not too familiar with it. I think he had a couple of canning factories, too, in operation. One was in Whitehaven and one was down at the neck, there.
I: You used to live over in the Camden area, you say?
W: Yes.
I: What can you tell me about that area over there?
W: Well, I can't tell you much.
I: Alright, well, you were over near the college, right?
W: Yes.
I: What do you remember about the college?
W: Well, I know that my sons both graduated from the elementary school there.
I: Mhmm. Oh, that's right, they had a school on-campus there, didn't they?
W: Yes.
I: That's quite a ways out of town--
W: This was elementary school. They had that because of the fact that they used the students there to teach the children, that was a form of training for teaching the elementary part of the school. But they eliminated that a while ago.

I: What was the neighborhood like out there?

W: Well, Camden Avenue was probably not the (l/a), and (l/a) street was across the ways from that. It was always a very delightful street. Then Mill Street started to commercialize quite badly. Pocahontas(?) and whatnot. Now it's-- the noise and the dirt and all when the wind from the west (l/a). They build an apartment across here, some negroes in there. Nearly all negroes in there. So, that didn't help the neighborhood.

I: You do have a new town district helping you?

W: Yes. That's a help, sort of protective.

I: When you lived on Camden, was that considered on the outskirts of town?

W: Oh, no.

I: Still pretty-much in town?

W: All the way to Tonytank was in town. I wouldn’t say “in-town”, no. That was the edge of town, where the college is. The peach orchard was in there. I remember that. Do you?

I: No. It’s always been an empty lot. I remember the Jackson house. That was the one built by the Jacksons who used to also have a lumber mill, right?

W: Yeah. The, uh, lumber mill.

I: Who owned Tonytank? Was Tonytank mansion there?

W: The Tonytank mansion... the Vanderbogarts owned it, when I was growing up, the Venderbogart owned it. She was a Jackson and married an episcopal minister, by the name of Vanderbogart. I guess they built that with Jackson money, of course. But they had (l/a) with the two sons, Jackson, and they’re both dead now. (l/a) Lovely old home. Love it.

I: That was right on the pond, wasn’t it? Wasn’t any roads next to it.

W: The road was in front of it, always has been. The lake was there. The traffic was little, then. Road being in front didn’t mean a whole lot because there wasn’t a whole lot of traffic going on it. Now it’s different.

I: Very different.

W: Of course, they have the Route 13 that takes most of it, but there’s still a lot of local traffic that goes that way.

I: What can you remember about when you were mayor?

W: (Short pause) Hoo boy. Some of it is very pleasant. That was after I had been in the army, and after I had been in the drug business for so little while. It was around 1950, I forget the exact dates that I was mayor.
I: That's ok. Do you remember who you ran against?

W: … Four or five...

I: Four or five other people?

W: Yeah.

I: That's a pretty popular job!

W: Must've been! (chuckles) I never did re-run. I served my four year—I was the first four-year mayor, by the way.

I: Oh, you were? I didn’t realize that.

W: It was a two-year term.

I: Then it became a four-year when you...

W: It had been made four-years before I ran, before I was elected. So, I didn’t start the four-year business, it started before my. But I was the first four-year mayor.

I: Mr. Bailey was talking about the Eastern Shore during prohibition. Do you remember any of that?

W: During what?

I: Prohibition?

W: Oh yes. Very much so. I had to do bootlegging (?) to get my liquor whenever I wanted it.

I: You could? Oh!

W: That’s right. Buy it by the gallon, apple brandy.

I: Apple brandy, huh? He said that it took 12 barrels of apple cider to get one barrel of brandy, is that right?

W: I don’t know (chuckling). I don’t know. We used to make our own wine, grape wine. I had some—these crocks (holds his hand out to show how high they were. Probably more than two feet), two of them. Just put some grapes in there and some sugar, stir it up every once and a while. Then after a certain length of time, I don't know how many months it would be, I would taste it to see if it's fermented at all. If it was, I’d filter it and bottle it. But that’s what I drank, was wine, grape wine.

I: And apple brandy, huh?

W: (Smiling) And apple brandy.

I: How many other people on the Eastern Shore could get their liquor?

W: Anybody who wanted it.

I: It was pretty available?

W: Oh yes. Readily available.
I: He was telling me about some sort of rationing before then that on the Eastern Shore it was, by choice, sort of dry? That you could get liquor from Baltimore?

W: Oh yes. You could buy it, but it couldn’t be sold here.

I: Could not be sold in the county?

W: It could not be sold here. You could buy it. Matter of fact, you could order it and they’d ship it to you. But there was no license for it here. It was really prohibition here.

I: Were there bars at the time?

W: No.

I: No bars.

W: Couldn’t be sold. Either the bottle or by the drink. No beer.

I: My goodness. So, everything you ordered had to be brought down from Baltimore?

W: Yes, or someplace from out of state. And Delaware was dry too. So, we couldn’t go up to Delmar to get it there. You know, the beer... I well remember when the beer started up again... I’ve forgotten what the date was. But it was quite the thing when the beer opened up again; They had the open bars going. But it never did develop like it was before prohibition. I don’t remember much about what it was before prohibition because that was before my time.

I: You were interested in it then?

W: No. Not at all. I never had a drink and I never smoked until I went into the army. I was 19 years old. Yeah, I never had a drink except at home. At Christmas time or something like that where they’d have eggnog, they’d let me have a little bit of that. No, our crowd of youngsters were well-behaved, morally, not disrespectful at least. We didn’t have parties or anything of that sort, for a while at least. There’re always rough kids wherever you go.

I: Always, yeah. What do you remember about the railroad?

W: I remember how dirty they were. I remember going to Philadelphia on business one time in the summertime. I started out with a nice linen suit on, a white linen suit. I went up there one day and came back the next. When I got back, I looked like a negro, almost. Sitting there, the fire—the fire (I/a) I guess... I mean coal. Soft coal, burning in the engines. The cinders and all would just—it was ceaseless. They cleaned them after every run, I think, but it doesn’t do much.

I: Did you ever take the train down to ocean city?

W: Oh yes! Excursions? Sure thing! That was a big treat when we were children. Our church used to have some excursion every summer; we’d go and spend the day. It was wonderful.

I: What was ocean city like then?

W: A quaint and delightful place to be.
I: Did it have a boardwalk?

W: Oh yeah, a boardwalk.

I: A lot of the stores still there that were there then?

W: If they are, they've changed in appearance. The Trippers(?) and Crappers(?) and the old family names, they always had—Shell's, Shell's bathhouse was the place to go. You could rent a suit. You didn't own your bathing suit, you rented them. They would fit just like a hand-me-down would fit you. (Chuckling) But we didn't care about the style at all, we would get in the water.

I: Was there fishing piers there then?

W: I remember when that was built. Yes, when the pier was built and the fishing pier on the end. They had a pavilion out there, and that's where they held all the dances, on this pavilion at the end of the pier. It wasn't built as a fishing pier; it was built as an entertainment pier for recreation and dancing. But that was a little before my time too, because when I had dates and went dancing, the dancing was done in the main railing, on the boardwalk.

I: So, you remember Ocean City when it was still attached to Assateague?

W: Oh, before the—oh yes! Matter of fact, I used to go down there—walk down so we could see the wild ponies. They would come all the way up to where the end is now, clear up there up to Ocean City. They existed and ran wild out there for a long, long time; there wasn't any way to pin them or take care of them. I guess they still have some there, wild, if you go in. They used to cover the whole thing.

I: Oh, really?

W: Yeah. They lived on the whole Assateague island. (Pauses) I was trying to think of an experience that I thought was—when I think of my childhood, I think of it. The lake up here—

I: Johnson's?

W: Johnson's pond—lake. It was frozen clear up to Isabella street. It was a lake clear up to Isabella street. The railroad went across it, and that was our swimming hole. But in wintertime, it would freeze up and we would skate on it. I remember my father used to go down and see how thick the ice was before he'd let me go and skate. I remember one winter; it was the coldest winter and the ice was quite thick, and it snowed and covered the ice with snow. We would clear paths in the ice and we would play tag.

I: On the ice?

W: On the ice. These lanes that we dug and one central section where we could turn around.

I: Did you have to cut the ice for refrigeration and that kind of thing, also?

W: Oh, no. We didn't, I don't know if some people did or not. I didn't know if it was being done.

I: Mr. Bailey says that it used to be colder in the winter than it has been lately.

W: Oh, I think so, yes.
I: How thick did the ice get?

W: Up to six inches.

I: I’d say it’s been colder. It was colder then.

W: Yes. But that was unusual if it was that thick. It was usually three or four inches. Anything over two inches was enough to skate on. Even then, there were some soft pieces in it, and once in a while you would break through. We had two lakes in Salisbury that we used to skate on: Johnson’s and Humphrey’s.

I: Who decided that where Humphrey’s lake used to be should be a park?

W: The city of Salisbury decided that. Whoever was mayor at the time, and the council. There was nothing—they didn’t want to build it back as a lake. So, they decided to extend Main Street and develop that. It wasn’t done overnight, it was done over years, several years. It’s become a valuable piece of real estate, as you well know. The park was a natural outlet for it. See, that little stream that goes through the park, that was a branch of the river that was formed when the dam broke. That stream that goes up to a lake—up to... uh... what’s the name of that--

I: That’s a very good question... Schumaker.

W: Schumaker, yeah. Goes up to Schumaker.

I: So, Schumaker and Humphrey’s were almost the same lake? Or was there a stream between the two?

W: There was no connection between the two. None whatsoever.

I: Huh. Since you were in the Pharmaceutical business, what do you remember about PGH? The Hospital?

W: I remember my mother was on the (l/a) Board, and my father was a member of the board, and we used to supply them with the drugs that they used in the hospital. The three drugstores in Salisbury: Kyder’s (?), Tollson’s (?), and White & Leonard’s. Once, White & Leonard’s supplied all the drugs and the other stores complained, and they were on the board, so they split it up. They’d use one drug store for a month to supply all the drugs. One would get every third month to supply. I saw it grow from what it was then to where it is now. Now, I know that when I was in the old hospital, the center section’s still there. That’s all there was of it at the time, no wings or anything. I was in there as a boy for appendicitis, to have my appendix removed, and I was in there again a little over a year ago for an operation. While I was over there, I thought I had been there long enough and was well enough to take a shower. The nurse would give me a sponge bath, and it just didn’t feel like a bath. So, I asked to take a shower and they let me do it, and I fell and broke my shoulder. Slipped and fell. Then I had to go to a nursing home after that.

I: That was an expensive shower!

W: It sure was!

I: Well, the hospital has always been where it is now?
W: Oh yeah. It started from what was a steamboat wharf, the corner of Main Street and Fitzwater where Main curves around there, that was a home turned into a hospital.

I: Oh, that was? Uh huh.

W: A Dr. George W. Todd, and Dr. McFaddin Dick had the hospital built. I remember when it was built. It must’ve been around the early 1900s. Had to be. I was born in 1897, and that was built in the early 1900s. Of course, it has developed year after year to what it is now.

I: So, the Parson’s home was a healthcare facility also?

W: No. No, that was... that was a private home... and the was the Parson’s... just how he became (I/a) Salisbury, I don’t know. But he was a Pennsylvanian. Philadelphia was in the public transportation of Philadelphia, and he gave that home. Bought it and turned it over for a home for the aged. It wasn’t the Parson’s home; it was the home for the aged. It’s been that way for a long, long, long time. They built the two additions to it. It was a very big house to start with, a big house, and they put a wing... two wings for it, and they changed the name to John Parson’s home. That started in my time; I remember when it was a private home. So, that had to have been in the early 1900s too.

I: What about the Naylor rest home? Or the Hotel Leicester?

W: Naylor?

I: Dr. Naylor had a big house over on Isabella Street?

W: Oh. That was a house for aged for a while, I believe. But I’ve forgotten about that. I don’t even know what that is now; apartments, I expect.

I: At one time, I had understood it was a hotel?

W: Is that so? Was before my time, at least I don’t remember it.

I: When did they build the Salisbury high school at the location over by the park? Do you remember that?

W: …My father was on that building committee, I know that, and my other selected the material and the size for the drapes and the curtain for the stage... I would say that was around 1915, ‘16.

I: That was quite a way back too. Your family was very active in the Salisbury community.

W: Oh yes. Yes, they were. My mother wasn’t a very large woman, but she was lovely and pretty. My father wasn’t very tall but he was very active. Quite a horseman too. My mother was too. My first recollection of my mother was on a horse. They owned one and raised another one and would ride together. But, that’s a long, long time ago.

I: Do you remember the first steamer coming into Salisbury?

W: The first steamer? I don’t remember the first steamer. I remember a steamer coming into Salisbury, The ol’ Virginia. she used to come into Salisbury, yes.

I: How often would it come?
W: I think it was once a week, at first, then maybe twice a week. Mr. Johnson was a captain.
I: Well there was a shipyard in Salisbury also, right?
W: Oh yes.
I: What did they make there? What kinds of ships?
W: All kinds of boats.
I: Wooden boats?
W: Wooden boats. No metal boats, all wooden. They’re still here.
I: I know they closed for a while, then reopened.
W: Yeah.
I: Did they make anything specific? I know in Sharptown, they made specific boats and in Bethel they made specific types of boats. Do you know if Salisbury had a specialization?
W: I don’t think so.
I: Whatever somebody wanted, huh?
W: Yeah. I think they made... I don’t think they made pleasure boats; I think they were all work boats. I think I’m right on that.
I: When you first started in the business with your father, what was your job?
W: Pharmacist. A pharmacist in a drug store is everything.
I: Everything, huh?
W: Anything from a pill-roller, to an assignments record, ice cream dipper, soda jerk. Yeah, it was a little bit of everything.
I: What’s a pill-roller?
W: Someone that rolls pills! Makes the pills.
I: So, you had to do that too?
W: Oh yeah! And capsules. Doctor would order three regents(?), all powder, to be divided up into so many different parts, and put them in capsules. We used to have to do that. Make ointments, and and washes and things like that. Oh yes. That’s what pharmacists did and still does, I guess. Although, most of it is just counting out the pills and measuring the liquid for a bottle that’s already prepared.
I: Would you say medicine is a lot more complicated now?
W: I would say it’s less. Oh, the medicine itself?
I: Mhmm.
W: In a way, it is, because of the so many different kinds. There’re more different kinds that you have to be familiar with. I would be afraid to be in a drug store and be the pharmacist in
the drug store now, after all this time. I wouldn’t dare to pick the names of drugs, there’s so many of them I’m not familiar with at all. I have emphysema, and I have to take a breathing pill after every meal now. I take it regularly. That’s the only medication I do take, thank the lord (he knocks the table next to him). But my wife has sugar in her blood an arthritic leg, very bad, that’s what the heating pad is for; to put her leg on that when she’s lying down.

I: Do you remember when your family first got a T.V.?  

W: My family never had a T.V when I was living at home. They didn’t come out until after I was married. We had Victrola’s then.

I: Victrola’s.

W: Records. That's what we used to dance by in the home. A Victrola. But the T.V didn’t come—well, you know the date when it first became popular. When?

I: I think it was in the ’50s or the late ’40s.

W: I know we... we couldn’t have one until we... we didn’t have one in the apartment where we lived for a time, I know that. We might’ve had one when we lived up Camden, but I’ve forgotten that. I don’t think we had it until we moved up here.

I: You mean until the kids made you think you had to have one?

W: Yeah, that’s right (smiling).

I: How many children do you have?

W: We had two sons, we lost one when he was sixteen. And our oldest son, he’s a graduate at Lee High(?), he’s an electrical engineer. He has three sons, and they’re all married, and two of them have children... (he shifts in his chair to point at the table off-screen). This is the middle one, there’s my oldest son, and there’s my two sons, this is the boy we lost. That’s teddy, he’s sixty-some years old, (I/a).

I: Well, this means you’re a great-grandfather.

W: Yeah, that’s right.

I: How’s it feel?

W: No different.

I: No different? You can’t spoil these any more than you spoiled your grandchildren?

W: No, we don’t see them enough. We just don’t see them enough to spoil them.

I: But you spoil them every chance you get?

W: Oh yeah! You’re right. My son calls me once a week, see how we’re getting along.

(They pause for a few seconds while the interviewer fiddles with the camera)

I: Before your father had the car, do you remember dealing with horses?
**W:** Oh yes! I never learned to ride very well or very much, but we used to go driving. You get a horse and a buggy, just go driving.

**I:** There’s a livery stable downtown. Is that where you got the horses from?

**W:** Yeah. There were two livery stables: one on dock street, and one on church street. We used to (I/a) one horse, but he had to rent it; didn’t have a place to keep it. He had to pay a rental, and another one so my mother learned to ride. She rode side-saddle until she’d get out in the country where she’d take her skirt off and ride straddling it. She could jump fences like nothing. Being raised on a farm, she was a tomboy I guess.

**I:** Did you end up doing a lot of riding around in buggies rather than single horses when you were born?

**W:** Ride around in buggies?

**I:** Mhmm. The family would ride together in a buggy?

**W:** Well, the buggy wouldn’t hold more than three people. No, we didn’t go together, we didn’t go for family rides. My mother and father together or my mother and me, my mother and my sister, my father... My father, being a pharmacist, he worked there a great many hours a week, and he didn’t have a whole lot of time off. But he used to take time off and he’d take me gunning in gunning season, teach me how to shoot a gun and how to hunt with a dog—we always had a dog. It was my job to teach the dog when to stand or when to fetch the birds when we felled them. Those days, we’d find them almost every time we went out.

**I:** Did you end up going down to Pemberton?

**W:** What do you mean?

**I:** Down to Pemberton farm? Where did you usually go hunting?

**W:** Oh, no. That was too close to town. No, we go to Spring Hill road, almost to Hebron. Out that way, up near Delmar. (The phone rings) Excuse me. (Mr. White gets up to answer the phone)

(The video cuts to Mr. White sitting back down.)

**W:** Wrong number.

(Interviewer fiddles with the camera some more.)

**I:** You said you went away to school then came back?

**W:** I went to Prep School, hoping to go to Princeton. I graduated from Prep School, went in the army and I was in the army for 2 ½ years. When I came back, I saw my father (I/a) me so badly in the business with him, I went and became a Pharmacist, which was then only a three-year course. I graduated from pharmacy school and went right to work for him in the business. That was 1922, I guess.

**I:** What would you have done if you’d gone to Princeton?

**W:** At that age, I hadn’t made up my mind.
I: You just wanted to go to Princeton?

W: I wanted to go to Princeton. I used to go there and usher at football games. They would get the prep school boys to do that for them so that their student body could be the cheering section. We'd be glad to do it because we got the chance to get into the—see the game for nothing.

I: Football was pretty young then too, wasn’t it? (repeats so he can hear)

W: Yeah.

I: They played without much padding.

W: Well, I played football in high school and prep school. We had some padding. Had padding for the knee, and fiber rods over the thigh here (he rubs the front part of his leg), hips and shoulders. We had enough.

I: I don’t think they played quite as rough as they do now.

W: No, and yet, in a way, it was rougher in that you’re allowed to push. Matter of fact, you’d see 22 boys, 11 on each side, pushing. Whoever fell to the ground first, if they had the ball, the ball was dead then. But that was—think 22 people piled on top of you.

I: That’s pretty heavy.

W: It sure is! There was many a broken bone in that, boy.

I: You say you played in high school?

W: Yeah.

I: In Salisbury or prep school?

W: Both. High school and prep school.

I: Salisbury had a football team?

W: Yeah.

I: Who did they play?

W: Petty(?) played Marlesville(?), Tome(?), and a lot of New Jersey teams.

I: Who did they play against in Salisbury?

W: In Salisbury they played Cambridge, Easton, Steford (?), Delmar; we played 6 or 8 teams.

I: Do you remember when they had a baseball team here?

W: Oh yeah. I played baseball too—oh, you mean the professional team? Yeah, very much so.

I: You played baseball, yourself?

W: Yeah, I played baseball in high school. I didn’t play in prep school, because I wanted to graduate. I wasn’t sure if I could make the team or not, I played shortstop. I don’t know if I could have made the team or not. But anyhow... I decided I wasn’t going out for it, and I
didn’t. But I played in high school. I never played basketball, though. We didn’t have a basketball team. The high school didn’t. The girls did, and they played outdoors.

I: Was there a winter sport that you played?

W: Football. It's the only one.

I: So, you had two seasons: Football season and baseball season.

W: Yeah. In high school. When I went away to prep school, they had a basketball team there but I had never played, so I didn’t think to attempt to go out for it. You had to take gym or basketball. You had to do one or the other as your athletics thing. So, I took the gym. I learned how to operate on parallel bars, rather well I think. That’s how I was in the circus, anyways.

I: In the circus?

W: Yeah, in the school circus. A performer.

I: Do you remember the circuses that used to come to Salisbury?

W: Mhmm.

I: Were they big?

W: My goodness, yes. Seemed so to me with the big tent, the elephants and the clowns. Yes, I remember that very well.

I: Where did they set up at?

W: I would say at the... where the hospital is would be the closest of the locations. (pause) See, the face of Salisbury has changed a great deal since that time, and I get confused with the buildings. If the buildings were the same, I would remember them, but they're not.

I: That's true. They're constantly changing now.

W: (Reaching for the book from earlier) Here’s one right here, on the cover of this book. The hospital. I never in the world would have recognized that.

I: Yup, uh-huh. It’s quite different, isn't it?

W: It sure is. (pointing to a section of the picture on the cover) Now, that’s the old park right there. All of this is brand new. (Pauses) Can I get you something to drink?

I: I’m fine. Would you like something to drink?

W: No, I’m alright.

I: Well, actually I’m going to say, I’m going to let you alone for a while. I think we’ve got enough information here.

W: Well, I hope I helped you.

I: We’ve been talking for almost an hour and a half! And you’ve been telling me information every moment.
W: Well that’s good, I’m glad.
I: Yeah. Between you and all these other people, I’m going to have the best history of Salis--

(Tape Ends)