

WELCOME TO THE BROWN COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL PAGES

By Carole E. Scott

Atlanta, Georgia's Joseph Emerson Brown Junior High School opened in its West End neighborhood in 1924 at 765 Peoples Street SW. The school was named for a former Georgia governor who in 1869 was the first head of Atlanta's Board of Education. The objective here is to tell about what life was like for Brown's students during the mid-20th century when it was Joseph E. Brown Community High School. Brown High School existed from 1947 to 1992, when it was converted into a middle school. Numerous links provide the macro framework for the micro world of students at what was, unfortunately, sometimes called Joe E. Brown. (This was the name of a well-known comedian who died in 1973.) People with no connection to this school who are interested in history may find these pages of interest. The mid-20th century decades were pivotal years for the nation, socially, politically, economically, and technologically. **New material added May 2016.**

See histories of West End at:

<http://www.atlantaga.gov/index.aspx?page=467>

<http://www.nps.gov/nr/travel/atlanta/whd.htm>

<http://www.westviewatlanta.com/about/history/>

Also see:

<http://sites.gsu.edu/mhp-digital-history/files/2015/01/13-MurphyAvenue-2j47hjk.pdf>

http://www.aboutnorthgeorgia.com/ang/Joseph_E._Brown

In 1947, Boys, Tech, Girls, and Commercial high schools, all of which were centrally located, were replaced by community high schools, which included these former high schools and all the former junior high schools like Brown. When the community high school system was created, the seventh grade was added to grammar schools and the eighth grade to high school. Brown's student body declined substantially in 1950 when Sylvan High School opened. The reason for creating the community high school system was to make it possible for many more students to walk to high school. Previously many students had to ride streetcars in order to attend a centrally-located high school. (Trackless trolleys replaced streetcars after World War II.)



The grammar schools whose students were assigned to Brown after Sylvan High was opened in 1950 were: Joel Chandler Harris, Peoples Street, Frank L. Stanton, E. L. Connally, Lee Street, and Ragsdale. Only Connally and Stanton still exist. In addition to Sylvan High, until 1952 there was Grady (formerly Boys and Tech High), Roosevelt (formerly Girls High), Murphy, Smith, and Bass. Commercial High, Atlanta's first co-educational high school, ceased to be a high school in 1947.

BROWN HIGH SCHOOL ALMA MATER

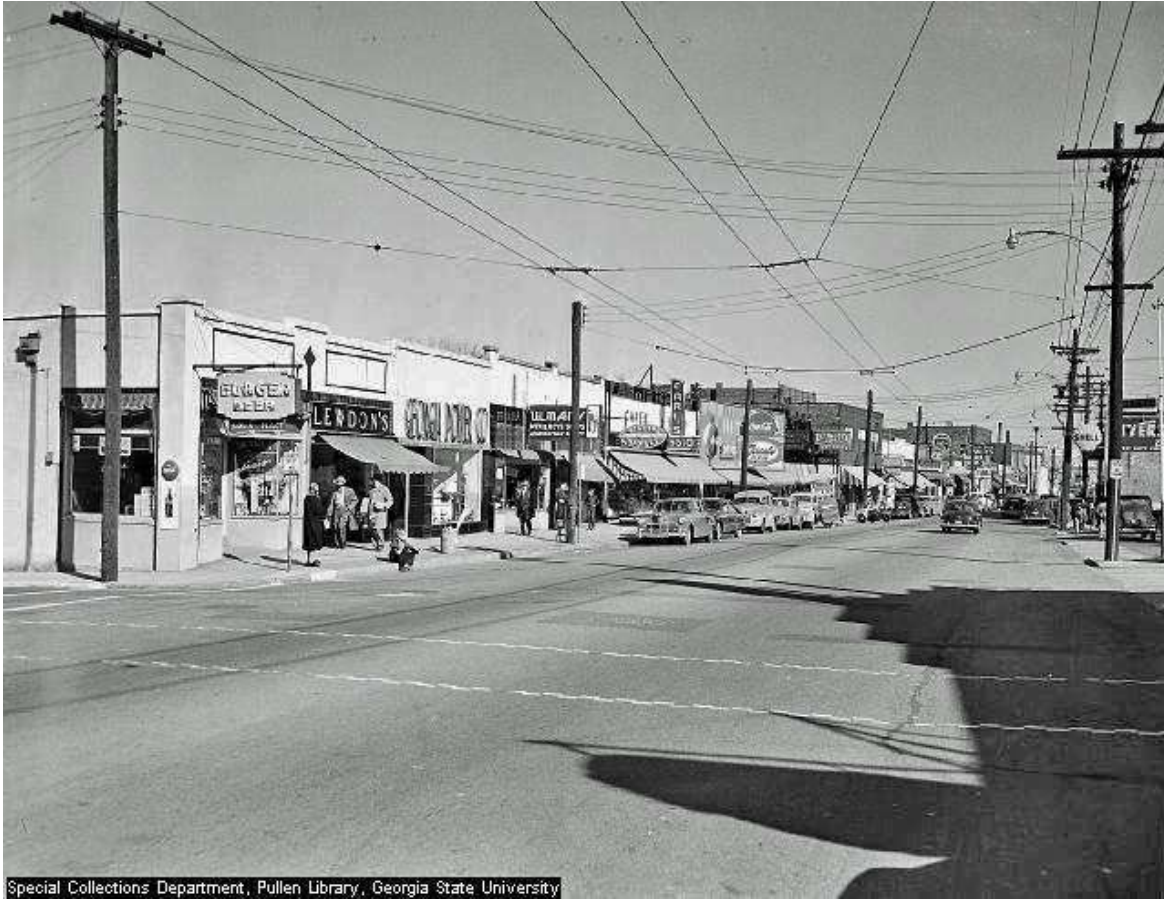
*FROM HALLOWED HALLWAYS INTO THE WORLD WE GO,
TO ANSWER THE SUMMONS OUR KNOWLEDGE TO SHOW.
TRUE SONS AND DAUGHTERS SING PRAISES TO YOUR NAME!
AND FOR ALL AGES WILL ECHO YOUR GREAT FUTURE FAME.*

*HAIL TO YOUR COLORS, THE GREY AND THE BLUE,
WE PLEDGE OUR HEARTS IN DEVOTION TO SHOW.
SO HERE'S TO BROWN HIGH, OUR ALMA MATER DEAR!
WE'LL SING YOUR PRAISES FOR ALL THE WORLD TO HEAR.*

MUSIC BY TED WHELCHER and MORRIS KNIGHT

WORDS BY: BETTY JEAN DIX

ALL OF THESE REBELS WERE IN THE BROWN HS CLASS OF 1951



This photo of West End's business district on what was then named Gordon Street appears to have been taken in the 1950s. The view is towards Lee Street. It was taken in front of either Kroger's or Big Star across the street from A&P.



This 1951 photo is of the Henry Grady statue on Marietta Street in downtown Atlanta. In the background is Georgia Power Company's Electric Building. Notice the trackless trolley wires.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Carole E. Scott, the creator of this site on the web, was the editor of the *Brown Book*, a literary magazine created and sponsored by an English teacher at Brown, James E. Warren, Jr., and was on the staff of the *Rebellion*, the student newspaper he also sponsored. Providing a significant amount of the initial information for this site was **Robert Davenport**, publisher of the *Brown/Sylvan HS Newsletter Combined*. Also located close to Brown was Southwest High School, a Fulton County high school until the 1952 Plan of Improvement caused its neighborhood to be annexed to Atlanta. ***The statements of fact and opinion of those quoted here are theirs and not those of Carole Scott. Obtain Scott's permission to quote from this site.*** This site is concerned both with the stories of individuals and the neighborhood and city in which they lived. While the prime focus is on their years at Brown High School, some post-Brown years are also covered.

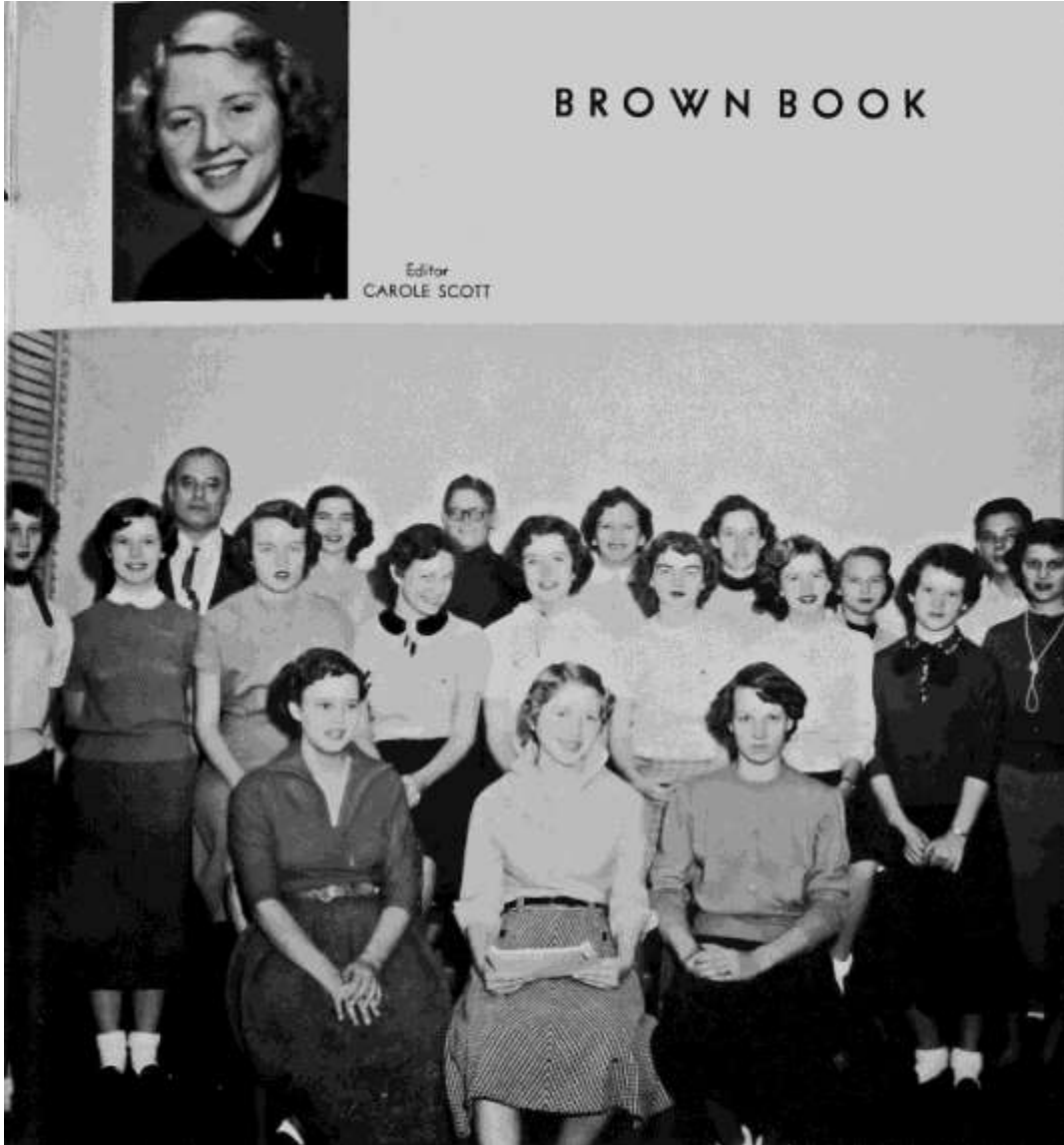
Brown High graduates from long ago remember heating their home with coal; milk being delivered to your door by a milkman, and hanging clothes on a line in the backyard to dry. While we had an electric refrigerator, our next door neighbor had an icebox. A big block of ice was delivered to their home. The iceman grabbed it from his truck with tongs and put it on his shoulder to carry into the house and put in the ice box. A bakery company periodically came to my home to sell us bakery goods. A laundry

company truck came by and picked up my Father's dress shirts because my Mother did not want to iron them as she did the other stuff. During World War II because one dairy company's trucks were worn out, it removed their cabs and used horses to haul the milk from door to door. I remember before we had television and frozen food. I remember telephone party lines (shared service) and returning Coca Cola bottles to the store to be refilled.



Above, like the title photo, is a photo from the Pullen Library at Georgia State University. It is of Pilgreen's restaurant in West End. Begun in 1932, it was Atlanta's oldest steak house.

See photos of many places over time in Atlanta at
[http://www.whatwasthere.com/browse.aspx#!/II/33.753654,-
84.390189/id/14878/info/details/zoom/14/](http://www.whatwasthere.com/browse.aspx#!/II/33.753654,-84.390189/id/14878/info/details/zoom/14/)



IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION OR PHOTOS TO ADD, EMAIL THEM TO:

carole_e-scott@yahoo.com

**LOOKING SOUTH ON PEACHTREE TOWARDS FIVE POINTS IN THE
1950's FROM LOEW'S GRAND, SITE OF THE FIRST SHOWING OF
GONE WITH THE WIND IN 1939**



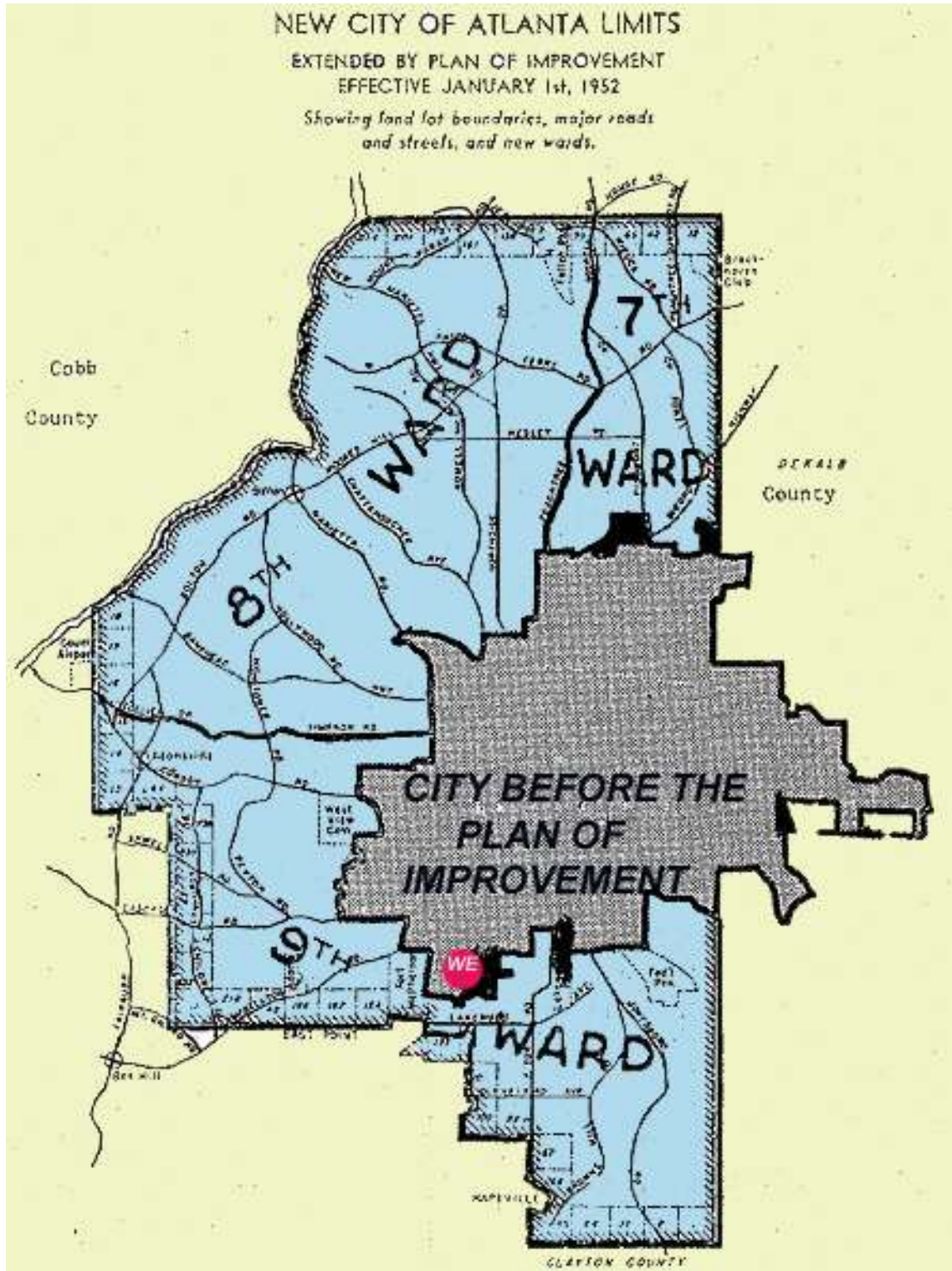
A detailed history of Atlanta is located at:

<http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/counties-cities-neighborhoods/atlanta>

Read and view an excellent description of the 1950s at:

<http://www.history.com/topics/1950s>

IN 1952 ATLANTA'S SIZE AND THE NUMBER OF HIGH SCHOOLS INCREASED A LOT



EXCERPTS FROM GROWING UP IN ATLANTA BY FRANK PERKINS, CLASS OF 1948

Perkins lived almost all of his time in Atlanta at 1720 Westwood Avenue. Lots there were only 50 feet wide, but they were deep. Like probably everybody else who attended Brown, his home had only one bathroom. His family used coke, rather than coal, which burned very cleanly and could be stoked up for the night. “Draft for the furnace was controlled via a chain drive from a lever in the dining room. With the draft off, the furnace would burn at low heat all night with one filling. One time we actually had an automatic stoker installed, but it formed a ‘clinker’—a hard lump of ash—which was more trouble to get out than the manual furnace was to operate, so we sent the stoker back.” [We used coal and kept our stoker. The coal was poured from a truck into a bin in the basement.]

“We had a real fireplace in the living room,” Perkins recalled. “At some stage it had a gas radiant heater in it, but most of the time it burned wood.” [My father removed the gas heater from our fireplace before I was born, and it sat empty thereafter.] Perkins mentions how the number of empty milk bottles you sat out indicated how much milk the milkman should leave. [I remember how wonderful it was when he started putting the milk in an insulated box his dairy provided. Before you drank it, because there was cream at the top, you shook it up.]

“Once a week,” Perkins said, “a vegetable man came with a truck full of fresh vegetables, complete with a scale for items sold by the pound. For a while the bakery delivery came in a horse-drawn wagon.” Perkins observed that the horse knew which houses to stop at. [In the 1940s my Mother drove to a place sort of like the Georgia Farmers Market that was located near Park Street Methodist Church to purchase fresh vegetables. She also went to the nearby State Farmers Market which in the late 50’s was moved to Forest Park.]

Once a week, Perkins said, they would go to a locally-owned store with a list of things, and one of the owners, either Mr. Cook or Mr. Clark, “would retrieve the items from tall shelves behind the counter. When the first super market opened, we were awed by the open, self-service shelves. The lower prices soon drove Cook and Clark from business.... Summers in Atlanta could be hot, and the house was slow to cool off in the evenings. Often we would go for an after-dinner drive to enjoy some cooler moving air. A favorite route was through local undeveloped streets. One stretch we called ‘Rabbit Road,’ because it was popular with cottontails also enjoying the early spring.”

Atlanta had two railroad stations back then: Terminal and Union. Perkins said his “particular memory is standing on the platform while the steam engine arrived on the adjacent tracks, puffing steam, radiating heat, ringing its bell and making a great mechanical clatter.” Once as a great treat I was allowed to go on the overnight trip to Augusta, “sleeping in the upper berth in the ‘Pullman car. [Like the author] on a Sunday

afternoon his family would go to the Atlanta Airport, “which was an informal place in those days. We would go to the terminal to see an airline departure. [In his day] “planes were behind a chain link fence covered with sheet metal to protect you from the prop wash. I was too short to see over the fence, but could find small peep holes. When a plane turned to leave for the runway there was a blast of dust.” [Later, when we waited around for a good while for a plane to take off or land, we stood on part of the roof of the terminal.]



Terminal Station (1905-1972) in 1960

Atlanta had no school buses back then. Perkins walked to J. C. Harris grammar school, which was about a mile from his home. [It was two blocks from ours.] His father was often out of town with the family’s car, and his mother did not know how to drive. [By driving my Father to work, my Mother had the use of our car.] Perkins liked to visit Ciyatt’s drug store and neighboring stores located where Lucile intersected Gordon not far from Westview Cemetery. An attraction at this location was that students, “including some of the most attractive girls in the class,” hung out.

He liked walking on seldom used railroad tracks. [Undoubtedly these were those which ran by Harris. Today the tracks are gone, and this property is part of Atlanta’s Beltline.] Perkins also enjoyed visiting Cascade Pharmacy, where he sometimes enjoyed a cherry coke and looked at magazines. [It was located where Cascade intersected Gordon. Next door was a barber shop. On the other side was a now gone Atlanta fire station. Some of his friends got to slide down the pole. I was never offered a chance. I bought the *Saturday Evening Post* at the pharmacy.] He and his friends enjoyed playing kick the can. Only boys enjoyed themselves by kicking a can around. During the summer his family would go several times a week to see the Atlanta

Crackers play at the Ponce de Leon ball park. The Crackers played in the class AA Southern Association. They played the Birmingham Barons, Chattanooga Lookouts, Little Rock Travelers, Memphis Chicks, Nashville Vols, New Orleans Pelicans, and the Knoxville Smokies.

Read about the Atlanta Crackers at

<http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/sports-outdoor-recreation/atlanta-crackers> .

Perkins rode a bicycle to Brown Junior High, which was almost twice as far from his home as Harris. He attended Tech High School, which placed more emphasis on shop classes and mechanical drawing than Boys High. Bitter athletic rivals, Tech and Boys High were located in the same building. [My father said courses such as foreign languages which included Tech students were taught by Boys High teachers.] Perkins last semester of high school was at Brown. “The big change was being at a co-ed school after all-boy Tech High. It was amazing the difference in atmosphere. I lived at home while attending Georgia Tech, so I had a commute across town there as well—this time by family car—we had two by this time. I missed out on the experience of living on campus, but the cost savings was worthwhile. Most of the students I was thrown in with were WW II veterans going to school on the GI Bill, and this experience with more mature people was valuable.”

At one time Perkins “regularly attended the local theater, the Cascade. “The main attraction was the Saturday ‘Serial’, a multi-part action and suspense series whose segments always ended with the hero in an impossibly dangerous situation. Serials might feature cowboys and Indians, science fiction, or aerial adventures. Sometimes the program included double features, but I usually felt this was overkill. There was another movie theater, the Gordon, in the neighborhood, but it was further afield, and I did not visit it regularly.” [We did, and when I was about 12 my Mother started letting me walk or ride the trackless trolley to see a movie there. Later I was able to go downtown to Lowe’s Grand by myself—something not dangerous back then.] The Perkins family would go to a downtown movie every few weeks.

“The Fox Theater,” he says, “was the most impressive. It was in an Arabic style building built by the Shriners, which also housed some retail shops and offices. The auditorium itself featured a large pipe organ; sometimes concerts were given in connection with a movie. The ceiling had an array of twinkling lights simulating a starry sky. Mama liked to go to the Fox because it furnished earphones that plugged into jacks on the seats and allowed her to hear the dialog better.” {Later, when I went to the Fox, these were not there.]

After graduating from Georgia Tech in 1951, Perkins he was called up by the Army. As a lieutenant he taught the guidance system for the Corporal, the Army’s first surface to surface guided missile. After he was discharged, he was a design engineer for Melpar, RCA, and Missileonics and Radiation, Inc. He retired in 1988. The author of three travel books, he visited at least 64 countries.

In West End there were two local movie theaters, the Cascade and the Gordon, on Gordon Street and the West End on Lee Street, which showed class B movies. The largest movie theater in the City, the Fox, was across town on Peachtree Street. (See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/B_movie)



BIOGRAPHY OF SAM “JODIE” BASS, CLASS OF 1951

“I attended J. C. Harris elementary school thru the 2nd grade; then F. L. Stanton elementary school at Mozley Park thru the 6th grade; attended Brown Junior HS and then Brown Senior HS, graduating in May of 1951.”[My uncle attended Brown Junior High, where he had trouble with a teacher I did too. My Mother and Father, respectively, attended Commercial and Tech. I attended Joel Chandler Harris Elementary School.] Perkins, a Georgia Tech graduate, attended it in the early 50’s. “I worked, he says, “during HS at various jobs, mostly Stoner’s Hardware in Cascade Heights. I drove a 1938 Dodge that was very fast. Basically I was an all around screw up. It took the military to set me straight... It’s amazing I didn’t kill myself and others in that hot Dodge automobile. God must have been looking after me. I haven’t worked a day since I soloed in the Air Force. I have 100 percent loved my entire career, and as my son said, ‘Pop, it has been one hell of a ride!’



1938 Dodge

My best high school days were the time I spent around Mozley Park during the summer. [See <http://www.nps.gov/nr/travel/atlanta/moz.htm> .] The West End and Cascade Heights neighborhoods experienced an almost total transition from white to black between 1960 and 1970. The Mozley Park neighborhood was the first to change.] “Also, I spent lots of times at the Blue Jacket Drive In, Joe Cottons, Pilgreens, and the Teddy Bear Grill.



Now for my Air Force career: I entered the Air Force in December of 1953, stationed at Malana A.B. in Arizona. I flew the PA-18 (Super Cub) for 20 hours and then the T-6. I soloed April 16, 1954. I took basic training at Laredo AFB in Texas. I flew the T-28 and T-33. My first assignment was in Adana, Turkey and Ankara, Turkey.

I flew the C-47 and L-20's—support A/C to bases on the Black Sea, Samsun, and Trabzon (radar covering Russia). I came back to the States in 1957, stationed at Turner AFB in Georgia and flew L-20 and C-123. I was discharged in December, 1958 and went to work for Delta as a pilot in November, 1958. I flew DC-3, CV440, CV880, C-46, DC-6, DC-7, DC-8, DC-9, Boeing 747 and L-1011, and was line check airman for DC-6, DC-7, DC-9, and L-1011. I retired from Delta on July 28, 1993.

I have flown over 50 types of aircraft. I've been active in Warbirds of America since 1979. Since April of 1954, I have flown over 34,000 hours continuously. I have flown the B-17 since 1994 and the Ford Trimotor for 7 years. My time in the B-17 is 1,263 hours with 966 landings and takeoffs with no accidents. The B-17 is owned by the Experimental Aircraft Association located in Oshkosh, Wisconsin....John Hume of the Brown HS class of '49 is responsible for me getting into the Air Force and getting me the Job with Delta." (Shown below is a B- 17.)



In his account of his life Bass explains that a B-17, a World War II bomber shown above, travels to air shows all over the country, where they sell rides in order to cover the cost of keeping it flying. The same thing is true of the older Ford Trimotor. During World War II more airmen flying out of England lost their lives that did the entire Marine Corps during the war. At 80 he was still flying. He had never had an accident.

If Perkins didn't eat at the Varsity on North Avenue next to Georgia Tech, he was very unusual. It was started by a Georgia Tech flunk out. [My Father said this happened to a third of Tech freshmen.]



Atlanta's and the nation's largest drive in, the Varsity

Learn about the Varsity at <http://www.thevarsity.com/history.php?action=timeline>



The above photo is a photo from the Atlanta Time Machine that shows Candler Field (now Atlanta's Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport) as the author first saw it. The plane on the runway in front of the terminal is likely a DC-3. See: Candler field at <http://www.sunshineskies.com/atlanta1920s-1930s.html> .

The 1955 photo below is of Gordon Street looking towards Lee Street. The Nancy Hanks streamliner that took you to Savannah ran down railroad line in the background. Below this photo is a photo taken on Gordon Street looking in the other direction from Lee Street which shows more of West End's business district. West Enders going shopping in the business district would say they were going to West End.



Special Collections Department, Pullen Library, Georgia State University

In the background of the photo below taken near the intersection of Gordon and Ashby streets is West End's business district. The Gordon theatre (not shown) is on the right. Lee Street is straight ahead. Saint Anthony's Catholic church is on the right. A Catholic school through the 8th grade (not shown) is on the left. The large building beyond the church is a grocery store, Colonial's Store's Big Star. Source:

<http://themallwestend.com/about/>



1955 Brown High School Student Performed With London Ballet

By David Allyn Evans

In a music class, either 11th or 12th grade, the teacher announced that there would be an opportunity for male students to gain extra credit by acting as extras in performances of the *London Ballet*. Of course there were several boys who dearly needed extra credit...me being one of them. My recollection is that there were three other young men who joined me in volunteering. The other three will not be named for reasons which will be made clear later.

On the appointed evening, we reported as directed to the old Municipal Auditorium in downtown Atlanta...the one with the triangular park in front always planted with beautiful tulips every spring.

We were briefed on the parts we would play as 'extras' in the ballet interpretation of Rimsky Korsakov's *Scheherazade*. We were to have walk-on parts as 'eunuchs'. Bear in mind that none of us at this juncture in life had any idea as to the definition of the word 'eunuch.' We were given the impression that eunuchs were a kind of servant and/or guard for the Shah...a major Arabian character in the ballet. We were given our costumes...including of a hat or helmet (depending on the scene), appropriately decorated tops, cheap black rubber boots (several sizes to big) and tights...yes skin-tight tights of varying colors. Tights, sans underwear, on a teenage male in the 1950s!



From Wikimedia Commons
By jeff from denver

We asked for the location of the dressing room. There were none we learned. Though ballet dancers have many fine qualities, modesty was not included among them. We learned that in the ballet, at least this one, there was no time to be wasted in going back and forth to dressing rooms. All performers striped and changed in the back stage

open areas. Was the need for extra music credit worth doing away with our pride and self respect? We decided that extra music credit was the more pressing need. We later noted that the stage hands made their way to the elevated riggings high above the stage to enjoy views of beautiful ballet dancers making their costume changes. We, of course, being good southern gentlemen, averted our eyes...well maybe not entirely.

The walk on parts of my comrades are not recalled. I do recall two of mine. One was to dash on stage, waive my provided painted plywood sword, stamp a boot to the floor next to a player on his knees, and pretend to slay him. In another scene, after changing costumes, I was to walk on stage with a bowl of fruit (artificial of course) and place the Shah's dinner table...and walk off.

Following the closing scene of the ballet we regained our street clothes and dressed and departed. But first we each promised never to disclose that we wore tights and had to get naked before male and female alike in making costume changes.

But that's not quite the end of the story. The next morning, shortly after arriving at school, one of my fellow Brown High ballet performers called the other three of us into an emergency meeting in a restroom...using great care to assure that only the four of us were present in the restroom. We shared with us that over night he had learned the definition of 'eunuch.' This development required, not only a promise, but a blood oath, that none of us would ever disclose that we had been eunuchs in our ballet performance. Anticipating the possibility that we might have to make a verbal report of our experience in music class, we agreed on the terms 'guard' and 'servant' to describe our parts. For whatever reasons, we never had to give a report and spoke little to anyone about our experience with the *London Ballet*.

I feel that I am being consistent with my blood oath since I have not disclosed the identities of my fellow ballet performers.

While I of course cannot be positive, I feel confident that the four of us are the only graduates of Brown High School who have ever performed with the *London Ballet*.

While my career in law enforcement has taken me to many places, foreign and domestic; and, I have experienced many interesting...and some exciting...events and incidents. When I occasionally relate a 'war story' or two, I find that no one believes me until I say, "*I have performed with the London Ballet*."



During the years Brown Junior and Senior High Schools existed the most famous past resident of West End was Joel Chandler Harris, an author and newspaperman, most well known for his Uncle Remus stories. A school on Lucile Avenue was named for him. You can read about him at <http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/arts-culture/joel-chandler-harris-1845-1908> The most famous of the characters in his Uncle Remus' stories was the Tar Baby. His home, the Wren's Nest on what used to be named Gordon Street, is a house museum. Below is a photo of the Wren's Nest and a photo of my carving of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby inspired by a metal made by sculptor Julian Hoke Harris.

Read the Tar Baby story at

<http://www.en.utexas.edu/amlit/amlitprivate/texts/remus.htm>





Ed Woods' Lee Street Elementary School class

MEMORIES

By Ed Woods



Brown High School , Class of 1960

Robert E. Lee once said "That a man's education is not finished until he dies". I hope this continuing project in education last a long time. We all have a past and a future. Some people have a short future; others have a long future. When I was young my future was long and my history was short. Over time this trend has reversed. Futures, unlike histories cease to exist. We all have a road ahead of us. We have a choice. Everything you do is based on the choice you make. It's not your parents, past relationships, your job, the economy, the weather, an argument or your age that is to blame. Choices can be influenced by any of the above, but in the end you and only you are responsible for every decision and choice you make. Your choice could be good or bad.

I had many influences; mother, Carol [his wife], church, work and Vietnam. Mother taught me how to make good choices and the war taught me the importance of a brotherhood and how much we depend on each other. Carol is still teaching me, mostly tolerance. I have tried to assimilate all my past experiences into one history. Please indulge this story. This is the story of my life and is written for my family. It is ramblings and musings about my life as I think of the many things I have done, most of which were good. I am a child of God, a husband, a father, a grandfather and a patriot. I love God, my family and my country. In my life I have tried to serve all three well.

I started this project in the summer of 2009. A friend of mine was doing this and suggested that I do the same. I started writing everything down. I always had a small pad and pen nearby. I would even get up at night and write something down. I belonged to a few groups on Facebook that would often post an article that would bring back a personal memory. I also started going through all my family pictures. Pictures are a permanent reminder of an event or person. I am amazed at the pictures mother had kept. When will I be finished? I don't know. Life is continuous. Maybe this will be continuous.

I was born Thursday, September 17, 1942 at 10:14pm, at Grady Hospital. This was not the building we are currently familiar with, but the original building on Piedmont Ave. in SE Atlanta. Grady, was and still is, the hospital for the indigent. I don't remember a whole lot about it. (I really don't know anybody who remembers their birthday). We remember other less important days and less important events; first date, first kiss, maybe fourth birthday, sixteenth birthday, or 21st birthday. Do you remember your first beer? On my 21st birthday a bunch of guys took me to a place called 'Bottom of the Barrel' in Atlanta. I had fun, but really didn't like the beer. I could go on, but none of us remember our original birthday.

My mother was a very strong willed person. She had to be. She was the sole support for both of us. When I was born, we were poor and lived in southeast Atlanta on Confederate Ave., near Grant Park with my grandmother. She did not have a car and so she depended on public transportation for everything. During the war she worked at the Bell Bomber Plant in Marietta. The Bell Bomber plant made B-29's. I do not know

what she did. [See <http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/government-politics/bell-bomber> .]

My first memory of where we lived is at 122 Georgia Ave., about one block from what is now Turner Field. This was a small duplex; we lived on the right side. It had a single fireplace that fed the living room on one side and the bedroom on the other. We did not use wood as a fuel, but coal. I guess coal was cheaper. We did not have a refrigerator, but instead an ice box. As scheduled the ice man would appear with a cart load of ice blocks for sale. His cart was pulled by a horse and would appear two maybe three times a week. Nanny would chip the ice into size to fit the ice box. It was insulated and the ice would last for a while. We also bought vegetables from a man with a similar cart. Dinner was always much better on that day. We ate a lot of vegetables. Meat was expensive, except for Spam and bologna. Pictured above is Nanny preparing dinner. I remember Nanny with the old washing machine that had a ringer on top that was manually turned with a crank to wring the water out of the clothes. To dry the clothes, it was a simple matter of hanging the clothes outside on a clothes line. They smelled so good when she brought them inside.

I played with many black kids who lived in the houses behind ours. Black people did not live on Georgia Ave., but lived in housing backing up to the houses where white people lived. We were just playmates and I did not realize there was a difference in our color. There is also a picture of me on a horse in front of the house. That picture cost Mama about \$.50. She had a fit. That was a lot of money back then. That could buy three loaves of bread, four cans of beans or an SOS dinner that night. During this time we could buy ice cream bars from a guy we called the hunky man. He would ride a bicycle that would have an ice cream cart on the front. An ice cream would cost nickel or an Eskemo Pie would be a dime. In my early childhood the adults would spell words around me when they did not want me to know what was going on. I picked up on a few letters at the time and when I wanted candy I would spell 'B C O Y'. After a while they learned what I was talking about.

All through my childhood blacks and whites were treated differently. Everything was separate; bathrooms, water fountains, restaurants, movies, you name it, it was separate. I didn't know why, it just was. White children did not address black adults by mam or sir. I had a hard time with this as mom always taught me to address adults as 'mam' or 'sir'. It was perceived that white people were better than black people. I always thought it was sorta stupid, it meant that two of everything had to be built. This continued until 1964.

In the fourth grade I went to Adair Elementary School. The school was on Mayland Ave. at the corner of Catherin Street. I remember my fourth grade teacher was really mean or at least I thought she was. We had to remember multiplication tables through 12 times 12 and we also did a lot of paper sales. We collected old newspapers to sell and raise money. We also sold pulling candy (chocolate, vanilla, or strawberry) for a nickel.

It really was a big piece of taffy. I really don't know why we had to raise money. One of the kids in my class was a direct descendent of Confederate Gen. George Pickett (Gettysburg). I thought this was so cool. While doing my genealogy I discovered I also was a distant descendent of George Pickett. I went to a Methodist church about two blocks from the house at the corner of Stewart Ave. and Lillian Ave. At this time I became a Cub Scout since it was sponsored by the church. This was neat! I had a uniform and earned a lot of badges.

In 1952 mother and I moved to 535 Lee St. in West End. It was four unit apartment building located at the corner of Lee and Oak Streets in southwest Atlanta. I believe there is a Shell service station there now. We lived upstairs in the right side apartment. Later we moved to the downstairs left side apartment. We lived in that building until the summer of 1955. During this time I went to Lee Street Elementary School. There I attended the fifth, sixth and seventh grades. In the sixth and seventh grade years I was the school Fire Marshall. During fire drills it was my job to make sure the school was properly emptied. During the seventh grade, as a member of the school patrol, I was able to go to Washington D.C...

In 1946 the Winecoff hotel burned in downtown Atlanta killing 119 people. I vaguely remember Mama taking me downtown on a bus to see this. To this date it is still the deadliest hotel fire in this country. She was an ambulance chaser. Interestingly, this hotel still stands and is now considered a boutique hotel. Scarlett gave Carol and me a night there in 2011 for our anniversary. It really is a nice place.

The Winecoff Fire

By Carole Scott

I'll never forget a photo on the front page of the Atlanta Journal which showed a woman who had jumped out a window in the Winecoff several stories up in order to escape the fire. She died.

We learned from the newspaper that the heat was so great that telephones, which were made of metal back then, had melted. My mother and I often had lunch directly across the street from the burned out Winecoff at the Frances Virginia Tearoom. It was on the second floor of a building. Below it was a drug store. Sometimes we were seated by a window which enabled us to see the windows of the Winecoff whose frames had been burned away.

I was horrified by the Winecoff fire. During World War II we saw newspaper and magazine photos and newsreels at the movies about fighting in Europe and Asia. However, they were far less graphic than those on television during the Vietnam War. (Only in New York was there any television until after the war.)

My father agreed that the Frances Virginia's food was great, but like other men, he wasn't keen about eating there. Women shoppers flocked to it. Davidson-Paxon's was diagonally across the street from it, and it was a short, five-cent ride on a shopper's bus from Rich's.



See: <http://www.winecoff.org/>

<http://my.firefighternation.com/profiles/blogs/historic-loss-of-life-the?q=profiles/blogs/historic-loss-of-life-the>

<http://www.amazon.com/Souths-Legendary-Frances-Virginia-Cookbook/dp/0965341615>

<http://www.foodsitemagazine.com/2010/10/07/3385/>

While I was attending Lee St., the City would close the schools for one day and take all the kids to the Lakewood Fairgrounds for the Southeastern Fair. Oddly enough this was called 'Kids Day'. The fairgrounds still exist but not like it once did. Only the exhibition buildings are still standing. Parts of the race track and lake are still there along with the original concrete grandstand. What used to be turn four, is now an outdoor amphitheater. The race track was a one mile dirt oval with a lake in the center. While the fair was going on there was also automobile daredevil shows at the race track. This was The Joie Chitwood Thrill Show. These guys could do most anything with a car. I remember that they mostly used Fords.

On Saturday's I went to the Gordon Street Theater and meet my friends for the Saturday serial (usually a western) and the afternoon matinee. This would cost a quarter. One time I met a girl there and paid her way in. Mother had a fit; that was another quarter we really didn't have. Along this time all the boys had a Yo-Yo and a bag of marbles. Yo-Yo's came in many colors. Some had jewels and some were plain. I preferred the plain ones. They seemed to be easier to handle. I remember a man came to the area carving what you wanted on your Yo-Yo. I wanted my name carved on my Yo-Yo. He carved 'Eddy'. I told him it was misspelled. He said 'tough, that's the way we spell it up north. I never thought much good about the north.

There was always a game of marbles somewhere. We always tried to get the other guys 'cat eye'. Somewhere along about this time I got in fight with someone I did not know. I can't even remember why. There were several other boys around. The fight didn't last long, I hit him and caused his lip to bleed, and one of the other boys said I won 'because I drew first blood'. I was glad. Probably would have got my butt beat. The only fight I was ever in and I won. Why push my luck? We also got on a trolley to ride downtown to the YMCA to go swimming. We had to swim naked and on occasion a woman would walk through and act like she was paying no attention. I only did this a couple of times.

It was about this time I joined Park Street Methodist Church which was a block away. On April 5th, 1953 I was baptized in this church. (I remained a member there until 1968 when Carol and I moved to Smyrna.) During this time Nanny lived in a house on Lawton St. Nanny worked for Tingue Brown Co... She was a seamstress making ironing board covers. She was doing this after Carol and I were married. Carol used this product until Nanny passed.

During this time there was little attention given to professional sports in the south. Yes we had our Crackers, but no other professional sport existed. It seem like everyone loved college football. Maybe that's why today college football is extremely popular in the south. I do remember my favorite baseball team was the Brooklyn Dodgers. I guess because I just didn't like the Yankees. I really did like the Baltimore Colts and the Green Bay Packers. I guess if it was associated with New York I just didn't like it.

All through my school days every desk I used had a hole in it for the 'ink well.' The ink well was simply a bottle of black ink. We had to learn to write incursive and to do it with a real ink pen. I really don't remember when we started using ball point pens. The below picture is a good example of the type desk I used. [Shown below is the kind of desks used at Brown.]



1955 was a big year for me. I graduated from elementary school and entered my first year in high school, Brown High. In addition to school changes we also moved. In 1956 I moved to an apartment building at 1480 South Gordon Street. I lived there with my grandmother, Nanny, at that address for about a year or two. Mother had moved downtown to an apartment close to Peachtree Street and Tenth Street. I don't know why we lived apart from each other. Maybe it was because she wanted to keep me in school at Brown. Mother bought her first car about this time. It was a 1951 Ford Crestliner. While mother was in the office signing the papers, I started the car and it crashed into the building. I didn't realize that you had to push the clutch in while cranking the car. I could barely reach the pedals anyway.

I would ride my bicycle to Oakland City Park and go swimming. It was a big pool and there was always someone there I knew. It was also a place I would later return to with a date (not to swim) when I started driving. My friends and I would also ride our bikes to John A. White pool and go swimming. These areas were segregated and were for white people only. Mosley Park was another swimming pool we would visit. Mosley Park was turned over to the blacks prior to integration. Atlanta did not integrate until 1964.

I had a couple of jobs. I caddied one day at Bobby Jones Golf Course. There were no buggies and I had to carry the bag for 18 holes. I think the guy I was caddying for felt bad for me and carried the bag last two holes. That job did not last long. I also delivered 'The Atlanta Journal' which was a daily afternoon paper and a Sunday morning paper. This was before the morning and afternoon paper combined into as what we now know as The AJC. I would go to this little building in West End and pick my papers up. I still had my bike that Nanny gave me. I installed a front basket on it and used it to deliver papers. I parked the bike in a central location of my route and walked to deliver papers to my customers. Often there would be an 'insert' that had to be inserted into every paper.

As an incentive for you to increase your subscriptions they would offer some sort of item such as a flash light. Mother got up and drove me for the Sunday morning delivery.

The daily paper sold for a nickel and cost me two & half cents; Sunday paper sold for a dime and cost me a nickel. I delivered the paper for about a year. I had to spend Saturday mornings collecting payments. Most all my customers paid weekly; about \$.45 a week. I had a little book that listed all my customers. I carried a money changer that clipped on my belt.

On Saturdays in the fall I would carry a radio with me and listen to Jack Hurst and Al Ciraldo do the Georgia Tech games. I loved Tech football. This was an era when Tech dominated Georgia. Ga. Tech was the only game in town, even in the main entrance to the Fox Theater on both walls hung team pictures of Ga. Tech football teams. Also I started a lawn mowing business. Mother bought me a power lawn mower. It was a Lawn Boy, cost about \$45.00. I would walk through the neighborhood looking for lawns that needed cutting. I was busy most of the time, and paid mother back for the mower in about a month. Generally a lawn was worth about \$5.00.

After I started driving I got a job at Mann's Grocery Store. Mann's was a mom and pop grocery store with two checkout lanes. It was located on Gordon St. between Wellington & Inman Streets. We were really busy on Saturday. I bagged and carried groceries to the customer's cars. This was considered a good job. I had a wage plus tips. I was able to buy gas and have date money. I kept this job until I graduated from high school.

JOBS WERE NOT AVAILABLE FOR GIRLS

By Carole Scott

It was practically impossible for a girl to get a job. Newspaper would not hire girls to deliver newspapers. A girl would not dream of asking someone to pay them to cut grass. A girl caddy was as ridiculous as a girl quarterback. The only girl I knew who got a job was one who got one in grocery store job where her mother was a checker. I cut our lawn, but I never saw another girl cut grass, and when a guy stopped his car to ask me for directions and I had on a baseball cap and jeans, he addressed me as sonny. (It was many decades later before I saw any female in a baseball cap.) He apologized when he realized I was a girl. When as a small child I played with a boy, it never crossed my mind to suggest we do anything associated with girls, including even hopscotch. We played cowboys and Indians or soldiers fighting Germans.

In June, 1956 I rode the trolley downtown to the Paramount Theater to see Elvis Presley. The show was cheap and the theater was about half full. I do remember his chartreuse sport coat. Sitting not too far from me in the audience, was my class mate, Tommy Roe. The most popular show on TV was 'The Hit Parade'. They would do a

countdown of the ten most popular song of the week. During this same time one of my class mates was starting his own band. No one, probably even himself would have ever guessed just how far he would go. Tommy Roe became the most popular teenage singer during the sixties. I played drums in the high school with his drummer, Mike Clark.

I will never forget my first parade in downtown Atlanta. I had to play and carry the bass drum. I don't remember why we were in the parade, but I do remember marching south on Peachtree St. and crossing Ellis Street. The wind was blowing across that intersection so strong that it blew my drum and made me do a 360 degree turn. I was a little fellow carrying a drum bigger than me. Playing in the band allowed me to be able to go to all the football games free as well as ride the bus. I played drums until I graduated in 1960. During this time if a band was needed for a special event (parades etc.) we were invited.

Our football team was very good. We played for the city championship almost every year. The game was at Grant Field and we marched at half time on Grant Field. Our big event was on April 26, Confederate Memorial Day. Every year at Oakland Cemetery, at the Confederate Memorial, the UDC would have a memorial event to honor the confederate dead. Because of our school nick name and colors we would be invited play. There were always a lot of Confederate Flags and always the playing of Dixie. Life was different in this time period.

High school graduation was at the old Atlanta Auditorium. The front of the building is still there and is a part of Ga. State University. This was a place later that Carol and I would see concerts such as Ray Charles, Peter, Paul and Mary, and a black variety show that had a lot of the black performers of the time like 'The Jackson Five'. Carol and I were two of just a handful of white people in attendance. This was during segregation and no one really bothered us. One guy did get up and tried to start something, but another black guy got up and told him to sit back down, "they not botherin nobody". We also attended a couple of wrestling matches there.

I did not have a home life like most of my friends. I was raised in a single parent, reasonably poor environment, but Mother always made sure I had what I needed. I was always clean and had good clean clothes. I really did not know, financially I was different. I was really nerdy looking, skinny and wore big glasses. I was an average student, about middle of the class. When I was in the 11th grade I took drivers training. It was in a new brown 1958 Ford.

I never really understood the importance of studying hard and I never really applied myself. Mother never pushed me, but made me promise to get a college education. I look back now and I wish I had made my girls make the same promise. I guess she thought I was just smart enough to get a college education with little or no studying. In high school I only got in trouble one time. I got caught selling fire crackers that I had

bought in South Carolina. This was a real no no. I think I was suspended for a couple of days.

THE VARSITY		TRADE MARK REGISTERED	
SANDWICHES		Price	20
Hot Dog (2)	25c		
Toasted Dog	15c		
Ground Steak	15c		
Gr. Steak, Chili	20c		
Ham	25c		
Chicken Salad	20c		
Barbecue Pork	30c		
Club	30c		
Ham and Cheese	30c		
Ham and Tomato	30c		
Cheeseburger	25c		
Deviled Egg	20c		
Ham Salad	20c		
Pimento Cheese	15c		
Swiss Cheese	15c		
American Cheese	15c		
Order French Fries	15c		
Order Onion Rings	15c		
Potato Chips	10c		
Fried Apple Pie	10c		
Fried Peach Pie	10c		
Fr. Pie a-la-mode	15c		
BEVERAGES		Price	
Varsity Orange	5c		
Big Varsity Orange	10c		
Coca-Cola	5c		
Coffee	5c		
Buttermilk	10c		
Sweet Milk	12c		
Plain Choc. Milk	10c		
Choc. Milk, Ice Cr.	15c		
Ginger Ale	10c		
Seven Up	10c		
S-water, Ice	15c		
Frosted Orange	15c		
Milk Shake	20c		

During high school I attended Junior Achievement. The company I joined was sponsored by Sears. We sold our company stock and built several products. The object was to learn how a company works. While attending Lee St. and Brown I was what was called 'a latch key kid.' I got out of school about 3pm and mother did not get home until about 6pm or so. I had to fend for myself. I never considered it a problem. One day a week we had a maid come and clean the apartment, wash and iron clothes. She was a large black woman named Merlene Butts. I loved that woman. The day she came she would always fix supper for me and wait for mama to get home, even though she had her own children.

While in high school I started collecting stamps. Stamps are a great history lesson. My collection wasn't great but I did have a lot of fun and it didn't cost a lot of money. Later Carol and I needed some money so we sold the stamp

collection. I still have some regrets.

I got my driver's license at 16 and never looked back. Mother always had a nice car and it was always a Ford. When I got my license mother gave me the car. Mother let me go most anywhere I wanted to. I was a good driver, just fast and impatient. The first car I had was a 1956 black and white Ford with a red and white interior. I drove this car everywhere I went. I got so many tickets that it seemed like the traffic judges knew me by name. First offense you were routinely assigned to one night of driver's school. I went to traffic school so many times that I could almost teach the Atlanta drivers education course. Mother knew a lot of cops and got most of my offenses reduced to 'first offense'. I went to traffic court one night with Pat Thomas and we met a couple of sisters in court. We got their phone number and had a date the following week. Mother was too easy on me most of the time, but one time she did take my license and car for thirty days. I really don't remember why, but I'm sure I deserved it.



When we dated or even when it was just the guys we would always either wind up at The Varsity, the Yellow Jacket, or Joe Cotton's. Sometimes after a date we would meet there. The Yellow Jacket was on North Ave. not far from The Varsity. They had much better hot dogs than The Varsity. They toasted the buns. Joe Cotton's was at the intersection of Lee St. and Whitehall Ave. It was the local West End drive in. If you had a date and wanted to go somewhere afterwards then 'Cotton's' was the place. Gas was only \$.23/gallon. It seemed like we could drive forever on a dollar. One night Bill Stender and I went to Fun Town, a local permanent carnival with rides etc., located on Stewart Ave., to use the batting cage. We hit some baseballs and I discovered the home plate was not secured. I moved the plate away from me so that the batter would be in the line of the pitched baseball. We sat back and watched. These guys would bring their girlfriends to show off their hitting skills. We laughed so hard at these guys trying to get out of the way of the balls. Most never figured it out.

I graduated from high school in 1960, on time I might add. During the summer of 1959 I had to go summer school to retake a class plus while there I took an elective to get ahead. Summer school was held at Roosevelt High School. Good thing I took that class. It made my senior year somewhat less stressful. When I was that young I had no clue what stress was. I did have an issue with 12th grade second semester English. Ms. Fields was my teacher. She was a friend of the senior class. I don't believe my final grade was passing. She made me write a short story about whatever I wanted to. I made an 'A+' on this paper. She averaged it in with my other grades and I passed. I really don't know how good the paper was or if she even read it.

[None of the jobs Ed Woods mentions in the rest of his paper were available to women, and into the 1950s Georgia Tech and Southern Tech had no women students. A Brown High graduate, Paula Stevenson, Class of 1954, was one of the first ten women students at Georgia Tech. Her story appears later.]

In the summer of 1960 I got a job as a driver with American Auto Parts at 881 Marietta Street close to Northside Dr. This is now behind the Georgia Tech 1996 Olympic Swimming Venue. They had Ford pickups and I delivered parts to garages around the area. I was supposed to replace the drivers when they went on vacation. However, I was able to stay on all summer. I was the only white driver. I made \$1.00 per hour (minimum wage); that was a lot of money. One of the drivers name was Willie Maddox. When I went to work for Ford he was working there as a supervisor. He didn't last long there. He went to work in the Maynard Jackson administration. The building is still standing next door to a transmission shop. I worked there during the summer of 1960 and 1961. In 1961 I got a raise to \$1.05 (minimum wage). While working there I bought a 1930 Ford Model 'A' off a used car lot. It was a black two door coupe and I think I paid about \$300 for it. This was my car and I used it as such. I drove it everywhere I went. I did a lot to this car; new paint, new tires, new interior and had the engine rebuilt by an old man in Athens. I kept this car until 1976.

In December, 1960 I went to work at the Post Office in downtown Atlanta. This was part time work for the Christmas season. I worked for about four weeks. My job was to sort mail. A lot of mail went to Santa. It was easy work and good money! Late 1961 I got a job at a tire recapping plant off Northside Drive. I believe it was for Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. My job was to put white walls on black wall tires. We had a strip of white rubber that I laid on the side wall of the black tire and then I put it into a heat machine that would weld the white rubber onto the side of the black tire. I learned a lot from this job. I learned that hot manual labor is not what I wanted to do the rest of my life. I did not work there very long. This made a college education a priority in my life. In March 1962 I got a job with the City of Atlanta Water Department. I was classified a 'Civil Engineer'; but all I really did was drafting and surveying.

During this time I was going to Park Street UMC. I was always there doing something. I was good, and no matter how hard I tried, I never got into any real trouble. Most every summer the youth would go to Camp Glisson. This was a youth camp in north Georgia just north of Dahlonega at Cane Creek Falls. We would spend a week there. The Camp is still there. Both of our daughters, Scarlett and Melanie attended Camp Glisson. I was very active in the youth group even starting a group with young people from three different Methodist churches; Park St., Capital View and Cascade. Each church had young people that wanted to meet but did not have enough young people to meet on their own. So we all got together and met at the different churches on Sunday night. This lasted about a year. After Carol and I married we continued to go to Park Street United Methodist Church until 1968. As adults we attended a very active class for married couples. We are still in touch with a lot of people that were in that class. We took Scarlett to church there when she was ten days old. At that time we just lived too far away to continue at Park Street. We moved our membership to Smyrna First UMC in late 1968.

I entered Southern Tech in 1960 with a major in Civil Engineering. The school was in Chamblee at the old Naval Air Station. This also happened to be the same place that Bill Fox was stationed when he and mother were married. I spent a lot of time in the recreation hall playing ping pong. I didn't think I needed to study and my grades showed it; but I was good at Ping Pong! In 1961 Southern Tech moved to a new campus in Marietta. I also changed majors, to Mechanical Engineering. Later this proved to be very beneficial. Students that changed majors were able to drop from their records all the failing classes in the former major; thus allowing me to get off academic probation. A lot of my major classes were held at Ga. Tech. along with the Ga. Tech students. I was working full time which required me to go to night school. Over half of my classes were at Ga. Tech.

See some more Brown High School stories at
<http://jobrownhigh.org/WestEnder/2008-08-08.html>

SOME BROWN FOOTBALL HEROES

On Brown High School, on to victory down the field your colors flying high.

Crash that line were all behind you, shout my lads for victory is nigh.

Darkest night reflects your light, your spirits shining bright FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!

Blue and gray forever winning, fight on Brown to victory!

LIST FROM CITY LEAGUE WHO IS WHO

Grant, Lawton (Brown, 1947, quarterback) Grant was the last starting quarterback at Tech High, leading the Smithies to a state title as a junior. He then finished his high school career at Brown where he helped the Rebels win the City League title. Grant's first game at Brown was a memorable 6-0 win over eventual state champion Lanier at Macon. His last game was a rematch with Lanier in the state playoffs that ended in a 6-6 tie and was decided by tie-breakers.

Brannon, Charlie (Brown, 1947-49, halfback) Brannon teamed with Pepper Rodgers and John Hunsinger to make a formidable backfield for the 1949 state champions. He was named All-State as a senior.

Campbell, Norman "Pig" (Brown, 1947-49, guard) Campbell played for state champion Tech High as a freshman in the last year of the school's existence. He became a three-year starter at Brown where he helped the team to a 24-6-3 record and a state championship in 1949. Campbell, the Constitution's Georgia Lineman of the Year for 1949, became a regular at Georgia Tech.

Carithers, Ed "Bulldog" (Brown, 1947-49, tackle) A three-year starter, Carithers was a mainstay on the line for the state championship team of 1949. Dubbed the "best blocker in Atlanta" by Charlie Roberts, he was selected second-team all-state as a junior and first-team as a senior. The big lineman signed with Georgia Tech.

Hunsinger, John (Brown, 1947-49, fullback) Hunsinger was the main ground gainer for the state championship team of 1949. He was chosen the Georgia Back of the Year as a senior. His father was a star player at USB in the 1920's.

Ragsdale, Randolph (Brown, 1947-49, center) Ragsdale was the starting center for three years, helping his team to a 24-6-3 record and a state title. He was chosen All-City as a sophomore and first-team all-state as a junior. He went on to become a two-year starter at UGA.

Rodgers, Franklin "Pepper" (Brown, 1947-49, quarterback) Rodgers led Rebels to a 17-4-2 record as a starter and state championship as a senior. He was selected all-state as a junior and honorable mention all-state as a senior. Rodgers continued his career at Georgia Tech where he became a starting quarterback and kicker. He was elected to the Georgia Sports Hall of Fame in 2004.

Trainer, Cecil (Brown, 1947-49, end) Trainer was the leading receiver for the 1949 state championship team. He was selected first-team all-state as a junior and also picked the Greater Atlanta Offensive Lineman of the Year for 1948. Trainer helped the team win 18 straight City League games. At Georgia Tech he was an academic all-American..

Kennedy, Crawford (Brown, 1951-53, center) Charlie Roberts called Kennedy, “the greatest mid-sized lineman the City has ever produced.” The 165-pounder was chosen all-state despite his size. Kennedy helped the Rebels to the 1952 City championship game where they lost to eventual state champion Murphy. He would coach Avondale to the 1976 state championship.

Trainer, Freddie (Brown, 1952-54, end) Freddie Trainer joined his brother on the list of all-state players from Brown High. He did this despite the fact that Brown had an off-year, winning just two games.

Jordan, Eddie (Brown, 1957-59, quarterback) Jordan led Brown to a 7-4 finish as a junior and a 10-1-1 slate and the City title in his final campaign. He scored the winning touchdown in a stunning 19-13 victory over Northside in 1958, ending the Tigers’ 16-game unbeaten streak and knocking them out of the Milk Bowl.

Ragsdale, Porter (Brown, 1957-59, tackle) Enormous for the era at 6’5” 230, the tackle led Brown to a 10-1-1 record and a Milk Bowl win as a senior. He signed with UGA.

King, Kim (Brown, 1960-62, quarterback) Nicknamed “Golden Boy” by Charlie Roberts, King led the Rebels to a 9-1 finish following a dismal one-win season the previous year. The southpaw set new City passing records as a junior with 19 touchdown passes and 1204 yards. King topped the 1000-yard mark again as a senior and was chosen the Georgia Back of the Year. He later played at Georgia Tech.

Kinard, Bill (Brown, 1961 and 1963, halfback/quarterback) Kinard had one of the best sophomore seasons in City League history, scoring 14 touchdowns and leading the region in scoring with 84 points. He teamed with Kim King to lead Brown to a 9-1 finish. Kinard moved to quarterback as a senior and led the Rebels to the Milk Bowl. He ran for 1034 and passed for 800 yards and ten touchdowns. Kinard ended his career in style with 135 yards on 27 carries and two touchdowns in the Milk Bowl loss to North Fulton. He was chosen the Georgia Back of the Year.

Burden, Randy (Brown, 1963-66, quarterback) The third in a string of great Brown quarterbacks following King and Kinard. Burden started three years at the position, claiming all-state status as a senior. The combination of Burden to Ken Shaw was almost unstoppable as the pair shattered City passing records. He threw seven touchdown passes in a rout of Sylvan as a junior. Burden led the Rebels to the 1966 Region 3-AA West championship. They lost to eventual state champion North Fulton in the Milk Bowl.

Shaw, Ken (Brown, 1964-66, end) Shaw teamed with Randy Burden in 1965 and 1966 to make one of the most proficient passing combinations in City League history. His touchdown grab against Northside brought his team from behind to secure a berth in the Milk Bowl. He signed with UGA.

According to the Atlanta Journal Constitution’s I. J. Rosenberg in an article about Franklin “Pepper” Rogers: “What he did: If football came down to personality, Franklin “Pepper” Rodgers never would have lost a game.

The former Atlanta high school star, Georgia Tech quarterback and head coach has lived a life of Riley (a carefree, comfortable, and thoroughly enjoyable way of living) that even Riley would have envied, and wherever Pepper goes he is still the life of the party.

It all started at Brown High School as Rodgers lived in a house on Stewart Avenue and was a three-sport high star in football, basketball and baseball. He always has said his best sport was basketball, but along with six other [Brown] football players that were part of a state championship team in 1949, he went to Tech. [Rodgers began his high school football career at Tech high. His Tech High coach was his coach at Brown.]

With the Yellow Jackets, Rodgers signed what was called a “city scholarship” where he lived at home during his freshman season and then moved on campus. Playing for the great Bobby Dodd and during a time when freshman were not eligible, he was part of Tech’s most glamorous era in football as the three teams he played on went 32-2-2 and won a piece of the national championship in 1952.

He told reporters, “Look boys, the four most important things are to have a fast back, a big line during football games, and after six a beautiful woman and a cold beer. Well, it’s after six, so I am going to get a cold beer.”

Rodgers published a book in 1984, *Fourth and Long Gone*, a bittersweet, comic novel about college football.

Read about Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd at:

<http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/sports-outdoor-recreation/bobby-dodd-1908-1988>

Read about University of Georgia Coach Wally Butts at

<http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/sports-outdoor-recreation/wally-butts-1905-1973>

In 1960, Kim King began his career as the Rebels’ quarterback when he was a sophomore. That year the team’s record was 1-8-1. The next year it was 9-1. The loss was to southside rival Southwest. King was All-City and All-State in football, basketball and baseball. He caught the attention of college coaches in football and basketball as well as pro-baseball scouts. In his senior year the Rebels went 6-4. The *Atlanta Constitution* said it would be a long time before anyone would eclipse his two year passing, rushing, and touchdown numbers. King was again named All-City and All-State in all three sports and was the undisputed “King” of prep sports in Georgia. He received football scholarship offers from all over the country as well as offers in basketball and professional baseball. King’s heart was in Atlanta and his loyalty was to Bobby Dodd and the Ramblin Wreck from Georgia Tech, where he distinguished himself as quarterback. Kim King is 4th from the left on the back row of the 1957 photo below of a

Little League team. On his left is Tom Ryan, who graduated from Southwest High School.



BROWN WAS THE BOYS BASKETBALL CLASS AAA CHAMPIONS IN 1959 AND CLASS AA IN 1952 AND 1977

SOME FOND MEMORIES

Shared by Louis Sillay, Brown High Class of 1948.



Sillay and Drew, 1948

One afternoon after lunch Laura Lee Drew, the love of my life and eventually my wife for 65 years were stretching our lunch break as much as we could by walking very slowly and very close together (not touching) toward our respective next classes. A teacher, Mrs. Strand, stepped into the hall to close her classroom door just before the bell rang. She looked at us and asked, "Aren't you two walking *awfully* close together?" I responded, "No..." She raised an eyebrow. I said, "...*wonderfully* close." She shook her head in feigned disapproval. Fifty years later as we picked her up to drive to our fiftieth class reunion, we shared laughter (and a few tears) over the memory of that incident. (Laura Lee passed away on June 5, 2015)

BROWN HIGH STORIES FROM THE SPRING 2016 ISSUE OF THE BROWN/SYLVAN HILLS HS COMBINED NEWSLETTER

**The first of the following stories is by Jack Smith. The second is by
Bruce Daniels.**

"I don't remember the year, but one day at Brown the seat of my pants split. I tied my sweater around my waist and went to the office for permission to go home and change. I approached with some trepidation, as I'd been there before under less than favorable circumstances, but this time Mr. Martin was sympathetic, and as he wrote my pass confided that he had a similar experience at Rich's. His solution was to buy a needle and thread and make the necessary repairs himself in the dressing room. Incidentally, if you don't remember, Mr. Martin's father and mother wrote the lyrics and music of the hymn 'God Will Take Care Of You.'"

Scott Comment

One of my jobs as editor of the Brown Book was to mimeograph it. It was a hot day, and all the windows were open. It was also a windy day. As I carried a used stencil to throw it away, the wind blew it into me, covering the front of my blouse with ink. I got permission to go home to change. Fortunately the blouse was white, and my Mother was able to bleach it so that it looked fine. Rather than walk down to Gordon Street and catch a trolley and having people stare at me, I walked home down White Street, a route girls in particular avoided, but it was a much shorter route home than walking to and down Gordon. There was only one house on White Street. The other side of the street was woods and a 9-hole golf course owned by the railroad company whose line paralleled White Street. (The golf course was little used, and I shot my bow and arrow and walked my dog on the golf course. I learned when my Girl Scout troop was allowed to use the Boy Scouts' log cabin in the woods that there were trenches in the woods from the War Between the States. I also learned what the boys used the crawl space under the cabin for. UGH!)

"I remember hearing John Hunsinger sing "Many Brave Hearts Are Asleep in the Deep' during one of the annual Rebel Riot Talent Shows. He hit the lowest note that I have ever heard a singer hit.

I remember buying lunch in the Shake Down two or three days a week. They were losing so many Coke bottles they started charging a nickel deposit. They gave you a ticket that got you your nickel back, providing you brought the bottle too.

I remember working the concession stand at the basketball games in the gym for two or three years. Mr. Clark was in charge of ticket sales and the concession stand. He would stand by the entrance door on the school side of the gym and collect tickets as people came in. Mr. Edwards did the same thing at the other door. When people bought their tickets at the ticket booth, which was in between the doors, at least 85 to 90 percent would turn right and come in Mr. Clark's door. So, he was always busy. Mr. Edwards, on the other hand, was rarely busy and got to watch most of both games each night. He didn't like to see Brown lose and would get very excited when we had possession of the ball. He would shout: 'Dribble, dribble, dribble; DAMN IT, SHOOT!'"

Scott Comment

Back when Brown was a junior high school, my parents attended Atlanta Public Schools. One of my Mother's teachers was Mr. Edwards, who I had for a general science course in the 9th grade at Brown. One of my Father's teachers was Mr. Capps. He told me that his class would take advantage of Mr. Capps' poor hearing by telling him the bell had rung though it had not. He told me that on the way to school on a streetcar some boys would set a roll of film on

fire and roll it down the aisle. The motorman would not open the doors, and all the boys would escape out the windows before the police arrived. My Uncle had Miss Outler at Brown Junior High. I had an awful year with her in Latin at Brown High and took typing, rather than a second year of Latin. I got a lot of value—including typing a dissertation, books, and articles—out of learning to type. My Aunt told me my Uncle also had a bad time with her. I recently learned on the Web that Miss Witcher, who I thought favored boys, taught for many years at Girls High School. My background in her algebra and trig classes enabled me to breeze through math in college. (We had homework every week night and over the weekend—tough, but it works..)

“I remember walking pass the Gordon Movie Theater in the afternoons on the way home from school. (I lived on Ashby Street between Gordon and Oak.) They would be popping popcorn. The aroma was wonderful! I went to movies at the Gordon as often my mother would allow. I would buy two boxes of popcorn for ten cents each. It tasted as good as it smelled while cooking. I would eat both boxes so quickly as I could and then go back and buy a third box. Sears bought all the houses on Ashby and built their store. We moved out near West View Cemetery, and I started going to the Cascade theater. Their popcorn was not nearly as good as the Gordon’s. In fact, I have not found another place that made popcorn as good as that at the Gordon.’

Scott Comment

Because it was much closer, my Mother would let me walk to the Cascade before I could go to the Gordon by myself. (It was a lot safer world back then!) On Saturday there would be a double feature, cartoon, and a serial. I watched the end of the serial very closely and the subsequent repeat of it at the beginning of the next part of it shown the next Saturday and learned that they cheated! The repeat differed so that it wasn’t unreasonable for the hero to have escaped being killed. I don’t ever recall seeing a cowboy reload his gun even though he’d shot it a lot more than six times. When somebody got shot, you saw no blood. Roy Rogers would shoot the villain’s pistol from his hand without hurting his hand. What a shot! Even war movies were not very graphic. WOW has that changed! Flash Gordon was pathetic—little space ships in a vacuum with what looked like steam coming from their ends. (I read a lot of good science-fiction.) See [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flash_Gordon_\(serial\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flash_Gordon_(serial)) and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mim-Hq9rpFA&list=PLZY2LvAz4ZMVt2FcSuJw0R1_xy3FDKNEF

“I remember the Spinning Wheel milk shakes they made at the Miss Georgia ice cream shop on Gordon Street. They were so thick you could not drink them but had to eat them with a spoon. They tasted great because they put in lots of ice cream and just

enough milk to soften the ice cream when they put it on the mixer. I've never found another dairy, drug store, or soda shop that made milk shakes as thick or as good as a Spinning Wheel. By the way, if you go to Boston, Mass. Don't ask for a milk shake because that's exactly what you will get; about a half pint of milk that has been stirred on a mixer. Ask for a frappe and you will get two, maybe three, scoops of ice cream stirred in with the milk. Not what most people would call a true milk shake."

Scott Comment

In the 1960s I went to Boston. I was shocked when on the bus from the airport to my hotel we passed a store that reminded me of those little stores scattered around West End before 1950. There was a meat store by the fire station, which was next door to the Cascade Pharmacy and a barber shop. The Boston meat shop had skinned rabbits hanging in front of it. My Mother told me you would see this in Atlanta when she was a little girl. That's not the only way the Yankees lagged behind us.

FROM A "KING'S LIFE"

By King Little

"We were poor...very poor. Back then there was no welfare that paid people not to work....At the beginning of the school year I bought two long sleeve shirts. One was red with black squares and the other was green with black squares. They were exactly the same pattern. To go along with that wardrobe, I bought two pair of jeans. That was it. I would wear one of the shirts and a pair of jeans on Monday and Tuesday and wash them by hand in the tub on Tuesday night. Then for Wednesday through Friday I wore the other shirt and other pair of jeans. Friday night I would wash them out. I rotated the sets each week, not to be more fashionable, but so that they would wear more evenly throughout the year....

Back then things were different. When ladies went to town they wore hats and gloves. Most didn't wear the gloves; they just carried them along with their pocketbooks. Also the women dressed like ladies at all times. It wasn't till some time during World War II, when women began to work in defense plants, that they started to dress like men. After the war and more so today, they still do. Now women dress more manly and men dress more womanly. People seem to like it this way....

In high school I was pretty much of an introvert. I used to write short stories in English class. Some of them got published in a school production called The Brown Book. From that I was invited to enroll in a special Journalism class. From there I was appointed boys sports editor for the school newspaper. That would have been quite an honor except there were only two boys in the class, and the other one got appointed to

another post where only a boy could fill. I guess that title gave somewhat of a status, but it didn't help get the girls."

Scott Comment

King Little and I don't remember each other, but because it is obvious due to us working on the Rebellion and being in Mr. Warren's English-J class we knew each other, I looked in my copy of his senior year annual and saw he had signed his senior picture.

"I mentioned Mozley Park; that place became my life from age six years until the late teenage time....There were two swimming pools there. The 'small' pool was about 75 feet wide and 200 feet long; that was considered small for some reason. The big pool was larger and had a mud bottom; it had diving boards and all. Because of the soil it stayed dingy so that when someone drowned, many times the rescue squad would have to drain the water to recover the body. You weren't supposed to go in the big pool unless you could swim. I 'dog paddled' pretty good and went in it all the time. Sometimes the lifeguards would run me out, but I usually went right back. Anyway, some of my brothers were lifeguards, and I think they hoped I'd drown. Later I learned to swim so everything was okay, and because they were lifeguards, I could get in free. Most everything I did was free inasmuch there was no money to pay for anything. I'd stay in that pool all day during the summer and wasn't concerned about melanoma and the like; I just wanted to have fun and stay cool. There was an enclosed pavilion next to the pool that had a big wooden floor. It had a huge juke box and one end where a nickel would pay for a long record. Some of the big kids would do the Jitterbug. Sometimes girls would dance together but never would boys dance with each other. Any boy that acted kind of 'funny' would get beat up by other, more manly boys."

Scott Comment

I sometimes went swimming at Adam's Park, a Fulton County park before the Plan of Improvement in 1952. Its pool was very small. I think the large, mud bottom side of Mozley's pool was considered to be a lake. I got my junior lifesaving badge at Mozley.

FROM "REMEMBERING BROWN HIGH AND WEST END"

By Douglas F. Davis

"So many things were on the ration list [during World War II] because of the war effort. Imagine not being able to go to the store and buying a bag of sugar (rationed), nor going to buy any meat products, no butter. They sold a product that came in a clear plastic bag that was pure white. You had to burst a little bead that was inside the bag to color whatever they called this butter substitute. [It was margarine whose makers were

forbidden to color it to look like butter.] I can recall many times how I would squeeze and knead the bag until it became yellow. My dad couldn't buy tires for the car, he couldn't just go to the service station and buy gasoline at will (all were rationed). Thankfully we had a big back yard so my dad raised some of the things that we ate. He raised chickens in our yard, and this was the only meat that we ever had...

From time to time we had to go through air raid drills, both at night and while we were at school. They required that no light be showing from your house at night, so we put blankets over the windows to keep any light from showing through the windows. [The Scott family shut itself up inside their hallway which was lighted by a red bulb.] The air raid wardens walked the streets telling folks to put out the lights. Our next door neighbor was the air raid warden for our street. I remember seeing him in his white helmet made of steel and a bag carrying a gas mask thrown over his shoulder....I was very scared when the air raid siren would be sounded.....My two older brothers went off to war, one in the Army, the other in the Navy. My mother always was listening to Walter Winchell and H. B. Kaltenborn on the radio news about the war. [At the movies news films were shown.]

Everything [saved from the garden for future use] had to be canned because there were no freezers available for home use in those days. This wouldn't be politically correct now, but it seemed that almost all the toys that we had to play with as youngsters at that time just happened to be something that was war related: toy tanks, planes painted to look like war planes. We even wore patriotic clothing....My mom had a blue flag hanging on the porch with a white square in the center containing two red stars denoting two sons in the military....

My mom liked to buy my shoes at Dan Cohen shoe store on Gordon St. where they sold Buster Brown Shoes. I liked going there too because they had an x-ray machine to put your feet into to see how your shoes were going to fit....[After it was decided this was dangerous, these machines were banned.] Another thing that had been a casualty of the war effort had been roller skates. [Most metal toys, including bicycles, ceased to be manufactured..] But I had a pair of Union Hardware skates that my oldest brother had used before metal was so vital. You had to constantly put the toe clamps on with a 'skate key' because they came off your foot all the time....A time that all the kids looked forward to was when the Shrine Circus came to the Atlanta City Auditorium [located across the street from Hurt Park. The Southeastern Fair held in the fall was also a big event.]

I always looked up to and just idolized my older brothers until they showed more interest in their girlfriends than they did me. I thought that they were both just completely losing their minds....I didn't even like girls at all, they didn't like to play war. [Scott did because the only kid nearby about her age was a boy.]...At this time people were allowed to keep livestock inside the city, and...a family had a barn where they kept a milk cow....Now you have probably noticed that from time to time I used the phrase 'going to West End' even though I technically was already in West End. Well you often

heard people using that phrase meaning we were going to the area with the stores along Gordon and Ashby St....

All of us that went to Peeples St. school can probably remember those old noisy steam radiators that were used to heat the school. [They were] not very warm at times and were always making banging type noises....As it neared Summer each year the rooms were pretty warm without any air conditioning in those days. We used a long rod with a hook on the end to open the high windows to get as much air coming into the rooms as possible, and being the one in class to use this long rod to open the windows was a privilege that we all tried for....

We had a summer reading program at the public library that sat in a small storefront on Peeples St. just behind Huey's drug store...My mom would go to the library with me and pick out the books that I would enjoy and still learn about the history and geography that I needed to know...We all had to read 10 books during the summer to get credit at school....[Later a new building was built on Gordon Street to house West End's branch of the Atlanta public library Whenever we went [to the Oakland City swimming pool] we always liked to stop at the Gordon's potato chip place on Murphy Avenue near the old farmers market where they made the potato chips. You could go in there and buy this big bag of broken potato chips for only .5 cents....[The State Farmers Market was later moved to a new facility on Thames Road in Forest Park.]

[Davis covers extraordinarily well in some detail what life was like back then, bringing back a lot of fond memories for those who lived through those years. Those who didn't will learn from Davis' story of the many advantages they enjoy. For example, one of Davis' classmates got polio and had to live in an iron lung, which meant lying in a big, noisy metal tube and being able to see other people only via a mirror in front of your head, the only part of your body outside the tube. Unfortunately it is not feasible to include more than a very small part of his account here.]

My first year at Brown with so many students there and the place just looked so big and intimidating. Besides I had been hearing for some time now about how the older boys treated the new students there. [Brown had just become a high school. Davis and his classmates at Peeples Street school were told about what being a student at Brown would be like. During his first year at Brown Davis made the basketball team.]...I felt about ten feet tall now after I had made the team. Now if I only get some playing time. I didn't want it to be like my days of playing football [at Peeples]....We played a basketball game at the Smith high gym on Tuesday of the week after Thanksgiving, and it was a good game. We on, and I even played a good bit. I scored some points and all in all thought I did better than I expected. In the next three games I was getting to play a little more each game. I wasn't what they called the 6th player off the bench, but I played almost as much....[He gave up basketball the next year so he could work and earn enough money to buy a car by the time he was old enough to drive. One of the jobs he had was as an usher at the Paramount movie theater downtown.]

I started to work at 4 o'clock but never ever got out of there before 10:30 at night. [Then he caught the no. 2 trolley to get home.] This meant I was getting home about 11:30 on school nights, and this was pretty late for a 14 year old to be coming home each night. It also meant...what about homework?? Well, I tried to do my homework on the bus both going and coming home from work, and this just didn't go well. My school work took a bad turn, and my grades started suffering because I just wasn't learning what I needed without doing the homework. [When Mr. Adams, the counselor at Brown, contacted his parents they insisted he quit working.]....Because I pulled all my grades back to passing, and that meant no Summer school as I had feared; so I managed to work ...making those Spinning Wheel milk shakes and ice cream cones and selling bottles of milk for the whole Summer....[Davis' made Brown's baseball team as a catcher and played on an American Legion team. He continued working, including at the farmers market on Murphy Avenue. He and some friends drove to Daytona Beach in a 1947 Chevrolet the summer before his senior year. After he graduated from Brown he enrolled at the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia [now Georgia State University]. He continued working at the farmers market after it moved to Forest Park and retired from it after 35 years. He married his long time girl friend at Brown.]....

I have many fond memories of Peeples St. school, West End – Brown High, plus my memorable times spent walking around the Cascade and Beecher area just holding hands with my girlfriend, the many countless hours that we all spent at Mozely Park, and actually of growing up in a wonderful place like Atlanta, which was a wonderful place to live during my youthful years. I will always love the West End that we knew.”

See the Mosley Park story at
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mozley_Park

Learn about World War II rationing at
<http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/events/rationing.htm> and
<http://www.history.com/news/hungry-history/food-rationing-in-wartime-america>

View the 40th Reunions of the Classes of 1971 and 1973 at:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=37OE_T_Vdl8

Fond memories can be of places. The photo below is of Atlanta's Carnegie Library in the 1950s. It was torn down in 1977 and replaced. The author spent a lot of time there and at its Uncle Remus Branch in West End. Does anybody have a picture of it?



Shopping centers began to be introduced in the 1950s. Before then and throughout the fifties West Enders purchased groceries, hardware, and, in dime stores, minor items in the local business district. Most shopping and a large share of the City's jobs were downtown surrounding Five Points. In the 1940s and 1950s if you were going to meet in downtown Atlanta to go shopping, you would likely meet under the Rich's clock at the corner of Alabama and Broad that is shown below. This 1954 photo is from the Pullen Library at Georgia State University. Below it from the same source is a photo taken on Cascade Avenue at its intersection with Beecher Street. In the days of the streetcar this was the end of the car line. To the left of the drugstore on the street on its left was a duck pin bowling alley. Duck pin balls, which had no finger holes, weighed between 3 and 4 pounds. The pins were shorter, smaller, and squatter than ten pins. Black boys set the pins. They had to move fast after setting the pins because white boys immediately rolled their bowling balls. Ten pin bowling alleys also had human pin setters. The failure to develop automatic pin setters for duck pins did away with duck pin bowling. Duck pin bowling's smaller balls made it possible for children to play.

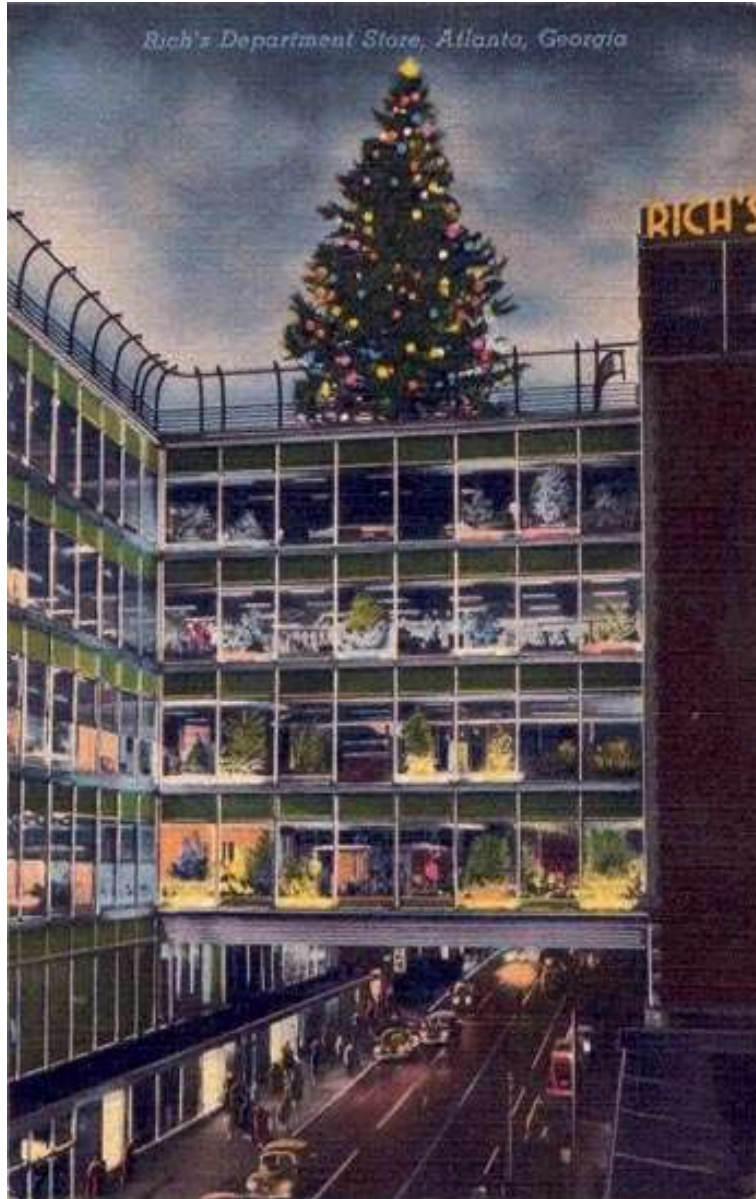


Below are photos that show what public transportation was like in the old days. The first one is of a streetcar. The other is of a bus. Back then the Georgia Power Company owned and operated the public transit system. Later a company was formed

which purchased the system from Georgia Power. It was replaced by MARTA (Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transportation Authority).







The lighting of Rich's great Christmas tree was a major event. The driver of a trackless trolley on the number 2 line told a woman who asked if she could go to Rich's on it told her that he went by, over, and under Rich's. (It had a tunnel as well as a bridge between the main store and the store for homes.) Read about Rich's at: <http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/business-economy/richs-department-store>

The Atlanta History Center reports that: "Davison-Paxon Company department store opened in 1891 and was the major competition for Rich's Department Store in Atlanta.. Founded as Davison and Douglas Company, the store changed its name to Davison-Paxon-Stokes in 1901 after E. Lee Douglas left the company and Frederic John Paxon joined as treasurer. R. H. Macy and Company bought Davison-Paxon-Stokes in 1925, but kept the Davison's brand until 1987. In 1927, R. H. Macy built the

store located on Peachtree Street which had a grand entrance with marble floors and a mezzanine that looked down on the first floor. The building still stands as of 2012 but is now an event center.” See a history of Davidson’s at <http://www.thedepartmentstoremuseum.org/2010/06/davison-paxon-co-atlanta.htm> from which you can link to a history of Rich’s.

The Nancy Hanks (shown below) ran daily between Atlanta and Savannah. The Man Of War ran daily between Atlanta and Columbus. The author’s class at Harris took a one day trip on the Man Of War to Columbus and back. An annual event at Harris at that time was a trip to Washington, D.C. for 7th grade students who had been members of the School Safety Patrol. In the morning boy members helped younger children cross the street. Girl members patrolled the halls. At that time the railroads still used steam engines. Diesels like the one pictured above were new. Another treat was Army soldiers treating us to rides in jeeps as a reward for all the empty metal food cans and toothpaste tubes we had flattened and brought in to support the war effort. For safety reasons, I don’t think today we would be allowed to perch all over a jeep like we did. We also got a victory flag for our flag pole to which stars were added. A Peoples Street school student remembers filling Red Cross boxes during the war. Another activity at this time was selling taffy and bringing in newspapers. Many things were rationed: various foods, gasoline, and tires. Civilian automobiles, bicycles, and many metal toys ceased to be manufactured. (This was before toys were made of plastic.)

How much you could buy of rationed items was limited by the number of stamps your family was provided allowing you to purchase each of them. People often traded stamps with each other, giving up less valued stamps for more valued ones.. Families that included an essential worker got extra stamps for gasoline and tires. Some men who otherwise would be drafted into the military were excluded from the draft because of the essential nature of their work. Margarine could be used to replace rationed butter, but its makers were precluded from coloring it yellow like butter. So they put their margarine in plastic bags containing a breakable capsule containing yellow coloring. You mashed on the bag to break the capsule and distribute the coloring. You had to largely replace steak with hamburger. Kids probably hated sugar rationing the worse. Mom may have hated having to give up nylon stockings. The majority of mothers did not have jobs before the war, but many did during the war to replace men in the service. Families received a banner s to put in their front window that signified some member(s) were in the armed forces or had lost their lives fighting for the country. To replace policemen at major school crossing the Atlanta police department hired women to do this. At that time there were no black policemen in Atlanta. (See <http://historyatlanta.com/atlantas-first-black-police-officers/>) Kids walked, rode public transportation, or were taken to school in the family’s automobile.



At the end of a freight train was a caboose from which trainmen could keep an eye on the cars behind the engine. Steam engines had a coal car behind the locomotive from which a fireman shoveled coal whose burning created the steam which powered the locomotive.

INTEGRATION AT BROWN



Mid-60's photo of State Capital, Atlanta City Hall, and Fulton County Courthouse from the Atlanta Time Machine.

On Wednesday, August 30, 1961, nine black students integrated Atlanta's public high schools. One of the four integrated was Brown. Brown's two blacks were Thomas Welch and Madelyn Nix.

Welch said the scene was quiet; he and Nix were escorted by police and arrived after all the other students were in class. "That was deliberate on the part of Atlanta Public Schools." He did see a few protesters, but police kept them at bay. Once inside Brown, reactions varied. "Some students were welcoming, other students were openly hostile, but for the most part the students acted like students," Welch said.

Welch found that teachers had various attitudes toward his presence. "Some teachers were very standoffish, while other teachers were actively making sure we were treated as equals," Welch said. "There were some incidents, both my first and second year there," Welch said.

Welch's mother occasionally received hostile phone calls late at night, sometimes even death threats. It didn't deter the family.

Welch recalled that in one class, the teacher would have the students move as far away from Welch no matter where he sat. "If I sat in the front, they moved to the back. If I sat in the middle, they moved away around me ... there were one or two

students who tried to, and did, resist that.” In another classroom, the students started to pull the same prank. The teacher scolded them, “Are you crazy? You’re not doing that in here!” and forced the students to move back in rows.

Welch said teachers at his original school, Booker T. Washington High School, were as motivated and intelligent as his new teachers at Joe Brown. “Booker T. had an excellent reputation,” Welch said. But there was an ROTC program at Joe Brown, and there wasn’t one at Washington, so Welch filled out the transfer forms.

In ROTC, Welch eventually became a squad leader and won the respect of his peers. Most of them, anyway. Once, while waiting in line during a drill, a white student spit on Welch and yelled, “I spit on the n*****!” Two student officers grabbed the other student, took him into a nearby room with the U.S. army sergeant in charge and yelled at him. “I couldn’t hear what they said. The sergeant came out and said, ‘He won’t bother you again,’ and this kid never came near me ever again,” Welch said.

Welch said he understands why Atlanta undertook only token integration at first: Little Rock was still on everyone’s mind. “It was very deliberate on the part of the political and business establishment to minimize any kinds of disruptions. As I think back on it, even though it was gradual, it was probably the best way to do it without creating the negative uproar that would have been very difficult to control,” Welch said.

The source of the above information about Welch is located at:

<http://schoolsofthought.blogs.cnn.com/2012/10/19/how-housewives-and-the-atlanta-nine-integrated-georgias-public-schools/>

Madelyn Nix, described in publications as a member of Atlanta’s black middle class, was a student at Booker T. Washington high school and lived with her family on the campus of Morehouse College. She would eventually be assigned to Brown High School. Rebecca Dartt wrote about her interview in the book *Women Activists in the Fight for Georgia School Desegregation, 1958-1961*.

A representative from the board of education, a psychologist, and a lawyer were seated behind a table addressing Nix, who was directly across from them. Part way through the interview the psychologist posed the following question to the young student:

“You know Madelyn, you’ll be one of the very few Negro students going to Brown High and we cannot guarantee your safety. How will you conduct yourself, say, if girls are waiting for you in the restroom?”

“They’ll probably say hello and that’s all,” she answered without hesitation. Nix was looking on the bright side, but she wondered how the boys would answer the same question.

Darrt describes Nix's fellow schoolmate, Tom Welch, as coming from a "solid working-class neighborhood." His father owned a local service station and had been vocal about wanting a better education for his son. Darrt writes, "Welch, although successful in terms of the black community, wanted more for his son and to move up and out required better education than segregated schools offered."

The source of the above information about Nix is located at:

<https://talkupaps.wordpress.com/2011/08/30/50-years-ago-today-9-pioneers-integrate-atlanta-public-schools/>

As early as the 1970s, [black] economist Thomas Sowell, now a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, was writing about "patterns of black excellence" at segregated schools like Atlanta's Booker T. Washington, which produced Martin Luther King Jr.; Frederick Douglass in Baltimore, which produced Thurgood Marshall; McDonough 35 in New Orleans, which produced the first Black state superintendent of schools (California's Wilson Riles); and Paul Laurence Dunbar High School in Washington, D.C. Dunbar, the first Black high school in America, produced the first Black Cabinet member (Robert C. Weaver); the first Black general (Benjamin O. Davis); the discoverer of blood plasma (Charles R. Drew); the first Black senator since Reconstruction (Edward W. Brooke, R-Mass.); Charles Hamilton Houston, the first special counsel to the NAACP and chief architect of the assault on Jim Crow that led to Brown; and Eleanor Holmes Norton, the District of Columbia delegate to Congress. In 1899, students at Dunbar – then called the M Street School – scored higher on citywide tests than white students in Washington.

As Black children were put into an environment perceived as controlled by whites, the phenomenon of young Black kids equating academic excellence with "acting white" arose. In the Black schools, Black students largely cheered their classmates for achievements. But after desegregation created a clear division of white and Black, the association shifted and Black students began to tease one another by pushing their smart peers into the 'white' category. Ever since then, we have seen that Black kids tended to perform more poorly when mixed with whites.

The source of the above information about Sowell is located at:

<http://atlantablackstar.com/2014/11/25/5-special-things-black-people-lost-when-schools-were-integrated-after-brown-v-board-of-education-decision/3/>

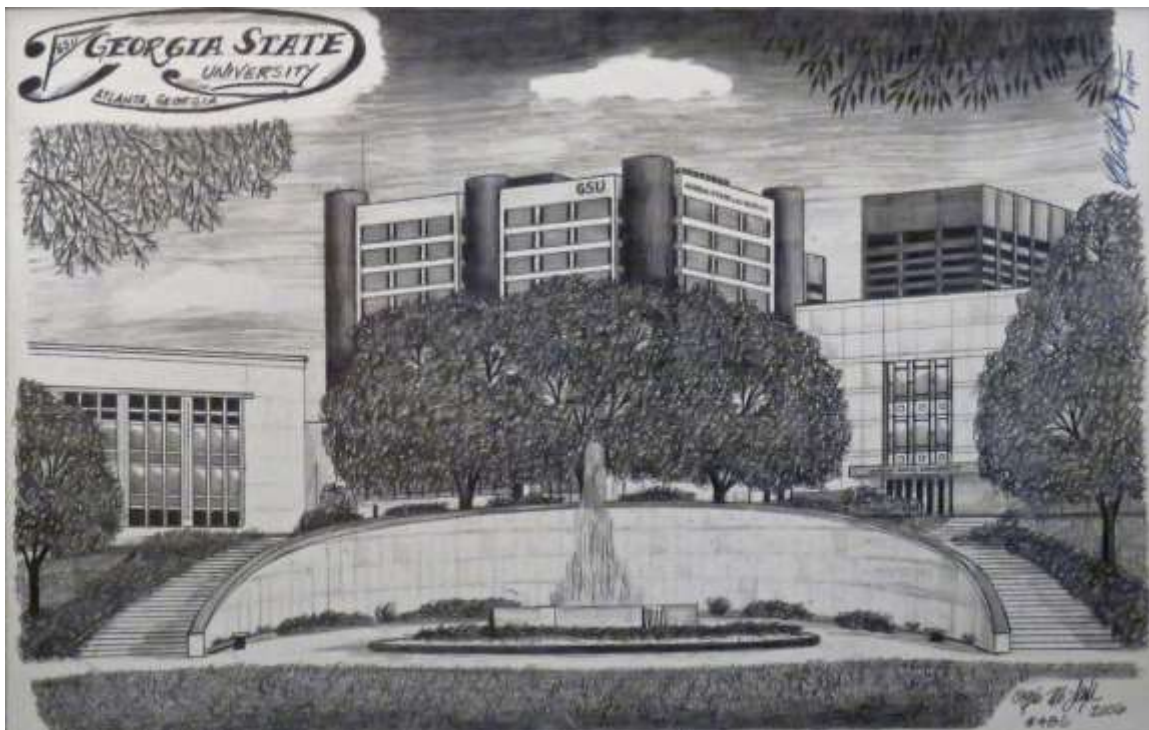
BROWN RELATED STORIES

The decision to create community high schools; thereby eliminating junior high schools, was made by School Superintendent Ira Jarrell. The former head of the

teachers union, she became Superintendent in 1944 and served until 1960. Sometimes called Admiral Jarrell, she and her political ally, Atlanta Mayor Bill Hartsfield, were called dictators by some. Atlanta Public Schools first woman head, she was one of the few women to head large school systems. One of her controversial moves was to make men principals of elementary schools, including Brown's football coach, James E. DeVaughn. DeVaughn moved from the eliminated Tech High School coaching job to be Brown's head coach in 1947.

Read about Atlanta's long time Mayor William B. Hartsfield at

<http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/government-politics/william-b-hartsfield-1890-1971>



The same artist did all the drawings at this site.

Brown High graduates attended many different colleges in many places. Some stayed at home. Many of these attended Georgia Tech, Emory, or Georgia State (formerly the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia). Georgia State buildings are shown in the above drawing behind and beside the fountain in Hurt Park in the foreground. In the 1950s the City of Atlanta filled the Park with tulips, and what was then

Georgia State College of Business Administration held a May Day festival that included women students dancing around a May Pole. The building on the left is what remains of the Atlanta City Auditorium. The auditorium where such things as a circus, ice show, boat show, and wrestling were held was torn down long before the front building—marble covered like Sparks Hall in the background—became part of the Georgia State campus.

Atlanta real estate mogul John Hunsinger, one of the 1949 football team members to go to Georgia Tech. fullback, Hunsinger was a high school all-city, all-state, all-Southern, and honorable mention all-American. In 1949, he was the Atlanta Touchdown selection as the most valuable back in Georgia. A straight “A” student and class valedictorian, he also played baseball and basketball and a trumpet in the Rebel band. At Georgia Tech he was on the Dean’s List. He had a very distinguished career as an Atlanta businessman and civic leader.

For more information about John Hunsinger, see <http://www.georgiatrend.com/July-2003/A-Winning-Tradition/> and <http://www.ajc.com/news/news/local/john-stewart-hunsinger-79-was-gridiron-great-at-ge/nQmTn/>

When the author’s 7th grade class was taken on a tour of Brown, one of her classmates upon seeing Hunsinger in the crowded before Sylvan hall cried, “Johnny,” and slumped to the floor!

A member of the Rebel’s 1949 championship team, Charles A. Beckwith, was the founder and first commander of the Army’s Delta Force. As a West End youth dreaming of a career in the Army, he visited nearby Fort McPherson on Sundays to watch pool matches. After making All State at Brown, he became a starting guard at the University of Georgia. A Bulldog teammate was famed quarterback Zeke Bratkowski. As an officer with the 82nd Airborne, he declared “I’m a company commander, not a God Dam football player!” He fought in both Korea and Vietnam.

One of the first ten women students at Georgia Tech was Paula Stevenson, Class of 1954. The unwelcome for these woman at Tech and the like unwelcome I thought women would face in the job market made me, Carole Scott, unwilling to apply to Georgia Tech, going to what is now Georgia State University, which then only offered a degree in a dominantly male, but less unfriendly to women, program: business administration. (I had close-up knowledge of a company which would not hire women in far less macho fields.) Below is Paula’s picture and a short bio of her that appears at <http://history.library.gatech.edu/items/show/12160> I envy her courage and determination! For more information about Paula at Tech see https://issuu.com/gtalumni/docs/2002_79_2/47 . Revealed in this article is that because women could major in chemistry at other University System of Georgia colleges, she was not allowed to major in it at Tech. She decided to major in chemical engineering, in which she did not do well. On a day when she was sick and did not

attend class, the professor told the class that as soon as the girl drops out, I'll lighten up on you. She switched to textile engineering, in which she graduated, because it included a lot of chemistry. In 1970 she moved to New York City, where she became an adjunct professor at the City University. She died in 2015.



Stevenson is posed wearing a dark-colored sequined drum majorette costume, white boots, and tiara, and is holding a baton over her head. Inscription in ink: "First Tech Majorette, Miss Paula Stevenson." Paula Clyde Stevenson Humphreys, Textile Engineering 1958, was active in campus organizations while a student at Tech. She was a member of the Student Council, the Society of Women Engineers, the Women's Student Association and was the first Tech co-ed to be drum majorette for the Tech Band as well as being the first woman member of the Rambin' Reck Club. In a Georgia Tech Alumni Association oral history interview in 1997, she recalls that when she was at Tech female student were shunned like lepers. She feels that her acceptance as a campus leader contributed to a positive change in attitudes toward women students. (Source: Georgia Tech Alumni Association Oral History Program, Catalog no. 157.)

SERVING WITH THE SEABEES IN VIETNAM

By Ed Woods

Class of 1960

27,000 Seabees served in Vietnam. There were a total of 2.7 million men and women that served in Vietnam. The job of the Seabee was to build and maintain all support facilities for the Marines. This meant we had to go into many dangerous places. In the ten years of the war there were 142 Seabees KIA including Marvin Shields, MOH recipient. There were 24 battalions that served a total of 72 deployments. A battalion consisted of about 600 men and a deployment was nine months. This does not count the many Seabee Teams that served in 1965 in support of Army Special Forces and local villages. MCB 10 was the first battalion deployed to Vietnam and was the only battalion deployed five consecutive times. I served on two of those tours.

FIRST TOUR

I was stationed at Camp Hoover. Hoover was named after the first Seabee killed in Vietnam. It was located about two miles from the airport. I was first assigned to guard duty. My assigned place was a little guard stand at the southwest corner of the camp. This was a place where I could see the entire Danang airstrip. There were fighter jets taking off and landing 24 hours a day, every day of the week. During this time I made friends with a guy running the base radio. One night he was able to patch me through to Carol at the bank. Patching means to bounce radio signal from one radio tower to another. We were not able to talk long. He told me he would have to break it off if we got hit. Just my luck, we were hit in about three minutes. This would be the only time I would talk to her until Jan. the next year. This was long before the internet and cell phones. After about a month of guard duty I was assigned to Charlie Company. I was promoted to Builder PO Third Class (E4) on August 16, 1966.

Charlie Co. was made up of Builders and Steelworkers. Other companies were made up of other rates. I started going out with Charlie Co. doing various building jobs for the Marines. We would leave about 6:00 am and return about 6:00 pm. While traveling from base camp to the outpost we were constantly harassed by Viet Cong small arms fire. Mostly we would go out to the Marine out post and do what had to be done. We built their sleeping quarters, showers, heads, dining halls, and whatever else needed to be done. We also built a morgue, bridges, airstrips, and repaired those that had already been built and blown up.

We built the 5,000 seat amphitheater on Freedom Hill where Bob Hope was later to perform. We built revetments at the Danang airstrip to protect the Marine aircraft. We built a library at the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force Recreation Center. We also spent a lot of time at scout and sentry dog camps. While at the scout dog camp we were shot at several times. We shot back. We could only see where the rifle fire was coming from. After a short fire fight we would go back to work. We did all this from 115 degree heat to the wet monsoon rains. We

worked 6½ days a week under constant enemy harassment. I saw a lot and did a lot. At no time did I ever think I would be shot at or that I would have to shoot at someone else.

SECOND TOUR

We were tasked with building 300 huts, three galleys capable of handling 1,250 men, five clubs (enlisted and officer), twelve heads and three shower facilities. There was constant artillery firing, either in support of a nearby base or into North Vietnam. We were working twelve hour days, seven days a week. During the fall it constantly



rained. No matter what the conditions were, rain or shine the work had to be done. The war never stopped. This was not like the Da Nang tour where we got Sunday afternoon off. We very seldom left the base, because the surrounding area was very hostile. I did have to drive to Dong Ha one day in a pickup with a shotgun rider. I cannot remember why I was sent. We got back just before dark. I did not like this.

We could see North Vietnam and the Indian Ocean from camp. It was during this time, Con Thien, a Marine combat base, about three miles away and very visible to us at Carroll, was being blasted 24 hours a day. Often at night we could see the Navy ships shooting from the Indian Ocean in support of Con Thien or to a target in North Vietnam or the DMZ. We could also see B52 raids in the DMZ. This is the most awesome display of American power any one could possibly see. One night there was a B52 raid between us and Con Thien.

Between what the Army and the Marines had there was always someone firing into North Vietnam. On occasion we were attacked, but nothing like Con Thien. Often the firebase west of us, Khe Sanh, would fire artillery in support of Con Thien. On occasion a short round would fall on us. When short rounds were coming in or mortar fire we would run to the mortar trenches. Often there was water in them but they were much safer than being on the outside. During this time I was offered a promotion to 2nd Class PO. The only catch was that I would have to stay on active duty for an additional year, meaning I would have to stay in Vietnam as well. Knowing that I would get the promotion as soon as I got back to my reserve unit I kindly said no.



In December, Charlie Co. was sent to Khe Sanh. For their work and support they received The Presidential Unit Citation. This was a

firebase west of Camp Carroll that would remain under siege for the next two months. I was not sent because of my late December separation date. Once you were at Khe Sanh, you were not expected to leave for at least two months. I was blessed. Some of my friends did not make it out of Khe Sanh alive. Khe Sanh was under siege for 67 days and was not declared safe until late Feb. 1968.

During my second tour I wrote Governor Lester Maddox and asked for a Georgia State Flag. Not only did I get the flag but I got a nice personal letter from the Gov. as well as Sec. State Ben Fortson. For the last two months of my tour that flag flew proudly over my hut. I left Vietnam late December 1967. Two months later the north would launch the Tet offense. The North Vietnamese would start the biggest offensive push into South Vietnam of the war. I was very lucky. On my return trip I was one of the last to board the commercial (Continental) plane therefore I flew in the first class section. I flew into Norton Air Force Base where Carol met me.

Carol and I had just finished watching a Vietnam movie the other night, "Hamburger Hill". Afterwards we had a discussion about the particulars of the movie. This is a movie about a battle that took place in May, 1969, about a year and half after I returned. Carol deemed from our discussion that I am bitter. Yes I am bitter. In that battle 72 Marines lost their life for no reason. Shortly after securing the hill the Marines abandoned the hill. What was the purpose? This type of warfare happened all across Vietnam.

I look around at men my age and wonder to myself, 'Did he serve?' I guess it goes back to the way we were treated upon returning. One of my favorite songs is 'Fortunate Son'. Yes it is a protest song. But at least it is honest. I was doing what I was supposed to; working and going to school and I got drafted. I joined the Navy instead of going in the Army. I suppose I will always have some bitterness in me, but this was a part of my life that I did not talk about for forty years. People that return from combat choose not to talk. Each of us have our own reason. I really don't know what my reason was; maybe no one was interested. Everyone is in their own world and in a lot of cases really don't care about yours.

THIS WAR MADE NO SENSE! Young men died for no reason. The politicians would not let us fight to win. During the entire war the U.S. did not lose a single battle or fight. I saw death and I smelled death. It is NOT romantic! I still have issues with helicopters. To me, helicopters meant either new fresh Marines or Soldiers were coming in or filled body bags were leaving. I will never forget seeing young men (most were younger than me) in body bags.

