

WPA Alabama Writers Project  
LIFE HISTORIES/STORIES  
Barbour County

Women Executive. Telephone Co.

Mrs. Minnie Richards, Manager, Southern Bell

Tel. & Tel. Co. Eufaula, Ala.

April 19th. 1939 will be twenty nine years Mrs. Richards has been working at the Telephone Exchange. She and another woman at Troy, Ala. are the only two lady managers in the State.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Richards, Manager of the Telephone Co. of Eufaula, Ala. the telephone service of this city has improved splendidly and is today one of the most efficient of any city in the South.

Mrs. Richards has been connected with the Telephone Co. since 1910; first as an operator. She became Chief Operator in 1915, Collection Clerk in 1921 and in 1926 Manager, in which office she has since capably served since.

Mrs. Richards was born and reared in Eufaula and graduated from the Eufaula High School.

I asked Mrs. Richards if she would tell me something of her life with the Telephone Co. She very graciously said that she would.

"My people had had reverses, so I went to school in the day and worked at night as Relief Operator at the age of thirteen years to learn the work. I was so ambitious to work, and also to go to school. I finished high school at the age of seventeen. That was when I got my first day job and it was one of the happiest days of my life. I have been Manager of the Telephone Company thirteen years. Pardon me for saying this, but it is truly a man's job. The Manager has all of the direct contact with the public and no matter how hard we try, all patrons cannot be pleased. But I do believe this, that we have as a whole the nicest bunch of subscribers of any town in the State of Alabama.

"During the time I was Collection Clerk, there was a Manager here. They

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Mrs. Minnie Richards(continued.)

transferred the Manager; made me Manager and since that time I have been in charge of the Telephone Company here, serving as Manager and Collection Clerk together for thirteen years. I handle all of the Eufaula and Clayton, Ala. accounts. I issue all service orders and handle all of the correspondence from the Commercial Office.

"I have always loved my work and I expect that is why I have made a success. Of course it was hard at first. But I never got discouraged. I was determined to learn and I wish everyone knew just some of the things an operator has to put up with. I sometimes think the public has rather distorted ideas of the Telephone Operator. It makes me furious when I go to a movie and see an operator pictured as a scatterbrained, gum-chewing type. For it is so untrue. We, like every organization try to employ girls with average intelligence and looks. Of course regardless of how we try we do slip up sometimes and if we find that we have made a bad bargain, that girl is let out as soon as possible. My Telephone girls have been above the average in many, many ways. They have been heroines on many occasions such as the tornado and the Commercial Bank fire. They stayed at their post of duty, never thinking of leaving until forced to.

"When I was Chief Operator, I had a very unique experience. We were attending a conference in Atlanta. It was more like a training school. The Atlanta Operators went on a strike at one of the large exchanges there. To show you how loyal we were to the Company, every one of us went to work for them. I had never seen a big city switchboard, and was I scared? All of us stayed at the Wyncoff Hotel with all of our expenses paid, and be-

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Mrs. Minnie Richards. (continued.)

sides our salary a ten dollar bill was give us each week extra for the four weeks that we stayed there. It was a wonderful experience and I had more money than I had ever had before.

"I was Chief Operator when Eufaula had the terrible tornado in 1917. Every telephone was out of order, and every line down. The Telephone men played a splendid part in that emergency. They furnished flash lights. The kind we use is a very special light. There were no lights in Eufaula, the light plant havinhg been partly demolished.

"Many sad, humorous and exciting things happen to the Telephone operator and an old employee who was once Chief Operator here and has worked in many large offices of three states and has done Private Branch Work for many business houses was talking to me the other day and said that she had to come back to Eufaula to know that her most interesting Telephone service was spent here. I want to relate a few of her experiences;

At one time the Telephone Company had to dispense with giving out the time"to the subscribers, as it made so much work for the operators that they could not perform their duties efficiently for other calls that were more important.

Early one morning a dear old lady, whom all the operators loved called the night operator and said: "M---, what time do you get off?" "I leave at seven o'clock Mrs. F---" "Well, please tell me how long it will be before you get off." Of course she was given the time without having ever directly asking for it.

A good many years ago the Operators did not have the thorough training

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Mrs. Minnie Richards.(continued.)

training as they do today. A student would just be given a head-set, put to the switchboard and learn by observation.

One little frightened girl answered a signal and very meekly said, "Number please?" The subscriber said, "23". Then the operator, finding out that 23 was busy said, "I am sorry, sir, 23 is busy but I can give you 24". Of course all of the experienced girls had a big laugh at her ignorance. But this same little frightened, ignorant girl became an Instructor in one of the largest Telephone Exchanges in the South.

One busy day an operator answered a signal and the subscriber, a negro, gave his order. The operator established the connection and in a few seconds received a re-call on the connection. The negro said, "Cuse me, Miss, I made a wrong mistake, I want number 112."

The Chief Operators try very hard to teach their girls to be courteous and accommodating at all times. We once had a subscriber, a very sweet old lady, who was almost blind. Of course it is against the rules to give the numbers to the subscriber when he or she ask for them by name. This is not done in a spirit to be un-accommodating, but it is impossible for the operators to know all of the numbers, so a directory is printed for that purpose and if the number of a new telephone is not in the directory is can be gotten from the Information Operator. Of course there are exceptions to the rules; in case of fire, doctors, or police, the operator is to give the number without question. Well, this good lady would strive so hard to look up her numbers for she did not want to bother the operator. When her case was brought to the attention of the Chief Operator by one of the operators, she immediately gave all the girls orders to give

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Mrs. Minnie Richards. (continued.)

her the number without question, even if they had to secure it from the Information Operator themselves.

Late one night a drunk man, a local citizen put in a long distance call for his girl in a nearby town. After talking to him a few minutes, and finding out that he was drinking, she left the telephone, leaving the receiver off the hook. He immediately re-called the operator, thinking that she had disconnected him from his party. She tried to explain that he was still connected with his number but that the party had left the line. He immediately went into a tantrum and used some of the vilest language that has ever been used over the telephons. To make it a little more emphatic, he took an axe and chopped the telephone off the wall. (it was one of the old-style box -shaped one). Of course the operator reported this to the Chief Operator the next day. She in turn reported it to the Commercial Manager. He went down to see the man. He was most apologetic to the Manager and the operator that handled his call. But he had committed two offenses; used obscene language over the telephone and destroyed the Telephone Company's property. He was never allowed to have another telephone as long as he lived in Eufaula.

During this Chief Operator's time with the Telephone Company, Eufaula experienced one of the worst fires in its history. A large hardware store, with professional men's offices in the two stories above it caught fire. It was out of control when the fire department was summoned, so they concentrated on saving the nearby buildings. We were just a few doors from this raging inferno. When the fire started into the store-room where they

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had the dynamite and shells stored, the local citizens warned the girls to leave the building, not knowing just what turn the fire would take when it got into the explosives, and knowing too that the Telephone Exchange had only one exit and it was on the third floor. But they did not leave. Stayed there and called the Chief Operator, Plant Foreman and Manager to come down and be on hand to save any important records that needed to be gotten out if the building caught fire. This is just one of many instances where the operators showed their bravery.

There have been many, many outstanding subscribers in Eufaula. As a whole we have always had more nice than <sup>N</sup> bad patrons. And it is hard to try to sift them down and try to find just a few who stand out a little more than the rest. But I would like to pay tribute to two subscribers who will always be loved and remembered by the Telephone Operator and all other employees of the Telephone Company.

One was a representative of a well known cotton firm of Alabama who had an agency in Eufaula. At that time there was a tremendous cotton business in this section and this man did a big business with the Telephone Company, sometimes giving a sequence of forty and more calls.

Regardless of how many calls he had or how anxious he wanted to talk on them, he never was impatient or cross to the Telephone Operators. He always accepted their reports without question and never called back and asked about a call. He said that he knew the operators were just as anxious to complete his calls as he was to talk on them. Every afternoon at a certain hour, he would treat the girls to any kind of a drink they wanted from the drug store. And on Christmas, each girl was given a lovely Christmas present.

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Mrs. Minnie Richards(Continued.)

Another beloved subscriber, whom all the operators loved and miss very much is a dear doctor who recently died. He said that the operators always knew where to find him, at any time of the day or night. They seemed to just know without very much effort. If this was true, it was because they were interested in him and his great work, and counted him as their best friend. On several occasions he was called to see some of the operators who were sick. If they were out-of-town girls and boarding, he would carry them to his Infirmary and never discuss the question of money.

He will always live in the hearts of all of the Telephone Operators and all members of the Telephone Company."

In 1919 Mrs. Richards married Ralph Richards, Chief of the Eufaula Fire Department. She is a home-maker and living up over the Fire Dept. was a terrible hardship on her, but never once a word of complaint. But when he resigned and opened a shop of his own (radio, electrical refrigerators, etc) she was very happy.

She has a lovely little home on Randolph Street and spends much time in her flower garden when she gets off from work at the office.

She has no servant and does all of her work. She is an excellent cook and can work wonders with a needle.

She adopted her sister's little boy, Ashton Johnson, his father died when he was just eleven days old. His mother had two other children, and

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Mrs. Minnie Richard. (continued.)

lost all she had in a bank failure. So Mrs. Richards took the baby when he was a small boy and she feels like he is her very own.

I said, "Mrs. Richards you haven't told me about the cyclone?" (the tornado of March, 5, 1919). "Not a girl left her post, not a one <sup>lost</sup> her head. Suddenly, without any warning, there was a shattering of glass, a roar that sounded like a thousand freight trains over head, so deafening we could'nt even hear our own voices; and the peculiar yellow glow, it lasted three minutes; Then a dead calm. Those three minutes were an eternity. Eufaula was shut out from the world. There were seven hundred telephones; all were dead, except a few. All toll lines were down. But those girls never left their post and the heroic work they did is past describing. A line was put up quickly between Eufaula and Cuthbert and calls relayed to Eufaula. Over nine hundred long distance calls came in one day and over a thousand telegrams. Montgomery and Macon Telephone offices sent extra help. It was awful. There were no lights. We used Delco lights and lamps. They also used the Delco lights all Wednesday and Thursday nights, before they could get lights to dig out the bodies under the debris. Many of us worked thirty six hours without even resting. They would bring us food up to the office. Eufaula being such an old town there were hundreds of relatives all over the United States that read of the tornado, and of course they would telephone or telegraph.

*P. H. H.*

*Gertha Conroy*

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Mrs. Minnie Richards.(continued )

Eufaula was wrapped in gloom; not because of the property damage, (millions of dollars), not because the city had been bereft of that which had for many decades made it really the "City Beautiful", the magnificent trees which can never be replaced in this generation (over five thousand), but death. Many of our leading citizens lost their lives, those who could not be comforted. Just after the dawn of the second day of distress and anguish, the watchers and workers found the last body, and all that time the telephone girls never stopping, trying to get through these frantic calls. These girls were heroines as much as the men digging for bodies. "

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Federal Writers Project.  
Women Executive. Manager, Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.  
Mrs. Minnie Richards -

Environment. 703 Randolph St.

Describe neighborhood.

In a grove of water oaks, facing a beautiful park in the center of street, with shrubs and flowers.

Describe house.

Brick Bungalow with eight rooms. Modern furniture, all electric fixtures, model kitchen, electric stove, heater, refrigerator, etc. Philco radio and owns her car. A beautiful yard with grass, shrubs and flowers.

Physical Description.

Blond, big blue eyes, fair complexion, pretty. Sweet voice and very energetic.

Mrs. Richards said, "Let me show you some of my monthly report cards that I have treasured through the years. I wouldn't take anything for them". From the first grade to the seventh, all A's.

Associate with Dr. F. S. Britt to Britt Infirmary. He has spent his life in express affection, unswerving zeal and arduous labors in the service of his city. He is one of the best outstanding doctors of Alabama, and his work such to conserve the health of his city through his unusual ability as a surgeon, and general practitioner with untiring service, not only in his city but in the surrounding country, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, day and night, in fair weather or stormy weather.

He is active in all affairs of the growth and progress of his city, and takes a leading part in the civic and social life of the city. He is one of Alabama's most successful, beloved and popular physicians.

*Life History*

*Gertha Cowie.  
Eufaula, Ala.  
April 26, 1939*

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"Doctor". Dr. P.P. Salter. 343 Eufaula, Street.

"He calls no hour of day or night his own,  
Through heat or cold he goes his rounds alone;  
Here, to bring some mortal into being,  
There, to ease some soul that must be fleeing.  
He listens earnestly to tales of grief,  
Forgets himself that he may give relief  
To bodies suffering, or torured minds;  
In service to all men his pleasure finds.  
May God forever bless him with His grace,  
For when he goes, oh, who will take his place"?

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A veteram of the World War and a man that has been equally patriotic in times of peace, a man that is beloved by all who know him, a man of irrisistable charm, and a friend to man.

Eufaula's oldest physician. He located in Eufaula in 1921, coming as associate with Dr. W.S. Britt to Britt Infirmary. He has spent his life of supreme affection, unwearied zeal and arduous labors as physician of Eufaula. He is one of the most outstanding doctors of Alabama, and has done much to conserve the health of his city through his unusual ability as a surgeon, and general practitioner with untiring service, not only in Eufaula but in the surrounding country, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, day and night, in fair weather or stormy weather.

He is active in all affairs of the growth and progress of Eufaula and takes a leading part in the civic and social life of the city. He is one of Alabama's most successful, beloved and popular physicians.

"Doctor". Dr. P.P. Salter. 343 Eufaula, Street.

"I was born at Evergreen, Alabama. My father was Mitchell B. Salter, prominent planter and owner of a large plantation in that community. I attended Southwest Ala. Agricultural College, Evergreen, graduating in 1907. I was an academic student at the University of Alabama, receiving my Bachelor of Science degree in 1911, and Masters Degree in 1912. My medical education was obtained at Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; graduating in 1916. Was a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and Phi Kappa Psi Med. Frat., the Alpha Omega Alpha, an honorary Medical Greek letter fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa. From 1914 until 1916 I was instructor in Physiology and Anatomy at Tulane, served my internship at Charity Hospital, New Orleans." For eight months, after leaving school, Dr. Salter was Field Director for the State Board of Health and when the World War was declared he volunteered. He was instructor at the Army Medical School at Washington, and after the war was director of the Alabama State Laboratory and Pasteur Institute. He took a post-graduate course at New York at Rockefeller Institute, specializing in surgery at Charity Hospital, New Orleans, and came to Eufaula in 1920. In 1922, he established his own hospital, which is a beautiful institution and solely owned by Dr. Salter.

The fame of "Salter Hospital" is known over Alabama, Georgia and Fla.

It is one of the most modern and best equipped in the State. It affords the people of Eufaula and vicinity as fine hospital facilities as can be had anywhere. It is an outstanding institution of its kind. Formerly a brick residence, work on this splendid modern hospital was begun in 1922, the house being made over entirely and a modern and up-to-date hospital constructed. It was completed and opened March, 20, 1923. When it

"Doctor". Dr. P.P.Salter, 343 Eufaula, Street.

was first established it only had a capacity of twenty beds, but in 1926 an annex was added, with thirty beds, making a total of fifty beds, its capacity today.

Located on Riverside Drive, Salter Hospital is a beautiful, two-story, brick structure, with beautiful lawns and flowers. It is modernly equipped with sterilizers, an up-to-date laboratory and operating room, X-ray equipment, oxygen tent, etc.

Although the Salter Hospital is owned by Dr. Salter, all registered physicians of the community are invited to use the institution and bring their patients there.

#### EUFAULA HOSPITALS HONORED.

The Britt Infirmary and the Salter Hospital were awarded honor recognition for high standards of proficiency among the hospitals in the United States, by the National Hospital Council. This was indeed a splendid compliment to these hospitals and Eufaula was listed among the 300 honored, which was chosen from 6,532 hospitals in the United States. These honors were awarded at the annual meeting in Baltimore.

Dr. Salter said: "I am deeply interested in Eufaula and I have taken active interest in civic affairs since coming to this city to make my home. I was one of the three founders of the local Rotary Club and have served as its President twice. I am a Democrat, a member of the Methodist Church South and a steward in that Church. In fraternal circles, I am a member of the Masonic Order, the A.F. and A.M. the R.A.M. the Commandery K.O. Alcazar Shrine Temple, Montgomery, a member of the Alabama State Medical Society, Southern Surgical, Southeastern Surgical Congress, The Barbour

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County Medical Society, Chattahoochee Valley surgeon, twice president of the Southern Medical Association and a Fellow of the American Medical Association. I have served as president of the Barbour County Board of Health, President of Eufaula Chamber of Commerce, So. Surg. Assn; South-western Surg. Assn.; A.M.A. Ala. State Med. Assn; First Lt. M.C. Reg. Army stationed at Army Med. School and Walter Reed Hospital, Washington until discharged Nov. 1918. I am a member of the country club. I like fishing, golf, hunting, football etc.

"I was married to Grace Pulliam of Tuscaloosa, daughter of one of the best known professors of the University of Alabama. Three ~~daughters~~ <sup>children</sup> came from this union. Louise, (now Mrs. Hugh C. Sparks, Jr.). They have one little daughter, Joan. Lenore (now at Gulf Port College, Gulf Port, Miss, and Paul, Jr. in high school at Eufaula. Mrs. Salter died several years ago. April, 25, 1936, I married the beautiful Eva Aigler, one of Alabama's beauties and she also noted for her charm. She is a great help mate to me in all of my work and my children adore her. "

Author (M.S.Thesis) "Ketones" 1912. "The Acute Abdomen", 1931. "Evaluation of Blood Pressure Readings in Surgical Cases, 1918. "The Value of the Laboratory to a Small Hospital", 1926. "Acute Abdominal Symptoms in Pregnancy and Puerperium", 1932. "A Clinical Study of Intestinal Abstruction", 1936. "Appendicitis in Pregnancy", 1935. "The Acute Abdomen", 1926. "The Use of Sulfamilamide in Acute and Chronic Gonorrhoea", 1937. Taken from "Who's Who Physicians and Surgeons" vol.1, 1938".

I asked Dr. Salter could he tell me some of the work done in the Eufaula District and other agencies. He said:

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"During the past twelve months 140 prenatals(cases) have been admitted to the nursing service. Literature was marked and given to each case. Newspapers were furnished by the nurse and delivery pads(minimum of 3) were made and covered with the nurse assisting each mother. To these 140 cases 585 home visits were made(an average of four or more to the case); 81 cases were admitted to post-partum service with 193 visits to these mothers.

"One hundred infants (from the time of birth to 1 year of age) were admitted to the nursing service during the past year. Within the city of Eufaula 8 complete layettes were given to indigent cases through the Christ Child Circle while ~~two~~ more were furnished by the department of public welfare; 580 visits were given to these admitted cases; 106 infants were given toxoid(diphtheria) by the nurse; literature was left in the homes; 80 were schick tested for immunity.

"One hundred and eighteen pre-school (from 1 year to six years of age) children were admitted to nursing service during that year of 1938 while 807 home visits were made in the interest of the health of these little ones. To the mothers of this group literature was given; 164 pre-school children were given the diphtheria toxoid; 150 children were schick tested 3 months following toxoid to see if the children received immunity.

"Eleven new cases of tuberculosis were admitted to the nursing home service while 326 visits of suck work have been made into these homes; 2 chest clinics(May 28th. and Nov 23.) were promoted and supervised by the nurse; 64 cases were x-rayed; 1 case was immediately placed under the care of her family physician while 4 cases throughout the year were hospitalized.

"Nine public talks have been given by the nurse to various clubs,P+T-A's, etc.

"Doctor". Dr. P.P.Salter. 343 Eufaula, Street.

"Sixteen crippled children were carefully supervised while two clinics for such cases (May 20th. and Oct. 28th.) were promoted by the nurse. For both clinics we had 100 per cent attendance of said cases; 87 home visits were made in the interest of such work. Several major operations were performed on some of these children while braces were fitted and adjusted for others. All of this was done directly under the supervision of the local health department.

"Twenty-six midwives were strictly supervised while 48 meetings ( 4 meetings held monthly) were conducted by the nurse; 109 home visits were made into such home for personal supervision, check-up on births, etc. All mid-wives had their complete equipment throughout the year.

"Throughout the schools in this area over 14,446 personal inspections were made by the nurse to the children. Much was accomplished by having the children bring in dental correction slips, reporting to family physician for any skin rash or other abnormal symptom appearing on body of child. Personal hygiene was stressed throughout each inspection. The nutrition class sponsored by the Christ Child Circle in Eufaula was closely supervised by the nurse in connection with the Christ Child Committee. All these children were teated for hookworms. It was also arranged by the nurse for a baking company to donate to this group of 56 children (indigent) fresh bread daily to go with their food. Through the aid of the P-T-A, the nurse secured a maid to give close supervision to the smaller girls in the Eufaula elementary school and the maid also cared for the rest-rooms.

"Three home hygiene and care of the sick classes were promoted and taught by the local nurse. The Mother's Club (20 enrolled) had 8 to recieve certificates, the Eufaula home economics class (16 enrolled) had ten to

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receive certificates, while the Baker Hill home economics class ( 16 enrolled) had 16 to receive certificates. Interesting projects of various kinds such as: screening homes of class members, community cleaning-up campaigns, building of medicine cabinets, etc. were realized before the classes were completed.

"For the four major communities in this area "health centers" were started and two complete obstetrical packs having kotex and basins furnished by clubs from the communities were included within these packs which were furnished by the department of public welfare. For the Eufaula district the Christ Child Circle donated an incubator (which can be used with electricity or otherwise) to be used in connection with premature or underweight infants born in this area. Baker Hill vocational class has begun on one for that section.

"Three hundred and sixty-two infants, pre-school and school children, (indigent) have been given medical supervision through the aid of the Christ Child Circle, the nurse cooperates with the club by making follow-up visits, assisting at the clinic, which is held once a week, reporting indigent prenatal cases to said Circle, and promoting cases who need such care to attend the clinic. Through the aid of the aid of the Circle children, who are in need of food, clothes, medical supervision, codliver oil, etc. are given this care.

"Under the supervision of Mrs. Cleveland Adams, through WPA projects, the aid project was started. To this group of 16 white women and 8 colored women the nurse taught nursing methods of home care of the sick, proper bed-making, infant feeding, etc; so that the aids would be better prepared to assist in the various indigent homes where they would be placed. At reg-

"Doctor". Dr. P.P. Salter, 343 Eufaula Street.

ular intervals the nurse makes it a point to contact the supervisor of this project and report cases who are in need of such aids.

"One thousand sixty-five children were closely examined for defective teeth with the nurse assisting the local dentists. Several dental pictures were flashed on the screen for the benefit of the children toward better teeth".

I asked Dr. Salter if he would tell me something of his background.

He said: "The Salter family originated in Scotland from whence it's representatives came to the Carolinas before the American Revolution. Since which time they have been connected with constructive citizenship in whatever locality they have seen fit to locate.

"My father lived on a large plantation with a hundred slaves, and was one of the first to offer his services in the Confederate Army. After a devoted service, he lost his right arm in the Battle of Vettysburg.

"I had a happy childhood and when I was a lad, I always said that I wanted to be a doctor; even had my little medicine chest and would tie up the family's stumped toes and cuts. It was my sole ambition.

"A doctor's life is the hardest of all lives, but it is not hard to me. I go sometimes three or four days with only a few hours sleep."/

"A city doctor's life is the most strenuous profession; its morning, noon and night. You cannot call your soul your own. And of course owning my hospital makes it even more so. I have performed as many as twelve operations in one day, one right after the other. A country doctor doesn't have that to contend with. Of course my internes are a great help; have had some splendid ones since opening my hospital.

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"My hospital is my heart. I keep it up-to-date with any hospital in the United States. I thank God for all the wonderful things science has done for our profession. Sulphurnilamide and Sulphurpiridine; last week I carried a woman sixty-eight years old to my hospital with double pneumonia, fever 106. She is well today; sulphurpiridine. A doctor even has more contact with the dying than a preacher. I will never get hardened to it. When I lose a patient, no one but God knows my grief."

(1)

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
OF ALABAMA

AREA NUMBER 8

Name of Interviewed - - -

Eugenia Perone Smartt.

Environment -

Describable Neighborhood -

One of the most desirable locations in  
Eufaula North Randolph St.  
surrounded by friends. Randolph street  
is one of Eufaula's most beautiful streets,  
100 feet wide, park in center, with lovely  
oaks, also bordering sidewalks, many of these  
oaks a hundred years old.

Describe House

How many rooms; how furnished and ornamented;  
in what order kept, etc.

Seven rooms - Furnished mostly with antiques.  
Immaculate -

Few of the ancient homes of Eufaula date back  
to the Indian period, but one of the few  
still standing is this home. This house stands  
on the site of the log stockade Fort that  
Indian troubles caused to be hastily erected  
in the pioneer era.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
OF ALABAMA

AREA NUMBER 8

In the early Spring of 1836 this fort was built. The pine trees growing on the spot were cut down, and used to build this stockade fort, this fort was in the forest at the time, the small white settlement being on the bluff. In the early twenties a Company composed of William Wellborn, Seth Lore, (pioneer) and Alfred Drexler U. S. Senator from Columbus, Ga. purchased this land. After the Indians were sent West, the desire to possess a locality admired for its primitive beauty caused settlers to buy up other lands. So on March 13, 1838 Alexander McDonald bought the two acres of lands on which stands the fort, deeds were made to him signed by the members of the Land Company, William Wellborn, Seth Lore, and Alfred Drexler. These unique <sup>original</sup> deeds bear the gold star seal, and are in possession today of Mrs. Eugenia Smartt. Upon this lot in the Summer of 1838 Mr. McDonald built this home with slave labor. For a hundred years this lot has been undivided. The exterior of the home has been so changed that the front facade has lost its early pioneer character, but the original body of the house has remained the same.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
OF ALABAMA

AREA NUMBER 8

It was sold to Anthony M. Star in 1862, to Fannie M. George in 1889, and to Eugenia P. Smartt in 1912. If one would glimpse into its construction there will be found earmarks of its early age. Huge sills of heart of pine were morticed together. Pillars of rock several times larger than pillars today and hand-pressed brick with clay mortar are to be seen. From the large front hall a stairway (closed today) led to the basement where you find a unique old wine cellar. It is of rock walls and the tilting shelves with places for wine bottles bespeak the fact that much wine was served in the early days. There is a brick wall around the lot and outbuildings declare the age of the structure, near the wash room, one of the out buildings is an oblong brick vault buried underneath the ground some six or more feet. This was a place of safety for valuables during the war. A giant sycamore tree stands on the sidewalk just in front of this home which is supposed to have been a small tree among the pines a hundred years ago. You can see this tree towering above all other trees, the huge oak in the front yard is very near as old. Mrs. McDonald planted some of the first pecan trees, their yield a piece are 500 lbs or more. The D. A. B. are going to place a marker on this spot.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
OF ALABAMA

AREA NUMBER 8.....

There is no one in the home with Mrs. Smartt, a negro woman make for her, and sleeps in the home.

Physical Description -

Mrs. Smartt is a beautiful woman, golden brown hair with streaks of gray, big brown eyes, olive complexion, a virile femininity, a sweet voice, and dresses in excellent taste.

Gertha Couric.  
Eufaula, Ala.  
March 8, 1939

## Life Story of Eufaula's Outstanding Writer:

[Eugenia Persons Smartt.]

Author of "History of Eufaula". Published 1936.

She has had every odd against her, the most devastating of all, tuberculosis, but there has never been a braver soul. She is one of Eufaula's best known and most capable writers.

"You say you wish to write a story of my life because I am Eufaula's outstanding historian and also one of great executive ability? I know I have written Eufaula's largest, most complete and authentic history, and I agree that I must have inherited executive ability to carry on in the face of so many rebuffs, still I thought one of great executive ability would amass wealth to show for it, and I am still trying to "go over the top". Just "hanging on" so to speak.

Probably you would like to know of the days I used to ride horseback and on a side saddle too, which I think required as much skill as a champion golfer of 1939. On one of these rides my horse ran away when I let him get the rein as he was drinking at a branch. Never being able to regain the rein, I clung to the saddle (thanks that it was a good one) while he carried me, I knew not where, and my long hair had gone with the wind.

I held on then and have been holding on ever since, and managing the little that came my way just as I managed to cling to that horse.

I was born in Barbour County, at the home of my parents, Eugene Carter Persons and Frances Elizabeth Henry Persons, about twelve miles from Eufaula, Alabama. The little house my parents built when they were married Nov. 9, 1878, is still standing on the 330 acre farm that my father inherited, and which was part of lands that had been in the Persons family over 100 years. It is a four room house with wide hall, front and back porch, and kitchen. The log smoke house is still standing in the back yard. The home overlooks

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beautiful scenery as it stands on a high bluff.

I did not inherit wealth, for the wealth of both families was swept away with the War Between the States, but I am proud of my ancestors. My mother was a descendent of the immortal Patrick Henry. The name was originally spelled Henrich, of the Norman French, they having come with the Conqueror of England, settling in Scotland. The three brothers, Alexander, Patrick and John migrated from Aberdeen Scotland. John's son, Patrick, was named for his brother, the Reverend Patrick Henry. John, the father, settled in Virginia prior to 1730. He was commanding officer of Hanover Company militia and celebrated extravagantly the coronation of King George III, little dreaming his son would be a leading influence to separate America from His Majesty's dominions.

John Benjamin, my great grandfather, served in the War of 1812, as first Lieut. and later as Capt. My grandfather, Doctor John Benson Henry, died at the age of thirty-five, leaving the promise of a brilliant future, and one year later, his beautiful wife, Catherine Ivey Henry, died leaving seven orphan children, the oldest twelve or thirteen years of age.

The Persons family were descendents of William Persons, who served as M.C. from N.C. 1774-1776. They came from England and made noteworthy record in N.C. where a county is named in their honor. My grandfather, Dr. James Turner Persons amassed a fortune before the War Between the States, and retired from practice, but the losses incurred during the War necessitated his returning to practice in old age. With slave labor he built a great part of the first railroad from Hurtsboro to Columbus. My father was impressed with the building of this road, he said, because two young negro slaves with whom he used to play were hauling gravel. Just for fun one of the boys pulled the mules tail and he kicked and killed him.

## Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

My father was educated at Glennville Military Academy, Glennville, Ala., This was a leading southern college then. I have his Ray's Arithmetic and wouldn't part with it. He used to say, "Get my Ray's Arithmetic and I can show you anything", and he could. Mother had private teachers during her younger days, and later sent off to school to study music and dancing.

My parents were both good looking. Mother a blonde, fair, with blue eyes and reddish golden hair, and father dark brown hair and brown eyes. I was not the first child. Two died in infancy. After I was born father used to say, "She got her looks from her father". Anyway I had long brown curls and large brown eyes. My little brother Henry was like Mother.

Father was inclined to be witty but mother was serious. He would often come in and tell some yarn and she would immediately correct him. He has often laughed and told her how he came home once with a whiskey bottle under his arm, and staggered in saying, "He-Be-Betty, I love you". She always said she never would put up with foolishness, so she either believed he was drunk or foolish. Anyway she gave him such a push that he almost fell, dropped and broke his bottle of whiskey he had for egg-nog, and thus ended his "drunkenness". Father was very proud of me. He used to make me "look mad" at people and he enjoyed it as much as they did.

After spending the first six years of my life at the little home, my parents decided to move to Eufaula. Labor was hard to get because of the emmigration of negroes to Texas, and many tramps roamed around. I remember how frightened I was once when mother had to get her pistol to make one leave that persisted in coming in. She was very brave.

I was sent to school at seven years of age, and all through grammar school I stood high, winning first, second and third honors each year. My masterpiece, "Five Little Peas In a Pod" was adjudged the best ever to be

## Eugenia Persons Smartt. (continued.)

written by a first grade pupil. One day a friend quietly placed a boy's cap on my head in school. Teacher noticed it before I could remove it and said, "Gena, five demerits". Now five demerits would have killed me I thought, so I immediately told her I did not put it on, and she believed me, for I never would tell a lie.

It was really a joy for me to get sick because I was never very ill. And when I had a slight "billious attack", as the doctor said, I had the great joy of my mother's whole attention. She read to me, fixed delicacies, and never left me until I was fully well and back in school. She lived according to the highest ideals and taught those ideals to her children. When convalescing from a little spell like this I remember the beautiful talks she gave me that were indelibly stamped on my memory and no doubt shaped my future. Children are wiser to-day than in my day. They live too fast and grow up by the time they are ten or twelve years of age. They just don't have time to be very serious. I was a very conscientious child and serious about all things. I enjoyed child-hood days with dolls, doll weddings, bicycle rides and such, but I pondered deeply over the great future. One day while studying on the front steps I noticed two old ladies pass. Probably I had seen them before but not the two together. They both seemed very old, wore black dresses and black poke bonnets. I was so deeply impressed with the horror of old age that I prayed that night and every night until I was very much older, "Dear God, please don't let mother, father, Bud or me ever get old like Mrs.-- and Mrs.--". Now I did not mean I wanted to die young. My idea was to live to be old but not stooped and old looking.

When father was assistant postmaster, I was sent to the College here, where I entered freshman class. Girls did not first graduate from high

Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

school as they do to-day. My friends went to Union Female College where we all graduated after four happy, as well as instructive years. Our teacher were from the finest colleges of the North, and I am just as proud of my diploma as I would be if it were from any college, because I know we did good work and the curriculum was high, although some of my friends said they weren't proud of theirs because the very year we were to graduate in May the college was forced to close in April due to a bank failure in our town. We had really completed our years work but were denied the commencement with its art exhibits, musicals and plays.

Very dear to me always was my mother's sister, and her family. Her husband, Uncle Earnest Corker was a beautiful writer, as was my father's sister's husband, Uncle Wilton Burton of Auburn, Ala.; whose writings to-day live. They both were a great inspiration to me and I thought it wonderful to create something from "airy nothing" as one of them said.

Girls in 1903 were not taught any special vocation for they were not supposed to work except as teachers. I was so anxious to do something worth while that I opened my first free studio in my home and invited my friends to be my free pupils. I had never studied but took my first step as art teacher just the same.

One night I was invited to a spend-the-night party at a friend's home and it was there that I met my future husband, salesman for Proctor-Gamble Co. I remember the dress I wore, a pink floral organdie which was truly stylish and beautiful for it was made by the most beautiful hands in the world and fashioned from an artist's mind-----my mother's.

There was much work on a dress in 1904 when I was a debutante, yards and yards of ruffling and skirts were skirts in those days and not just pillow cases. We were beginning to ruff and ruin our naturally beautiful hair and

Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

pull it back over whose horrible "rats" until we had a swell pompadour. All girls wore underwear, and the cotton underskirt was somewhat like a life-preserver as it rolled around the hip. Drawers were starched stiff with fluted ruffles. A stiff whalebone corset was laced until our breath most left us. Thus it was, with a small waist and large hips we were in style. The bustle was an added attraction. Then at least three long petticoats were put on. How often I have stood and asked some one, "Can you see through me?" If the answer were negative I went on, but if not, on went another petticoat. Weren't we swell? High neck dresses, large busts, long sweeping skirts, huge bustles, the "June dip" and a hat with several large plumes. We never would admit that our left arm tired of continually holding that long sweeping skirt when we walked.

On a beautiful June day in 1905, radiant in a wedding gown of white crepe-de-chene, with an only jewel, a crescent of diamonds, gift of the groom, I pledged my troth to the man I so dearly loved, at a lovely Church wedding. My friends through school days were my brides-maids. My father looked so handsome as he gave me away and I will never forget mother, as she sat with tears in her eyes, looking like an angel in a gown of orchid.

After the wedding we went to my husband's Tennessee home where a double reception was given in honor of the bride and groom of 1905 and the bride and groom of 1835, on my husband's parents silver anniversary.

After a delightful visit we returned home where mother and father were songlad to see us and we were the happiest couple on earth. My husband was a wonderful man, and a very fine salesman, and life seemed quite auspicious. My parents and I lived together because he was away except for week-ends.

Just a little over two years elapsed when the happiest event of our lives occurred, for little princess Eugenia came to live with us. She was a

Eugenia Persons Smartt. (continued.)

beautiful baby with brown eyes and ringlets of golden brown hair, and a smile that lasted. She was born in January and the first Christmas was spent in Tennessee. The next Christmas was to be spent at home, but too often these supremely happy, with everything so promising, are not allowed to carry out that beautiful life. So the Christmas before my baby was two years old this precious husband suddenly passed in the Great Beyond. All future hope and ambition passed from me and I cared not to live. Next day when my baby was brought to me she said, "Dau-dau, I lub co". (She called me daughter as my parents did.) Looking into those baby eyes, I burst into tears, and then resolved to spend my life for her and my parents, who offered to do for her as their own.

Thus from the Christmas of 1909, just in my early twenties I was destined to begin a life of many sorrows with the joys of life but few. The joy of being with mother and father and baby was great, but life was not easy for me as father was not so young. By the time all expenses were paid I had just enough to buy a home for us all. We tried to carry on and I wondered what work I could do, for a home is a small part of the expenses of life. My mother had begun to have touches of rheumatism when my baby was born for she could not use her arm. The doctors knew did not know what to do for it. Being the arthritis type it was gradually creeping over her body and crippling her more and more. We moved into "Our Home" in 1912, and soon after this Mother suffered pain every night. How often in the middle of the night have I heard her crying and how my heart ached that I could do nothing. She was one of very strong character and would take no pain killer. When she became so crippled that she could not walk she was advised to have her teeth pulled. After this the pains left, but she was from then for more than twenty-five years an invalid and had to be waited on like a baby. We

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decided it best for father to give up work that he had, and nurse mother, have a good garden and chickens, while I could do the work. I did not want to leave my baby and go out to work because she was small and father could not take full charge of her, then besides it was necessary that I help with mother while he was gardening or tending the chickens.

I had always loved art and music when a girl but could not take art because of expense of materials and had no piano for music. Hence the study of expression which helped me later in life in dramatic work. After much meditation I thought, "I can, and will teach art as I love it best. No one knows I did not study, never had a lesson in my life, but if I produce good results, why worry?"

So with mere determination I asked mothers for their daughters in my art class and not a one asked where I had studied. I fitted up a room in the house and started work with fifteen pupils at two dollars a month. I also painted little water colors and sold them. Some of my pupils claim that they are still proud of their first work under my guidance. Art in a small town does not last, so when Fall came, about half were talking of stopping so as to make the school grades. In fact, some of my pupils knew no more of art than a "hog does holiday".

I next wondered what I could do to make a real living and still work at home where I could help. My solution was "the Kindergarten". Just the thing to do, teach others and at the same time teach my baby. I was told that all Kindergartens established in Eufaula had failed within nine months even though teachers who were graduates of Kindergarten schools had taught.

My mother had taught me from childhood that she believed people could do anything they wanted to if they only tried hard enough. I believed it

## Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

and now would make my demonstration. The wet blanket was thrown at me like this—"How can you teach Kindergarten when you have never studied it?" So with the same determination that opened the art class the year before opened the Kindergarten the Fall of 1910, with twney-five pupils at \$3.50 per month, Little Eugenia thought every school day was her birthday and would say, "Here comes girls and boys to my party".

As in most small towns nearly thirty years ago, parents thought Kindergarten a luxury instead of a necessity, and after one year my pupils dropped off, for the novelty had worn off. I understood now why others had failed, not because, as teachers, they aren't capable, but because they had failed to make the parents understand. My task then was to show the great necessity of this fundamental training. This I did, for I remembered what my mother had said and I determined not to fail. After clinging to my school of three pupils at one time, I soon built it up to an average of twenty pupils at \$5.00 a month, who came regular and the school lasted for sixteen years until I was forced to give it up because of ill health, and if I could teach to-day, it would be re-established. The children loved me and I loved them. Every year I dramatized most beautiful plays and operetts which were staged at Carnegie Auditorium or the old Opera House. The Auditorium could only seat three hundred but most often standing room was taken. These plays showed great skill. It required two months to perfect one, practicing daily, as they were taught by repetition and imitation. They carried speaking parts as well as as grown ups could have done for they were never bothered with stage fright.

I often dramatized plays such as "Snow White", "Cinderella", "Sleeping Beauty" and "Hansel and Gretel" in other towns in Summer. I did not pretend

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to be a beautiful dancer myself, but again demonstrated that with determination and a reasonable amount of sense one can do most anything. I taught beautiful solo dances as well as class dances to my pupils. My daughter was asked to dance on the campus at A.B.I., Auburn, one Summer at a special entertainment. I quote from the local paper: "Eugenia Smartt, of Eufaula and (name omitted) of Birmingham, each gave beautiful solo dances which showed that both were quite proficient in the art and both were loudly applauded, little Miss——having been taught by dancing teachers in Birmingham and Little Miss Smartt by her mother only".

Mother, Father and I planned a home orchard, thinking it would bring a little revenue in Summer when no money from teaching was available. Mother selected the trees and we planted pecans and peaches. The peaches paid well a few years while pecans were small. I declare it is no fish story when I say I sold every peach on one tree one year at ten cents each. They were as large as a grapefruit. Father did the spraying and I chased the flathead borers. I would take two half bushel baskets of luscious red peaches in Mother's room every morning when I gathered them and it was such joy to her to point her little crippled finger and say, "That one is pretty, put it in". Thus I filled the smaller baskets to sell. The peaches are long since gone but the pecan trees stand a silent memorial to Father who so willingly gave of the labor of his hands that we might have comforts. We thought then that pecans would always bring a nice income, From our home orchard of thirty trees that now yield fifteen hundred pounds but to our surprise the price dropped from fifty cents a pound ten years ago to eight and ten cents now.

Careful managing, with the teaching, and extra work I did, and Father's chickens and vegetables there was enough to care for the family of four, but I never could "get over the top" and save, still I never have mortgaged the little I had, "our home". There was not much in teaching but to participate

## Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

In the moulding of character of little ones was a compensation that to me bore no price tag.

I had never been very ill and did not think any amount of work would hurt me. We did not keep servants for we just carried on together and I did the sewing for the family. Children's clothes were not easily obtained ready made nor would the price have been within my means then, and quite a few were needed because laundry was sent out. Today with children's clothes rinsed out at home they do not need a dozen of each garment as I had to keep. I failed to say I went to Sunday School and taught a class every Sunday. I was a member of the D.A.R., Writers, Literary and Music clubs, and attended other socials. It was all too much for any person so I broke after having permanently established and taught for sixteen years, "Smartt Prep-School and Kindergarten".

It did not fail, nor did my pupils fail, for they made high records, some graduating from high school at fifteen and many at sixteen, but the teacher lost her health and the school was closed after a most successful career.

Yes, the school that I was told would not last, did last, and the teacher had never had training other than magazines and books, together with a heart that loved little ones.

I was taken to the hospital where I was treated for typhoid fever. Later I had a heavy operation. In the meantime my daughter graduated from high school, where she made all A's the year after leaving Smartt school. I had always wanted my daughter to study music, for I knew she was wonderfully talented. She had taken music as I had managed to get her a piano and give her lessons, but I wondered how I would send her off for further study. I had saved five hundred dollars but part of it was spent during my illness.

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Anyway I sent her to Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. I knew I could get her there and just hoped and prayed that I could keep her there. She was with relatives so there was no board. It was a hard to tell my sixteen year old daughter that I was in a hospital. My prayers were answered for when she passed through Nashville she met relatives of my husband that she had never seen, and her charming personality won them. When she reached Cincinnati, they sent her a check to cover expenses at the Conservatory. You may know I was happy, but soon better and went home to teach again. That Spring I staged a play which was a grand success, and then left to visit relatives and my daughter. I left my precious parents thinking I would return within a month.

We were all very happy together and everyone was grand to us, when one day I became ill and a doctor was summoned. No one but God in Heaven knows how I felt when he gently told me I would have to remain in the hospital a year or more. I had an invalid mother and an aged father to care for and a daughter just entering college and no income. Every one told me not to worry, but that is easier said than done. They put me in a hospital, paid my expenses, gave my daughter her musical education, and were so good to us both. However, I could not erase the picture of my parents trying to carry on alone. Father used to kneel at Mother's crippled knees and pray for my recovery. They needed me. I must get well for I had a mission to fill, to care for my loved ones. On the first Mother's Day that I was in the hospital I wrote a poem, "Dear Little Mother", which I sent to Mother and it was later accepted by Crown Anthology of Verse. After being in the hospital two years I came home with "my baby". Tears <sup>of joy</sup> streamed down Mother's face and it hurt me to see that she and Father looked older.

Eugenia Persons Smartt.(continued.)

After some months rest I started a new work because the school work would have been too confining. I knew I must work so that I could stop when I did not feel well. I suppose now I might be called a "Jack at all trades". I did have all trades but will not say I was a "Jack", for I sold as many heaters as any one hardware firm, put over all the advertising schemes that I planned, including several "Who's Who Contests". (I wrote every verse as they were poetical contests.), made artificial flowers and raffia baskets. Oh, well, I did just every thing that came my way. Although I was told that people would not buy paper flowers, I certainly sold quite a few and five church weddings were decorated with my flowers, but I promised not to tell anyone for they did not <sup>know</sup> know it.

During this time I compiled and wrote an absolutely authentic "History of Eufaula". It is a three hundred page book, beautifully bound and well illustrated. I spent a part of five years doing this work because as usual I worked against odds. I had no car. Then too, I had to do much extra work to meet living expenses, although my daughter taught music and helped, two years before her marriage. So naturally the book rested quite often. Because I did not produce it sooner some said, "I don't believe you will ever finish it", or "I thought you had given it up". I answered these queries with an article in the paper stating that I had never voluntarily given up a thing I had ever started, and I would never give up the book unless forced to because health would not permit its being finished. I had to labor under other difficulties also. I had no typewriter and the book was written five times by long hand. I could not add a single expense other than pencils and paper. I would walk to get sketches of those represented and often had to go back. To collect \$1,000 in 1931 was no easy job, for people were panicky then, and \$800 worth bona-fide orders were cancelled because of the

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depression. Anyway, I collected the thousand dollars and turned the book over to the publisher, and delivered it the following year. Another problem faced me when I was at the publisher's office. I had never had a book published and there was much to learn. Well, I bet the publisher will not tell you that I was green in the business for I managed our contract in such a way that he thought I had had dealings with publishers before.

Probably I walked too much doing this work for I was later put to bed again, and I won the game again, but had to give up outside work. If I must give up outside work then surely I could do inside work, so I secured the agency for newspapers out of town, corresponded for one, and do advertising over the phone.

November, 19, 1936, Mother and Father celebrated their fifty-seventh anniversary. They were the second couple in Eufaula's history to live together fifty-seven years. I had hoped they would live to celebrate their sixtieth.

Father was never ill until about a year before he died and that was a very hard year on us all. Usually his suffering was most severe in the middle of the night, and even though I did not always get up, for he told me not to as I might catch cold, I could not sleep for more than a year knowing that he was suffering. Mother could not sleep after twelve because he was up and had to build a fire and sit up the rest of the night. Finally one night a few days after Christmas, he put Mother to bed and complained of being cold. Next day he was real sick, and worried over Mother for he kept saying, "Who will put Mother to bed?" He knew I could not lift her. In two days he died at the age of eighty-six. He had done his bit like the soldier that he was, and had carried on to the end. Unlike his father he did not enjoy riches and his name may not be in the hall of fame, but a record of his noble deeds ~~was~~ recorded

Eugenie Persons Smartt. (Continued.)

in the Hall of Fame in Heaven.

Dear little crippled Mother was braver than I for she comforted me. I did not know how to carry on without him. Had we not worked together, what he could not do, I did; and what I could not do, he did, for over twenty-five years? Now I not only had to see about all housework and business but keep a nurse for Mother. We could not afford to keep a practical nurse all the time, and I had great trouble keeping a good negro woman at nights. They don't like to stay in white folks houses at nights, they say "case witches rides em."

(If I were rich my money would be used to hire nurses for invalid old people. If there were hundreds of homes everywhere I would not have their hearts broken by placing them there.)

Six months after Father died I was told that Mother could not live very long. No one knows the agony I endured. All of my life I had told her everything. Even when I went to town I came home, sat in her room and outlined my itinerary, telling her who I saw or talked with. If I mentioned a stranger she asked me the color of eyes, hair, and if tall or low, stout or thin. When I finished the description she had a good mental picture of a person she had never seen. This was life and joy to her.

Now what must I do about the very thing that concerned her most? Finally I think she understood that she was in a serious condition, She suffered more and more.

All during her suffering I was crippled with some trouble in my back, lumbago I suppose. Could not do for her when I was most needed. The pain was so severe for several weeks that I could hardly turn in bed. Mother and I were alone with servants all during her suffering except when my daughter came for a week at a time. She could not leave three little girlies so long. Then

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my brother came the last month. It was impossible for him to come sooner.

She slipped from us when she was within two weeks of her seventy-ninth birthday. She was one around whose memory lingers a halo of immortal and undimmed glory. She was loved by all for her nobility of nature, her sincerity of friendship and the great good that she rendered others even though an invalid. Robed in orchid with white maribeau she was the most beautiful angel one could wish to see.

I feel that I haven't the courage to carry on now for I am here all alone. I can only say that I hope this true story will encourage those who may have many obstacles to overcome as I did, before they can accomplish their heart's desire. "

Date for week ending: April 26, 1939

Local Office: Eufaula, Alabama

District assigned Eufaula in Bartow County Ala. State

If you are attaching editorial copy to this report, fill out (A).

If you are merely reporting progress, fill out (B).

A (Editorial copy attached)

Number of words \_\_\_\_\_ Special topic assigned City Doctor  
Dr. R. P. Salter

Part of assigned district or county covered in this report Photographs

(Township, village, town, quarter, or city, etc.)

Questionnaire categories incomplete or missing; list below with reasons for omission, i.e. whether material is still to be covered or whether the questions are not applicable to your territory.

B (Report of progress, no copy attached)

Part of assigned territory you are now investigating \_\_\_\_\_

Special categories of Questionnaire you are working on (list below)

"Judge" Judge J. S. Williams, Clayton, Ala.  
Negro Story - Carrie Bruce.

"Brick Manufacturing" Pres. D. McKenzel  
Youngest Bank President in Ala. - Nancy Dean et al.

Are you reducing your field notes to a Field Continuity? yes

Date of last editorial copy transmitted to State Office April 26, 1939

When do you expect to forward your next editorial copy? May 3, 1939

Time needed to finish present topic \_\_\_\_\_

If you are faced by any problems in co-operation, make suggestions here for advice and assistance from your State Supervisor.

If you are merely reporting progress, fill out (2).

A (Editorial copy attached)

Number of words

Part of assigned district or county covered in this report

(Township, village, town, hamlet, or city, etc.)

Questionnaire categories completed or planned list below with reasons for

omission, or whether material is still to be covered or

If there are any special conditions worthy of note in your territory, affecting your work, state them.

Kind of assigned territory you are now investigating

Special categories of Questionnaire you are working on (list below)

If you wish the State Officer to enter into correspondence with any individuals or agencies in your territory, give names and reasons.

Date of last editorial copy furnished to State Office

How do you expect to forward your next editorial copy?

Time needed to finish present topic

Signed Gertha Cowie  
(Local Field Worker)

WPA-D5-113

WEEKLY FIELD REPORT

Date for week

ending: April 12, 1939

Local Office:

Eufaula  
Alabama

District assigned

Eufaula

in

Barbour

County

Ala.

State

If you are attaching editorial copy to this report, fill out (A).

If you are merely reporting progress, fill out (B).

A (Editorial copy attached)

Number of words \_\_\_\_\_

Special topic assigned

Woman Executive -  
Manager - Southern  
Bell Telephone Exchange -  
Minnie Richards

Part of assigned district or county covered in this report

(Township, village, town, quarter, or city, etc.)

Questionnaire categories incomplete or missing; list below with reasons for

omission; i.e. whether material is still to be covered or

whether the questions are not applicable to your territory.

B (Report of progress, no copy attached)

Part of assigned territory you are now investigating \_\_\_\_\_

Special categories of Questionnaire you are working on (list below)

'City Doctor' - Dr. P. P. Salter -

Carrie Bruce - Negro Store

Woman Executive - Only

Woman Manager in Ala. if Ala  
Employment Office -  
Mrs. B. M. Merrill -

Are you reducing your field notes to a Field Continuity?

Yes

Date of last editorial copy transmitted to State Office

April 12, 1939

When do you expect to forward your next editorial copy?

April 19, 1939

Time needed to finish present topic \_\_\_\_\_

11-3-36  
Date for work ending

Local Office

If you are faced by any problems in co-operation, make suggestions here for advice and assistance from your State Supervisor.

If you are attaching editorial copy to this report, fill out (A).

If you are merely reporting progress, fill out (B).

(A) Editorial copy attached

Special topic assigned

Number of words

Part of assigned district or county covered in this report

(Township, village, town, quarter, or city, etc.)

Questionnaire categories or inquiries or matters list below with reasons for

If there are any special conditions worthy of note in your territory, affecting your work, state them.

(B) Report of progress, no copy attached

Part of assigned territory you are now investigating

Special categories of Questionnaire you are working on (list below)

If you wish the State Officer to enter into correspondence with any individuals or agencies in your territory, give names and reasons.

For recording your field notes in a Field Notebook

Date of last editorial copy transmitted to State Office

Have you agreed to forward your next editorial copy?

Signed Gutha Cowan  
(Local Field Worker)