

of the wall.” She couldn’t remember how deep it was, but it looked like a swimming pool. It was to the west of the house, between their house and the better house that was across the field to the west.

Fuel. Helen said if her parents couldn’t buy wood (they had no car to go get it), they used coal. Sometimes men came around to take orders for wood. Helen said, “You would buy it by the cord, and have it cut stove length. When they delivered it, they would just throw it off, so you had to go out and stack it up.”

There were several coal companies. Helen said:

You’d see them going around with a load. They’d take orders. They would check with the neighbors when they delivered and see they wanted some. People would tell their children who were out playing, “Watch for the coal man!”

Ice. Helen said:

We didn’t have an icebox. Once in a while Mama would get some ice for a treat and have iced tea. Sometimes we kids would follow the ice truck and the man would give us a scrap to suck. All us kids would follow the truck. He’d give us a piece to get rid of us.

Transportation and Road Names. Public transportation was not available when the Rector family lived in the rental house on pre-arsenal land. She said:

Momma didn’t have a car. In the mill village there was a bus. If you had a dime you could ride it. The trolley was gone by the time I was growing up. Triana was called The Pike. Drake was called New Cut Road. They came through with a grader and cut it and put gravel on it when I was 5 or 6 years old [today Drake changes name to Goss Road as it enters RSA].

Airport Road was called Chelsie Lane. A Black community was there. One old White man lived there. He was a bootlegger. Triana down where we lived was one lane. You’d see more wagons pulled by mules down there than cars in 1938.

Foods and Drinks Mamma Made

Home Brew. Ruby Rector made homebrew in her churn. Helen remembered that her mother had “a churn full of water” to which she added 5 pounds of sugar, one or two cakes of yeast, and “I’m not sure now, maybe one can of malt.” She said the size of the malt can was “like syrup came in, like a syrup bucket.” It was purchased at J.C. Brown’s at the corner of 9th Street and Triana, one of the oldest stores. Helen noted that home brew was stronger than beer. It was a fermented drink.