

MEMORIES OF NEW BERN

MARY VANDELIA BRAY MULLINEAUX  
(MRS JOSEPH BYRNE MULLINEAUX)

INTERVIEW 401

This is Marea Kafer Foster representing the Memories of New Bern Committee. My number is 400. I am interviewing Mary VanDelia Bray Mullineaux (Mrs. Joseph Byrne Mullineaux), interview number 401. This interview is being conducted on Tuesday the 14th of May 1991 and we are in Miss Mary's home at 1408 Rhem Avenue.

MAREA KAFER FOSTER: Miss Mary, please tell me when and where you were born and your parent's names.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My name is Mary VanDelia Bray Mullineaux.

MAREA FOSTER: You were born...

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I was born August 15, 1900 in Craven County on a farm. My mother's name is Mary Catherine - her maiden name, you want that?

MAREA FOSTER: Ironmonger. Father's name.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My father's name was Frederick Lake Bray.

MAREA FOSTER: Frederick Bray. And how about school, Miss Mary? Did you go into New Bern to school? (pause) Tell me how you got to school.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: We lived two miles from New Bern, and the way my brother and I got to school was we drove a pony and buggy and left it with what was known as J. A. Jones livery stable. They kept the pony, unhitched it and kept the pony until we returned for it. School was dismissed at two o'clock as well as I can remember.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, and what subjects did you take in school?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I attended the old Academy.

MAREA FOSTER: The New Bern Academy.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yeah, the New Bern Academy.

MAREA FOSTER: Besides reading and writing and arithmetic...

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I can't -- I can't remember that we studied anything except reading and writing and a little bit of addition.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay. Any geography or history?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yes, late in years as I progressed from one class to another. My first four years were in the old Academy later moving to the new building.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, the Bell building.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: And I had three more grades that I attended in the...

MAREA FOSTER: Ah, the Moses Griffin Building?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The middle one.

MAREA FOSTER: The Bell Building.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: And from there I went to the...

MAREA FOSTER: The Moses Griffin Building.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The Moses Griffin Building and there I graduated from the eleventh grade. The twelfth grade was added the following year.

MAREA FOSTER: What year did you graduate?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: 1917. I can't remember the date on, I guess it was May, but it was 1917.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, Miss Mary, after you graduated, did you get a job?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: After graduation, knowing I couldn't go to college, I had taken a short business course during my last year, and

then August of that same year I went to work for the Mill Supply Company.

It wasn't the Mill Supply, it was the Hyman Supply Company. Later years, that business was changed to the Mill Supply Company.

MAREA FOSTER: And where was this located? Was that on South Front Street?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The building was on South Front Street between Hancock Street and Middle Street.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh yeah. How long did you work there?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I remained working for the Hyman Supply Company until 1921 the year I was married.

MAREA FOSTER: And you married...

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I married Joe Byrne Mullineaux.

MAREA FOSTER: And what church were ya'll married in?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Since Joe was a Catholic, we decided that I would be married at home and that was in...

MAREA FOSTER: What, 1921 did you say?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yeah. January the 15th, 1921.

MAREA FOSTER: Miss Mary, were you living in the country when you got married or were you living in town at that time?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I was still living in the country at the time I was married.

MAREA FOSTER: And who were your attendants?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: We were married in our living room, then called a parlor. My attendants were Joe's sister, Kit Mullineaux, and a good friend, Helen Neal, who lived in Beaufort, North Carolina. After the

ceremony -- after the ceremony, there was a small reception in our home, and after that we drove into New Bern. Well, we didn't drive, we went by automobile to the railroad station which is still standing on...

MAREA FOSTER: On, what is that, Queen Street?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Queen Street.

MAREA FOSTER: Yeah, I think that's the street.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Located on Queen Street. We left by train which took us to Washington, D.C. The train stopped, as well as I can remember it, in Rocky Mount. We had a drawing room, I'd forgotten to say that, and we continued on to Washington, D.C., our Capitol. Our honeymoon of a few days, we were kept rather busy trying to locate some of our relatives, especially the Mullineaux's, because they lived up and down the line.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, Miss Mary, when ya'll came back to New Bern, who did Colonel Mullineaux work for?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My husband, Joe Mullineaux, was at this time employed as bookkeeper for S. Coplon and Son.

MAREA FOSTER: Is that the Coplon-Smith store?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yes, that's the forerunner of the Coplon-Smith.

MAREA FOSTER: And was he in the National Guard at this time?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Joe -- Joe joined the National Guard in 1927.

MAREA FOSTER: And then the National Guard was called up during World War II.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Joe, remained a member of the National Guard

from 1927 to the...

MAREA FOSTER: The end of the war? When did he return from Europe?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: This is the first world war we're talking about, isn't it?

MAREA FOSTER: No, (laughter) the second one. Miss Mary, you said that Col. Mullineaux was in the National Guard, part of the 30th Division, and it was called up in 1930 -- 1940, and he stayed with it until the end of the war, and he did serve in Europe. Now let me digress a little bit and ask you about the first world war. Did Col. Mullineaux serve in the first world war?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yes. He was, now this is before we were married, he was employed...

MAREA FOSTER: Col. Mullineaux enlisted for the first world war in 1917, is that right?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: He was then working and living in Raleigh.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay. Now, Miss Mary, talking about World War I, how did the people in New Bern react to people who had family in Germany? What did they feel about foreigners?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: As I can remember, the people in New Bern did not make an issue of our enemy being Germans.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: There was a local man, (Seifert) whom I well remember, who had a farm adjoining my father's that was on Neuse Road.

He ate his noonday meal with my family and he would frequently make statements against the U.S. military. I personally resented this,

but my mother and daddy being the kind people they were, accepted him whole heartedly even though he was born in Germany and they knew him when he came to New Bern.

MAREA FOSTER: That's very interesting. Now, Miss Mary, do you remember when the gypsies came to New Bern?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Yes. I never saw them but I knew they were in New Bern and they parked themselves not too far from where I lived. I never saw them, but we were warned to take care, special care, of our dogs and our children, because it was believed at that time the gypsies stole children as well as dogs.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) That's very interesting. Now you had a parrot named Polly, so please tell me about Polly.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Polly was given to me by my aunt who lived in Norfolk, Virginia. She and her children had visited in my home numerous times during the years, and it was about 19-- , somewhere between 1908 and 1910 that my aunt brought the parrot on her visit and presented me with it as a gift. The parrot really became a member of our family. She was tame and we could let her out of the cage during the day. She'd fly around in the bushes in the trees but she always came home. But now years later, the first fair, let's see, county fair, was held in the new building out at what is later known as...

MAREA FOSTER: The fair was held out at Glenburnie?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Because the new building had just been completed. Now by air -- a plane flying from the fairground, which was an oddity to have a plane there in New Bern, in flying they hardly

left the area of the fairgrounds when they were over my father's farm.

The parrot, being allowed to be loose, was on a fence while a little colored boy fed the animals and worked around the yard and he and Polly became real good friends. He was putting hay in one of the stalls and had just gotten back in the yard when there was a noise, a loud noise, and naturally the boy looked up, and at the same time, he told us that our bird said, "Lordy, lordy, look!" She, of course, was afraid, thinking it was a great big bird. And he, the boy, laughed at her and said, "Polly, that's just a airship" that's what they call airplanes I think, and with that Polly flew, presumably, to the other side of the barn and the boy was not concerned. However when he finished his work and started calling Polly, he never could find her. When I came home from school and learned what had happened, my mother and daddy were still at the fairgrounds. My mother was working with the home demonstration club and my daddy was concerned with the race horses.

So then being that our cook was there, who had a little house in the corner of our yard, and she became real alarmed when she heard the noise and was unable to find the airplane. It evidently was going fast enough it went out of sight. She was as concerned as I when we couldn't find Polly. However, I continued to look, and people in the neighborhood continued to help me. We went all down through the woods which adjoined the highway and our property. The news of Polly spread quickly because of so many, many places in New Bern who knew her and came out to visit her at times. So as time went on and we were still unable to find Polly, it was getting pretty dark and it was decided



we'd stop the search until daylight the following day. As I had mentioned, there were so many people in New Bern interested in Polly, and especially our present sheriff, Dick Lane, who was a good friend of my daddy's. And he, of course, was to lead the parade that morning which was known as the Fair Parade. Being such a close friend of our family and Polly's, he took a group of men out in the woods across the river knowing that that's a short distance by air but much longer by driving a horse and buggy or automobile. The search continued till a few minutes before eleven, since that was the time the parade would start. Well, to make a long story now, Polly was never found. We had rumors of a colored family across Trent River making statements that they had seen the funniest bird they ever seen before and the bird would talk. Well, that was all we ever knew, but we still believe that the family shot the talking bird because we never heard from her since.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, that's very interesting. Now, you had told me that Bayard Wooten had taken Polly's picture. Will you tell me about that and where her studio was located?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Bayard Wooten, she had a small shop on East Front Street, and the building she lived in was on the corner of...

MAREA FOSTER: She lived on the corner of East Front and Change Street, is that right?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: In the house that is still standing. She took pictures of our parrot and our pony and buggy, but the latter picture was made when she was in a studio downtown which is now...

MAREA FOSTER: Ah, the O. Marks.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Just opposite the alley -- next to the alley.

MAREA FOSTER: In the O. Marks' building?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: In the O. Marks' building.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay. Miss Mary, when anyone in your family was sick, did your mother treat you or did a doctor come out to the farm for you?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I don't believe I had much doctoring, needed much doctoring, but what little bit that was necessary, as I can remember, was first administered my grandmother, Betty Bray, but my mother took care of our little ills. But when we needed a doctor, he drove by horse and buggy out from the city. He was Dr. R. S. Primrose.

He came to our, of course I don't remember this, a lot of this I don't remember; however, I know that I was delivered by him and a nurse, a negro registered nurse known and loved by everyone in New Bern. Her name was Charlotte Rhone. She came along with the doctor to administer to my birth.

MAREA FOSTER: Miss Mary, what was the first hospital that you remember in New Bern?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The first hospital (Stewart Sanitarium) that I can remember being in New Bern was way up on the end of George Street.

It was built up real high from the ground. I can remember the number of rooms, but there weren't too many people that ever needed to enter the hospital. But I can remember it being the only hospital that I had ever been in and the only one, I feel sure, that New Bern had;

however, I could be wrong at that.

MAREA FOSTER: Do you remember when St. Luke's Hospital was built?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I well remember when St. Luke's was being built, but I can't remember personally being too interested, though my parents were. And that hospital was erected by...

MAREA FOSTER: Dr. Patterson and Dr. Jones?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Dr. Patterson and Dr. Robert Jones.

MAREA FOSTER: Miss Mary, you told me that you had your appendix out in 1920 in the New Bern General Hospital which is where Craven Street and Middle Street come to a point. Please tell me what it was like being in the hospital at that time and what type of nursing care that you received.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I believe, I feel sure the building itself was owned by several people in New Bern. I can't remember whether the house was built for a hospital or whether it was a home and later converted to a hospital. However, since I was a patient there in 1920, I can remember that most of the rooms were filled. I can't remember anybody having private nurses, but the nurses that were on duty, some were local people and some were from other towns. But the general nursing and care was adequate.

MAREA FOSTER: And how long did you have to stay in the hospital when you had your appendix out?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Oh, that was about four, maybe five days.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay. Miss Mary, tell me about the trains and the trolley cars, or streetcars in New Bern.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Well, the train, we had splendid connection by train to most any place we needed to go. The train that left Beaufort coming to New Bern made connections with the trains. They had sleeping equipment. That train that came from Beaufort made connections in New Bern with a train that went to Wilmington.

MAREA FOSTER: Now tell me about the trolley cars.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Now as I remember the trolley cars, I well-- I well remember the route. They started at the Union Station from Queen Street on down to Craven where Craven Street joins Middle Street. The trolley went all the way down Craven Street to...

MAREA FOSTER: To Pollock Street?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: It turned -- it came up -- continued up Craven Street turning at New South Front.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Coming into Middle turning again at Pollock Street, and it continued to go out Pollock Street...

MAREA FOSTER: To Spencer Avenue.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: To Spencer, and later on out to...

MAREA FOSTER: Spencer Avenue.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: It continued out Spencer Avenue to...

MAREA FOSTER: Park Avenue.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: To the Ghent, let's see, out Spencer to Ghent Casino, a building that had all kinds of entertainment like the first...(pause), boxing I well remember. It had the first outdoor movies. Other than the boxing matches that I remember, it was used

for a skating rink, it was also used for parties.

MAREA FOSTER: Miss Mary, when the circus came to town, where did they have their circus?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The circus train, which my daddy always insisted on going to watch them unload, which was of course early, early in the morning, he not only took my brother and me in his horse and buggy but he had a wagon that any of his employees, the colored people who worked on his farm. He said that if he enjoyed it that he thought that they would enjoy it too. And at that time I can't remember whether they went inside the circus or not, but the thing that they looked forward to was watching the unloading. The circus group had come by train -- and I'm trying to remember where it unloaded. I remember being there.

MAREA FOSTER: Did it unload on Park Avenue just above the Crump brick building?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: It's hard to say for sure just where it was, but it seems -- I just can't remember right now.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I remember that we got out to the fairgrounds, which at that time was the Ghent Casino properties. We, of course, had gotten up real early because they started unloading a little before daylight; however, we watched them until they put up the big tent. I can't remember what happened then unless we went home for breakfast.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) Miss Mary, tell me about the fire in 1922.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: In 1922 my husband and small baby and I had an apartment in what was known then as the Hurst Green house. It was the first house on Broad before you entered East Front. I remember early that morning that a number of people, especially the ones who loved football, or baseball, I'm sorry I don't remember which, anyway it was a big ball game that was being played in Raleigh. I think the University, North Carolina University or maybe State were players.

But it was a game that the general people of New Bern were very much interested in and as many as possible attended the game, and along with them of course was some of our firemen. They left New Bern I guess around eight o'clock and at that time there seemed to be no sign of a fire. However, the wind was blowing terribly and very shortly we saw smoke, loads of smoke. Now, my living on the end of Broad Street, when the smoke got strong and thick enough that we could see it down where, I lived. The fire had started up on Kilmarnock Street, I believe that was the name of it, and it came -- it came so fast down Queen Street, Kilmarnock being the start, and it came down Queen Street so fast that it had -- the fire went so fast, as I said, the wind was blowing strongly, and by the time it had engulfed so many of the homes and destroyed them it had gotten down to Metcalf Street as I remember.

May I digress here just a minute?

MAREA FOSTER: Yes.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My husband was employed at that time as bookkeeper for the Eagle Engineering Company. People in all of this area came on down to lower Broad, if they had relatives or people that

would help from the close little towns that were near were all getting ready to help with the big fire. And what I mean by that is people as far down as Craven, at the lower end of Craven and the lower end of Broad Street, they were making plans to leave their homes because the fire was progressing so fast. Where it was possible, a car or cart, or any conveyance that could move furniture and stuff was called in. I remember my husband remained on his job. His office was on Craven, and he had helped getting the Hawk Family, who Mr. Eagle was a son-in-law of. They had put the things that they wanted of course to save, had tied them up into sheets and in boxes and had them in trucks or whatever conveyance that would come and they were ready to move out of New Bern, across the river if necessary. And my mother and daddy, who were still living in New Bern, had called me and wanted to know did I want them to send a wagon down for me to put my valuables in in case the fire got any closer. Now at that time, my baby and I, he was in the carriage and I was rolling him up as far up Broad to Craven Street, that was as far as I thought I'd better go. And the smoke was terrific and it seemed to cover the entire sky, but it never became necessary for me to call and ask for help of a horse and wagon. The fire continued and every available man in New Bern of course was called. And my brother, Walter Bray, and my brother-in-law, Ed Mullineaux, were among the firefighters. My brother fell, in trying to help put out the fires in one of the houses on Metcalf Street, fell through from the second floor to the first floor; however, he was not injured too much, but they didn't allow him to continue fighting the

fire. And my brother-in-law was later brought to my house. They had to bring him in bodily. He was smutty, of course, and dirty, and almost unconscious. However, they laid him on a cot which I had in the living room, and I can't remember how any of us administered to him but I know he laid there until he became conscious. But every young man in New Bern had offered themselves and had individual experiences that were really trying. I remember that everybody was tired and everybody had offered to help in any way they could. The people who had left to see the big ball game, as soon as they heard it they started returning to New Bern. And I really can't remember anything except that there were a lot of accidents but none that I can remember were fatal. (Interruption) In the 1933 hurricane we were living on East Front Street...

MAREA FOSTER: Go ahead...next to Senator Simmons.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Next to Senator Simmons. His property and most of the property going to the left, going up East Front Street, our house the yard, was much higher than the ones going down East Front and there were four or five cement steps down to the street level.

Our good neighbors, the Claypoole's, Miss Bonnie, insisted, came over to our house and insisted that my husband and two children and I come over to her house that was a little higher elevation than our house.

The water at the time Mrs. Claypoole came over and invited us to come over to her house and stay, the water had completely covered East Front Street and was up to the second step of where we lived. That is when my husband appreciated the offer Mrs. Claypoole made and he and the



two children went over shortly after. I did not leave the house then.

I was too concerned about how fast the water was coming. There were no lights of course. They had all been, you know, disbanded. But I went down to see if the water had gotten up to the top step of our yard, and it being dark I decided I would stoop down with my hands rather than try with my feet, not being able to see of course how high the water was. And in that short period of time, it had not only gotten up to the top step, was then had covered our yard with water. Then I went over to join my family at Mrs. Claypoole's. Our daughter Kitty was quite young and she had gone to sleep on a couch in the living room. However, none of us, none of the grown people laid down even that night, we were so interested in what was happening. A young lady who was living at Mrs. Claypoole's at the time was employed by the telephone company of New Bern, and it was necessary, she said she had to go to work, so it was necessary for her to leave the house in a bathing suit which she wore. My husband and Mr. Claypoole helped her over the fence. She continued to walk in the water up to the house (I wish I could remember) was on the corner of Broad and East Front.

That house had a porch on three-fourths of it. The porch extended from the front of the house on East Front around the corner to Broad.

The fence that divided that property from ours, looking this way, it was necessary that somebody help the lady who was on her way to the telephone over the fence and she still in a bathing suit. However, she was holding clothing, and by the time she was getting on Broad Street she was able to put on some clothes -- but she went to work.

MAREA FOSTER: Where was the telephone office, Miss Mary?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The young lady, on the way to the telephone office where she was employed, as I remember was the location on the corner of Broad and Hancock. That I'm not sure, but that's the only -- that's the only telephone building that I can remember being in.

MAREA FOSTER: (Interruption) Go ahead -- about the bridge being washed away.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Oh. The early morning after the storm, the first thing we noticed was a tremendous portion of a roof that had washed up to East Front Street and was mostly covered in water, but we could see it because it was blown or washed up to the railing that they had put down for pedestrians. Let me see what else I remember.

Oh, we'd see debris everywhere, but of course this roof being complete, it was just in the shape it was when it was on the house; however, it had been blown that far down and it I guess had come to a place of rest.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) Well, Miss Mary, was all of the bridge destroyed?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Now, I know the bridge was, a lot of it was destroyed, whether it was completely destroyed or not I just can't say for sure.

MAREA FOSTER: Any other memories about the hurricane?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: (Interruption. Conversation picks up here.)  
...Catholic Church now standing on Middle Street was the, oh, was it the first or second Catholic Church?

MAREA FOSTER: I don't know.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: St. Paul's Catholic Church was the oldest Catholic Church in North Carolina as I can remember from reading.

MAREA FOSTER: When did you join the Catholic Church?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I remember -- of course I was -- I was married by a Catholic priest in my home and that was in 1921. I would attend the Mass with my husband frequently. Our son was christened in St. Paul's Catholic Church, and in 1927 I became a member of the church and remained until now.

MAREA FOSTER: Do you remember the first black priest?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Now who was the first black priest down in the South? As I remember, after integration, we had our first black priest who was a Father Hadden. H a d d e n, I think is the way you spell it. And he remained our pastor for quite a few years. I can't remember who took his place. (What was I saying?)

MAREA FOSTER: Integration.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Integration had not been accepted whole heartedly at this time. There were of course quite a few of our members as well as friends that did not accept a black priest as a whole. However, the feeling we had did not last too long. People begun to accept it, and very, very few, I don't believe I can remember but one family that didn't go to church, that didn't accept it. But to take us as a whole, the parish was able to work it out in what I remember as a short period of time.

MAREA FOSTER: This was in the 1960's that he came, Miss Mary?

Do you remember when Father Hadden came?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I've got it all on paper somewhere, but I can't remember off-hand.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Where did I stop?

MAREA FOSTER: Okay, tell me about the Mr. Williams who gave the crucifixion to the church.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I think I had mentioned that St. Paul's had made preparation for, a reception for Mr. Williams, a family who lived in Raleigh and a descendant and owner of a painting depicting the crucifixion. It was done by his family who were all Catholics and they decided to present it to St. Paul's because it being the oldest church. And they were of course on their way to New Bern when Martin Luther King was killed and tensions were getting kind of high and there was a lot of excitement and a lot of people who were frightened. However, Bea McSorley and I thought that we were not -- we were not too upset over it, though of course we realized it could be dangerous for us to go, especially two white women on the streets. However, we went and we were the only ones in the building until the Williams, Mr. and Miss Williams came in and we greeted them. And the next person that I remember coming was Gene McSorley, a member of St. Paul's. There were a few of our parishioners who dropped in one by one. I can't remember who, I can't remember their names, but I know that we did have a nice little group to accept the...(pause)

MAREA FOSTER: The painting.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The painting. (Interruption) The tensions were high and you didn't feel quite as free going in everywhere; however, I can't remember a single instance where there was conflict. I just know that the tensions were high, but I can't remember anything bad that happened.

MAREA FOSTER: Miss Mary, tell me about going to Sunday School in the Methodist Church when you were growing up.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Well, I remember Sunday School started at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the conveyance, was again, my driving the pony and buggy, and my brother and I would get there by three o'clock. I remember Miss Puss Powell who lived on upper Middle Street, I think in the building that is now an apartment building. The members of my class as I can remember was; May Baxter, Martha Mengel, Julia Bryan Jones.

MAREA FOSTER: Well, Miss Mary, when you were growing up, what did you all do for fun or recreation and where did you go on your dates?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: What I remember most is that our friends came out to the farm rather frequently. But we did things like the majority of little children in the country did. We played games. I remember on Sunday afternoons there were numerous things that we didn't do because they thought it being Sunday it should be restricted. Now I can remember that I would never sew anything on Sunday and there were a lot of games we didn't play. In other words, I remember Sunday as being restricted a little. We observed it when I was growing up much more then than in later years.

MAREA FOSTER: Your first dates.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Oh, Marea.

MAREA FOSTER: Go ahead.

MRS.MULLINEAUX: It's hard to remember my first dates. I think the first real date was to go to a dance in New Bern. And I can't remember any of the young men owning automobiles. I remember one date I used to have, he would ride his bicycle out to my house and we would just play cards and I would try to play the piano, and that was about all that I can remember. But most of my dates... (Interruption) ...were gonna be crowds of people, I would usually spend the night in town with friends due to the fact that my boyfriend didn't have any conveyance and we walked wherever we went for entertainment. The thing that I remember with a great deal of pleasure were the dances we had in Stanley Hall, and I remember that we had to leave at eleven o'clock. But we went rather early, certainly by eight o'clock, and we had ice cream and cake for refreshments. And people from out-of-town so many times would be invited who would be spending the night with the different groups in New Bern. But as I remember, that was my greatest...(pause)

MAREA FOSTER: Pleasure.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My greatest pleasure that's outstanding.

MAREA FOSTER: Tell me about being a member of the Children of the Confederacy.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Well, I remember being a member and our meetings were held -- the lady -- I just simply can't remember names. But the

people that lived in this house on the corner of Metcalf and Broad, they had a basement on ground floor and that's where we would have the meetings once a month I believe. Once a month this leader would have us children meet at her house. I remember that. That's outstanding cause I had never been in a basement above ground. And I very vividly remember on the tenth of May we, the Children of the Confederacy, wore white dresses and took bouquets of flowers up to the cemetery and had our little program around the...

MAREA FOSTER: Confederate.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Around the Confederate circle in the present cemetery, Cedar Grove. But they are the two things that I well remember. And I continued to be a child of the Confederacy, and so far as I know still am. I never progressed to the grown-ups.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) On the farm, Miss Mary, did you have electricity?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: No. We used wood for the cook stove and we had oil lamps for the inside and hand lamps are the only thing I know to call them that we had for each bedroom, because I remember the lamp for my bedroom had not been filled with oil. (Interruption) I remember my daddy keeping a lantern burning most of the night. That was the only night light that we had. Then in later years, oh, I remember we had a coal stove in the living room which burned coal and it went day and night. It was a type stove that, you know, would continue to keep the fire.

MAREA FOSTER: Uh huh.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: And I remember that was the only lighting we had for a number of years. But when I was growing up, as my daddy said I had reached the age that he spoke with me as a young lady, he and my mother decided that we should have some type lighting and he resorted to having a motor of some sort that used...(pause)

MAREA FOSTER: Tell me about the fuel he used for your, what I'll call a generator to supply electricity.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Oh dear. I can't think of how I want to start it.

MAREA FOSTER: Okay.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I think I mentioned that we resorted to something a little more up-to-date rather than oil burning -- carbide.

MAREA FOSTER: Carbide.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Carbide was the fuel that we used and we of course had to have chandeliers and light fixtures put in the different rooms. And the carbide...(what I just say?)

MAREA FOSTER: The carbide with the chandeliers and the lights in different rooms.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: The fuel, what did I call it?

MAREA FOSTER: Carbide.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Carbide - would last ordinarily about a month, and if the lights gave out, no, if the fuel gave out a certain time, it would take at least two days to get enough to start it. And I remember when I first started dating Joe, he always said that I arranged for the carbide to give out at a certain time when I knew he was coming



to New Bern.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) Well, Miss Mary, what about ice? What did you do for ice?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: We had a wooden refrigerator. The outside was wood of course and the inside tin. All that I remember seeing, certainly the only one we ever had, the top of it opened and you would put a block of ice. We had ice wagons that went around New Bern and there was a certain block of ice that would fit our refrigerator along with numerous others. And we'd get it, have to drive a horse and buggy, or cart or something, to get the ice from the old ice company and bring it to the farm and that hunk of ice fitted in the top of the refrigerator.

We had tow sacks over it to keep it from melting on the way from the ice house to the farm, and then my mother used newspapers over top of the ice to, of course, to make last a little longer. Now the lower part of the refrigerator opened from the front and there were two shelves and it seemed to take care of what we needed, because we had so many friends that had the same size. (Interruption) Of course my daddy, other than being a farmer, he had the largest dairy within ten miles or more of New Bern, and we had, of course, our own milk and cream. I remember I wouldn't drink milk unless it had part cream in it.

MAREA FOSTER: What about chickens and pigs?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I remember the meats that we would have. Of course, we had our own hams because my grandfather at hog killing would always have enough meat to share with us too, so we had plenty. We

had plenty of chicken. But the thing - in buying chickens especially from the stores of the present day, I can remember when we wanted chicken, if we were gonna have chicken for Sunday, which nearly every Sunday we had, the chicken would not be killed until Saturday afternoon, then dressed and put in the refrigerator to be used the next day. We didn't eat pork during the summer months because it was a little -- we weren't quite so sure of keeping it. And eggs, I remember, we had to keep eggs in the refrigerator. Mostly they'd be fresh; in fact, when you'd use them they'd almost still be warm. Gardening was a way of earning a living as a farm man.

MAREA FOSTER: Did you sell milk and cream in the town of New Bern, Miss Mary?

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Of course the regular trucks with fresh vegetables went into town nearly every morning, and we had milk wagons that we had regular customers. Most of them took milk by the quart. We had very few pint customers. But the quart of milk when it was delivered in the town, there was at least three, I may be wrong about that, at least three inches of cream at the top, that's how rich the milk was. Of course, my daddy had put in a cooling system in his dairy whereby the milk was taken from the -- where they milked the cows into another building and put in a large container which had an outer lining of water and the water circulated around the milk, the milk was in the front, each was moved around, but the outer thing was added. And Papa was the only one I think, dairyman, that had this. It cooled the milk. It was brought in from being milked cow and put right in

this big container and then the way it was cooled was with the water circulating, fresh water circulating around it. And that's how they got the cream, you know, so thick on the milk. Because when the milk came out of this spigot from the water going around it and cooling it, it was almost ready to settle, you know. It had been -- I don't know how to explain that, Marea.

MAREA FOSTER: Oh, that sounds wonderful.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: (Interruption) ...certain containers that held it, you know cabbage crates and strawberry crates and pea baskets, they were shaped different. And it was sent, what do they call it, to the bigger cities to the people who bought these -- oh, Marea, what are these...

MAREA FOSTER: To the green grocers.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Um huh. And of course that's where you got your lump -- that's where you got your larger amounts of money that you lived on. Oh, Marea, in my own mind I could have gone through all this and could word it so much better. (Interruption) I well remember -- the baptisms I remember, as being quite young, were not too interesting in the beginning. I was almost afraid the first two or three I saw cause I was afraid the people they were baptizing would drown. But they had baptism at the end of Broad Street, of course there were no paved streets or anything like that as I can remember, and the ministers and the people who were going to be baptized were right down in the edge of the water there. They were standing in water. And as their ceremony progressed, they were out in water about waist

deep and then they were baptized because the minister, and he always had a helper, and they would baptize the people. They were standing in water up to their waist as well as I can remember and they were turned backwards to be baptized, they didn't carry them to the front.

They would usually come from the back just --their heads completely under water for a second. And that always happened on early Sunday morning. And I remember looking forward to that the way I used to look forward to watching the circus unload. My daddy commuted from New Bern to Norfolk to visit his girlfriend, whom he later married, much preferred going by steamer. We spoke of them as steamers rather than the boats -- forgotten the name.

MAREA FOSTER: Steamboats.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Steamboats. He occasionally would go by train. That was an all day trip, train trip from New Bern to Norfolk. But my mother preferred, after they were married they would occasionally go back to Norfolk, but mama always said, "Fred, we'll go by steamer, we won't go by that." Oh, I know something I should have told you a long time ago.

MAREA FOSTER: Go ahead.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: I told you about getting a lighting system put in our house.

MAREA FOSTER: Yes.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: There was a room large enough for a bathroom that was built as a closet that joined my mother and father's...(you haven't gotten this?)

MAREA FOSTER: Um huh. Go ahead, Miss Mary, it's wonderful.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: We got the lighting. Then, no, I'm wrong, we got a partial bathroom before we got the lights and the bathroom consisted of a tub and a -- where you wash your hands?

MAREA FOSTER: LAVORATORY.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: A tub and a lavoratory. The johnny was never installed. The reason being that my daddy was afraid there'd always be an odor from a johnny and my mother couldn't convince him that it was possible for this. She seemed to think that the reason Papa felt that way is because the only commodes he ever used was when he was on the train coming to, you know, to visit her. Now he never said anymore about the boat, but what was on Papa's mind, all the -- I want to say johnnies, but the only commodes that he had had any experience with were the ones on the trains, and they I'm sure were not kept clean. But we never had the convenience of a johnny. We had the tub and the lavoratory, but we never had the johnny.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) (Interruption) ...the first automobile.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Oh gosh.

MAREA FOSTER: Go ahead. Okay. The first automobile.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: My mother and daddy were thinking then of my brother and me having a conveyance to go back and forth into town, that we needed something more than the pony and buggy and he decided it was time to buy a car, which he did. It was a Chrysler and the model was high up from the ground. You had quite a step to get in

-- had quite a distance to step to get into the car itself. It was a used car of course. And my mother and daddy, a friend of my daddy's who worked for a garage where Papa bought it, had taught Papa how to drive, so he felt that Papa was well enough -- knew well enough about it that he could drive the car by himself. So I well remember this story. My daddy took off to go downtown. And of course Neuse Road, where we lived, ran into Broad Street, and the garage was on Broad Street. Oh, let me see, what's there now. I can't even picture Broad Street. (Interruption) ...building, a big grocery store on the corner of Metcalf and Broad. There was a grocery store there I well remember, and I think a small store, very small store, that the people lived in the upstairs of it. Now the grocery store on the corner and this little store, then the next building was the garage where Papa had bought the car from. So my daddy, knowing or feeling that he was perfectly capable of being the chauffeur, took off for his first trip alone by himself. He didn't want the family with him. He was gonna try it out himself. So he did. He went down Neuse Road which went into, um, Broad Street, and by the time he got to -- before he got to Queen Street, which crossed Broad -- isn't that right?

MAREA FOSTER: That's right.

MRS. MULLINEAUX: He knew that the car was making a little noise that he had never heard before. So he drove up to the garage and the man that he'd bought it from and another man were standing out on the outside looking up the street to find out where this noise was coming from, when about that time Papa drove up to the garage and parked in

front, and the man who had sold him the car said, "Mr. Bray, do you know that you drove that car all the way from home down here in the first gear?" Papa said, "Well, was that what made that noise?" Man said, "Yeah." Papa said, "Well, it brought me here", and that was the end of his first ride.

MAREA FOSTER: (laughter) Oh, I just love it, Miss Mary. Miss Mary, this has been an absolutely wonderful experience for me and for the Memories of New Bern Committee. Thank you so very, very much!

MRS. MULLINEAUX: Well, I have really reminisced, Marea, and have thoroughly enjoyed it, but as usual, I think I've talked too much.

MAREA FOSTER: No way! Thank you!

END OF INTERVIEW