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Edith Reynolds
(Interviewee's signature)

Address 20 Adam St Date 3-27-96

Blue Mt. Ala

Phone 236-2910

Richard Haynie
(Interviewer's signature)

Address 21 Adams St Date

Blue Mtn, AL

Phone 205 238-1651

Interviewee Background Information

Name: Edith Reynolds
Address: 20 Adams St, Blue Mtn, AL 36204
Phone Number(s): (205) 236-2910
Approximate age or date of birth: May 8, 1914
Mother's name: Sweet Nichols
Father's name: John Nichols
Places lived and when: Blue Mtn, AL (1947-present); Haleyville, AL (1914-1947)

Education: 9th grade

Religion: Baptist
Business, political and social memberships (past and present): No time for

Present occupation: Retired
Former occupation(s): Cotton Mill worker

Special skills:
Major Accomplishments: "Put my life on my two children"

Local events in which you have participated:

State and/or regional events in which you have participated:

National events in which you have participated:

International events in which you have participated:

Natural born U.S. citizen? (Yes) No
Naturalized Citizen: Yes/No Date:
Country from which you emigrated:
Documents, photographs, and artifacts which are in your possession:

Individuals you recommend who might be candidates for an oral history interview:

Additional information:

Tape Outline for Oral History #1, Mrs. Edith Reynolds Richard Haynie

Work at the Mill

Lunch
Layoffs
Unions
Women jobs and men jobs
Black workers
Mill benefits, including mill house rental

Home/Community Life

Television
Household appliances: Washing Machine/Dishwasher
Keeping children after quiting mill
Food/meals
Holidays
Transportation
Shopping
Picnics
Household help
Making clothing using sewing machine
Movie Theaters
Blue Mountain churches
Blue Mountain School
City services
Newspaper

Issues, Events, and Miscellaneous

Burning of the Freedom Rider bus in Anniston
Integration of schools in 1960s
1960s race riot
Blue Mountain group home for mentally retarded adults
Story of the Reynold's move to Blue Mountain
Jim Folsum campaigning for governor
George Wallace as governor/presidential candidate
Anniston
Grocery shopping
Mrs. Reynold's early life on the farm
Vegitable garden
Aging of Blue Mountain community

Questions for Oral History #1, Mrs. Edith Reynolds — Richard Haynie

Mill Work

Did the mill have a commisary?

Describe the work you did at the mill?

Did you have experiences with a labor union?

How did work differ for Men/Women/Whites/Blacks?

You lived in this house when the mill still owned it. What services did they provide? Did the town pick up these services after the houses were sold.

Family Life

What did you eat? What about Sunday meals?

What about holidays?

What about recreation?

What radio/TV programs did you watch or listen to? When did you first get a television?

What kind of family transportation did you have?

Where did you shop for food? for clothing? What items did you make by hand, or have made?

Did anybody help you clean the house?

Schools

Where did your kids attend school? Were you satisfied with the schools?

Community Life

What about church?

How has the community changed over the years?

Were there many retired people in 1948? Later?

Racial Tension

Do you remember the Freedom Rider bus burning in Anniston? What do you remember about the integration of the schools in the '60s?

Life in Alabama

What do you remember about the Governors of Alabama: Jim Folsom, Gordon Persons, John Patterson, George Wallace, Lurleen Wallace, and Albert Brewer?

Historical Chronology for Oral History #1, Mrs. Edith Reynolds Richard Haynie

1920s	Mass production of conveniences
	Stock Market Crash
1930s	Great Depression
	New Deal Programs
1940s	World War II
	GI Bill
1950s	Huntsville as Army Rocket Center
	Montgomery Bus Boycott
	Phenix City scandel
1960s	Integration of schools
	Birmingham race riots
	Burning of Freedom Rider Bus in Anniston
1970s	Economic Recession

Oral History Report

Mrs. Edith Reynolds
Blue Mountain, Alabama

Richard Haynie

HY500 SP / Alabama History

April 1, 1996

This paper documents an interview with Mrs. Edith Reynolds, on her life in the community and work at the textile mill at Blue Mountain, Alabama. The newspaper articles used to describe the history of the mill were obtained from the Blue Mountain vertical file folder in the Alabama Room of the Anniston Public Library.

I would like to express my gratefulness to Mrs. Reynolds for sharing her life with me.

According to the book, *Like a Family* [1] , textile mills built the New South, beginning in the 1880s. If that is so, Mrs. Reynolds and her family have done their share in constructing the Southern community. From the 1940s to the 1970s, she and her family–her husband, father-in-law, and her husband's step-brothers–worked at the textile mill in Blue Mountain, Alabama. The story she told in this interview is not unusual; some might say it is a story so usual to the South, that this region cannot be understood without it. Mrs. Reynold's life is one of family and work, of church and aching muscles. She and her husband worked long and hard for their family, the community, and the mill. They did not have much money by some measurements, but through the eyes of a Southern romantic, the Reynolds had, in many ways, all they needed.

In 1947, Mrs. Reynolds and her two children were on the farm in Haleyville, Alabama, when her husband, Bernice, who had gone to see his father and step-brothers in Anniston over Christmas, wrote her that he got a job at the mill at Blue Mountain. His father and step-brother had been working there; so with their encouragement, he got a job there, too. In March, after school was out, Mr. Reynolds moved Mrs. Reynolds and the kids to Blue Mountain. They moved in town to a house that was not owned by the mill, paying $40 a month rent. Because the mill charged $3 a week for one of their cottages, they got on the waiting list to rent one of them. While Mr. Reynolds worked, Mrs. Reynold's kept house, "a full time job." That fall, their two children, John, who was born in 1939, and Annis, who was born in 1941, enrolled in school at Blue Mountain School.

The Blue Mountain textile mill and the cottages for its workers were originally built by American Net and Twine Company in 1897. A newspaper article from the *Anniston Star* describes the contract between the company and the citizens of Anniston, Alabama, to

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[1] Jacquelyn Hall, and others, Like a Family: The Making of a Southern Cotton Mill World (Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1987).

build a twine mill to cost not less than $100,000. [2] At this time in Alabama and the South, textile mills were promoted as a good investment, and towns vied for them. [3] The mill and village were built north of town, where the railroad crossed the Blue Mountain ridge. The railroad tracks had been first laid in 1862, and at the location had been a significant Confederate depot during the Civil War. [4] The pine wood school was built in 1901. [5] The church was also built about then.

The mill as an enterprise was apparently successful. In 1907, a second mill was built that more than doubled output, while a third was built in 1917, again doubling the output. A feature added in 1917 was a combined heating and cooling system which, by changing a clutch, the mill could be either warmed or cooled. The total number of spindles at this time was 2,100. [6] Blue Mountain was only one of many mills in Calhoun County. According to figures derived from textile mill directories, in 1929, the County had between 100,000 and 199,999 spindles.[7]

The mill was purchased around 1920 by the Linen Thread Company, a company with roots dating back to 1784, and the first Linen Thread Mill in Lisburn, Ireland. There were additions to the Blue Mountain plant in the seventh year of every decade from 1917 to 1957, with the exception of 1947, according to R. C. Moyer, general manager of the mill.[8] The town of Blue Mountain incorporated in 1940, electing a mayor and five council

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[2] Nonie Booth, Yellowed Document Recalls Early History of Blue Mountain, Anniston Star, undated.

[3] William Rogers, and others, Alabama: The History of a Deep South State (Tuscaloosa, AL: The University of Alabama Press, 1994), p. 286.

[4] Bessie Coleman Robinson, Early Settlers of Calhoun County, Anniston Star, March 24, 1933, p. 1.

[5] Clara Whatley, Blue Mountain School has uncertain future, Anniston Star, undated.

[6] J.A. Roberson, Blue Mountain has a History, Anniston Star, undated, (Bessie Coleman Robinson Collection).

[7] Jacquelyn Hall, and others, Like a Family.

[8] Linen Thread Mill Discussed, Anniston Star, undated, (Bessie Coleman Robinson Collection).

members.[9] By the late 1950s, the Blue Mountain mill operated more than 27,000 spindles, making 5,000 different items. At this time, in Calhoun County, over 5,000 workers were employed in 22 textile mills. [10] The mill continued to own the houses and church until 1959, when Indian Head Yarn Company bought the plant from the Linen Thread Company.[11] The houses were sold for about $3,500, with the first option to buy going to the residents. The Reynolds paid $3,000 for theirs. In 1975, the year Mrs. Reynolds quit working at the mill, it was bought by the Hanson Trust Limited, a British holding company, and named Blue Mountain Industries, part of Carisbrook Industries, Inc.[12] The mill employed about 500 workers at that time.

The Linen Threat Company operated the mill school at Blue Mountain until 1934, when it was turned over to the Calhoun County Board of Education. The County Board used the wooden school until 1982, when it was closed due to consolidation. At that time, approximately 150 students attended what was the only school operated by the County that the Board did not own.[13] John, who is also called J.T., and Annis started there in 1947. After the sixth grade, they went to school in Oxford.

Like many mill workers, Mrs. Reynolds came from the farm. When asked about that, she said, "We had acres and acres and acres of stuff. That was our life, was our farming. We farmed until we moved here." Her father was a tenant farmer, and Mrs. Reynolds remembers working from an early age. She said, "I've never had a life 'cause I always worked. Momma said that when I was two years old, Daddy plowed. And he'd say, bring me something to drink, and she'd put it in a pint fruit jar, and I'd carry it out to the field to him." Later on she recalled, "I wasn't much bigger than that, I don't guess–we had

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[9] Blue Mountain: Years of United Effort make City, "Like Family," Midweek, July 2, 1986, p. 1.

[10] Linen Thread Mill Discussed, Anniston Star.

[11] Blue Mountain: Years of United Effort, Midweek, p. 1.

[12] Blue Moutain Mill, Anniston Star, undated (2).

[13] Blue Mountain School has uncertain future, Anniston Star.

some old hoes, I guess, and he (her father) cut the handles off . . . and put short handles on them for us. And we'd hoe the middle. We couldn't hoe the row, but we'd hoe the middle."

When she was twenty, Mrs. Reynolds got a job in Haleyville. She said, "I worked up town. I kept children. . . kept house for a woman for about six or eight months. But I didn't like that. I'd quit before I did, but I hated just to leave them (the children). I got attached to them." Mrs. Reynolds went back home to her family for a year before she married.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds were married on December 13, 1937. Before they moved here, he worked at various jobs. One winter he worked at a saw mill, and, "liked to have got killed. " When asked about how they wound up at Blue Mountain, Mrs. Reynolds said, "Bernice came down here. They were off two weeks where he worked, the planing mill. Planing lumber. He said, do you want to go to Anniston. And I said, nope, I sure don't. Well, he was out for just two weeks, so I said I'd rather stay at home. So he come down here. In about a week, I got a letter from him saying he'd got a job and went to work. So he asked me if I wanted to move down here. So I wrote him, I told him, not now I don't. Kids are in school. And so he come in second day of March and got us. And we went to church right down here the next morning. I said, Snoops, I don't know where nothing is. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Agnes and Clovis and their four kids come."

Mrs. Reynolds several times mentioned their going to church the morning after their arrival. Her faith in God is obvious, and is reflected by how much she refers to Him. She grew up in the Church of Christ, but has attended Blue Mountain Baptist Church since they moved here. She often talks about church activities. There is a well used Bible on her kitchen table.

When they first moved to Blue Mountain, the Reynolds lived in a house on Williams Street which did not have running water. After a year, they moved to a house on Rice Street which had a pump out front. After another year, they moved into the mill house on Adams Street where Mrs. Reynolds still lives.

They had been in Blue Mountain for about two years when Mrs. Reynolds went to work at the mill for forty cents an hour. The first work she did was run ballers, which she liked. She told how From the ballers she went to the enlayers (?), which she didn't like. From there she went to the winders, and then back to the ballers. "I done everything," she said. She said she loved to work, and "it wasn't boring, 'cause you kept going."

The mill ran three shifts, from 6 am to 2 pm, from 2 pm to 10 pm, and 10 pm to 6 am. Mrs. Reynolds said she has worked all the shifts. She started out on third shift and worked there for a while. She then worked two months on second until a boss, Rex Whitley, put her on first shift. Mrs. Reynolds mentioned that twice, when work went down, she was laid off. "Sometimes, two months. Sometimes, not that long." The mill was divided into three sections, called one, two, and three. "My husband worked downstairs; he was in number one. And I was in number two. Across over there was number three."

Though we did not specifically discuss working conditions at the mill, Mrs. Reynolds said, "the floors were nasty with the oil on them. The ballers and winders, they'd put oil on them, and they'd put too much and it'd run on the floor. . . (They cleaned the floor) with a machine, like a vacuum cleaner, that went around and around. And on our shift, there were two colored women who swept."

Workers were required to meet a production quota. Mrs. Reynolds called this, "beato." And she said, "Honey, if you didn't beato, they wouldn't keep you long."

I asked her if the plant had ever been unionized. She replied, "Years and years ago, before we came here in '47 it was, but they had to . . .close the mill. Lucille Frazier told me that after the union came in, they didn't get no orders. They didn't want union materials, and just ordered from somebody else."

When asked about differences between the work of men and women, Mrs. Reynolds replied, "They had women jobs and men jobs. Women run the ballers, and the winders, and drum spoolers, and things like that. Men run the machines. . . I mean the old, big machines."

When asked about lunch, she said, "We just quit when we got hungry and eat. We didn't have a lunch break. . . A lot of them would talk for an hour, but I never did. They weren't suppose to, but the bosses would be gone to dinner. I never did. I wasn't a deadbeat. . .never was a deadbeat. . . I'd take just long enough to eat my sandwich and drink my coke or glass of tea or something, and I'd go back to work." In about 1960, the mill put in a lunch wagon. "And they had sandwiches and nearly everything, and then, people got to stealing off the truck, and they fired my brother-in-law for stealing money, but he didn't steal no money. I told Mr. Moyer one time, that's the president of the mill, that he didn't steal that money. I've seen people put as many as two sandwiches in their pockets. . ."

With several different questions, I asked Mrs. Reynolds about blacks working at the mill. Traditionally, blacks working in textile mills do not run the machinery, and, early

on, this was true with one exception. When she started there, two black women were sweepers in their department, but one black man ran a dolf machine back on the lower end. He had gotten the job because his father worked in the machine shop. The machine shop and other departments where blacks would normally work were in two buildings across the railroad spur that runs through the factory. Mrs. Reynolds said, "across the railroad," was what they called that part of the mill. In about 1970, a black man was made a boss. He worked about five years and left for Atlanta just after Mrs. Reynolds quit.

Mrs. Reynolds knew people who had worked at the mill as children. Her friend Lucille Frazier (who was Mrs. Reynold's age), and her sister, Margaret Key, started when they were 14 years old. She also knew people who had kept babies with them while they worked. She said, "Mrs. Ada Frazier, she carried her baby, Georgia Lee, down there. Her husband died just before Georgia Lee was born, and she worked for five cents an hour, and put her (the baby) in a box." The baby lay behind her in a box as she worked. This was many years before Mrs. Reynolds came to Blue Mountain, as shown by her five cents an hour wage. (When I was talking with her a few days after the interview, Mrs. Reynolds said Mrs. Frazier started work at the mill when it first opened.)

Like with the Fraziers and the Reynolds, it was not unusual for many members of a family to work at the mill. In one newspaper article, John Bean said how he began work at 16 at the mill where both parents, his wife, uncle, aunt, nephews and father-in-law have also worked. (9)

Mr. Reynolds was stricken with arthritis in about 1961. He was ill for 17 years before he died. During that time, Mrs. Reynolds cared for him, while continuing to work and raise her family.

But, Mrs. Reynolds quit working at the mill in 1975. She told the story of walking out one night: "Hubert Crawford was the best guy in the world, and he'd always have my frames set up and my machines all fixed, and have me plenty of yarn. And another girl, an expediter on the second shift came, and she took ever bit of mine. The last day I worked I ran one head for three hours, instead of twenty four. He had me plenty of yarn, but she took it and gave it to somebody else. So I just walked out, didn't go back. . .I still eat."

Instead of working at the mill, Mrs. Reynolds began keeping children. "I was keeping them kids. Oh gosh. I kept babies from '75 . . . nearly eight years . . . I quit in May and went to keeping them in July. I first went to keeping welfare kids, but they didn't pay but $18 a week. And I'd get more calls I could handle, so I gave it up. I went to keeping then individually and they would pay $45 or $60 a week." She would keep six or seven children at a time, " All I wanted to."

From Mr. Reynolds' descriptions, there was often a crowd at her home. Many neighbors came to watch television. "I had the first television that was in Blue Mountain, and Lord have mercy, sometimes they'd be laying on the floor, sitting in chairs, sitting on the couch. My house would be full. " She recalled there were times she got off of second shift, and people would be at her home in the evening, "watching television, and he (her husband) 'd be in bed asleep. But they never did make no noise, and they never messed up nothing."

The neighborhood children would often play there. "My children had more company than anyone in this world. We never knowed who we was cooking for, kids, Mrs. Medder's daughter's three little boys stayed here all the time. When they weren't in

school they were here. Played dominoes and everything. Mrs. Medders would come in from Bynum, cook supper, and she'd just dial our number, and said 'Tell the boys supper's ready.' There was time I'd come home and there'd be a dozen. Part of them invited and some just come to play. They played dominoes and rook. We had balls and bats, and croquet, and things like that, you know. They loved to play croquet." When asked how old they were when they quit, she said when they got married.

The Reynolds' next-door neighbor often watched the kids playing in the backyard. " Mrs. Page set on the door step while they were playing, to take care of them, to see that mine didn't get hurt . . . You see, she didn't have much to do . . . she sat out on the back porch. A big tree out back made a shade all morning on her back door step. She watched them play. Croquet, ball, marbles, anything they played."

Mrs. Reynolds said she had the first automatic washing machine and dishwasher in Blue Mountain. "I got the washing machine about '55. Ralph Lumpkin across the street worked second shift at mill and Otasco in the morning. We had bought our first one before we moved over here, a ringer type. But Ralph called one Monday morning and said he had got in some automatic washers. And wanted me to put one in and let me use it. And, shoot, I bought it." She bought the dishwasher about 1975, when she first began keeping kids. She doesn't use it now. "I haven't used it in over a year. I don't have enough dishes."

The Reynolds never owned a car. They rode the bus for transportation around town. "Well, the bus run right out there. . . or we could catch it down there at the church. It run every thirty minutes." Sometimes, they used a cab to bring home groceries from the store.

After she went to work at the mill, Mr. Reynolds traded her peddle sewing machine in on an electric one. "I made all of Annis' clothes. . . and mine too. I'd go to Kitchen's and get me a dollar's worth of material and make me a dress, or her's . . made everything but her Sunday clothes. And my blue jeans. I started wearing blue jeans when I had to start doffing." She did not make any men's or boy's clothes. "Penneys. That's where the boy's went (to buy clothes). Me and Annis would buy ours at Bermans. We bought groceries at Winn Dixie . . Piggly Wiggly . . . Usually we'd come out in the cab. . . Bernice would usually get a case of cokes. That's why we'd have to come out in the cab. There was so many kids here, they drank them." Mr. Reynolds did the grocery shopping, usually on Friday after he got off work. Mrs. Reynolds said, "I hate to buy groceries. And after he got sick and I had to start buying groceries. . .I tell you, I didn't know how."

When asked what food they ate, Mrs. Reynolds said, "Just anything. We had a garden, and he'd buy meats, eggs, milk, butter. Vegetables we got out of the garden. I used to can as high as two hundred cans of vegetables a year. Beans, peas, okra, and tomatoes, peas, and peaches and apples." The meats they would eat included chicken, pork chops, and ham. Mrs. Reynolds always cooked a roast on the weekend. When asked if they ate corn bread, she said, "Yes, sir. And I'd always have biscuit left. Their Daddy would always buy them some rolls. They loved rolls. He'd always buy a couple of packs of rolls. And then they'd warm them up when they got up." In response to a question on breakfast, she said, "I'd cook the meats when I got up. Sausage and bacon. I'd cook the biscuits, and we always had jelly and butter. And grits, or anything they wanted. And when they got up, J.T. fried the eggs. He'd fry the eggs while Annis Fay set the table. Then she'd wash the breakfast dishes. He'd wash the supper dishes."

As to what they did for recreation, Mrs. Reynolds said, "Go to church. We went on picnics a whole lot. There would be Artie and Ann, me and my husband and two

children and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and their two boys. Ann was my best friend; me and her have been like sisters ever since we moved here. J.C. Hanson would pick us up on Sunday after church, and we'd have our dinner packed. We'd go to Cheaha or go anywhere and have our picnic . . . (This was) right after we moved here, in the early '50s. Lots of time we went to Guntersville." They sometimes walked to the top of Blue Mountain, which rises behind K-Mart at the end of Blue Mountain Avenue. Normally, these outings were on Sunday. "We have gone on Saturday afternoon. But after I went to work, on Saturday I had to do my washing and ironing and moping."

Her kids would go to the movie theater. "On Saturday, mostly Saturday morning. It began at ten, and they'd usually go every Saturday. . . (It cost) a dime. For a long time, Lloyd's Bakery, they could go for two bread wrappers. It was for children. My kids went . . . one time, Annis won a pair of skates. Got skinned up pretty good. She gave them away."

I asked if they read the newspaper. Mrs. Reynolds said, "He got a paper, but I didn't have time to read the paper, and I didn't have time to listen to the radio, and I didn't have time to watch television. The only time I watched television was on Saturday night. We'd all sit in there and watch television if I didn't have to work. But I worked many a double shift."

As to what radio programs they listened to, she said, "WVOK. They loved WVOK. I just listened to what ever they listened to."

In answer to a question about holidays, Mrs. Reynolds said, "We always stayed home Christmas and Thanksgiving. We got our vacation in July. We went to Mother's. We got two weeks." They would go to Haleyville. "Yea, and honey, I'd start packing a week

before. And we went up there a lot of times on the weekends." As to how they got there, "We rode the bus. Or Hubie, my oldest brother, he used to come and get us. Or J.C. and Faye, a lot of times they'd be here on Friday evenings and we'd go back together." J.C. Welch was her brother-in-law, Faye, her sister.

On one of those trips back from Haleyville in 1962, Mrs. Reynolds saw the Freedom Rider Bus burning in Anniston. " It burned over here between here and Birmingham, wasn't it. We're coming from north Alabama, and it was still a smokin' when we drove by it. We didn't know what it was. We knew it was a bus, but we didn't know . . . A few (people were standing around), but not very many. We don't know what went with the people that was on it." She also said about the incident, "I thought it was naughty. But you know, George Wallace stood in the (doorway of the University of Alabama). Thems colored people's got souls just like me and you. They may be whiter than mine. There are good colored people. I work with some good colored people, but them white people they stepped out of line, I don't care who they was. I just don't believe in doing wrong or nothing. "

And because of the importance of such issues in understanding the South, I asked various questions about racial tension. In reply to a question about the integration of schools in 1964, Mrs. Reynolds said, "We didn't have (any blacks in the Blue Mountain School). . . Well, my kids went to Oxford. All the time they had colored people down there." Mrs. Reynolds talked about black people who have attended the Baptist Church. "There hadn't been but two or three (blacks) come to our church. Last year there was a lady, her daughter and granddaughter came a couple of times. And each Sunday they came, the older lady went to the alter, both Sundays. We didn't mistreat them, shook hands with them an welcomed them back. Told them nice to have them. See, they didn't come back. If we'd raised Cain, they'd could've gone off and got a load of people and come back.

For a long time there was another colored boy–they don't know whether he was colored or what, 'cause he wasn't real black; he was kind of brownish–but he'd taken a big part in Sunday School that Sunday."

When I asked her about any of the Alabama governors of the time, Mrs. Reynolds had a story about Big Jim Folsum running for governor. "He was a candidanstin' in Haleyville, getting votes. He come into Haleyville, and Daddy said Edith was standing about as far as from here to the sink from edge of street where he drove up. And all these young kids, they flogged in, and he reached over and kissed that little Nicholson girl, and she drawed back and she slapped his head off his shoulders, nearly . . . that was the first time he run. Daddy said he couldn't keep from laughing."

When I mentioned the governors to her, Mrs. Reynolds had this to say about George Wallace. "I liked George Wallace for governor. He done a lots for us poor people. He's the only one I remember ever doing anything for people." As to his running for the U.S. Presidency, she said, "Well, he got way on up there. He would've made a good president. See he got shot then. I seen him on television the other night and he looked so bad, Lord."

The population of the village of Blue Mountain in 1910 was 1,000. (5) In 1960, it was 446. The 1990 census counted 221, with almost half of the residents over 55 years of age. (9) To a question on how the community of Blue Mountain has aged since she has lived here, Mrs. Reynolds said, "Well, Honey, this community's gone down like dogs. When we moved here this was the nicest community you ever seen. Everybody went to church. Every worked. Everybody kept their yards clean. And everything. Now look at it. These two houses next door are falling in. Mr. Chastain's is falling in, and the one across the street is falling in, too." As to what she attributed the change in the community, Mrs. Reynolds replied, "Well, when Mr. Moyer lived here (and the mill owned

the houses), I want you to know that if you had a nasty yard, he'd give you so many hours to clean it up. I just wish you'd walk around, right up that road there . . . old mattresses, and a set of springs, and chairs. Mr. Moyer'd turn over in his grave."

Mrs. Reynolds remembers living, working, and raising her children in Blue Mountain at the time it was a mill-owned. Though the town is now virtually a suburb of Anniston, that earlier way of life is not forgotten. "Blue Mountain was a good place to live," she said.

I have known Mrs. Reynolds as an across-the-street neighbor for several years, and have had numerous conversations with her. She has worked hard during her life, which has given her an appreciation for living that many do not have. In our talks, the support she continuously gave to her family and community was apparent, as was her respect for God. Through all those fine qualities, through all of her life, Mrs. Reynolds has done her share to build the Southern community.