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**PROJECT**



*Capturing Memories from Edgecombe*

**Edgecombe County Genealogical Society**



*Mildred Quincy Schobert*  
*November 8, 1926*  
*Daughter of*  
*Leona Gay and Marvin Lee Quincy*

## RELEASE

### EDGECOMBE COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

909 Main Street  
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(Signature) Mildred Quincy Schodert  
(Date) May 10, 1998  
(Researcher's Signature) Minnie Jo F. Gay

*ECGS Oral History Project*  
*Date: August 20, 1997*

Interviewee Information

Name: *Mildred Quincy Schobert*

Address: [REDACTED]  
Newcastle, Washington [REDACTED]

Telephone: [REDACTED]

Birth Date: November 18, 1926

Birth Place: Edgecombe County, Whitakers, NC

Genealogical Information

Father of Interviewee:

Marvin Lee Quincy Birth Date: April 21, 1904

Birth Place: Halifax Co., Enfield, NC

Death Date: 1956. Death Place: Nash Co.  
Lived in Edgecombe

Mother of Interviewee:

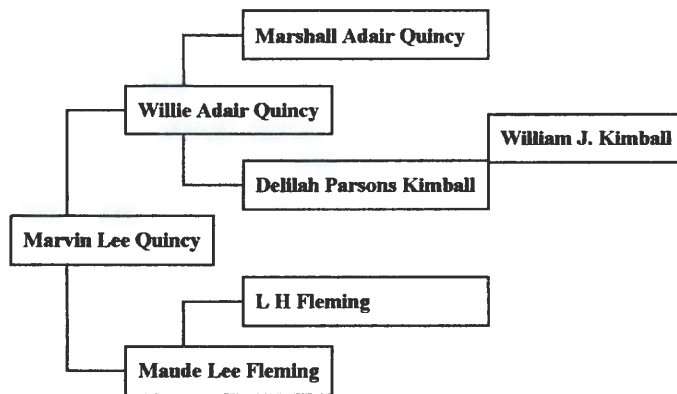
Leona Gay Birth Date: November 09, 1907,

Birth Place: Whitakers, NC, Edgecombe Co.

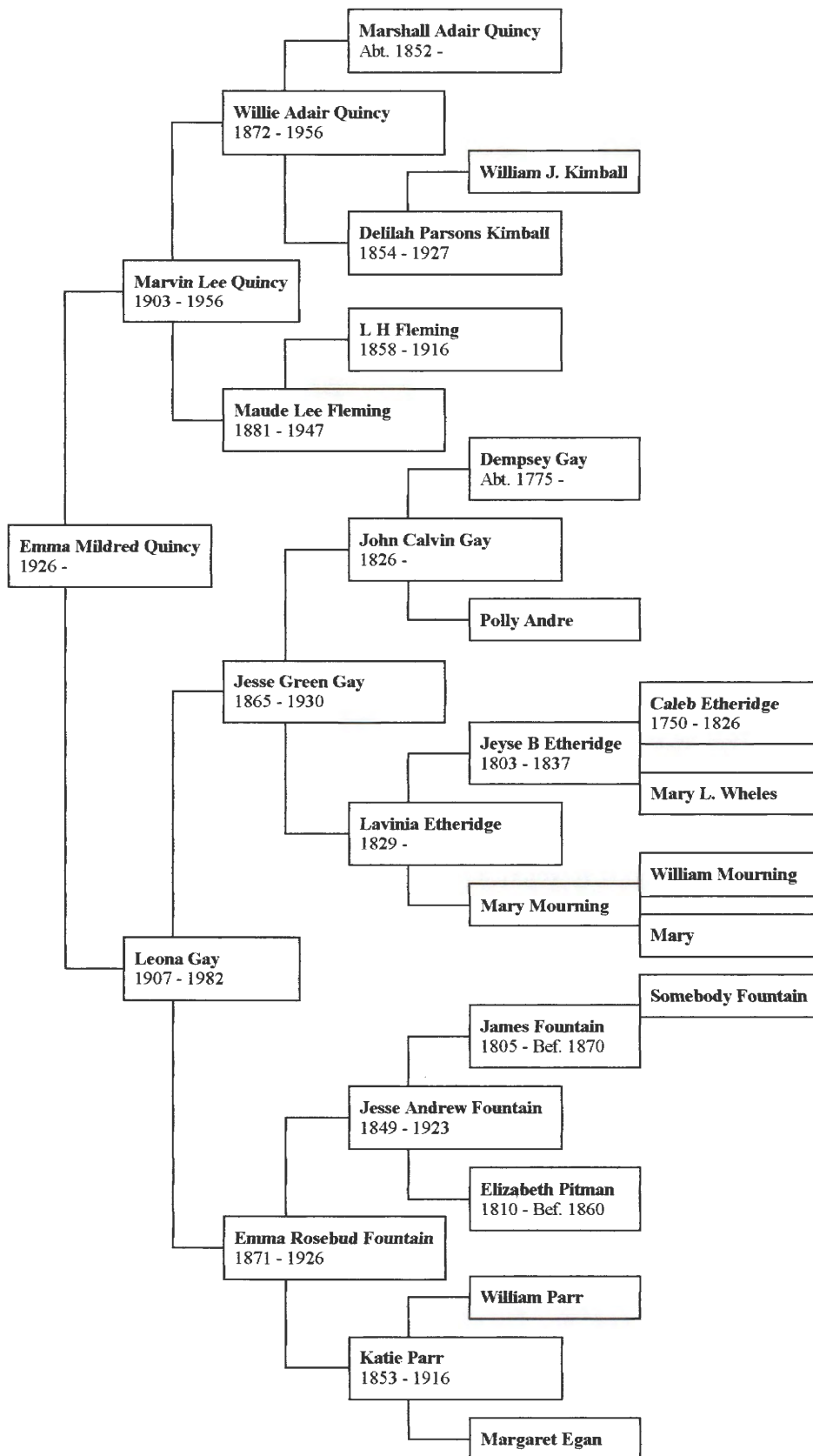
Death Date: October, 1982, Death Place: Edgecombe Co.

NOTES:

*Ancestors of Marvin Lee Quincy*



## *Ancestors of Emma Mildred Quincy*



**This is Minnie Jo F. Gay and it is August 20, 1997. We are interviewing Mildred Quincy Schobert who was born and raised in Edgecombe County, Whitakers, North Carolina. She is now residing near Seattle, in the town of Newcastle, Washington.**

**MJFG: What is the earliest memory that you have?**

**MQS: That is really difficult but I think one of the earliest memories that I have is living in the house where I was born on the old Bricks/Enfield Road, the road from 301 to Josh Worrell's Store, now Melton's Crossroads. There was a cotton field between our house and Uncle Owen and Aunt Effie Gay's house and I would always want to go over to see Aunt Effie. My mother would let me go and she would stand on the platform between the kitchen and the house, where the pump was, and watch until I got to Aunt Effie's house and she could barely see the top of my head bobbing up over the cotton. I remember that and she told me later about seeing my head bobbing in the cotton patch.**

**MJFG: This house was right across the road from the old Temple Cemetery?**

**MQS: This is on SR1409 and there were lots of old Oak trees in the yard. About three in the front yard and where the roots grow above the ground, I used to play house around those roots and where the roots divided, those were my rooms. I played house there by myself all the time, played mama, daddy and child, all three right by myself.**

**MJFG: How close were you to your grandparents?**

**MQS: To my father's parents, Willie Adair and Maude Fleming Quincy, I was very, very close; to my grandmother, I really can't say that I was that close to my grand-father. He was a very large man, with lots of gray hair and a very gruff voice. He always spoke very loud when he talked and it was very gruff. I always had a sort of fear of him. I'm sure there was really no reason to be afraid of him but, as a little girl, I remember being afraid of him. My grandmother was exactly the opposite, in fact, she was one of the brightest spots in my childhood. I think I never forgot the important role she played in my growing up. She was very bright, I really do not know how much formal education she had, but she was so bright and to me, it seems she knew so much. She always helped me with my school projects when I needed it. She was absolutely wonderful and later on, I guess I was sixty years old, I was still working. One day I closed my office door because I was thinking about her and I grabbed a tablet and a pen and I wrote this about her and I called it,**



***"My Happiest Childhood Memory".***

In today's world, where children often seem to condescend to grandmas, I think so often of my own grandma. I never really saw her as young, old, or anything in between. She was simply grandma. Always bending to hear whatever I had to say, caring, giving, understanding, not only the big things like school, but giving the simple understanding that comes when a child asks for a third desert. I never felt so safe as when I was with her. She seemed to relish in being surrounded by her many children, even though it seemed they were always demanding something. She treated each one in her special way customized for the child and always, her black eyes sparkled, and laughed among the smooth olive skin that seemed to accentuate the brightest, whitest smile I ever saw. She always seemed to know what I needed, which, in most cases was a long soft hug and a few, ever so gentle, softly whispered words. She made me feel special and anytime I ever spent with her left me feeling better and brighter. I truly believe the very basis for my self, in fact, was planted by her. My grandmother Quincy was, young, beautiful, wise, loving. She was all things melted into one totally marvelous woman. She is without a doubt, my happiest childhood memory, *my grandma.*

**MJFG:** Can you tell me something about the house of your early childhood?

**MQS:** Well, it was a clapboard-sided house which sat rather awkwardly on red brick pillars about two feet off the ground or so it seemed to me; never painted but gray from the weather. Even as a child I thought it not only looked crooked, which I'm certain it was, but forlorn. It was a typical dwelling for whites and blacks in the rural South. I remember so well every inch of it. My mother called the "Sitting Room", which was a large room used for reading, playing cards, quilting, or what would be considered today as the Family Room with one big exception. My mother and father's bed was in one corner of the room and mine in the other corner. There was a window in between, a very large dresser in another corner and then there was the all important fireplace which was our only source of heat in the Winter and sometimes our only source of light when there was no kerosene for the lamp. There were no carpets, my mother simply scrubbed those floors until they were white. There was a Parlor and that is where the piano was and some rather staid looking furniture from that area. It was off-limits unless someone important stopped by, such as the minister, or a salesman. There was a bedroom occupied by my mother's brother, she called him "Buddy". He slept inside in the Winter and then he moved to a part of the back porch that was screened in for the summer months, when it was so hot. The remaining part of the back porch extended a platform which lead to a big room with a very high



ceiling. This was the Kitchen. I thought it was spectacular because it had Linoleum on the floor, worn, but color, never the less. A large cook stove fueled by the wood, a long plain table with straight chairs and the "safe" as mother termed it, where, not only the dishes, but the sumptuous baked goods she made and rationed so carefully. The safe is now in my nephew's home, refinished, if not reconstructed, and it really is a beauty. Along side the platform, just before reaching the Kitchen, was the pump. All drinking water, all bath water, all laundry water, or water for any other purpose, came from this pump. When the prisoners, from the "Chain Gang" worked on the road in front of the house, the trustee always asked mother if he could pump buckets of water for the prisoners to drink. Always, reluctantly, she said "Yes". And I was always fascinated. Oh yes, there was also a front porch but it was the back porch where relations or friends would come and sit in the rocking chairs and discuss their plight as sharecroppers. It was more private there. I remember when Uncle Luther Gay pulled up in the yard near the porch one Saturday afternoon in a sparkly little Ford and that day I heard my first car radio, or radio of any kind, for that matter. This must have been about 1933. The music ended and I tugged at the knees of Uncle Luther's pants and begged him to play that song again. Even then, I was a music nut, a real Quincy. Oh yes, in the kitchen of this old house, in the wall, there was a hollow spot made by the two walls. There was a big knot hole in the Kitchen wall and as a real tiny little girl, mother finally caught me pushing our Kitchen spoons through that knot hole. It wasn't until several of them were in the bottom that she could hear them clink as they went down. I don't remember if she ever got them out or not, but I remember I had to stop that.

I have this tiny scar and it happened when I was a tiny little girl and my mother had left the oven door down on the old wood stove and you know how hot they used to get. She was putting sweet potatoes in the oven and somehow or other I fell and bumped my cheek on the corner of that oven door. My father always worried that the scar would grow up and be near my eye but it stopped in time.

**MJFG:** How did you kill chickens? Did you ever? Did you have chickens?

**MQS:** We did have chickens and mother always chopped their necks off. She would always call me to hold that chicken's neck while she chopped it off and I still remember a kind of little chill running up my spine every time she did that. We had our own eggs but I always thought that my Uncle Norman Gay and Aunt Edna were so much richer than we were, because we didn't have a cow and they did! I believe that we did have a cow when I



was very small, my mother told me that. My father had arthritis in his hands, he couldn't milk the cow. I think Dick was just too lazy. So, they got rid of the cow but Aunt Edna always used to give us butter and cream and milk when we would go over there.

MJFG: Someone gave them a calf that grew into a cow. She told me that.

MQS: Is that right, well I thought they were richer because they had a cow. In a sense they were. I remember my grandfather Gay in that old house, too. He was a large man, he was tall, you know and as years passed I thought of him when I saw Uncle Owen Gay. He was sort of that build just like Uncle Owen, kind of a long, tall man. He had one leg, mother said he had lost his leg in a railroad accident. Papa had a different story, but mother said it was an accident. When mother would scold me, he always wore this big old black jacket and a black hat, I don't think I ever saw him without a black hat and a black jacket and when he would hear her scolding me, he would hold that old jacket out and say, "Come on shug, come on," and I would duck under the jacket, right under his arm and he'd say, "She can't get you now." What a long time ago, that old house and the old Bricks road.

Cousin Mattie Baker's scuppernong grapes; she had this huge grapevine and one half of it had black grapes and the other end scuppernongs and I just loved to go over there after school. Sometime mother would take me over there in hopes that Cousin Mattie would ask us to the grapevine. One year mother saved enough scuppernong grapes to make, I guess she called it wine, my mother was a T-Totaler but she had filled this half-gallon jar about half to three quarters full with scuppernong grapes and I can remember, she set it up on a high shelf and I was fascinated by that stuff fermenting the way it did and one day I saw mother pour a little bit in a little glass and taste it. I remember, she scolded me to leave, anyway she did give me a taste of it and I remember the was the best stuff I had ever tasted. She had put sugar with it and it was very, very sweet. She, in essence, made wine.

MJFG: People used it in syllabub. My mother used it sometimes instead of vanilla. I don't know whether everybody did, but that's what we did.

You moved to the Mac Cutchin place from the Battle Farm on the old Enfield/Bricks Road.

MQS: Yes, After we moved to the Cutchin farm we would go to church in the morning at Gethsemane and if there was a sermon in the afternoon at Speight's Chapel we'd go to that, too. We'd walk in that hot sun and it must have been two miles, which today isn't

very far but then I thought it was a long way in the heat. We had no car, we never had a car. That's another reason I was sure that Uncle Norman's family was richer, they had Model T Ford, with flaps on it. I used to love to ride in that car. They had a cow and a Model T Ford so that made them rich. In that car in the Winter, there was no such thing as warmth but some days were just colder than others and the Sunday that we went to the airport was one. My father loved to go to the airport, he loved airplanes so much. He was determined, even though he knew how cold it was, that he would like to go but that's all I remember about that.

MJFG; Norman, Jr. said 'Cracker' said, "God knows, Bill. this is the coldest day I ever saw." The wind was popping the windows and the cold pouring in through the cracks.

MQS: Eisenglass flaps and you could see through it if you put your nose right up to it.

MJFG: When you started to school, how did you get there, and who was your teacher?

MQS: I went from First Grade right on through to High School at Whitakers School. I always went to school on a school bus. I was fortunate. I loved school, my first grade teacher was Miss Evelyn Ogborne. I loved her but I did two grades in one year because my mother thought that was the way it should be because Evelyn Pittman had done that. She went to the school and talked to the teacher and so I was put in second grade, too, which was really a mistake. I'm sure that I was bright but not bright enough for that. I should have stayed in first grade that whole year and then gone to second grade the next year. I remember the misery of not understanding the arithmetic. I had a terrible time, I was very nervous then. Maturity had something to do with it.

MJFG: Who was your favorite teacher?

MQS: I think my favorite teacher throughout school was Mrs. Harold Braswell, the seventh grade. That was the year I had a crush on Fred Wimer. He sat on the first seat of the first row as you came in the door and I sat in the first seat of the fourth row near the window and I can still see him in those nickers and he would turn around and sit sideways with his feet in the aisle and he would wink at me and I would just get chills up my spine. Pint-sized little rascal.

**MJFG:** Did you go on field trips and things like that?

**MQS:** Yes, I remember and I think the trips that are most prevalent in my mind are those when I was in the fifth grade. Miss Marguerite Kitchen, later, Mrs. Marion Smith, was teacher, and she use to take us across the field where there was a little wooded area and she would spread out tablecloths and everybody was to take a sack lunch and give it to her and she would spread the food. I would watch very carefully my sack so when she put my sandwiches out, I knew where they were and that's all I would eat, I didn't want to eat anyone else's sandwiches. But I loved the field trips and you know that's about it. We never went on field trips like children today who visit aircraft factories, zoos and all sorts of things but we never had that opportunity.

I used to love to sing in Glee Club. Mr. Hudson was the Glee Club Director and he played the piano and I used to beg him everytime we had practice to play "Deep Purple". That was my favorite song and it still is my favorite pop song from that area. He would always play it for me Liberace style, up and down the keyboard. Gladys and I used to sing in the auditorium for assembly. I remember one time we sang "Ivory Palaces." She always sang alto.

I loved Miss Della Winstead playing the march when the Senior Class marched in the auditorium. I thought that was the most special thing. How much I enjoyed being a senior because of that. "Washington and Lee Swing".

**MJFG:** That was positive. We always had prayer, we always saluted the flag, had the pledge of allegiance and sang patriotic songs, America, God Bless America, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.

**MQS:** I don't know if you remember it the same way or not but I thought we had a real good singing school. I remember that particular song, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. Everybody just sang with so much verve and heart, it was just great.

**MJFG:** That was because we got to sing it often.

Mildred, do you remember the Christmas Bar-B-Que.?



**MQS:** Papa would get up very early on Christmas Eve morning and put the pig over the coals to bar-b-que. He would start nipping and by the time the pig was done, so was papa! They were both bar-b-que'd by that time, but it was so much fun. I can still see him shoveling those coals, keeping the fire hot underneath the pig. I always loved it when he turned it over, he would let me pull meat out of the hams. I have extremely fond memories with my father. I was very close to him. I always felt I had a particular understanding with him and I think, in a way, we kind of thought alike, all except the drinking.

**MJFG:** How long did he cook the pig?

**MQS:** Well, it seems to me cooking it that way it took a large part of the day. He started about four in the morning with the fire, and then about daybreak he would put the pig on and then about the middle of the afternoon the pig would be done and then they would chop it up. They'd bring it up to the house and chop it up. It was always so good. I remember it being better then, maybe that's because I looked forward to it so much. Still love the darned stuff! I also remember at Christmas time, it was the only time of the year that my folks bought fruit. Christmas was always so special, papa would bring home a box of dried raisins, on the stem, with seeds in them. I loved those, a box of oranges, a box of apples, a box of tangerines and sometimes fresh grapes, red grapes. Every night around Christmas, until the fruit gave out, my mother would give us one of each thing, as we sat around the stove. Or she would ask if we wanted an orange or apple or whatever and we would sit there around the stove where it was warm and have our fruit. That was a really happy time. That's where my father use to sit and read the paper, next to the Aladdin Lamp. I thought we had really gone up in the world when we got that Aladdin Lamp. He had the knack of fooling my mother. He would put the paper up high so she couldn't see his face and he'd say, "Oh, Sally, this is where old man Thompson Edwards went to Charlotte last week." She'd say, "Oh psah, Cracker, old man Edwards ain't been anywhere." He would convince her before it was over just to get her to come over, just teasing her.

**MJFG:** When you studied, did you study at home at the kitchen table or where?

**MQS:** At the kitchen table and then when I first started to school I'd do my lessons in front of the fireplace. Used to get real close to the fireplace and sometimes get on my knees and print or write with my book right on the hearth, if it was real cold. Sometimes, after we

moved to the Cutchin farm I'd do my homework at the kitchen table and then I did a lot of it just on my lap by the stove in the sitting room.

**MJFG:** Did your mother ever take part in quilting?

**MQS:** Oh my goodness, you know she never quilted after we moved to the Cutchin Farm. That was another happy memory that I have of the old house on the old Bricks/Enfield road. I would come home from school and the room, the sitting room with the two beds, she would have this huge rack set up and a great big quilt and half a dozen ladies sitting around quilting, with a fire in the fireplace. I thought that was so neat, I certainly do remember that. I think Jean still has that quilt, two or three, as a matter of fact. I am sure they are very rotten by now.

**MJFG:** I doubt it, I have some that are that old and they are still good. When you graduated from High school what did you do?

When I graduated from High School my aunt from Richmond, Virginia, Aileen Quincy Mansfield, came down for my graduation and she had kind of taken me under her wing anyhow. I had been up each Summer to Richmond and stayed with her two or three days. She would send me the money and I'd go on the train. Of course, after living on the farm all my life, I loved her lifestyle. She had a beautiful home in the city and all the amenities and I just loved that. She wanted me to go home with her for a week or so after graduation and so the day after I graduated it was April 25, 1943 and she went back the following day and I went with her supposedly for a visit and I never lived at home again. I lied about my age, really, and took a Civil Service Examination and with my typing skills from Whitakers High School, I passed the typing test with flying colors and also a written test and did very well and I went to work at a place called Bellwood. It was an Army Services Forces Depot in the suburbs of Richmond Virginia. I worked as a Clerk-Typist and after the first year I was assigned to an Army officer. The post was run by Army officers, there were no enlisted men there but all the bosses were officers and the rest of the people were civilians. Finally I worked for a Major Whittle and I'll never forget that guy, he came from Georgia, was married to a much younger woman than himself. It was a boring job because all Major Whittle did was sit at his desk, with his feet on his desk and slept. I was idle a lot of the time. He woke up long enough to give me something to type. I enjoyed working there, we worked all three shifts, we had to change shifts in those days, nights, afternoons and midnight. We worked three weeks on each shift.

**MJFG: How did you end up in Seattle, Washington?**

**MQS: Well, I became extremely interested in roller-skating. I did fall in love, the first boy I ever truly loved and that was Ernest Keel. Ernest went over seas and he was a very jealous boy and did not want me to do anything with other people but his aunt came to Richmond one Christmas and I wasn't at home. I was out with a girlfriend of mine roller-skating and we got home around eleven-thirty and I came in the back door and Louise, the woman I lived with, met me at the back door and said, "There's a lady been waiting to see you since about 9:00". I said, "Who is it" and she said, "It's Ernest's aunt." Well she wrote to Ernest and told him that I was coming home all times of the night and blah, blah, which was so untrue because the way I worked there was so little time. There was only three weeks that I had chance to roller-skate and I made the most of it and I was seventeen, eighteen years old. She wrote and told him that I was not being true and here comes all of everything I had ever sent him, the letters, the bible, everything, back to me. I grieved so over that that I could not work for almost a week.**

**Then I kept on roller-skating and I met a man by the name of Murdock Blakesley, who was an extremely good, kind man. I actually married him on the rebound. Which I am ashamed to say, but it is a fact and he came from Seattle, Washington. The first time I came out here was in April, 1945 and then after the war he was discharged in December of 1945 and I came to Seattle to live and have ever since. My marriage, to Murdock, I supposed due to the reason I married him, did not pan out, although we did have three wonderful children together. I have a hard time saying it was a mistake because of the children. Then I met Al Loomer at the Boeing Company where I was working and I fell in love with him. We were married in late 1957. Papa died in 1956 and I have often thought to myself that if Papa had lived I don't think I could ever have gotten a divorce. Pleasing him was so important to me but anyway I married Al and we had a wonderful relationship. We had two boys, Scott and Tim, only a year apart and we bought a Cedar Log House and had it built and I still live in that house, have lived here for almost forty years now. In September of 1968, Al died and left me with nine and ten year old boys to raise. I just made another mistake. I married Mr. Schobert. I thought Mr. Schobert would be a good father substitute. More than that it seemed that I had always been married and did not have enough confidence in myself and I guess I wanted somebody to take care of us. I had not been left with Insurance money from Al, any to speak of, because we had had two children in college, my two older children and by the time I got myself out of debt I had**



very little money and Mr. Schobert was extremely charming and seemed to like my boys but it didn't prove to be that way. They were in his way which caused a lot of friction between us.

My daughter, Cathy had worked for Joe Schobert and she came home one day and she said, "Mom, I'm working for this man, he is divorced but he is just a real neat guy. I'm not saying you ought to get married but go out with him, I think you will like him." I had not even looked at a man in a year. So I was working at Boeing then and at lunch time one day I called her and said OK, I'm going to drive over, it was in July, and I drove over to the field. He was a superintendent on the flight line in Renton Field. I drove over and Cathy came out with Mr. Schobert and I was very much impressed. He was a distinguished appearing fellow, he could have been chairman of the board, but looks are deceiving. That did not work out. Mr. Schobert had a trigger temper that he could not control and he was abusive and it was not a good situation and so once again, I got out of that marriage.

**MJFG:** What year did you retire from Boeing?

**MQS:** I retired September 1, 1988. I've never remarried, I never intend to. I love retired life and it's amazing what you can do all by yourself. Isn't it strange that you have to be an old woman before you realize how really good you are?

My greatest accomplishments, regardless of the ups and downs or anything are my children. I have five marvelous children, all different and all wonderful. I have five beautiful grandchildren all good citizens, too.