



Order

Client	Suzanne Bonefas
Ref #	Elvis's Audubon Neighbors
Order #	TC0210421526

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Crew: There you go.

Crew: We're recording.[inaudible 00:00:03].

Crew: Okay.

Interviewer: First of all I'd like to thank you for being here. Just to begin, could you please state your name for the camera.

Christine: I'm Christine Todd.

Pally: Pallas Pidgeon Sonoma.

Interviewer: First we'd love to know what your address was or is in this neighborhood.

Christine: My address is 1029 Audubon Drive. I lived right across the street. Our driveway's lined up.

Pally: 938 Audubon Drive.

Interviewer: Okay. Are there any particular memories that this house evokes for you?

Christine: Go ahead Pally, you go first.

Pally: Yes. This was a very small, little community on this street. My mother and a lot of her best friends, they had their first houses here. One Monday morning I got in the car to go to school and someone said, "A guitar player is moving on to our street."

[00:01:00] That was pretty radical. It turned out to be Elvis. Within just a few months he was so famous and popular, that we literally couldn't cross the street on the drive, like on Sundays when you wanted to go to a friends. He was very accessible in the early days. We would come down here and a lot of the neighborhood guys played touch football with him in the front yard, and at the Jameson's next door, maybe some of the other streets, the houses, maybe at the [inaudible 00:01:27]. I came down here several times.

[00:02:00] I remember when Natalie Wood was here signing autographs, Nick Adams. Elvis had a lot of his motorcycle buddies. Then they put the wall up and you couldn't come in anymore. A couple of times, I would just come and knock on the front door. His mother would answer and invite you in. There was a little wooden notepad with a pencil that hangs down right by the front door. You could just leave a note. I'd say something like, "Hey Elvis, sorry I missed you, Pally." I was about six or seven. Anyway it was just we saw in a matter of months, he was here for one year, or thirteen months, we saw the rise of a celebrity star that had never happened in America before. We saw the beginning of rock and roll on our street. We still stayed this wonderful, little, 1950s street, where almost everybody knew each other and played together. Then one night Elvis was invited down to our

family home at 938 Audubon Drive. He and a friend named Cliff did come for a drink. He had a Coca-cola. As far as the house, those were my main memories.

Christine: [00:03:00] I'm just a little younger. Most of my memories come from my mom. She lived in the house fifty some odd years. That Elvis years were always the neighborhoods favorite thing to talk about. Everyone had Elvis stories. One of my mom's favorites was a time when Gladys, his mother invited her over to see what son had done. She always called him son evidently. My mother went over expecting Gladys to show her the swimming pool that he was putting in. Instead, Gladys showed my mom the vegetable garden that she was growing, and how happy she was about her vegetables.

[00:04:00] My mom also talked about times that my parents lived in Europe and they brought home, well we all went there when I was really little, they brought home a nanny from Germany. She was very attractive, her name was Lisa. Elvis and Mick Adams thought that Lisa was really cute. Nick Adams who played Johnny Umah, he was the rebel's great TV show back then. Nick Adams asked her out but Lisa said, "What? I don't know you. Of course I'm not going to go out with you." Anyway that was funny.

[00:05:00] My mom talked about how they would tie horses up to the trees. That the people who lived not too far away, they would ride horses over to see Elvis. How one time, she said my father and she had just put in these really nice little birch trees. Elvis asked over to ask what kind of tree they were. He said he liked them so much, and would she mind if he would put in the same tree. She said, "No, not at all Elvis, whatever." The next day a crane came in with full grown trees the same kind. My mother's were about the size of her pinky, but Elvis put in full grown trees. Those were some Elvis stories.

Pally: I think they're having a talk in there now.

Christine: Maybe we should go.

Interviewer: Oh, well thank you.

Christine: Sure thing.

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