

Harrods Creek

Mary Margaret Merriwether Kellar

My mother was Elenora McIntyre Merriwether and my father was Harry Hall Merriwether. My grandparents were Mattie and Harry Hall Merriwether. My dad built this house back in the 1800s.

Here is a sign that is supposed to go outside of the house. It reads, "On January 6, 1891, Harry Merriwether purchased one and a half acres overlooking Harrods Creek from the Allison family. The property was transferred to his grandson, Harry Hall Merriwether, who traced the steep riverbank and built this unique house that stands today. Harry Merriwether and his brother Isaac were among the first free African Americans to purchase land in the Harrods Creek area and the Merriwether house is the only surviving structure of this early African American Community. The Merriwether family engaged in farming and built and managed docks and cottages for vacationers on Harrods Creek. The property remains in the Merriwether family."

I liked growing up here because we had fun. Besides canning, we had our own meat because we had a smokehouse out in back. We just had a ball. When I'd come home from school, Mama would have two or three bushels of green beans we had to help snap because she loved to can. It just made it nice to go out to the smoke house and get your bacon. We had chickens too. There were two of us children. My brother's name is Bernard and he lives in Louisville.

I've been here all of my life. I didn't move out when I married. My daddy passed in 1951 and Mama passed in 1970. My dad probably went to the sixth grade. I don't know how far he went, but I know he wasn't very educated. Now my mom, on the other hand, was a librarian at the Western Branch Library on Tenth and Chestnut. She used to be real active in the clubs here in Louisville, the Bell and Embroidery club and the Flower Garden club. She was active even after she retired from the library. My mama's death was very sad. I didn't expect it and was here by myself. She told me to come get her ready that morning. She had fallen almost a year before and had been bedridden. Of course I bathed her and took care of her. This particular Sunday she said, "Come on and get me ready."

I said, "Okay, Mama, where are you going?"

She said, "Just come on and get me ready." So I went and got her bath water and stuff together. She said, "Now Margaret, he's coming." And just like that, no sooner than I turned back around that was it. I tried to get her up in the bed, sit her up. She was just like a silk scarf. That was an experience I had never been around. It was like the breath was leaving her body but I didn't know that. I kept trying to pull her up in the bed and she just slipped right out of my hands. Life had just left her body. That is nothing I would want to experience again.

I was home by myself so I called my neighbor, Mrs. Richardson. I told her something had happened to Mamma and she said, "I'll be right there." She came right on around. My husband was at church. When I heard her come in, I hollered and told her I was upstairs.

When she came in, she said, "She's gone." I got sort of frightened at first, but when she said, "Let her down, don't keep her sitting up in bed," that was just it. Naturally I went all to pieces.

Our children grew up here. We were sort of isolated. We couldn't let them ride up the road and didn't have time to take them up there where the Taylor Subdivision is. They played here and had their friends here. They did all of the normal things kids did. The main stay of life was up there. They didn't know many of the children in Louisville to associate with.

I never did think too much about all of this because I always said I wouldn't stay here. I'd love to have something modern because I have been here all of my life. It's seldom that you hear of somebody growing up, marrying, having children and staying in the same place. But I'm still here.

I'm blessed to have had this home, and I'm content now, but I would have loved having a brand new house. The history of the house is not doing anything for me monetarily, but I'm pleased with the publicity because it lets people know that a black man with little education actually built it.

William Arthur Kellar

I was born in Goshen, Kentucky to George Foree Kellar and Susan Kellar. There were four children in our family. My oldest brother's name was George Foree. I'm the middle one and my younger brother was Henry Franswar, of all names, and they called him Faro. My sister is Mary Fannie Anna Bertha Kellar.

Henry Franswar was called Faro, a nickname my aunt gave him. When we were very small, she stayed with us while our mother worked and would rock us in a big, old rocking chair. My brother Henry would ride on the back of the rocker.

We had a play to be in and she asked Henry what he was in the play while he's rocking on the back of the rocker. So he says, "Oh, I'm supposed to be Jack in the Cupboard, like in the kitchen. I don't want to be no damn Jack in no Cupboard."

She snatched him and threw him down. She put her foot on him and held him down and made George and I go get the lye soap and she scrubbed his mouth out. She said, "Now you ain't nothing but a Faro." And that's what he was called until he passed in 1996.

I went to school at Jefferson Jacob School, about a mile from where we are sitting, on Jacob School Road. The school was named after one of the African American settlers. That was the only place where African Americans got any formal education. It went from primer to eighth grade. That's where I got my elementary education. From there I went to Lincoln Institute in Shelbyville in Shelby County. We were fed and housed there. At Lincoln Institute, I used to clean the girl's dormitory so I could be where the girls were.

Then I went on to Central. I'll tell you, at the time we were going to Lincoln, Ballard High School was about two miles from here, but they would not allow any African Americans to go there. We were bussed past Ballard High School to Central High School. Then I went down to Western Kentucky Vocational College in Paducah.

At Jacob School, I graduated valedictorian of my class and I skidded by because I was the teacher's pet. When the teacher asked a question, I would hold up my hand. She'd ask if anybody else knew the answer and then she'd say, "Aw, William Arthur, you know everything so I don't want to call on you."

That was a pretty lousy way to do it because it hurt when I got to Lincoln Institute.

The Taylor Subdivision was named after James Taylor who used to live right up the hill here. It was all African Americans. Mr. Taylor didn't develop it but he had the land rights. He divided it up and sold it only to blacks. Now it's populated with whites and blacks. Some of these young blacks that had land that was formerly owned by their parents would just sell it to anybody that came along.

This area here used to be called the Neck. At one time, this house, the Merriwether House, was the only African American residence in Harrods Creek proper. All the rest have been sold off. There were around seven or eight African American families in the Neck at one time. The original settlers were the Merriwethers, Sydney Jacobs, John Jacobs, Sam Pruitt, Ryner McGruder, Joe Hoskins, Bell and Tom Crutchfield, and Will and Nellie Butler. They all lived in the Neck. According to the records, the Merriwethers bought this property from somebody named Allison. That was before my time.

I lived up near Jacob School before I married Mary. Jacob School was built in 1918. When they integrated the schools, my fraternity, Prospect Lodge, bought that school. And now it's Prospect Lodge 109 and the Senior Citizens building. There are two buildings up there. The small building in back is the Senior Citizen Building. I had a cousin who worked on the task force and named it the Harrods Creek Prospect Senior Citizen Building.

At recess time at the school, there was nothing but a small playground and a bat and a ball. And that's about the size of it. They had that little building in the back. The first and second grades were in one room and the other side was the lunch room.

There were two rooms up there in the large building. There was the third, fourth and fifth grades in one room. Then over in the other room was the sixth, seventh and eighth grade. There was one teacher in each room. Mrs. Marinda Robinson, Mrs. Mamie Morris and Miss Etta Taylor, Mr. James Taylor's wife, had the first and second grades down in the little building. Before her there was a lady named Mrs. Alexander down there. Before the Principal Mrs. Morrison taught the sixth, seventh and eighth grade there was a Mr. James Wilson who was the principal. He was out of Jeffersontown.

All three of our teachers were the best and they were concerned. Not only would they teach you but they were like a mother away from home. And that prevailed into high school at Central. They were interested in a child getting a good education and it wasn't just wash you in and wash you out. They were very concerned about the welfare and the future of a child. They prepared you and gave you all they had and were very diligent and strict. They would whip you.

Willie Kean was the coach at Central High School. Students would say, "Boy don't go to Coach Kean," or, "Don't have them to send you to Coach Kean." Mr. Wilson was the principal and it wasn't too good to go to him, either. He'd get you in his office and if you were tight with him, I mean if you had a little inroad, he'd tell you to go and get him a bunch of beans at a place called Bouchard Beanery. He liked beans. You'd go and get him some beans and he'd say, "Go on back to class, boy." If you went to the coach, you got whipped, tanned. But they were the best people where education was concerned because they cared about the child's welfare and what they could do in the future. Nowadays, children are not geared from the home out. They have television, cars, cellular phones and all.

Jacob School closed in 1957 and that's when the lodge purchased it. We have fish fries and raffles twice a year, in July and December. We meet there the first and third Sunday nights. We were meeting on Wednesday but people that worked at industrial plants couldn't get to the meetings so we changed

that. Got a special dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Now, we meet on Sunday evening at 6:00 p.m. This time is just for the lodge members. The Senior Citizens meet in the little building on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at noon. They play cards on Tuesday and Friday and on Wednesday. They have lunch and play Bingo and Uno. I go up there but I don't play because there are too many women for me. Wednesday is the best day to be there. After lunch they go into these little games. They have devotion.

On the east side of Rose Island Road at Prospect, was an African American settlement. It had been there, I'd say a century. The black community is no more. I would say it disbanded fifty years ago. They had picnics and a baseball field. The old Inner Urban Streetcar used to run from Third and Liberty streets out to Prospect, which was the end of the line. They used to joke about how Prospect got its name. When they were constructing the Inner Urban Streetcar line and were looking for a circle for the turnaround, they said, "This looks like a good prospect," and that's how it got its name.

James Taylor

Story, housing trends collide

Taylor subdivision's lot restrictions debated

By Chris Otts

The Courier Journal

January 2, 2009

African Americans who toiled as domestic servants and farm laborers for wealthy households around Prospect in the 1920s deserved modest country homes of their own at the end of the day.

That's what prominent black entrepreneur James T. Taylor had in mind when he built a subdivision off River Road more than 80 years ago.

Having worked for wealthy white estates in the area himself, "he was trying to give the blacks a nice place to live," said Martin Dunbar, 80, who lives in the subdivision and was a pallbearer in Taylor's funeral in 1965.

The Taylor subdivision was ground-breaking — perhaps the only one carved out in Louisville or its suburbs specifically for African Americans through deed restrictions, said Richard Jett, Louisville's historic preservation officer.

And even today, it is one of the few areas of moderately priced homes in 40059, the state's wealthiest ZIP code.

But now that history is in danger of disappearing, amid a debate about whether that's a good thing or bad.

In the shadow of Prospect's expensive Sutherland subdivision to the northeast, the large lots Taylor once intended for residents' horses and pigs have started giving way to smaller lots for bigger houses. The biggest change came in 2004, when 50 condominiums and 11 houses were built on eight mostly vacant acres in the eastern part of the neighborhood.

Since then, three houses — two of them more than 80 years old — have been torn down, and six new ones have been built in their place.

And with the recent completion of sewers that allows more development, the neighborhood is at a crossroads.

"This is the tipping point," said longtime resident George Roberts Jr., who is leading an effort on behalf of the Prospect-Harrods Creek Neighborhood Association to establish a formal "neighborhood plan" to protect the Taylor subdivision area's historic status.

An attempt at getting on the National Register of Historic Places might soon follow, he said. But not everyone thinks restrictions are needed.

For example, Charles A. Broaddus II, a grandson of Taylor, sold a one-house, three-lot tract to a developer, and there are now four houses on that land. Broaddus said residents should be able to tap the full value of their properties.

"It's nice to acknowledge what (the neighborhood) was," he said, "but it will never be what it was again."

A place for blacks

African-American roots in Harrods Creek go back to post-Civil War days, long before the collection of expensive subdivisions that now make up the city of Prospect was started in the mid-1960s.

And the subdivision that Taylor built thrived, even in the face of Jim Crow-era segregation, according to two professional studies and interviews with Taylor's relatives and neighbors.

"There was no other area where Negroes could buy in, in this section (of Jefferson County) at that time," said Taylor's daughter and Broaddus' mother, Minnie Alta Taylor Broaddus, 97, who still lives in the neighborhood.

Even today, it's predominantly black, although white families have begun to trickle in, bringing a diversity that longtime residents say they welcome.

Taylor planned the subdivision in the early 1920s near the old Jacob School, which operated from 1918 to 1957 as one of thousands of "Rosenwald" schools for African Americans that Julius Rosenwald, the former president of Sears, Roebuck and Co., founded across the South.

Taylor often subsidized lots for borrowers who could not pay, and sometimes he let people who worked for him stay in houses he built rent-free, Broaddus said.

A tall, imposing figure, "Big Jim" Taylor dabbled in many businesses, including contract farming, from the time he was 14, operating a gravel quarry off River Road near Zorn Avenue and owning a real estate company headquartered downtown on Walnut Street, according to studies and Taylor's daughter. When it came time for neighborhood children to move on from the Jacob School to high school, Taylor bought a bus and drove them to Central High School, Broaddus said.

Taylor's son James S. Taylor followed in his father's footsteps, extending the neighborhood with a two-street subdivision and a nursing home. He also sold Jefferson County the land for what is now Hays Kennedy Park.

Deed limits ignored

Seeking to establish modest country homes with large lots, Taylor put restrictions on lot and home sizes in the subdivision's deeds.

But those restrictions haven't been honored through the decades, and as of late 2006, Taylor's original 76 lots had been split up to make 110, according to a historical assessment completed as part of the Metropolitan Sewer District's sewer project there.

In 2002, developer Don Bright proposed condominiums and single-family houses on what had been a privately owned neighborhood park and an abandoned servicemen's club.

The proposal, which included its own sewer line, sharply divided the neighborhood, with some saying the condos would be an improvement over vacant land, and others saying they would destroy the neighborhood's character.

At the time, there was talk of forming a historic district with a board that would approve building projects, as in the Cherokee Triangle, Old Louisville and Clifton neighborhoods, Jett said.

But it didn't happen, and Bright, who lives nearby on Beechland Beach Road, built the condo project.

In 2004, he proposed more development across the street, seeking to split three existing lots into six for new houses.

Louisville planning officials rejected that proposal, citing Taylor's original deed, but a Jefferson Circuit

Court judge overruled that decision. Bright built three homes and sold the remaining portion. Harrods Creek Fire Chief Chris Aponte, who bought half an acre from Bright for \$85,000 and built his own house, said it was a great deal, considering lots half the size go for more in nearby subdivisions. And in an interview, Bright said his projects have made the neighborhood more attractive. But Roberts said he thinks new rules must be established to keep the neighborhood from turning into a nondescript suburb.

The neighborhood plan that Roberts wants to craft would not have the force of law, but it would suggest guidelines for planning officials to consider as new projects come before them for approval — like a similar plan city officials crafted in 2005 for the nearby Wolf Pen neighborhood.

Chester Trowel, the neighborhood association president, thinks residents should focus on limiting the neighborhood to single-family houses, as opposed to condos or commercial development. But he thinks it would be impractical to try to control lot or home sizes.

For her part, Minnie Broaddus said she regrets any history being lost, but says she knew change would come decades ago, when the civil-rights movement cleared the way for blacks to live wherever they wanted.

"I told my dad, when I realized I could buy a house anywhere, that it would change here, too," she said.

Minnie Alta Taylor Broaddus

Daddy was born in 1885 and Mom in 1888. Dad's full name was James Thomas Thaddus Alexander Taylor. He was a native of this area. His father was Eddie Taylor and his mother was Florence but she died when he was born, or shortly thereafter. He didn't know her at all. His maternal grandparents raised him.

My mother's name was Julie Etta McAfee Taylor. Her brothers, Calvin and Edward, came down here from the Lexington and Frankfort area. There is a place not far from Frankfort called McAfee. When they came down here, they worked in a foundry a little north of River Road, around Clay Street. When I was a teenager we used to drive down there. When they were working in this foundry, they were firing the furnaces. It would get so hot they would take off their clothes in the winter, except their pants, of course, and Edward contracted tuberculosis.

Daddy bought this farm in 1922 or 1923, where Duroc Avenue, Bass Lane, and Shirley Avenue are now. The Inter Urban that ran through here. I was in an accident when I was in high school on one of the Inter Urban cars coming from Louisville. The car coming from Prospect and the one coming from Louisville collided and burned. I was the last one out. I had fallen out of the seat and was unconscious, but they got me out before the cars burned. I had just been to the hairdresser. I had long thick hair and the hairdresser braided it that day and wrapped the braids around my head. They think the hair saved me. I got a little money; I can't remember how much it was.

Daddy grew mostly hay on this side and all sorts of things like watermelons. He had a lot of cattle and hogs. He named that area Duroc because that was the type of hogs he liked. When he bought the farm he was in the real estate business in town.

There was only my brother, James or "Jimmy," and me. We did have a sister, Mae Etta, who was younger than me but she died when she was seven.

My earliest memory was when my mother was ill and my brother and I were living in town with my mother's cousin.. This cousin and her husband had living quarters in the alley behind Fourth and Hill. It

was a nice apartment over the garage. They provided all sorts of things for my brother and me. My brother and I were really young. He used to want to go to see that "pretty lady in the big bed." That, of course, was Mom. Then we came to the country when I was about seven.

Daddy worked with all of these rich people around here. Their servants needed places to stay that were close by so they would not have so far to come to work. For the most part that's the reason he developed this community. He started developing the neighborhood shortly after he got it. Around 1923, Dr. McIntyre and his wife Eleanor built the first house in the subdivision on the corner of Duroc and River Road. All of the people who were buying the property were black because Dad only wanted blacks up here. In fact, that was stipulated in the contract. The people who lived here felt very good about the community.

When I was young, there was a big house by the bridge at Harrods Creek. That house was built by Harry Merriwether, Mr. Merriwether's mother, and my grandfather. They called it the Neck. As a young person, Dad lived with his grandparents in the Neck. In that area, there was a high hill and Dad built his house on a plateau below his grandparents. That is where I lived until I was 17, then I went away to college.

I remember that Dad was tall and Jimmy and I used to play with him. He would stand there while we sang a song and walked between his legs. Then he would try to catch us. He was a lot of fun. Mom always read us a story at night. For the most part it would be the old fairy tales but Dad's stories were not in the book. They were things he would make up. I can't remember any of them, but they were fun. When anything would happen, we would always go to Dad instead of Mom. He was always able to calm us down and Mom would always get excited.

By the time I was in the second grade, they built the Jacob School. We walked to school on good days. Dad had a lot of men working for him and when the weather was bad, one of them would take us.

Dad was what they called a contract farmer and he had all kinds of equipment, like threshing machines and hay bailing stuff. He took care of the farms around here. He also did real estate with the James T. Taylor Real Estate Company. His office was on Walnut Street. People like Paul Semonin were the people Dad dealt with. He built a two-story house at 6600 Shirley Avenue.

When I was a teen, our house burned and we lost everything. There was no fire department out this way then. Dad had been out of town, I don't know for what reason, and Mom, my brother, and I were in a restaurant waiting for Dad to meet us. He got there just before somebody came and told us our house was on fire. Dad rebuilt and instead of rebuilding where the house was, he rebuilt on that higher plain just a little bit a front of the grandparents' house. He built it similar to the one that burned, but it was not quite as large and it's still there.

When I went to college at Fisk, I studied English and history. I taught at Central High school. Then I got married and had two boys. My husband was Stinson Broaddus. He died in 1977. When I married Stinson, he was teaching at Kentucky State. At that particular time, a husband and wife could not work together, so I kept my job at Central and would just go up there on weekends or he would come down here.

My mother was ill when I married. We were going to have a church wedding but the doctor felt that I should go ahead and marry but not have a big wedding because it would be too tiring for her. We married on the lawn at 6600 in June. Our son, Stinson, was born in 1941.

In those days, if you were pregnant you couldn't work, but I was so tall I didn't show, so I worked that whole year. I stayed off a year after the baby came. Mom was still ill and she was crazy about the baby. She got better and was able to come to Frankfort and spend some time with us and we would come to her. I went back to work and Mom died that September.

Then I stayed at home with Dad and the baby. I would go to Kentucky State on weekends or Stinson would come down here. I decided that I would quit working and my husband would come down here and help my father. Stinson worked with Dad for a while but my father was the type of person that had to be the head. This did not go over too well with my husband but he was good and he found something else for himself. We stayed there with Dad for five years, until he remarried Mrs. Cooper. I decided that it would be best for me to get out of there. By that time I was pregnant again with my second son, Charles. I went back to work and became the librarian at Central.

There was a piece of property on the hill and Daddy said that was mine. Then, some white people bought Mrs. Mary Gibson's house and they wanted some more land so Dad sold them my lot and gave me some land up here. My husband was an agriculturist and he decided that he would raise poultry and he built a little place where he had all of his poultry. He was doing pretty good selling fryers to people around the neighborhood. He would sell about a hundred a week.

The Second World War was going on and you couldn't build or find anything. I read where there were some barracks up in Madison, Indiana that were being sold. Stinson went up there and got one. It was 45x20 ft. and Daddy had some men who built a 40x20 ft. basement and brought the house down here. That's where we stayed until 1952, when my husband started managing public housing. At one point they said families had to move in, so we moved down to College Court. He finally decided he preferred to live in the country and we came back in late 1957.

Laura Brooks

All of my life I have lived in this community. I was born and reared in a place called Happy Hollow. My mother, Edlene, and my father, Simon Brooks, came from this same community. My father was a farmer and my mother was a housewife.

I attended Jefferson Jacob School, which was named for my grandfather, Jefferson Jacob. He was the oldest person in the community at the time it was founded and I imagine that's why they named the school for him.

The people from Harrods Creek and Prospect came to Jacob School. Of course, it was all one room back then. I went to school with one teacher and her name was Lucy J. Scott. They never brought any more teachers in while I was there. I went as far as the eighth grade then I went to work. I did domestic work.

In my family, there were twelve of us children. There were eight boys and four girls: Jim, Wallace, Jesse, Louis, Eugene, Hattie, Susie, Edna, Joy, and me. When school was out, we played around, just ordinary things out in the country. We used to read and do things like that, and we shot marbles and played ball, just like ordinary families in those days. Most of us who shot marbles were girls. There was a park nearby where we went to play. We had fun there and we danced.

Just as soon as my brothers got big enough to work, Pappy carried them on the farm with him. When we got big enough to work, we went to work as domestics. Pappy was the overseer of the farm and he grew corn, wheat, oats, everything.

I was seventy years old when I retired from domestic work. The place where my mother and father lived in Happy Hollow was torn down and they made this subdivision out of it. My home now is about a mile from where I was born and reared. I lived there fifty some odd years. I've never been married and I had my house built myself and have been living in it all by myself. I never considered moving from this community. I'm well satisfied here and it's always been my home.

Martin Dunbar II

My mother, Margaret Stokes Dunbar, was raised here in the Harrods Creek community. She was one of nine children. She went to college, and when she graduated she taught school at Jefferson Jacob School. She even taught some of her younger brothers and sisters. One of her classmates wrote to her and told her that in Detroit they were making twice as much money as she was getting in Kentucky. So she moved to Detroit and taught up there. She met my father, Martin Dunbar, Sr., there. They were married and had three children. My sister, Delphi Elizabeth Dunbar, is the oldest and I am the middle child. We have a younger brother, Hackett Emerson Dunbar.

We lived in Detroit and when my mother had some complications when she was pregnant with my brother, she came home to her mother and father, William and Lula Stokes. They were living on the Watson property. My grandfather was the caretaker of that property, located in Harrods Creek on Wolf Pen Branch Road. That property had over 100 acres. There were seven or eight men who worked in the yard. They had a cook and a maid who lived in the house. There was a chauffeur who had an apartment over the garage. It was a large estate and my grandfather ran it.

My mother passed in 1934. My grandfather and grandmother asked my father to let them keep Delphi, Hackett and me while he went back to Detroit to get himself together. We didn't have electric lights or indoor plumbing. There was plenty of space to run and play, climb trees, and ride bicycles.

When I got a little older I worked on the Watsons' homestead in the summer. I was making fifty cents a day. I'll never forget when I got my first pay, \$3 in cash. I was so excited about the three dollars I ran and showed my grandmother, "Look here, I got three dollars."

My grandmother said, "Well, no you don't. You've only got a dollar and a half. You owe me a dollar and a half for feeding and clothing you." So from then on, I had to give her half of everything I made. Still, that was a lot of money to us, at that time. It was definitely good training.

My grandmother died when I was in high school. By that time it was just my brother and me living with our grandfather. My sister had gone to Kentucky State and decided she wanted to go to nursing school and left to go study at Morehouse Memorial Hospital in Atlanta. I remember well because I used to work and help send her money, even when she was at Kentucky State. I graduated from Jacob School and graduated from Central High School in 1946.

Mr. Taylor was a very nice person. He was the one who bought this property. He was a great big man. We called him Big. He was tall and big and he had a lot of influence over the whites and blacks in the neighborhood. He had his own business and worked for a lot of people in the neighborhood. He had a lot of ideas of how to make this community grow. He was a good entrepreneur. He had great ideas and

knew how to get things done.

Mrs. Taylor was my teacher at Jacob School. She was Mr. James Taylor's wife. She taught the first three grades in a little bitty room. Then Mrs. Ellen Robinson taught the next three grades. Mrs. Mamie Morris, who was the school principal, taught the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. We took spelling, reading writing, arithmetic, and geography. It was basic education. We didn't have any algebra or anything like that but we had basic arithmetic.

After graduating from eighth grade, I told my grandmother, "I can't go to town school wearing these clothes I have out here. The kids will just laugh me out of school."

She said, "I don't have any money either, but if you want these new fancy clothes, you will have to go to work and buy your clothes." That's what I did.

In the summer months I would cut grass for the neighbors in the area and in the winter months I worked on a regular job. On the way to school, I had to walk from Harrods Creek down to the bottom of the hill. There were four houses. I talked with the people and they let me come in the morning and fill up the coal furnaces. On the way home, I would clean out the furnaces. I made money that way so I could buy my clothes to go to school. I had to do it, I didn't have much choice. From then on, I worked and bought all of my clothes and did everything for myself. When I graduated from high school that summer, I went to Belgium, New York and worked on a farm harvesting vegetables to make money so I could go to college.

I came back and went to Louisville Municipal College. Blacks couldn't go to the University of Louisville at that time. I went there for a year and a half. The Korean War broke out in 1950, and I was drafted. So I went into the service that year and was stationed at Fort Knox. My sergeant came to me and told me I ought to go to leadership school. If I went and got good grades and passed, I could stay at Fort Knox and be a teacher. So I went because I really didn't want to go to war. At our graduation, the company commander said that because of the war situation and the way it was, we all had to go to Korea.

We had a 30-day leave before going to Korea and while I was on leave, my grandfather took real sick. When it was time for me to go, I explained that my grandfather was real sick and my brother and I were the only ones living there with him. He needed me to stay to help take care of him. I got a deferment for another two weeks. When I had five more days left, I went back and told them I wanted to get another extension. So they gave me seven more days and then I had to go. I got on the troop train to Seattle, Washington. It took three days and three nights. My grandfather died the same day I left and they couldn't get in contact with me. When I got to Seattle, I got all settled in and called home and found out they had just buried him. My brother was still at home so he went to live with our aunt Louise.

I stayed in the military for 21 months. I spent all of that time in Korea. We were on the front line. I got the Combat Infantry Badge and a Bronze Star. We were on Hill 317 and the enemy had overtaken the hill. I had my platoon up there and I stayed up there and fired my machine gun so they could retreat. They gave me a Bronze Star for that.

During that time, all of the Army was segregated except for the officers. There were no whites in our platoon. Finally, they started shipping white soldiers into our platoon. I made ranks real fast because a lot of the sergeants and lieutenants in my unit were killed in action. They promoted me to Sergeant

First Class because I was doing such a good job.

Soon I was a Platoon Sergeant. One time we had three young white soldiers come in. Over there we didn't wear our ranks on our uniforms because we didn't want the enemy to know what rank we were. They came up to me and said, "We want to see Sergeant Dunbar, we're reporting to him." I said, "Okay, just have a seat over there, I'll let him know in a minute." Then when I went to talk with them, they just couldn't believe that I was over the whole platoon. It was really something to see how they reacted, but they all took orders and did what they were told. There were no problems at all.

The funniest thing about it was that all of the white and black soldiers were all together then, all friends. The closer we got to home, the further they got from us. Two guys in my platoon, you would have thought we were brothers. When we hit the states, I couldn't find them. They just departed and wanted no part of us.

I went up to Detroit to work with my father and stepmother for about a month but I didn't like it. I came back and got a job with the Housing Authority, then I left and went to work as a janitor at General Electric for about three years. I married Ann Goodwin 1956 when I was at GE. Mr. and Mrs. Broaddus introduced me to her.

I went back to the Housing Authority and they made me maintenance supervisor at College Court. Then they built Lang Homes, the new project. That was the first development that was integrated. The supervisors and managers had to live on the development. I talked to other supervisors about how it was not right for us to have to live there. I wanted to buy a house; I didn't want to live in the project. So I talked to Mr. Broaddus and he told me I should start a petition and take it before the Housing Authority Board to see if they would let us move. The Board granted us permission to live on or off the development.

Ann and I bought a house that Mr. Taylor's relatives had lived in. We made some renovations and our children started school out here which was integrated by this time. We never thought about leaving the James Taylor Subdivision.

While I was working at Lang Homes, management came and told me they wanted me to transfer to Beecher Terrace and make me manager, and that was a big deal. Beecher Terrace, at that time, was the largest of the black projects. I stayed there for three or four years. Then they started building high-rises, Dosker Manor and St. Catherine Court and. I was chosen as an Assistant Director and moved to the main office. I worked hard and went back to school, and I was made Director of Management. Then I was made Deputy Administrator of Management Services.

During that time, the Reverend Jesse Jackson was having meetings with Kentucky Fried Chicken. He was saying, "You've got a lot of black people working for you but you don't have any black owners. You ought to have some black people owning a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise." I got some experience from the catering work I had done over the years at the Louisville Country Club, so I decided to apply for a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise.

I went out to Kentucky Fried Chicken and talked to Walt Simon. He used to be a big basketball star and he was over the minority program. I told Walt I'd like to own a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise. He thought that was a great idea. However, he pointed to a box on a table and said there were six or seven hundred applications in that box from black people. Everybody wanted a franchise but there would only be twelve available at first. Depending on how that went, they would expand the program.

I said, "Well, I don't have anything to lose. I'd just as well throw my hat in the box, too."

So, I filled out an application. I waited for about a year, and then one day Walt called to tell me I was in the top 50. Then I made the top 25. Then it got down to the top ten, then the top five, and then he called me and said I was in the top three. He had me come to the central office on Gardiner Lane to be interviewed.

Walt said, "You're going to be out here all day. Different people will interview you because we want to make sure we get the right person for the job." Then he said, "Honestly, Martin, I'm going to tell you something right now. I don't want you to feel bad since you've gotten this far, but I don't want you to get your hopes too high."

When I got down there, it hit me. I was talking with the president and vice president. I talked to a lot of people at KFC that whole day. When I got in with the president I said, "If I get it, I'm going to work it. I'm going to be there every day and every night to make sure that store works right."

He looked at me and said, "Martin, are you going to quit your job? How long have you been working for the Housing Authority?"

I told him, "Thirty years."

He said, "Are you going to quit that?"

I said, "If I get the franchise, I'm going to quit my job and I'm going to be a KFC franchise owner."

I didn't hear anything until almost a month later, and they called me up. They liked what I said. I was the first minority to own a franchise in the state of Kentucky. I was the third minority in the whole United States. We opened a store at Hancock and Broadway.

We never thought about leaving the Taylor Subdivision, because we liked it. Kids were here, we liked the neighbors. We have a Prospect Harrods Creek Neighborhood Association that meets once a month. The subdivision used to be all black but now, every time a house comes up for sale, we get white neighbors.

I'll never forget when white folks bought a house back here on Shirley Avenue and one day there was a storm and a large limb fell out of my tree. The limb was too large for me to carry so I had to saw it up, but all I had was a little hand saw. I was out there with this little saw, trying to saw up this limb and a white lady came by and blew her horn and I just waved. She drove on by to her house. Ten minutes later, I saw this same car come out and her husband was driving. He parked out on the road and got out of the car with a power saw. He walked over to me, cranked up the power saw and said, "Get back and let me do it."

He sawed up that whole limb for me. He didn't ask me could he do it, he just started doing it. I thought, boy, that's a good neighbor! When he finished, I thanked him and asked if I owed him anything.

He said, "No, you don't owe me a thing. I just want to be a good neighbor." Then, he got in his car and went back home.

The county built the old Jacob School building, but our lodge, Prospect Lodge 109, owns it now. At that time, my mother's oldest brother, Albert, worked for Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mahan. When they stopped having school there, Mrs. Mahan told Uncle Albert, "Prospect Lodge ought to buy that building." He told her that we didn't have the money to buy it. She said, "I will buy it for you and you all can make monthly payments back to me." She thought it was important for the community.

When I came back from the service, I worked my way up to junior warden, a step below master in the Lodge. When I got to be master I told the members, "Number one priority, we're going to pay Mrs. Mahan the money that we owe her." Someone went back and told Mrs. Mahan what I said. About three or four days later she called me and said she wanted to talk to me. So I went up to her house.

She said, "I understand you are lodge master now. I heard that you said you were going to pay us back the money that we lent to buy the lodge."

I said, "Yes, Mrs. Mahan, I meant that. The lodge should have been paying you all along because you've been too good to us for us not to pay you."

She said, "Martin, I think that is very nice of you but here's something I want to give you. She handed me a piece of paper with our note on it and she wrote on it PAID IN FULL. She gave us that lodge.

Arthur Meredith Walters

My grandfather and father were farmers. My father owned the only large parcel of land in Kentucky by a person of color. I grew up on that farm in Magnolia, Kentucky, near Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Park in LaRue County. There were individuals in the area that owned homes and lots, but as a farm that made money, my father was the first and only black person during that time to do so. I soon found out there was no time to play because there was always work that needed to be done.

I grew up with an older sister and a younger brother. My father grew tobacco as his money crop. He also grew corn, alfalfa, and hay, and raised hogs and cows. We butchered cows and hogs on the farm. There was a smokehouse where pork and sausage were cured. When my mother made sausage, I was responsible for turning the handle to grind the meat. I helped to carry the food she canned preserves, pickles, and sauerkraut that were packed into stone jars. We never had a hungry day in our lives.

I attended Buffalo Elementary School which was four miles one way from my father's farm. My sister and brother and I walked to school every day. In the winter, the first order of the school day was not reading, writing or arithmetic; it was bringing in coal from the schoolyard to stoke a potbellied stove that sat in one corner of the room.

One teacher taught eight grades and each class came up for a 20 minute presentation. No accolades were given for being gifted. However, during those eight years, I skipped two grades. The beauty of being in one room was, if you missed something, you could hear the 20 minutes presentation of the class you missed.

I went on to attend Washington High School in Elizabethtown after elementary school. Washington High School was in Hardin County. This caused a problem because of the distance. My family had relatives that lived in town so I moved in and stayed with them during my high school years.

In 1939, I graduated from high school as the valedictorian of my class. In the fall of that year, I entered Kentucky State College, which was all black. My major was elementary education. The reason I selected this major was because I had been taught by all women teachers and I thought there should be some male role models. I decided I was going to change that by becoming a teacher and an administrator of an elementary school. I qualified at Colorado College to teach in Kentucky, Tennessee and Indiana.

In my first year of college, I worked two jobs. I had received a scholarship from the American Baptist Youth Group for \$50 and that is what I took to Kentucky State my first year. I lived in cold water flat that my pastor recommended. A lot of students who were poor and without financial resources lived there. I soon got a job working at a room and board for state workers in town. I would go there on weekends and clean the house, wash dishes, mop, and wax the floors. I also had a job on campus checking inventory of new books coming in and cataloging them on the Dewey Decimal System. I also checked out books to students who came to the library. It was there that I met my wife, NoraLee. She was from Louisville and knew nothing about the country. She was a city girl.

I made the honor roll and stayed on the honor roll during the three and half years I was at Kentucky State. I was drafted into the military at the end of my junior year and was assigned to Fort Carson, Colorado. I then transferred my credits to Colorado College, integrating the all-white private school. The people in the school were very welcoming. There was no discrimination on campus or among the professors that I discerned. I lived in the Bachelor's Officers Quarters at Fort Carson. I was a Captain and going to school under the GI Bill. Although I went into the Army as a recruit, I was soon promoted to Corporal and was able to use some of my teaching skills with the recruits.

I became a commissioned officer and married NoraLee in 1954. We received a military assignment to the Philippines. Then I became the Battalion Commander of the Air Force near Clarksville, Tennessee. I retired from the service in 1964. I then attended the University of Louisville and graduated with a degree in Public School Administration.

NoraLee and I moved to the James Taylor Subdivision. We had three children, all college graduates, and five grandchildren.

It was during my last six months at the University of Louisville that I was called by Charles T. Steel, the Director of the Louisville Urban League, for an interview. The position was for the Industrial Relations Secretary. At my suggestion the title was later changed to Director of Economic Development.

My dream is to allow young people to choose their life endeavor based on education and exposure to the many things life offers. I think we have traveled a long distance but we still have not reached the promised land.

The Courier-Journal: Urban League's Arthur Walters dies
Ex-director 'built a lot of bridges'

By Peter Smith

The Courier-Journal

Oct. 18, 2010

When Arthur M. Walters returned to his native Kentucky in the 1960s as a decorated Army officer and veteran of two wars, he found he was refused service at Louisville restaurants.

He chose to channel his indignation into change rather than rage.

Walters, who died Saturday at 91, was executive director of the Louisville Urban League from 1970-87. For seven years before that, he was its economic specialist, finding jobs for hundreds of people each year as he prodded and persuaded businesses to open job opportunities to black workers.

"What we said we were fighting for, we found more out of the continental United States than the country we came from," Walters, a veteran of World War II and the Korean War, told former Courier-Journal columnist Bob Hill. "With what I went through, I should be a very bitter man, but I'm not. What you do is come out of negative experiences with wisdom, and lessons learned, and you apply those to the arena of change."

Ben Richmond, president of the Louisville Urban League, said Walters' death is a loss to him because he continued to give strong advice on how to set goals and achievement.

"He built a lot of bridges among a lot of different groups to help them understand what it means to be tolerant, to help people work together," he said.

Walters' efforts to break down segregation in the 1960s took place through relentless efforts to open up opportunities for African Americans to obtain jobs — and job training — where they had been denied.

"He was very similar to Louis Coleman," Richmond said, referring to the fiery leader of regular protests, who died in 2008. "The difference is he (Walters) didn't carry a bullhorn. His bullhorn was getting into the boardrooms and places of influence and talking about solutions."

In 1969, for example, Walters led efforts to place 345 workers in jobs paying them a combined paycheck of more than \$2 million, according to Urban League statistics reported at the time.

"He was one of the old-timers who believed in helping his people," said Ollie Moore, who obtained an apprenticeship as a machinist with American Saw & Tool through a referral from Walters in the 1960s.

"He saw that I was serious about trying to better myself, and he just helped me out," Moore said Monday, recalling that Walters observed his initiative in taking night courses to prepare for such work even though jobs for black machinists were scarce at the time. Moore worked eight years at the company before moving on to Ford, where he retired after 31 years as a toolmaker.

Walters worked for years to persuade area companies to train and recruit black workers.

"We have convinced the 'doubting Thomases' that disadvantaged people can be good employees, and that the only way to determine if they can perform is to put them on jobs," he told the Louisville Times in 1970.

The Louisville Urban League has worked since 1921 to help disadvantaged people attain jobs, homes and other economic achievements. It is an affiliate of the National Urban League.

Born in Magnolia, Ky., Walters grew up on his father's 120-acre LaRue County farm and began working in tobacco fields at an early age. He attended a one-room schoolhouse before graduating as valedictorian at Bond-Washington High School. He was attending Kentucky State College when he entered the Army during World War II.

"I made a decision to maximize the fact that I was in the military since I couldn't do anything about it," he once recalled. "But I had no idea it would be a 20-year career."

He started out working in an engineering unit of black soldiers — led by white soldiers. He retired in the 1960s as a lieutenant colonel. He completed his undergraduate education while in the Army.

His military recognitions including the Medal of Merit, the Bronze Star for heroism, the Soldier's Medal for Bravery, the American Campaign Medal, the European-African Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with four bronze stars and the World War II Victory Medal.

The Louisville Urban League named its Arthur M. Walters Champion of Diversity Award in his honor. Walters' death at St. Joseph Hospital in Lexington followed an extended illness, according to the Urban

League.

Walters was preceded in death by his parents, brother, sister and first wife of 55 years, NoraLee Bryant Walters. He is survived by his wife of six years, Mary Anne Walters; his three children, Reggie Walters, Artye DuLaney and Michele Barnett; two stepchildren, Lisa Higgins-Hord and Anthony Higgins; five grandchildren and three step grandchildren.

Clarence Weathers

My father's name is Clarence Weathers and my mother's name is Leora Weathers. My father is deceased and my mother lives in the Blanton House. I was born over a grocery store on West Chestnut Street in Louisville. It was around 22nd and Chestnut, I believe. I lived there until I was about three years old. It was only a small two or three-room dwelling and my mother told me it was during the Korean War and places to rent were hard to find.

Stinson Broadus, who had a home out on Duroc Lane, told my father that he would rent the house to him. So we moved out there and lived out there for a year or so. There weren't many houses out that way. It was just a gravel road so I don't recall us straying very far from the house. There was a little boy who lived next door that my mother reminded me about. The houses were so sparsely laid out his was the only house in proximity to ours. I have forgotten his name now.

I remember my mother telling me about the first day she took my brother to Jacob school and taking me with her. I was crying because I wanted to stay with him, but I can't remember that episode. I can just remember seeing my brother walking across the field in the morning en route to school. The school I think is one or two roads over. Of course he didn't go to the end of the lane; he just walked across the field. I can just remember him in the morning walking away.

I'm glad to see the community is still mostly black. I am glad to see that blacks are still all together as a community and that they were not broken up. I think that just signifies some strength in the community, some cohesiveness. It appears to be a peaceful community.

I am not even sure in a community like this how well people know one another since it's sort of a rural area. I know when it comes to people living in the country, from my past experiences, they seem to be a little bit friendlier than most people in urban areas. Maybe a little bit more trusting of their neighbors. In fact, when we were riding down the street a little while ago, people would look at you and wave. My mother is from Springfield, Kentucky, and we have the same experience whenever we go up there. I don't know if it is a strange car or what but, when you ride down the street, be prepared to do a lot of waving. It's a different experience from what you have in an urban setting; it makes you feel welcome.

I don't think the thing that holds black families together is any different from what holds any family together. It is just the bond that is struck from birth through the nurturing process. They say that family is the foundation of society, and I agree with that. Because you can go through a lot of things with your family, a lot of conflict and arguments or what not, but at least with most families, there is always a bond there no matter what. If something happens to a family member, you are always concerned. I think that lasts until death.

My mother told me just the other day, she remembers seeing James Taylor drive up and down Duroc Lane every once in a while and waving. I guess he was driving around to check on his property. I think

James Taylor Subdivision
Interviewed August 19, 2000

Clarence Weathers

(b. 1949)

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Stinson Broaddus, who had a home out on Duroc Lane [*the Prospect area of Jefferson County*], told my father that he would rent the house to him. So we moved out there and lived out there for about a year or so. There weren't many houses out that way. There was a little boy who lived next door that my mother reminded me about. I can vaguely remember him. I have forgotten his name now. He lived right next door, but the houses were so sparsely laid out there, that it was the only house in proximity to ours. It was just a gravel road, so I don't recall us straying very far from the house.

My father's name is Clarence Weathers and my mother's name is Leora (and not Lenora? Please be sure.) Weathers. My father is deceased, and my mother lives in the Blanton House. I'm glad to see the community is still all black. I'm glad to see that blacks are still all together as a community, that they were not broken up. I think that just signifies some strength in the community, some cohesiveness. It appears to be a peaceful community.

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My mother told me just the other day, she remembers seeing James Taylor drive up and down Duroc Lane every once in a while and waving. I guess he was driving around to check on his property. I think it was around 1953 when we lived out there. My mother told me that my youngest sister was conceived out there on Duroc Lane. That's one reason we moved. First, it was too expensive for my parents, and it was a long commute to Louisville. She said it was about 12 miles. Both my mother and father worked downtown. Secondly, apparently the house on Duroc Lane wasn't large enough for three kids. So, we moved to a house in West Louisville.

I only have brief flashes of memories of the inside of that house. I was only about three or four years old, but I have a couple of vivid recollections. Two things that happened out there: One time, my brother who is three years older than me, went up to the stove and somehow, I don't know if he picked up the skillet or knocked the skillet off, but he spilled some boiling hot grease on his chest. I remember he was screaming and hollering. There are some images when you think about something that happened, you don't know if you have manufactured this image or whether it is really something you witnessed. Seems like I can remember him going up to that stove without his shirt on and remember him screaming and hollering. My mother told me that she put some sort of salve on his chest and wrapped him up real tight and just rocked him to sleep.

The other vivid mental image, and this is even more vivid than my brother getting burnt by the grease, was the time the police officers came out there to shoot my dog! My nickname was Scottie and the dog's name was Scottie. The dog had gone mad, or rabid or whatever. I can remember these two police officers in uniforms standing out in our front yard. I can remember it almost like it happened yesterday. Remembering that police officer bringing the gun and shooting the dog right there in

our yard. It was upsetting. I don't ever remember having nightmares about it, but it's just strange. It's probably the most vivid image of all that I have of those times.

I just wonder what it would be like if we had stayed out here. How my life would have been different, living in a fairly rural area in an all-black community. Most of the neighborhoods when I lived in the city were all black, but I think it would have been a different experience. So, I'm interested in talking to people while we are out here. What it was like, particularly for a child to grow up in this community and the different experiences they had.

One other thing: I mentioned the teenager who used to baby sit us. I was asking my mother about this the other day. He died. He drowned. I had a vague memory of a body of water or a pond. I thought it was somewhere across the road on Duroc Lane, but that's not where he drowned. My mother wasn't sure. She thinks he was driving a tractor somewhere, and I don't know whether the tractor overturned or what have you. His name was Robert Brooks, I think she said. I have a very vague image of Robert Brooks sitting on the edge of my bed. I was lying in bed, and I don't know if he was putting us to bed for the night. I asked my mother to describe him. Again, I can't picture his face, because it was almost like I see a glow around his face like an angel or something. Sometimes, when you struggle to remember something, you can't quite make it out. And the more you try, you just wonder if you are manufacturing details to fill in the holes or whether or not you really remember any of them. I can't quite picture his face.



William Arthur Kellar, 1921-???, was born in Goshen, Kentucky to George Foree Kellar and Susan Kellar. He was interviewed June 7, 2000 at his home on River Road in Prospect.

Comment [1]: Any information about what he did for a living? Was the house where he was interviewed the house where he also lived in his youth?

There were four children in our family. My two brothers have passed and my sister lives in Sydney, Ohio. My oldest brothers name was George Foree. I'm the middle one and my younger brother was named Henry Franswar, of all names, and they called him Faro.

Henry was called Faro because when we were very small, we had an aunt who stayed with us when our mother worked and she would rock in a big old rocking chair. My brother Henry would ride on the back of the rockers. We had a play to be in and she asked him what he was in the play and he's rocking on the back of the rocker. And he says, "Oh, I'm supposed to be Jack in the Cupboard, like in the kitchen. He said, "I don't want to be no damn Jack in no Cupboard."

She snatched him and threw him down and put her foot on him and held him and made George and I go get the lye soap and she scrubbed his mouth out. And she said, "Now you ain't nothing but a Faro." And that's what he was called until he passed in 1996.

My sister's name wis Mary Fannie Anna Bertha Kellar. I know the people she was named after because I was born two years before she was.

I went to school at Jefferson Jacob School, about a mile from where we are sitting, on Jacob School Road. The school was named after one of the African American settlers. That was the only place where African Americans got any formal education. It went to the eighth grade. Started out with the primer to the eighth grade. Course now it's called preschool. That's where I got my elementary education. From there I went to Lincoln Institute in Shelbyville, in Shelby County. We were dormitoried there. At Lincoln Institute, I used to clean the girl's dormitory so I could be over there where the girls were.

Then I went on to Central. I'll tell you that at the time we were going to Lincoln, Ballard High School, was about two miles from here but they would not allow any African Americans to go there. We were bussed by Ballard High School to Central High School. And then I went down to Western Kentucky Vocational College in Paducah, down in the western part of the state.

At Jacob School, I graduated valedictorian of my class and I skidded by because I was the teacher's pet. They had the examination at the end of the school term and there was another young lady who was much smarter than I.. We had a tie in our test and the teacher put a column of numbers on the black board and whoever came up with the quickest answer would be the valedictorian and the other would be the salutatorian. That was a pretty lousy way to do it because it hurt when I got to Lincoln Institute. I was going through it and when the teacher asked a question, all I would do was just hold up my hand. She'd ask if anybody knew the answer. She'd say, "Aw, William Arthur, you know everything so I don't want to call on you."

The Taylor Subdivision was named after James Taylor who used to live right up the hill here. It was all African Americans. Mr. Taylor didn't develop it but he had the land rights. He divided it up and sold it only to blacks. Now it's populated with whites and blacks. Some of these young blacks that had land that was formerly owned by their parents, they just sell it to anybody that comes along.

This area here used to be called the Neck. At one time, this house, the Merriweather House, was the only African American residence in Harrods Creek proper. All the rest have been sold off. There were around seven or eight African American families in the Neck at one time. The families who lived here were the Merriweathers, Sydney Jacobs, John Jacobs, Sam Pruitt, Ryner McGruder, Joe Hoskins,

Bell and Tom Crutchfield, and Will and Nellie Butler were the original settlers. They all lived in the Neck. According to the records, the Merriweathers bought this property from somebody named Allison. That was before my time.

I lived up where the school was and married Mary. That's the reason why I am here. Jacob School was built in 1916. When they integrated the schools, my fraternity, Prospect Lodge, bought that school. And now it's Prospect Lodge 109 and the Senior Citizens building. There are two buildings up there. The small building in back is the Senior Citizen Building. I had a cousin who worked on the task force, her name was Edwina Murphy and she lives in Washington. She worked with (Congressman) Gene Snyder. She worked on senior citizen places all over the country. The Senior Citizen building was supposed to be named after my mother. It was going to be called the Susanna Blanton Kellar House, but Edwina decided to call it the Harrods Creek Prospect Senior Citizen Building.

At recess time at the school, there was nothing but the playground, a small area. There was balls and croquet later. First there was nothing but bat and ball and that's about the size of it. They had that little building in back for the lunch room.

The first and second grades were in one room and the other side was the lunch room. There were two rooms up there in the large building. There was the third, fourth and fifth grades in one room up there. Then over in the other room was the sixth, seventh and eighth grade.. One teacher in each room. Mrs. Marinda Robinson, Mrs. Mamie Morris and Miss Etta Taylor, Mr. James Taylor's wife had the first and second grades down in the little building. Before her there was a lady named Mrs. Alexander down there. Before the Principal Mrs. Morrison taught the sixth, seventh and eighth grade there was a Mr. James Wilson who was the Principal. He was out of Jeffersontown. Our teachers didn't tell us any stories. They'd beat you, but they didn't tell any stories. They were the best and they were concerned. Not only would they teach you but they were like a mother away from home. All three of them, and that prevailed into high school at Central. They were interested in a child getting a good education and it wasn't just wash you in and wash you out. They were very concerned and very strong about the welfare and the future of a child. They prepared you and gave you all they had and were very diligent and strict. They would whip you.

Down at Central High School, there was a coach, Willie Kean. Students would say, "Boy don't go to Coach Kean," or, "Don't have them to send you to Coach Kean," Mr. Wilson was the principal and it wasn't too good a news to go to him, either. There was a place called Bouchard Beanery and he'd get you in there, if you were tight with him, I mean if you had a little inroad, he'd tell you to go and get him a bunch of beans. He liked beans. You'd go and get him some beans and he'd say, "Go on back to class, boy". If you went to the coach, you got whipped, tanned. But they were the best people where the education is concerned because, as I said before, they were concerned for a child's welfare and what they could do in the future.

Now, children are not geared from the home out. They have television, cars, cellular phones and all. Jacob School closed in 1957 and that's when the lodge purchased it. We have fish fries and raffles twice a year, in July and December. We meet there the first and third Sunday nights. We were meeting on Wednesday but people that worked at industrial plants, we found that the men couldn't get to the meetings so we changed that. Got a special dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Now, we meet on Sunday evening at 6:00. This is just the lodge members. The Senior Citizens meet in the little building on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at noon. They play cards on Tuesday and Friday, on Wednesday they have lunch and play bingo and Uno. I go up there but I don't play cause there are too many women for me. Wednesday is the best day to be there for that sort of function. After lunch they go into these little games. They have devotion.

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The black community is no more. I would say it disbanded fifty years ago. They had picnics and

Comment [2]: National Registry of Historic Places lists the date at 1918. Should we leave this alone or change it?

Comment [3]: This would be good for a pulled quote.

a baseball field. The old Inner Urban Streetcar used to run from Third and Liberty streets out to Prospect, that was the end of the line. They used to joke about the reason why Prospect got its name, at the time when they were constructing the Inner Urban Streetcar. When they got up there and was looking for a circle for the turnaround, they said, "This looks like a good prospect," and that's how it got its name of Prospect."

Interview with William A. Kellar 6421 River Road (Husband of Mary Merriweather Kellar) June 7, 2000 - by Carridder M. Jones

This is the document from Joyce. Need to check against original and use this one.

My name is William Arthur Kellar. I was born in Goshen, Kentucky, December 1921. My parents are deceased. My father was George Force Kellar, my mother was Susanna Kellar. There were four children in our family. My two brothers have passed and my sister lives in Sydney, Ohio. My oldest brother's name was George Force. I'm the middle one and my younger brother was named Henry Franswar, of all names, and they called him Faro. He was called Faro because when we were quite small, we had an aunt who stayed with us when our mother worked and she would rock in a big old rocking chair. My brother Henry would ride on the back of the rockers. We had a play to be in and she asked him what he was in the play and he's rocking on the back of the rocker. And he says, 'oh I'm supposed to be ' Jack in the Cupboard', like in the kitchen. He said, 'I don't want to be no damn Jack in no Cupboard'. She snatched him and threw him down and put her foot on him and held him and made my older brother George and I go get the lye soap and she scrubbed his mouth out. And she said, 'now you ain't nothing but a Faro'. And that's what he had until he passed in 1996. My sister's name was Fannie. Her name was Mary Fannie Anna Bertha Kellar. After everybody. I know the people she was named after because I was born two years before she was. I went to school at Jefferson Jacob School. Jefferson Jacob School is about a mile from where we are sitting on a road called Jacob School Road. The school was named after one of the African American settlers. That was the only formal educational place where African Americans got any education. It went to the eighth grade. Started out with the primer to the eighth grade. Course now it's called preschool. That's where I got my elementary and from there I went to Lincoln Institute in Shelbyville in Shelby County. Then I went on to Central. I'll tell you that at the time we were going to Lincoln, Ballard High School, about two miles from here would not allow any African Americans to go there. We were bussed by Ballard High School to Central High School. And then I went down to Western Kentucky Vocational College in Paducah. Down in the western part of the state.

At Jacob School, I graduated Valedictorian of my class and I skid by because I was the teacher's pet. They had the examination at the end of the school term and there was another lady who was much smarter than I, she's still with us thank the Lord. We had a tie in our test and the teacher put a column of numbers on the black board and whoever came up with the quickest answer would be the valedictorian and the other would be the salutatorian. That was a pretty lousy way to do it because it hurt when I got to Lincoln Institute. I was going through it and when the teacher asked a question, all I would do was just hold up my hand. She'd ask if anybody knew the answer. She'd say, 'aw, William Arthur, you know everything so I don't want to call on you, but I wouldn't know it. The Jefferson County black communities were Newberg, Berrytown Griffeytown and Harrods Creek. We could not go to Ballard High School which was the same thing right here but we could not go. So we had to go to Lincoln Institute to senior high, which was in Shelby County. We were dormitoried there.

Girls and boys and boys. I used to clean the girl's dormitory so I could be over there where the girls were. Jacob, who Jacob school was named after, was not a relative of my family but I know one of the descendants, her name is Laura Brooks. She is the granddaughter or great granddaughter of that old man and she is 92 years old. I heard about it because she talks about him. She lives on Shirley Avenue in the Taylor Subdivision. He was her great uncle.

The Taylor Subdivision was named after James Taylor who used to live right up the hill here. It was all African Americans. Mr. Taylor didn't develop it but he had the land rights. He divided it up and sold it

only to Blacks. Now it's populated with Whites and Blacks. Some of these young Blacks that had land that was formerly owned by their parents, they just sell it to anybody that comes along. Now it's White and Blacks. This area here used to be called the Neck. At one time, this house, the Merriweather House was the only African American resident in Harris Creek Proper. All the rest have been sold off. There were around seven or eight African American Families in the Neck at one time. The families who lived here were the Merriweather's, Jacobs, Sydney Jacobs and John Jacobs, Sam Pruitt, Ryner McGruder, Joe Hoskins, Bell and Tom Crutchfield, and Will and NelUe Butler were the original settlers. They all lived in the neck. According to the records, the Merriweather's bought this property from somebody named Alhson. That was before my time.

I lived up where the school was. I married Mary that's the reason why I am here. That school was built in 1916. When they integrated the schools, my fraternity, Prospect Lodge bought that school. And now it's Prospect Lodge 109 and the Senior Citizens building. There are two buildings up there. The small building in back is the Senior Citizen Building. I had a cousin who worked on the task force, her name was Edwina Murphy and she lives in Washington. She worked with Gene Snyder, the Snyder of the freeway. She worked on senior citizen places all over the country. The Senior Citizen building was supposed to be named after my mother. It was going to be called the Susanna Blanton Kellar House, but Edwina called it the Harrods's Creek Prospect Senior Citizen Building.

At recess time at the school, there was nothing but the playground, a small area. There was balls and croquet later. First there was nothing but bat and ball and that's about the size of it. They had that Little building in back for the lunch room.

The first and second grades were in one room and the other side was the lunch room. Then in the Larger building, there were two rooms up there. There was the third, fourth and fifth grades in one room up there. Then over in the other room was the sixth, seventh and eighth grade there. One teacher in each room. Mrs. Marinda Robinson, Mrs. Mamie Morris and Miss. Etta Taylor, Mr. James Taylor's wife had the first and second grades down in the little building. Before her there was a lady named Mrs. Alexander down there. Before the Principal Mrs. Morrison taught the sixth, seventh and eighth grade there was a Mr. James Wilson who was the Principal. He was out of Jeffersontown. Our teachers didn't tell us any stories. They'd beat you, but they didn't tell any stories. They were the best and they were concerned. Not only would she teach you but she was a mother away from home. All three of them, and that prevailed into high school at Central. They were interested in a child getting a good education and it wasn't just wash you in and wash you out. They were very concerned and very strong about the welfare and the future of a child. They prepared you and gave you all they had and were very diligent and strict. They would whip you. Down at Central High School, there was a coach, Wilhe Kean, and what happened down there with coach Kean, boy don't go to coach Kean, or don't have them to send you to him. Mr. Wilson was the principal and it wasn't too good a news to go to him either. There was a place called Bouchard Beanery and he'd get you in there, if you were tight with him, I mean if you had a little inroad, he'd tell you to go and get him a bunch of beans. He liked beans. You'd go and get him some beans and he'd say, 'go on back to class boy'. If you went to the coach, you got whipped, tanned. But they were the best people where the education is concerned because, as I said before, they were concerned for a child's welfare and what they could do in the future. Now, children are not geared from the home out.

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dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Now, we meet on Sunday evening at 6:00. This is just the lodge members. The Senior Citizens meet in the little building on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at noon. They play cards on Tuesday and Friday, on Wednesday they have lunch and play bingo and Uno. I go up there but I don't play cause there are too many women for me. Wednesday is the best day to be there for that sort of function. After lunch they go into these little games. They have a devotion.

On Rose Island Road at Prospect, there on the east side of Rose Island was an African American settlement. It had been there, I'd say a century. This fellow, Wallace's father was the editor for the Courier-Journal paper and then his son who was a writer for Life magazine has a zoo. And he owns all of that land up there except Green Castle Baptist Church. Now, he was very good to Green Castle. We have property that he deeded us and all we have to do is to pay for the survey. It's our parking lot now and we are in the process of building it's through him and some of that land that he gave us. He's just that kind of person. His name is Henry Wallace and his daughter is Karla Wallace, they did a movie called the Lawn Boy and they jumped over this bridge and made a segment right under this bridge down here. The black community is no more. I would say it disbanded fifty years ago. They had picnics, and a baseball field. The old Inner Urban Streetcar used to run from Third and Liberty out to Prospect, that was the end of the line. The reason why Prospect got its name, at the time when they were constructing the Inner Urban Streetcar, when they got up there was looking for a circle for the turnaround, they said this looks like a good 'prospect', and that's how it got its name of Prospect. That's how come it's named Prospect, Kentucky.

Interview with Laura Brooks 6419 Shirley Avenue – James Taylor Subdivision,
Prospect, Kentucky – July 5, 2000 – By Carridder M. Jones

THIS INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE AT A MEETING IN THE HARRODS
CREEK/PROSPECT SENIOR CITIZEN CENTER AT THE JEFFERSON
JACOB SCHOOL.

I was born 1907 October 15th, now you count that up. That's funny, I can remember that very clearly. I'm 92 years old, be 93 in October. All of my life I have lived in this community. Born and reared here, a place called Happy Hollow. My father's name was Simon Brooks and my mother's name was Edlene Brooks. They came from this same community, Prospect, Kentucky. My father was in his fifties and my mother was 85 when they died. I don't remember the years they died.

Yes, we lived in Prospect, Kentucky and the place where I was born was called Happy Hollow. That's where we ...All of us Colored people lived and we were very happy. The good things I remembered when they had a church here and there was a place called Swearence Park, it was just a place we went to play. We had fun there and we danced. I attended Jefferson Jacob school, right where I'm sitting now and that school is named for my grandfather, Jefferson Jacob. I can't remember why the school was named after him. He was the oldest person in the community and I imagine that's why they named the school for him.

I started school right in Prospect and went to school here in a one room school house. Then when the black schools was consolidated, they built the Jacob school. The people from Harrods Creek and Prospect came to this school. Course, all of them was one room back then. All of the black children in this area came to this school. One room is where I went, right in Prospect.

I went to school under one teacher and her name was Lucy J. Scott. As far as this school went was the eighth grade. Then when you finished the eighth grade, you had to go in the city to school, which was called Central High School. They never brought any more teachers in whilst I was there. But after I left they had just numerous of teachers. We had from the primer to the eighth grade, was as far as you went. We just learned from the primer, a very ordinary book you know. All I got out of my education was to the eighth grade. I went as far as the eighth grade, then I went to work. I did domestic work.

I was seventy years old when I retired from domestic work. The place where my mother and father lived in Happy Hollow was torn down and they made a subdivision out of it. I'm living now at 6419 Shirley Avenue, which is about a

mile from where I was born and reared. I lived there fifty some odd years. I've never been married and I had my house built myself and living in it all by myself.

Now, oh Lord, I don't have many relatives living. I can't count them cause there used to be a whole lot of us. I've got a lot of cousins. No, no, no, I never considered moving from this community, not at this age. I'm well satisfied here and I never intend to move from here. It's always been my home. Right in this community is as far as I ever lived and I just want to continue to stay here cause it's a nice place to live and all of the surroundings and the people. It just makes it nice to live in this community.

The seniors here meet twice a week, on Tuesday and Wednesdays. On Tuesday we play cards and on Wednesday we do craft work. The craft work, sometime we sell them, sometime we show them off.

My father was a farmer and my mother was just a house wife, she didn't work. We used to read and do things like that and we shot marbles and played ball, just like ordinary families in those days. We had all kinds of marbles, aggies and all kinds. Most of us who shot marbles were girls, my sisters.

I went all the way from primer to the eighth grade with Lucy J. Scott and every thing I learned, I learned from that one teacher. The community has changed, my Lord, they've built more houses and there are more people moved in the community and oh, every thing's changed. Whites are moving in all the time. Soon as the house gets vacant, the Whites move in. I always say when the houses get vacant, whose business is it who they sell it to, white or colored. Whoever's got the money let them buy it. That's the way I done my brothers house. White person bought it cause he's the one that had the money. My brother had a house. He died and we sold his house over on Duroc.

In my family, there was twelve of us children. There was eight boys and four girls. Their names, Jim, Wallace, Jesse, Louis, Eugene, Hattie, Laura, Susie and Edna, I forgot about Joy. When school was out, we played around, just ordinarily in the country. Just as soon as my brothers got big enough to work, Pappy carried them on the farm with him. When we got big enough to work, we went to work. Pappy was the overseer of the farm and he grew some of everything, corn, wheat, oats, everything. He overseen this farm right here in the same community. This is some of it right here where we are sitting. Some of that farm he used to take care of.

After this interview, I asked everyone I spoke with about the Happy Hollow community and no one knew anything about it. Then one day when Pen Bogert and I were driving along the road, we saw a small road sign nearly covered by the branch of a tree that said Happy Hollow. We followed the road and there was farm land all along the way and when we saw a building that had a large barn, we drove into the driveway and a young man came out to speak with us. He confirmed that

this was at one time the old Happy Hollow community. However, when they took over the land there was no sign of the community. The only thing that was left was a small building that they had incorporated into the barn when it was built. He took us inside the barn and showed us how they had included the old building into the barn. Pen and I were satisfied that we had resolved the issue of Happy Hollow.

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Yes, we lived in Prospect, Kentucky and the place where I was born was called Happy Hollow. That's where we ...All we Colored people lived and we were very happy. The good things I remembered when they had a church here and there was a place called Swearence Park, it was just a place we went to play. Right in Prospect and went to school here in a one room school house. Course, all of them was one room back then. All of the black children in this area came to this school. One room is where I went, right in Prospect.

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When I was coming up, the good things I remembered was they had a church here and there was a place called Swearence Park, it was just a place we went to play. We had fun there and we danced. I attended Jefferson Jacob School, right where I'm sitting now and that school is named for my grandfather, Jefferson Jacob. I can't remember why the school was named after him. He was the oldest person in the community and I imagine that's why they named the school for him.

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Newburg, a neighborhood in south central Louisville.
Interviewed March 5, 2002.

Anna Merritt

(b. 1920)

*“Ms. Tevis became one of the first black persons
in the state to own slaves.”*

My mother was Ella Samuels. She was born and raised in Newburg. My father was James Robinson. He was from Memphis, Tennessee. He was a soldier in World War I. They met and married, and that's the story. My mother's folks were Casper and Eliza Samuels. They lived in Newburg all of their lives. I didn't know my grandparents on my father's side because they lived in Tennessee. I didn't stay in Tennessee long enough to know them because we moved back here.

We had a nice childhood. To me it was a good time. We played games, ring games. Everybody knew everybody, went to the same school, same church, fished in the creek and I just had a lot of fun as a child growing up, ring games, little Sally Walker, those things. We played baseball, and I do like fishing. I have fishing poles now in my closet that I have not used for two or three years.

We had a nice school; we got a good education, had good teachers. I think when I got out of the eighth grade, we had an education equal to the high school education now. We had four or five teachers: Mrs. Rucker, Mrs. Eddie Daniels, A. L. Garvin and Mrs. New Allen. My first grade teacher was Ms. Anna Taylor. They cared about the children, you learned something every day. You had to do your homework and you enjoyed going to school. The school I went to was from the first to the eighth grade. They didn't call it elementary then, they just called it Newburg school. When we graduated, it was a big thing. We went to Jackson Junior High School and Central High School. We had to be bused there; we had to go on past the white schools to get to the black schools.

My mother went to school in Newburg. She went through the eighth grade. They had to go into Louisville and take the examination then. You know, they said she failed, she and the other four ladies. The black people, four of them that went and they would not pass them. So, they couldn't go on to the other school. I think they could have furthered their education a couple more years.

There were eight of us children: Earvin, Lottie, Margaret, Elise, Doris, Kenneth,

and myself, Anna. (That's only seven children, not eight!) We had to clean up our house, go out and get kindling, and you come in from school and you had to put on a pot and cook some food for the family. We cooked whatever we had; most of it was vegetables, and healthy food that children don't want to eat today: greens, cabbage, beans, and things like that. You couldn't survive without a garden, you know. Most everybody had a garden. Newburg wasn't what you call a real big farming town. But we had pigs, and some people had cows. Those who were blessed had horses to plow the gardens. I never learned how to milk the cows. It was fun because we would get our work over first, and then we'd play.

I worked for some people that were real well off, the people that built the Second Street Bridge downtown, E.D. Cross and Sons. Their name used to be down there on the bridge. They paid me 75 cents a day, because I worked four days and made three dollars. I did everything. It was just she and he; their children were grown. I got up in the morning and cooked their breakfast. He left about six o'clock in the morning. Once breakfast was done, I stayed on the place, right there on Watterson Trail. They didn't have a farm; they owned the ground; they were millionaires. I was about 17 then. Three dollars a week seemed like a lot then, but now that I look back!

The family was all right; they were not mean or anything. I had plenty to eat and all that. No, she didn't give me any clothes or anything, 'cause she was much older than I was, and I didn't want her clothes, anyway. I worked for them, off and on, about 15 years.

During the war, I worked at the powder plant in Charleston, Indiana. I helped make gunpowder. I also worked at Kosair Hospital, working with the children. One year, we had an epidemic of polio out there, and I helped treat the children, "hot pack" them. We had some serious cases, but we didn't catch polio, though. They didn't have the vaccination then. Sister Kenny was from Canada, and she had a mode of treatment, putting hot packs on the children's muscles. That was before the vaccination came out. Our treatments worked, but when they got the shots it was much better.

Things in the community changed as I grew up. You got a little more money for working. Later on, I had a daycare center for 32 years, here in the community. I called it Land of Children and Wee Pals. One of the first one was named Wee Pals, and we had one over on Broadmoor called Land of Children. I worked at it for about 32 or 33 years. I quit in 1993. We were just renting the place. I love children. If I wasn't crippled up, I'd still be doing it.

We had to go to school two or three times a year to learn the trade, and I liked that. I went to Ahrens Trade School for classes, and we would also go to the

University of Louisville. I went there a couple of times; I just liked it. I even kept some of the children here after my mother got sick. I was taking care of my mother and the children.

I'm sure the mode of teaching changed since the teachers are no longer allowed to correct the children for things like they did when I was coming up. I think some of it has worked for the better. I see the little children having to get on the bus early in the morning. I feel sorry for them. It looks to me like they could go in their own neighborhood to the schools. I find a little fault with that. When I went to school, I know the books we had were handed down because they were old when we got them. I'm sure now they are more up to date on the curriculum. Our books were free.

I had two sisters who were older than me. Both of them graduated from Central High School. They were A-number-one. My oldest sister was valedictorian, and the sister next to her was salutatorian. It was in 1931 that they had the first graduation from Central, held at Memorial Auditorium.

My sister Lottie Munford died in August, and my sister Margaret Warfield is still living, up on Shelbyville Road. Now, they didn't want them to have the awards because they were from the county. They were up in arms, even the principal of Central High School. He had a daughter that was in the same class, and he wanted her to have it. They had to give my sister the questions over again in order for her to be accepted as valedictorian, simply because they were from the county. She still got it.

My husband and I are divorced. He lived downtown, and I met him when we were out dancing in a night club, a little place around here they used to call Maple Villa. The young people would congregate there. He asked me for a dance and that's the way we met. They had records on the jukebox. We married, and he went into the service in 1944. We've been divorced since about 1963. His name is John Merrit. (We began the interview with her name being Merritt. So, is there one "t" or two?) We didn't have any children. I had my daughter before I married him. Carolyn Johnson is my only child, and she lives here with me now. She came home to live with me, she and her husband. After I got old and everything, she came home to see to Mom. She lived in Cleveland for 40 years, yet she came back here to be with me. I lived in Cleveland myself for about 10 years, 1952 to 1962. I opened the nursery school after I came here.

It's hard to tell the history of Petersburg orally. (Does she mean Newburg?) I know it was started by a lady named Eliza Tevis. She was a slave at Bashford Manor Farm. The owner of Bashford Manor, last name was Hundley, I think it was. got sick, and she waited on him and helped him to get well, and he gave her about

40 acres of land over here in Newburg and gave her some slaves. [*She reads from an article aloud.*]. "Around 1819, Ms. Tevis was a young woman when an epidemic of smallpox broke out in the county. People fled the city of Louisville to less congested areas of the county. One of those who fell victim to the terrible disease was wealthy planter John Hundley who lived in the area that was to be later called Bashford Manor Farm."

You couldn't blame people; others just didn't go around people with smallpox. So, she nursed him during the illness. For some unexplained reason, she was immune to it, because she didn't catch it. "As the story goes, to show his gratitude, he rewarded his half-sister; she was his half-sister. He gave her 20 slaves; some were her own half brothers and sisters. He [also] gave her two thousand dollars." That was a lot of money, then. "And 20 acres of land in an area known as the Wet Woods. Ms. Tevis became one of the first black persons in the state to own slaves. Tevis and her slaves lived in a tent until a two story cabin was built."

I remember that place; it stayed in the Newburg area for a long time, on Newburg Road. It was there well after I grew up. I know it hasn't been torn down in over 50 years. It was on the corner of Newburg Road and Indian Trail. Newburg has a lot of history. Ms. Tevis never married but raised her slaves as if they were her own children.

Mr. Nelson Goodwin gave this interview that I'm reading to you now. "I interviewed her niece about 50 years ago. At the time, her niece Linnie Davis was 96 years old. She told me that this old lady, Ms. Tevis, was kind to them, and they called her Grandma Tevis. She apparently treated them like members of her own family even though she followed a lot of the customs of the slave owners," says Goodwin. He observed that the people he talked to described her as very light skinned, enough to pass for white, and having hair so long that she had to hold it up so she wouldn't sit on it.

"After the Civil War was fought in 1865, the former slaves refused to leave the Tevis farm because they said she was the sweetest woman that ever lived." Ms. Tevis was reportedly very religious, and Goodwin claimed that she had a profound influence on the religious beliefs of the slaves. He even claimed that a church was organized in her home in 1867. She allowed church services to be conducted in her home, and when the congregation grew too large to be accommodated in her home, the services were held outside on her property.

Until several years ago, many of the things known about Ms. Tevis were passed along by word of mouth but, since that time, Goodwin has collected documents to prove the existence of Ms. Tevis and her personal records. 'I soon realized that many of my sources were going to the grave, and all I had were based on

conversations.” In his efforts to collect information, he ran into a roadblock. He could not find any record of an Eliza Tevis, although he did find information on an “Eliza Tivis” in old newspaper clippings. Goodwin now believes the two women are one and the same person and that uneducated blacks probably mispronounced her last name. In an article published in the “Louisville Herald Post.” That’s when we used to have two papers here, I remember. “On February 16, 1919, Eliza Tevis is mentioned in a story on the black settlement of Wet Woods.” That’s Newburg, we used to call Petersburg, (?) the Wet Woods.

Under the subtitle “Club woman Iona Simms Coats speaks of Ms. Tivis” was “Aunt Eliza Tivis lived out there. When John Hundley, a wealthy planter had the Small Pox and everyone else was afraid to go near him, Aunt Eliza nursed him to the last, and he gave her freedom before she died. He gave her a two-story log cabin, furniture and two thousand dollars and a little farm. He also left ten thousand dollars to the college at Danville, which was in 1833. Aunt Eliza was the mother of all the little Negro children on the place and her cabin was kept stocked with herbs and old fashion medicines.”

A part of the article is torn and unreadable, but begins again: “She would keep them [*slaves*] and hide them until they grew up.” These are slaves he’d given her. “Out to the neighbors and plantations, and she became very wealthy. My mother used to hire the children to do our work and whenever a child came recommended by Aunt Eliza, we were never disappointed. James Guthrie, the lawyer who afterward became Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, drew up all of the papers for her and held the estate in trust. When Aunt Eliza died, in 1883, the property went to Hunter Beard and his mother. Uncle Hunter lives there now, and part of the two story cabin still stands.” I remember him.

“Goodwin proudly shows visitors a huge stone mounted over his fireplace which he claims came from the foundation of Ms. Tevis’ home. (Just who is quoting who here?) The parking lot of Star Hope Baptist Church now stands where her house stood.” That’s the church up there on the corner. That’s where her house was.

Three other churches and several private residences are on her property. He says that her grave is still visible on the property, marked only by a simple stone, but if Goodwin had his way, the story of Eliza Tevis would not be buried so discreetly. I’m sure there’s no picture of her; it’s all I know from just reading about her. I knew Mr. Goodwin. He organized the Petersburg Historical Society and I was in that.

You know about Farmington. [*The 18-acre site, once the center of a hemp plantation owned by John and Lucy Speed, has a 14-room, Federal-style brick home, reportedly based on a design by Thomas Jefferson.*] My great grandparents

were slaves over there: David and Martha Spencer. I have their pictures here to document about Farmington. After they were freed, they came to live in Newburg. I imagine it was right after the Civil War, around 1865-66. I don't know how they got the land, but I know they had quite a bit of land in Newburg. They farmed and built houses on it. That's my mother's grandparents. He helped construct Farmington. I think he was an architect. In fact, they say he helped to make the bricks that Farmington was built out of. She was the cook. I've been in that kitchen; the kitchen was downstairs at Farmington. When I went down the steps and saw that kitchen, and I know it had to be hot down there, I didn't like it at all. They say she was so short that when she sat down in a chair, her little feet wouldn't even touch the floor. I know she had to be down in that kitchen for hours. But even that was better than working in the field.

They grew hemp over there on that farm and that hemp was hard to work with. She was the cook, and her husband worked around the farm. Abraham Lincoln visited there. Also, we had a picture one time with her sitting on a bench with Joshua Speed's son. He later became Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State or Secretary of War. That's the reason a lot of people come here and take my pictures and things. I think some of my family did for school project, and I never did get that particular picture back.

After the War, they settled here in Newburg. He was part Indian; I have a picture here somewhere. He was part of the Black Creek tribe. Instead of his hair being long, it was curly. It was either the Filson Club or the J. B. Speed Museum which made a copy of the picture I have. Sometime, I'll let you see it, if you're interested in that.

I bet they never did go back to Farmington after they were freed. I don't know how they made their living because they had several children. It's a mystery but they survived. They had several houses on their property, and their children lived in them. Probably, when the Civil War was over, the children were good-sized. I remember some of them.

My grandmother lived in the house with them until she married my grandfather, Casper Samuel. He was a slave. Course they were slaves when they were young. My grandmother and grandfather were born into slavery. They were children. My grandfather used to tell me about life during the War, how they would run from the soldiers. He came from Nelson County; Casper Samuels did. He told how they would hide at night along Shelbyville Road and Newburg Road. They'd hide under some wagons because they were scared of the [*Confederate*] soldiers that were fighting in Kentucky near Fort Hill. That's out around Hill Street. There was a fort out there and that was safety for them because the Union soldiers were there. He

was too young to join the army. That's my grandfather. They were running from the war.

Some of the stories are kind of gruesome about how they used to beat his mother. In fact, someone wrote a book about some former slaves that were descendants of Newburg. My grandfather said when they tried to beat great grandmother, he'd wrap himself up in her skirt some time to take some of the licks when they'd be whipping her. Her name was Hannah, and they say my mother looks just like her. She survived. I don't know why they were beating her. Just for little or nothing, maybe; I don't know; slave holders, no telling. She lived and died in Newburg. I don't know too much about that side of my family.

You know when you used to talk with the old people, they'd say, "Oh, you ask too many questions." I was always inquisitive, that's the only reason I got that out of him. "You ask so many questions, girl." His name was Casper; he was from Nelson County. He came from T.W. Samuels [*a Kentucky Bourbon distillery family*]. He belonged to them, that's where the Samuel came in, Casper Samuel. He took the name. He was from Bardstown, up that way. I don't know how he got out here; I guess he walked. They might have come in wagons because he said they'd hide under wagons.

My mother was born on Buechel Bank Lane. The house is still standing where my mother was born. My great grandparents might have moved there first when they left Farmington, I don't know. I'm young, I'm just 82. They lived back in the 1860s.

I'm glad that you are doing this. Many people don't want to hear about the history of Newburg. They don't want to face it. We had to have a beginning from somewhere. Everything has a beginning, and I think we ought to be proud to know we have advanced this far with nothing but determination to go on. There's a part in here I want to read.

[*Quoting from another article*]: "We have come from a community described as Wet Woods in the highland wilderness. We had mud lanes for roads, log churches, split log seats, members with little or no education, sun up to sun down labor for fifty cents a day or less, horse and buggy or wagon transportation, log cabin homes with dirt floors and the first pastor had been taught to read and write by his slave owner. We now have modern subdivisions with paved roads and sidewalks, street lights with modern homes and conveniences, 40 hour work week and less. Many persons old and young are paid to continue their education. One car or more to most families for transportation, a pastor who teaches descendants of former slave owners and a church building." (Descendants of slave owners, or descendants of slaves?)

Look how far we have come and the Bible says the children should not forget God when they get to the Promised Land, and we shouldn't, either, because he's the one who brought us this far. I know he did, because without God, I couldn't have survived. So, we are enjoying some of the freedoms for which our families suffered, sacrificed, struggled and some died to obtain for their unborn children. Integrated schools, equal job opportunities, comforts of a modern home. ~~Heather~~ ~~to~~ Hitherto has the Lord helped us. What shall I render unto the Lord for all of his benefits to me?

Interview with Linda Wilson - 8709 Lambach Lane 40220 - About Alberta
Wilson, aunt & Teacher in Jeffersontown and Louisville school system - November
6, 2000 - By Carridder M. Jones.

Printed out: June 8 for review Changes Made June 9

My name is Linda Louise Wilson I was born April 16, 1950. I am 50 years old. My mother is Louise Marie Rudder Wilson. She is the daughter of Beatrice and John Rudder, who were originally from Paris, Tennessee. She grew up in Paducah, Kentucky. She is a retired elementary school teacher. She got her degree from Kentucky State in the 40's and her area of study at that point was home economics. She met my father there who is Robert Leon Wilson from Jeffersontown, Kentucky. He was a student who majored in, I guess woodwork shop, that kind of thing. When I was small we lived in Standford, Kentucky. My mother didn't work but he taught at the public schools, it was still segregated at that time. He taught math and a little bit of everything else and we lived next door to the school.

I'm the oldest of three daughters. I have a sister Judy Ann Wilson who lives here in Louisville. In fact she lives in the house that was my aunt's house on Billtown Road. She works for the state in the employment area. My younger sister is Robin Marie Wilson and she is an assistant professor of dance at the University of Michigan.

My father did not teach in the Jefferson County schools system. When they began to desegregate the schools, he was teaching agriculture and they told him he would have to go back to school for additional training. His response was, I have three children, that's ridiculous. So he took a job as a postal worker in Louisville and we moved to Louisville at that time, about 1955.

I remember my grandparents, my mom's parents. They lived until they were actually 88. They lived in Paducah at 1120 Clay Street. My grandfather worked in the railroad iron round house and my grandmother did domestic work. They both finished eighth grade and made sure all of their five children were college graduates. In fact my uncle which is John Earl Rudder who lives in Washington, D.C. finished his law degree at 60 years old. All of the others, my mom included went to Kentucky State. Her two sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn both graduated from Dillard, in New Orleans, Louisiana. They were both valedictorians from their high schools and my uncle graduated from Perdue. Dillard was a historically black school. However, my uncle graduated from Purdue and went into the military.

My father's father died when my father was 13. My grandmother died when I was about three. My Grandfather's name was James Brooks Wilson and my Grandmother's name was Isabel Davis Wilson. She was the cook and he was the butler for Henry Watterson. They lived on the Watterson property until somewhere in the 1916-17. They bought a piece of property on Billtown Road and that is where the homestead is currently. My grandfather was about 6'2", light complected and my grandmother was 4'6", a twin, a dark brown skinned woman. I don't remember her other than from pictures. The house at that point did not have running water. My aunt did not have the house rebuilt until about 1966-68, when they began to run water on the Billtown Road side. The other side which is actually Watterson Trail, my uncle James Wilson who Sky View Park in Jeffersontown is named for, lived on that side so that's where we got the water. We hauled it back and forth until 1966. Both of them taught at Central High School. And part of that had taught at James Madison and my aunt had taught in J-town. Her name was Alberta Wilson.

She was a 1919 graduate of what is now Kentucky State. As best I know, my grandmother Isabelle was originally from Mount Washington and my grandfather Jim Burke Wilson came from Virginia somewhere around the time that Henry Watterson showed up with a wife. I have not figured out whether she came with them or not but he was about 20 years old when he came to Kentucky from Virginia with his father who worked for Henry Watterson. His name was Pintodd. There is some question about how it was spelled but it was Victor Pintodd or Pintodd Vic. Some of them called him Vic and some called him victor. But it was P-i-n-t-o-d-d. He died in about 1921 so there is that connection there.

I heard some stories about Henry Watterson. My grandfather said he was a snake in the grass. What that really meant I don't know. I know that we have two books. One was given to my aunt. It is a Booker T. Washington Character Building. I think it was a 1902- 1911 edition. When she moved out of the house and went to a nursing home, we kept them, we didn't have anything else to do with them. It was signed by Henry Watterson. There is a copy of a will, printed typed where he gave some money to my uncle Henry who was named for him, Henry Watterson Wilson who died probably four years before my aunt. He was 88 and my aunt died at 98.

My aunt went to Kentucky State and my grandfather made sure that she went because education was important to him. He worked with the school board and we found papers and things to that effect. He was a trustee at the Jeffersontown Colored School. I'm not really sure where the school was but there is a picture that we have of the school. My Aunt is one of the teachers and my father is in that

picture as one of the kids. I can remember my dad talking about how hard my aunt was and that she was always giving him the blues because his hand writing, and penmanship were not the way she thought it should be. His brother, Milton Hobbs Wilson was two years older than he was. He was also at that school. In fact, all of the kids were at the J-Town school. They talked about things like my grandmother making different types of meals, especially fruit cake and the kids helping to cut the fruit and putting alcohol so it would soak up, slaughtering of the animals and things like that. Basically they had a really good life although they did not have a lot of material kinds of things, they really did have a lot of good times and playing.

When my father was about 13, he moved to the city of Louisville to go to school. He lived with my uncle Henry Watterson Wilson. He went to Central High School. He learned how to smoke, he learned to do a little drinking, a lot of things he wouldn't talk about. My dad would say, yeah, I did a whole bunch of stuff. If I had been a boy he probably would have told me but being a girl, you weren't supposed to know those things.

My aunt, every Sunday or every couple of Sundays, we would go out there and have dinner at Alberta's house. There were always things there that would remind you of the rest of the family. She didn't have children and she didn't marry. In fact it wasn't until much later in her 80's and 90's when I began taking care of her and helping take care of her business that I learned you couldn't get married and teach. There was a gentleman that she was quite fond of. He had been to visit her and he caught pneumonia and died. So she really never chose to marry. Up until the 1950's in certain parts of Kentucky you couldn't be married and teach. In fact, when my parents got married, Mom continued to teach under her maiden name. Which was a fairly common practice until she got pregnant with me. So she had to do something different.

My mother taught in Mount Sterling. My father when he got out of the military was teaching in Standford. Prior to that he was a chicken farmer. They got married after the war. They had met each other at Kentucky State.

My aunt attended Louisville Municipal College for additional training. She went to Hampton for additional training, and she went to Tuskegee for additional training. From what she told me, when they started integrating the school, some of the board of education did not want to give black teachers the same kind of credit for their course work. Like at Municipal, black faculties were paid at one salary whereas white faculty were paid at another salary. I think there were some salary kinds of issues. It helped when she got additional training but there were some pieces of paper that showed that she had to resend stuff in terms of her certification.

There were parts of it they did not want to accept and that was very aggravating to her. She taught sewing and tailoring.

When she started teaching at J-Town, she taught basic things, basic writing, reading and all of those things but she had the additional training and when she went to Madison Jr. High School we've got a partial. There's a year book that has pictures of her and my uncle and some of the kids from that particular point. When she left there, she went to Central. I don't know how long she taught at J-Town but I know she was there for a while. I would say probably six or seven years. Most of her stories were about my uncle and my dad. They couldn't write and they just didn't do what they needed to do. They talked about her being hard. She was only 4'8" and so they called her shorty.

She was very strict and very very stern. You didn't mess with her. They dealt with her that way being their sister. She was 17 years older than my father so he was a baby when she went off to college. When she graduated from college, my grandfather was deceased, so she moved in with my grandmother and helped take care of her. She had Rheumatoid Arthritis and she decided she needed to go to a nursing home.

In about 1966, she had the house torn down and rebuilt because it was basically four rooms and there was a little sun porch off the area and no running water. The house now has running water and a bath and a half. As a kid, I can remember going out pumping water so we would have fresh water. Once the well got polluted, we went across the back to where my uncle lived. When you saw the property it went straight back from what is currently Watterson Trail to what is now Billtown Road, or it used to be called Old Seatonville Road. That was their whole complete piece of property.

The back end my Uncle James lived on and on the front side she lived on. The back end got water and plumbing and the other one didn't. To use the bathroom there was an outhouse. The outhouse was found and there was a cement shed that her brothers built and it still stands.

My aunt Alberta worked for the Bickle family. She worked for them during the summers and she was a cook for them and whatever else domestic. There are old cards where she traveled with them when she was younger. She liked to travel. She always pushed getting an education. In our family a college education was a given and you wanted to travel and see the world.

My father was stationed in Liberia so we have things like two carved bookends from Liberia, made in 1945. They were sent back to my grandmother then sat in that book case. There is what looks like a bracelet that is ivory. One of my uncles or daddy sent it back to her. We've got some post card, the old pictures

and pieces that is like a tintype. It is a piece of wood with a picture of my grandmother imprint on it. We have pictures of my aunt Alberta when she graduated from college and up through the time that she left.

It was interesting, and we had started keeping the history of our people. My cousin had done that with my mom's family so we started trying to do the same thing. We learned that my one uncle jumped over and nobody ever heard from him again. He was able to pass as white and so he did. I don't remember his name. I don't think she actually told me but she wasn't too thrilled that he did that.

The way the house was when we grew up, there was this huge farm across the road and you saw cows and things. Now the [ost office is where the farm used to be. When they came through to put in Ruck Regal Parkway, they took the property. They took that lady's property and then they took my uncles property, all of it. Now you can't tell where his house sat. That's where it was, right where Ruck Regal cuts through between Billtown Road and Watterson Trail by the cemetery.

My grandparents got married in Indiana, over in New Albany. I've never figured out why. I asked my aunt, she said she didn't know either. I don't know if they were free or what. But I believe they were free from the way she talked. They were educated, so you find things like books that were given to them from the Wattersons and pieces of demitasse cups and teas and things like that. We have a ring that was my grandfather's. It still has two rubies in it that was his and it has his initials in it but the shanks are worn and there's not much we can do with it. t. We have a necklace that was my grandmother's. It's actually a pen and necklace at the same time.

Those were things that my aunt kept that were my grandmothers. I learned about those because I started taking care of her. Right after she retired which was about 1966, she stopped driving. She stopped driving because she was in a really bad car accident. She just decided that since she had a heart condition she wasn't going to drive any more. She then relied on her sisters, brothers and friends to help her get around. Some of her former students came to see her on a regular basis. They sang songs and read from the bible. She worked at the Red Cross and did the Red Cross Chapter at Central. We have old pictures of her doing that. This was while she was at Central.

They all did sort of things with their hands. She sewed, my dad did woodwork, Uncle Henry did leather tooling, Uncle Milton was a mortician and Uncle James, as I said earlier, made sure there was a place for black kids to play in J-Town. So he got the land for what was Sky View. When Ruck Regal tried to have it named after him, we put up a stink so he backed off. That was a couple of

years ago, around 97-96. I can remember as a kid, my aunt would go over there some times in the evening, or we'd go over there in the evening. There was a big sand box. You could play in the sand or you could throw horse shoes. There was usually somebody's game going and they all sold popsicles and hot dogs. A lot of time we would go over there and my aunt would be over there, Uncle James was always over there. So that's what we would do in the summers. On sundays, Christmas or holidays we were usually at my aunt's house. When you were there, she would have my aunt Alberta and all of the brothers and their wives. She would teach you things like the appropriate ways to set the table. You don't put the ice tea in the glass first. Then you have to be very careful because it gets too much water and you'll have to pour it out. How to make the bread so it would stay hot. She used to do apple dumplings. We never saw a whole lot of things like chitlings and stuff. You might do a lemon meringue pie or we'd get my aunt to make apple dumplings because he liked apple dumplings.

When we emptied out the house, we found lots of things that were actually my grandmothers. There is this big pot that she made jams and jellies in. This thing is about two feet deep and about eighteen inches wide. I have no idea what to do with it. We kept things like crazy quilts. My grandmother liked to quilt. So we have some quilts that she did in 1932, says Bill Wilson. We've got a crazy quilt that's hers. It stays pretty wrapped up because some of the fabric is really delicate and it's beginning to try to disintegrate. A crazy quilt is made of fabrics like velvets, satins and silks. Things that are not really substantial and they do a lot of designs on them and embroideries. It's more decorative than substantive is the way I look at it.

We have a couple of pieces of German porcelain so we went through stuff. Anything that had a mark on it or that was ugly, we kept. There was one particular piece, and it is the most God awful ugly thing. It's got impressions and yellows and greens and flowers. I took it to be appraised and they appraised it for about four hundred dollars. We've got two other pieces of a different make, but also German pottery that was appraised at about four hundred dollars. I believe my grandmother got those from the Watterson's. A couple of other pieces, a little demitasse cup that my grandmother kept but was given to my aunt from the Watterson's. A little bitty thing. We've got that and there are a couple other pieces that she has. When she was in her early eighties, my grandmother stuff was all in one place. We've got a jar of nothing but buttons my grandmother collected. It's about eight inches tall. It's still at the house. We have a couple of rolls of yarn, and rope that my grandmother collected. We still have the family bible and all of those kind of things.

What we've tried to do is explain but she was pretty good about that, she had it all marked, save, this is for this. She even laid out what she was going to be buried in. Unfortunately, by the time she died, she was substantially smaller than the size fourteen that she was most of her life. She was very short but she had a full bust. She talked about how much trouble her mom had trying to find clothes to fit her because she had a full bust and she wasn't very tall. My aunt would watch and if she saw something that she wanted, clothing whatever. If she thought that she could reproduce it she would. Then she would show you. I can remember going to stores with her. She would say, 'OK, the difference between this shirt or this jacket and this jacket is they're used this type of stitch and this is that kind of stitch.' When I wanted to have something made, she would go with me and say, Ok you want this fabric. This fabric is not going to hold up because the weave is loose, it's going to snag, or how to make men's clothing. Certain types of gabardine get shiny if you wear it a lot.

It used to be that we spent a lot of time going down to Bears because she did all of the sewing. I still have my deb dress and prom dress. She made some of our first clothes out of organdy and all kinds of stuff. We were all matched, the three of us. She did those kinds of things for us all the time and we grew up thinking it was normal for having people to sew. It never looked like, as my mother would say, "mammy made." She sewed too but she couldn't sew the same way my aunt did. My sister still sews a lot of her clothes. I don't quite have the patience. My aunt did quilts. She embroidered. My grandmother embroidered. I didn't learn that skill. She was very good about sort of spoiling us. She didn't marry, but she was very strict with us. So when we went out there, there wasn't candy and those kinds of things. You might get fruit, which we weren't crazy about, but we'd get fruit. She'd comb your hair which would be totally different than the way my mother would. She didn't do that very often. She bought my sister a doll house. My sister still has that doll house. It's sitting up there in the attic.

She took us on trips around town, if we were going to the store or things like that. As she got older, she had two things that she loved. She drank coffee all the time, ice coffee. That was one thing that I remember. She drank ice coffee, put ice in it. She could have coffee all day long. She had a nice refrigerator. You could step on the little pedal and it opened the door. We used to think that was neat. She had this old, old stove that was an antique. It had been my grandparent's and we had hoped to keep it. There was a wood stove at one point but this was one of those chamber stoves. My uncle got in and cooked and cooked and he warped it. When we moved her out, I tried to see if anything could be done

with it and they said, mmmmm. So what we did, anything that we didn't want, we put up for auction.

A friend of mine had said she had done that. She is 88 and anything they couldn't use or divvy up for grandchildren and nieces and nephews went up for auction. That's what we did with just about anything that we didn't know what it was. We had old books and things like that. I hate to admit that a lot of that stuff is still in the house. I really don't know what we are going to do with it. My aunt was a saver and she marked things that said, save, keep. She was very frugal but if she wanted something and it was high quality, high caliber stuff, she would just wait. I can remember there was this particular coat. It was at Hytkens and she watched that thing until it went down. That's when she got it. It was a beige coat with a fur collar. When she moved to the nursing home, that coat was still there. We gave it to Good Will. She was so short, there are not a whole lot of people who could wear her things. She taught us, if you want something you wait and take your time. She said she got that from her father, terms of good caliber stuff, you just have to wait and figure out and do that kind of thing to get it. With some time, you can have those things. That's pretty much the way we grew up with her.

My education is, I graduated from Louisville Male High School in 68, went to Ball State University in Muncie. Got a Bachelor's and a Master's Degree from there, currently a doctoral candidate here at U of L. I will end up with two Masters' Degrees. My major is Elementary Education. The only thing I knew is to teach. I liked chemistry but I didn't know what to do with chemistry. I knew people who taught school. My mother taught school, my dad taught school, my uncles and aunt taught school so teachers, that's one thing. They always said if nothing else, that's something you could always fall back on. So I got an elementary education teacher's certificate. But I didn't teach elementary, I went into higher education, working in student affairs, student personnel areas, primarily with minority types of initiatives. Academic support service types of things.

I was the superintendent of Personnel for six years at the Transit Authority of River city. I worked in Personnel Training for the City of Louisville, under Harvey Sloan and I worked with Vermont America for a period of time doing benefits. So I have sort of done the human resource's area. I got interested in multicultural education, probably from graduate school because I worked with a woman who is still my friend, who was heading up the international center. So, I got to meet a lot of students. She is 88. It's just always been interesting. I think the other part of it is my dad was stationed in Liberia, in the army. I remember him talking about how much he enjoyed that. In fact, we have a book that he had over there. He was there when Liberia was just starting. The material and stuff that

was sent back and my aunt collected clippings and things so we have some of that stuff. There's some old books from that time. That was just something that you were supposed to do.

As a kid, my dad decided, OK, we're going to Los Angeles. We went to all of the monuments and museums. That was like, that's what you're supposed to do.

When the state fair was here, we went to all of the agricultural stuff. My mom used to can so we looked at the canning. We looked at the animals, the corn the tobacco. In fact, I find myself still doing that. I can't convince too many people to go with me into the animal section but that was what you did first and foremost. During the spring, there was the KEA. This was the association of all the black teachers. They used to come to Louisville and they would have this big association meeting. They would all go do stuff and I just remember all of these people being teachers. My aunt was involved in the organization too. That was the way they kept up with people, kept up with their friends. That was sort of like the norm to me, I thought everybody did that. I subsequently learned differently. A lot of those friends, they kept most of their lives.

My aunt wasn't as involved in the black community as she was related to the school. She was very active with the Red Cross and the things in the school and teaching the kids. When she taught, she not only taught home economics, but she taught tailoring. The tailoring and that piece were sort of a separate vocational piece, so that was like half of a day. My aunt could make anything with a pattern. She could make a pattern and she could make things without a pattern. Like you go in and buy a Vogue pattern. I'd pick it out and she'd say, no, you're going to have to do this, this and this. This is not as easy as you think it is. I'd say, "Ok," and I would leave that alone. She could make men suits. She basically helped send my dad through college at Kentucky State. In fact, there's this coat she bought for him that he kept. We ended up giving it to my sister because she was the only one who could wear it without having to cut the sleeves. He was like 5'11". I'm putting it on and it's got my arms all crooked up, so she ended up with that. There are still some things of his at the house. There's still some things of my aunt's at the house.

My uncle James taught at Central too but he taught woodwork. She wanted this particular, what they called shadow boxes, a box that you could put things in. She had priced them and it wasn't in her ballpark. So, my uncle made her two and we have those. What she had in them was these porcelain like flowers and birds, those things. My sister has those and the book case that was hers. I didn't realize they were valuable, I just thought they were weird. I remember her saying, these weren't the exactly real, real ones but they were what she could handle. I couldn't

tell the difference between them and the others. I can remember going and seeing her price one that was like a rose and different ones. When my uncle Milton died, she had cashed in her life insurance to take care of him in the nursing home. She grew up with the responsibility of taking care of her younger siblings who were all brothers.

I can remember her telling me things like, you don't need a man if you've got to take care of him, you should be able to take care of yourself and have your own money. You shouldn't have to listen to a man if you don't want to, take orders. She was very, very independent and very, very strong willed. Even up until the time she died, she was in full control. She decided at the last that she didn't want a funeral. She said she wanted to be cremated because all of my friends are dead so it doesn't matter. So we did. She pretty much laid out how she wanted everything done. Even when she died, a number of her students came and gave tribute. It was a wide range of ages. Some of these women are in their 60's, and some are in their 40's. She basically took care of her parents, took care of her brothers and she lived in the house after her mother died. Everybody willed her the house for \$1.00.

We now have the property. She gave the property to us. My sister lives there. It's on about a third of an acre. It is a nice piece of property. I guess education was sort of a given. You were supposed to do those things, be careful with your money, plan what you want to do and take care of each other. She also stipulated not to be the one as the oldest to get stuck with taking care of all the other sisters and brothers because that's what happened to her. She always told me my sisters should be able to take care of themselves. There are just little things. I can remember asking her, she never really talked about my grandfather a lot and I remember asking her why didn't she. She said, 'I don't know that I didn't, I just assumed you knew'. I was like, nooo. That's when I learned that my grandfather was well respected in the community, partly because of his station being a butler and connected to Henry Watterson.

I started doing some research myself to find out more about him and his parents. His mother was dead when he came to Kentucky. When you find him on the census, you see him connected to Henry Watterson with his father. I believe I found him on the 1920 - 21-census, somewhere in that area. My grandfather died shortly after that. He was attached to Watterson. I haven't been able to figure out whether he came with the wife or some other way they showed up with Watterson. Because they show up with the family once he married. I went back to look at some material on Watterson at the Filson but the kind of material they had there didn't give me that information. Because he wasn't born in Kentucky, it simply says Virginia, and his mother was deceased. I did find her name on his death

certificate so I did get that. Now I just have to figure out from there. I'm guessing they probably came with Mrs. Watterson because that would have been the normal kind of behavior at that point.

My grandmother did not come with him because she was already here in Kentucky. I don't really know that much about her and I haven't done an investigation on her. I just know she was born in Mount Washington. She was a Davis and a twin. They had a twin brother name Charlie Davis. All of his kids are now deceased. He was a real rogue, as my aunt would say. He was into everything he was big enough to do. With my grandfather being big on the education, it was really sort of interesting because my aunt talked about how important it was to him that she got an education. She was the first to go to college. She can remember him driving her up to Kentucky State so she could go to school and making sure she had what she needed to go. That was a big thing for him. Some of that may have come from the environment that they were in, in terms that the Watterson's being educated. I get the impression that it came from them as well. Some of them may have had reinforcement but they got that on their own.

My grandfather was a trustee and all of the kids went to J-town. We've got their report cards, and pictures of them and things like that. It's been interesting looking at them but my grandfather was about 6'2", very light complexion, had this square chin, sort of like mine, my father had that same square chin. My aunt was crazy about her parents, and certain types of traditions like fruit cakes. My grandmother made fruitcakes. My dad didn't make fruitcake but he would buy fruitcake. He would soak it in bourbon, and he would start soaking that bad boy around Thanksgiving.

He had that same looking around until he found what he wanted. He wanted a crystal wine set and he looked and looked and looked until he found the one he wanted. He got it from some older woman that he knew through being a postman and we have two colored and clear glass wine decanters that are my grandfather's. My aunt talked about my grandfather and this other guy making wine around the holiday and drinking it from this because the red is about 6"-8" tall it's got a stopper and if you flip the stopper the other way, it's a glass. So we have both of those pieces and I grew up looking at those in a built in cabinet that set in the kitchen at the top, All the way at the top shelf. Nobody could reach it. It just sat there. So when she had the house redone, she put it in the cabinet and that's where it sits now. You don't use it. It's just sitting there.

There are other kinds of pieces like silver ware that was my grandmother. Some of those, one is, my aunt called it a jelly spoon and it's silver and gold on the

outside, but it was given to her as a wedding present. I spent this last couple of years just asking lots and lots of questions. What's this, where did this come from, what did you do with this? Everything was supposed to be a place setting of twelve. So when I got married, my mom said, you don't do twelve anymore. She had a whole place setting and my sister got six and the other sister got six. She was very aware of all of the appropriate etiquette. We have old books that say what the etiquettes is supposed to be. You set the table, note that the dinner fork and salad fork and you need to know this fork and this fork because you should never go anywhere and be embarrassed because you don't know which fork to pick up and which spoon. She pushed that and what to do with the finger bowls because evidently, the Bickles did some very serious entertaining. She wanted to make sure we knew what to do and how. So, when we had dinner over at her house, she'd say, nope, the water glass goes here, the tea glass... she would make you go back and redo it. She also had this habit, if you were stitching, and making a hem, and put in a stitch that was not perfectly straight, you took that bad boy out and you would take it out over and over again until it was perfectly straight. That's when I found out that you get this gage on the sewing machine. I made a scarf and I know I took that stitch out seven times. "It's not straight," ugh. She was a stickler about those kinds of things and that's the way she taught her classes.

I can remember hearing people talking, 'yeah she used to make you take those stitches out if they weren't perfectly straight'. She was a tough little old lady. A tough little cookie, yes she was. She was tough. They were well respected in the community. My uncle's history is still there because the park says, "Dedicated to James Wilson." Although, most people who go over there and play softballs don't know who James Wilson is, or that he was a black man. When you go to see the kids play softball, you very seldom see a large number of African Americans over there in J-Town. If you take Watterson Trail, as you go down the hill, its back off of what they call Bluegrass and it's over there. They do all of these softball tournaments all year round.

I remember there were all of these houses where black people lived over in that area. Now, all of that's industry. There are occasional houses but it is pretty much industry. There's a natural gas place over there and it's hard to imagine that was a place where black folks lived and that's where blacks had to go because there wasn't anyplace else in J-Town for the kids to play. They went to church there and there's a cemetery and my grandparents are buried in that cemetery. I don't know the name, all I know is it's the cemetery next door to First Baptist Church. It's on that corner right there. My dad used to go over but I don't like cemeteries, so I haven't been over there to look but I know that's where they are buried. There are

a couple of guys that maintain it. After my uncle stopped hunting, he decided not to keep the dogs. We could play with the dogs until they got a certain age, then you couldn't play with them anymore because, then they weren't any good for hunting, beagles. Then he got rid of them, and he had a bunch of old guns. I've got those too. Don't ask me what I'm going to do with that stuff.

Juanita Pope Bone interviewed at her home on Lily Lane in Berrytown.

I have lived in Berrytown all my life. My grandparents were Rodney Jones and Katie Frazier Jones. My parents were Viola Jones and James Copeland. My parents lived here all of their lives, too. My grandparents lived at Dorsey Lane, off of Shelbyville Road before they moved to Berrytown. Grandmother bought property from a man called Mr. Herschfield. She bought an acre and a half of land.

When she first moved here, my grandmother cleaned off the land and installed a tent, big enough to hold her and her children. At that time she had my mother, Clara, John Earl, Albert, Coletta, and Olivia, a daughter who was sickly all the time and she didn't live.

Grandmother told us how she used to walk to Anchorage to do laundry work. The people she worked for lived at Graytower is all I can remember. Catherine Conrad owned the Graytower and my grandmother worked there. It was a mile away from our home and she would tell us how she used to freeze walking that mile. The bottom of her clothes froze in the wintertime. So when she got to work she would have to dry out, get warm, do her work and everything. Before she came home she wrapped up good and walked all the way back. After she did the laundry, I think she did part of the cooking. They paid her very little. Back then it was like seven or eight dollars a week. She worked every day, Saturday and Sunday. She still had to come home and cook and take care of her children. I don't know what grandpa did, mother never did get into that because it wasn't too long before he went his way and grandma had to take care of the children by herself.

They lived in the tent until Grandmother finally got enough money together to build a four room house. It's not still standing. We sold that and they have built homes back there now. It wasn't but about five years ago that it was still there on Hiawatha.

I stayed with my grandmother all my life. She raised me. I have no brothers and sisters. I have a cousin, Roletta Jones. My grandmother raised her too. We were her children. She sent us to school, did the whole ball of wax for us, the whole thing.

She cooked good stuff for us. Fried potatoes and onion, pork chops with gravy, liver and gravy and always hot bread, every day of my life, we had hot bread. On Sunday, she always had s a lard cake. She took that lard, flour and eggs and things, and made a cake. Best cake you ever tasted. I have no idea how many eggs she used because we had chickens, we raised chickens and she raised her own garden. She grew everything you can imagine, cabbage, sweet potatoes, corn, green beans, even a row of potatoes and peas. She raised something called a parsnip. It was like a carrot but it was white. Its taste was between a turnip and a rhubarb. Best thing. She always had a little patch of strawberries. I never knew how she managed that. She would make strawberry preserves and our neighbor gave us grapes from their harbor and we would make homemade grape jelly.

Wash day was very complicated. My cousin Calvin and I would go down to the woodpile, stack up the wood in a certain way and build a fire. We'd put the tub on the fire and we'd pump water and carry it and put it in the tub, heat it most of the day. Then we had to get it out of that tub with a bucket and put it in the wash tub where mother scrubbed clothes on the washing board. We had to always ring it out. I don't know where she managed to find one but we had a wringer that hooked onto the tub. I enjoyed doing anything around there then because that was entertainment. We didn't have too much to do. We helped to hang out the clothes. Washday was always Monday morning, bright and early. Tuesday was ironing day. Then you would go on down the week doing different things. Saturday was bath time, hair

doing and getting ready for Sunday. We got our bath water out of that same pump. Then you'd take it down there and heat it.

We had an old goat named Billy. My great uncle, one of my grandmother's brothers, built me a two wheel cart. He showed me how to hook the goat to the cart. Billy used to carry me all up and down the road and all around the yard. We had a good relationship. The goat didn't like anybody else. He would do everything he could to them but I could go out and hook him up and just ride all around the yard on my cart with old Billy. He would only let other children ride if I was there. I was a big girl when we got rid of Billy. I was about thirteen.

I went to Forest School, right down the street. There was the first through the eighth grade in three rooms. Then I went to Lincoln Institute. The bus carried us back and forth. When I was at Forest we didn't have a principal, we just had a head teacher. She taught everybody. We would bring our lunch with us, peanut butter. The old faithful peanut butter sandwiches. Then too, we were all in walking distance to home. If it got too bad, we would just walk home and eat and come back to school. We played hopscotch, jump rope and baseball. We always played ball with the boys. The boys did most of the shooting marbles.

We had a teacher, Mrs. Robinson. She taught Home Ec. and she taught me how to sew. When I went to high school, I made my first apron, because I had the basic pattern from Mrs. Robinson. She would tell you how to do and what to do with your material and all. We could sew by hand and make it just all but perfect without the machine. We didn't do machines until we went to high school. You had to have good stitches with Mrs. Robinson.

My grandmother quilted all the time. The quilting she did kept us warm, because she got her material out of old clothes. She would cut the patches out of pants, coats, whatever we had there. She would just cut them, make the squares, bag them up and one day when the weather was bad she'd just sit and start putting them together. She did tell me, once when it snowed how the men had to dig trenches. The snow was so deep. They dug like a maze to get from house to house. To get to the neighbors to make sure the neighbors were alright.

She was a member of this Bethel Baptist Church. She took me to church and I wore very starched dresses. They had the little crinoline slips that scratched the back of your legs, little white socks that looked like they had never been worn. Whitest socks and there was no bleach in those days. Patent leather shoes and then I graduated up to the white and brown shoes. But always the white socks, you'd keep that stuff nice.

When I was a kid they had streetcars that took us to Louisville. You'd catch it up the road here, going towards Pee Wee Valley, and you'd ride to Louisville and get off. I rode it a lot with my mother and uncle. It was a joy, just to get to ride on something like that.

My mother worked for the Samuel Gwathmey Tyler family and raised their four boys. I went to work for Samuel Gwathmey Tyler II. When he got engaged and married, I had the house ready for him and his wife, Varina, to move in when they came back from the honeymoon. She paid me very little when I first started, about two or three dollars a day, something like that. When I retired from there, my salary was \$250 a week. I went from nothing to something. She took good care of me while she was living.

My uncle, Albert Jones, built a very nice house there in front of the small college. Had a high porch in front and a little terrace to walk down. You could sit up on that porch, they had rocking chairs on it and

it was a lovely home. That's where grandmother passed. She lived there all the years. I think she was 75.

We got the Berrytown-Griffeytown organization going and started working together with the county government. We got the water, gas, sewers and all of that. None of that was in the community. Then we got street lights and things that we didn't have at all and no access to. We got the TARC transportation. That makes a big difference.

It's true we were left out of the Anchorage book. It's like they came so far and chopped it off but that was understandable because some of the old people that lived in Anchorage weren't ready to break that barrier. They just fought it and fought it but it was a barrier that was going to break itself down eventually.

The different people moving in doesn't affect the community so bad. But you have to get the big picture of it. Most people take care of their property but the thing about it is that we are country people. Then you move city people in and the whole picture wants to change. When you are bound to earth where you have lived with your neighbors and all of this, then you have to just adjust to people moving in who are just not used to doing that. It makes it kind of hard.

Berrytown remaining predominantly black does not bother me. I don't know what percentage but I've got white neighbors, too. It's just about equaled out, every street. We like that. I don't believe in all black or all white. Either you are one or you are none. I mean, there is no in between.

I have lived here all of my life and I have never had a desire to move away. I've been content right in this community. It's comfortable here. We don't know what locking doors and things mean. Some of our windows stay open and this is good, real good. I have had a good life here in Berrytown and I wouldn't change it for nothing.

Diana Linette Dow, daughter of Cleoda Virginia Hall and Robert Romanza Dow of Griffeytown, worked as an advocate for her Griffeytown neighbors and led efforts to preserve the history and character of the neighborhood.

My mother's parents were Mary Ella Humble Ferguson and Howard Ferguson. My father's were America May Etta Dickerson and Robert Dowe. My father was born February 2, 1912 and my mother was born October 16, 1918. My mother's parents lived right at the end of the street, right down from us. My father's parents, Rob and America Dowe, lived one block over. Her name was America but she was called Murky.

In my research of family history, I was told that the Dows were always here. The original name for the plantation in Middletown on the Platt map of plantations for the original settlers of Middletown is Dow, which is the same spelling of my name. We believe they came from this plantation. We can't be sure that was the original plantation but I have discovered the plantation owner named Dow did have slaves. I do believe my family took his name. But the name has evolved over the years and some have the spelling Dowell and some have the name spelled Dowe. We do claim all three of those names. They are all my family names.

On the original Platt map of Middletown, there are a lot of names of the same people that live in Griffeytown. A lot of the Bullets from the Oxmoor area were here. The Dickersons and a lot of those names were on those maps are the same names of the people who lived in Griffeytown. It was quite interesting.

After the slaves became free, research from word of mouth history, the story goes that one of the originals settlers from Middletown was Minor White, who sold a log cabin to a free man named Dan Griffith. When the slaves were free, they had to have a place to set up. Griffeytown was set up by some developers in Middletown for their ex-slaves to locate so they would be accessible to come back to do domestic work for them in Middletown. Dan Griffith bought a log cabin from Minor White in Middletown and moved it here on Old Harrods Creek Road. He was the first settler. After he set up, they plotted the land.

This section I live in – which includes Plainview, Booker, Malcolm and Lincoln – properties were set up as “Baby Farms.” That was basically like 30 feet to 60 feet wide frontage, with long depth like 120 to 240 feet deep. You could buy a piece of property for a dollar down and a dollar a month and pay for this piece of property. You could put a small house on it, raise a family, have a garden and then you could raise your pigs and stuff, too, because you had enough depth to do all of those things.

So this section where I live now and was born and raised on was always referred to as the Baby Farm. Which we always thought it was because everybody back here had so many kids. We came from families of 6, 8, 10 and 12 to a family. So we figured that was the Baby Farm. I discovered that Rufus C. King, a famous realtor in Anchorage and Middletown, sold the plots as “Baby Farms” and that's how we got our nickname.

Griffeytown has never been incorporated and it's still not. Since it was Mr. Griffey who set it up, it was his town. In the black community, we have a tendency to change names, slang names and cut off names. It was Mr. Griffith Town and from that to Griffeytown.

When the Middletown cemetery was originally set up, the owner also set up a section to bury slaves in unmarked graves. The slaves were buried facing east because they believed that when Jesus return's, he would be coming riding a cloud from the east. So they wanted to be facing east so that when he came they could easily see, arise and go with him. Middletown was one of the first, if not the first integrated cemeteries in Jefferson County, from what I understand. Also, in my lifetime, every other person I know that is from the Griffeytown area is buried over there, including my mother, my father, my grandfather and two uncles.

We lived in a house where if you had children, you built another room. It started out as a three room house. I'm the eighth of eight children. There was no plumbing so everyone had to go to the outhouses. If you had an outhouse that had two holes in it, then you were high class. I don't know why they thought two people would want to be in the toilet at the same time but that was the case if you had a lot of kids.

Water, we carried it home in buckets. We didn't have a pump and a lot of people didn't so we had community pumps. Some people had pumps in their yards. I remember carrying water home from two or three neighbors' houses. So we would go and get a bucket of water, which was the best, freshest, coldest water you every wanted to taste and carry it home. On Saturdays when Momma washed clothes, we had a washer ringer. We'd pump the water and carry it home in a foot tub. In the backyard we'd put a car tire up under it and light the tire to heat the water. Then once the water got hot, we'd carry it into the house and put it into the washing machine and wash the clothes that way. Then they would hang on the line all day long.

We took baths on Saturday nights. Everybody washed up every day but the main bath was on Saturday. The girls bathed first in a metal tub and if you really had some money you had one of those long metal tubs where you could stretch your legs in. You'd wash by the kerosene stove in the living room. So we'd heat the water the same way or in a tea kettle. We had a rain barrel outside so when it rained, we'd catch that water and heat it and then take a bath in the water from the rain barrel in a metal tub by the kerosene stove.

Mama was a domestic. She worked for some of the families in Middletown, including Dr. Andrew Simon. She worked in his home in the morning and a couple of other people's homes but in the evening she worked in his office as an assistant to the nurses and she cleaned it up in the evening. Daddy worked at the Anchorage Post Office as a janitor. I guess he received good pay for those times.

Griffeytown was a very self-contained community. We had people in the community that sold groceries out of their houses. Some who raised gardens had some of the best tomatoes and stuff I've ever seen. We had fruit trees all around the neighborhood. We'd take wagons and bushel baskets and we'd go get these things. In the summer time, the way we made money was to go in the fields and pick blackberries

and we'd sell them for a dollar and a half a gallon. We'd pick wild greens and sell them for a dollar a bunch. We ate what was around us. I knew every season what time the trees would fruit. First there was the plums and we'd get the plums as they fell and momma would make jelly. Then in the summertime, we'd get blackberries and we'd can blackberries. Lots of people had gardens. They canned all summer long, the women did. Most of the women were housewives.

We'd watch Mr. Bill Thornton kill his hogs right there in the yard and go through the process of scalding them and hanging them up to drip, then going through the process of cutting the meat and stuff. Everybody in the neighborhood would get something.

The men were hunters. My brothers brought home rabbits in the wintertime. All around us are creeks and they had fishing holes and they were avid fishermen. Sometime Mr. Russell would come home with so many fish that on Friday night we had fish fries. Not because of any religion or anything, it was because they had been out fishing and everybody would have something to do on Friday night. We'd go to one person's house and have it on one Friday and the next Friday, somebody else would have it.

We shared everything in this neighborhood. If you didn't have a meal, and some people did, you just went to somebody else's house and wait until they got ready to feed you. Some nights you only had baloney and fried potatoes. I would set two extra plates because I knew two young men would show up around dinner time. They knew what time momma got home.

Everybody was semi-related or you were so close that you just shared. I went to plenty of houses. I knew Mrs. Sarah Barker made homemade biscuits on Thursday, so I knew to be there. I knew Mrs. Alberta Thornton made some of the best sweet potato pie's, Mrs. Green made all kinds of stuff because she cleaned out grocery stores. There were bakeries in Middletown that had day-old bread and pastries. Whoever cleaned those would bring all of that stuff home and distribute it throughout the neighborhood, so we always fed each other, we always had food. Some people had more than others but everybody ate.

We called people with indoor bathrooms prominent in the community. If you had indoor plumbing, you had a cistern in the yard. I think Mr. Roy Hughes that lived next door to us was pretty prominent because they didn't have any kids. I think he worked for the railroad. So they had the best cars, the most immaculate yard, the best kept house, no kids tearing stuff up. J.R. Hughes was pretty prominent. He was a government worker. Those that had the government jobs were pretty prominent but everybody was basically in the same accord here when we were coming up. We didn't have one house that had so much that nobody would go in. We were a family of communities that spent a lot of time sharing with each other.

My father lived out here when he was coming up. He had something like a fifth grade education because he had to work. My mother went to the eighth grade. We had Griffeytown Colored School, located on Old Harrods Creek Road. I went there in the first, second and third grade but my brother went there to the eighth grade. One teacher, Lottie M. Long, taught all eight classes in one building. There were first, second, third and fourth grades on one side; fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth on the

other side. Then there was a folding door that separated the upper class from us. The School Board didn't do much for us. We read books that had CONDEMNED across them, from the white schools, yet we were very well taught and we were up with the white students in mathematics and reading. They were really surprised that we could even read, but we had rejected books that the whites didn't want. That's what the county gave us. We didn't have a hard time learning because we were blessed to have teachers and parents that participated in the school and neighbors that cared about us learning at the same time.

The school became obsolete in 1959, that's when our class integrated the Middletown school. That closed Griffeytown School. Then it became like a teenage neighborhood center where we would have Saturday night picture shows, the reel-to-reel. They would sponsor once-a-year picnics and trips. We used to go to Chickasaw Park and I thought that was going someplace. We loved it because that was our summer vacation.

The Jeffersontown government gave the Berrytown/Griffeytown Improvement Organization in 1976 a block grant to rehab the houses. Urban Renewal tried to come through here several times and just bulldoze everything down and because the mothers and fathers organized themselves and formed a neighborhood organization, they were able to keep Urban Renewal out. The Community Development Block Grant that they received allowed the community to stay as is, except there were houses that had to be demolished because they were beyond repair or too costly to repair. Anyone that wanted to have their house repaired qualified for a grant and they were able to have it repaired. I think that's the thing that was the turnaround for Griffeytown to stay Griffeytown. Other than that, I think it would have been completely wiped out because it was always a struggle to try to hold onto this property in between those two prominent communities, Middletown and Anchorage.

The problem with strangers coming in and telling you that they are going to do this or that, and it's not going to cost you anything, people who are just plain and simple folk are leery of stuff like that. I was fortunate enough to be hired by the county government so if they had any problems they trusted me. I was like the spokesperson for them. They knew I wasn't going to tell them anything wrong. I noticed that when some of the county representatives would explain what they wanted to do, the people would not look at them, they looked straight at me. Then we would go over it later and I would tell them, this is what you need to do or this is what you can get out of this program.\

This house that I live in now is my deceased aunt's home. This is the house that was built to replace the three-room shotgun house that she had when the Community Development Block Grant Program came through.

When I was coming up, the community was loaded with children. When a citizen passed away in the community, me as a child and some of the others would collect money to put wreaths on their graves. Most of them were eulogized in Pilgrim or Hobbs Chapel which is in Anchorage, it's a Methodist Church. We had social affairs at the church that involved the whole community because we went to school together, we went to church together and we played together in this neighborhood. I saw it go through its changes from the 1950s to the 1960s when we were teenagers, when people actually for the

first time started going to the white Schools and we got the opportunity to go to college. My two oldest brothers and my oldest sister, once they completed their education at Griffeytown, which is the eighth grade, they went to Lincoln Institute. They were the first bussed kids. They talk about bussing from your neighborhood, well, for us that was Shelby County. That's bussing all the way to another county.

We were always taught to excel. We were always taught to speak up, we were always taught to be individuals and not be group thinkers. Just from this little area which is six or eight streets of kids from very accomplished individuals. There were probably 400 families who lived in Griffeytown at that time. A lot of people have come from here and we have been able to travel all over the world.

We have strong emotional ties to the land. We went through a cycle period where we couldn't wait to get out of here because we were trapped in here for so long. Well, we have experienced the world and we found out we had the world where we started.

Anybody you talk to will tell you that we are very fortunate to have been raised with and around the people that we were raised with.

I moved away to New York City for 13 years and returned 1989. When I got back, I was kind of wondering where everybody was and I wanted to see people. I was trying to fit in when I came back and I was having problems fitting in. Then somebody told me, you should quit trying to fit in because you fit in everywhere. We got a touch of everybody, not just our family ways but the Thornton family ways, the Jones family ways, the Hughes family ways. We've got all of these family ways in all of us. That just makes us well-rounded individuals.

A lot of people in this area were transients coming from the South to Anchorage on the railroad cars because they heard there were colored neighborhoods set up here. People my age whose families came through here, they settled and worked at the rock quarry in Anchorage and they lived in box cars before they were able to get property and build houses. You will find that all of the streets in Griffeytown were named for white settlers in Middletown.

The children called my father Mr. Skinny. He was tall, he was very thin and they called him Skinny Dowe

My aunt, Hattie Todd, was the midwife in the community. The majority of the children that were born here were born at home. Six of my seven brothers and sisters were born on our property with the aid of Hattie Todd and, of course, Dr. Simon, because my mother worked for him. Everybody didn't have access to healthcare as we did because my mother worked for the white doctor. That's just the way it was. If we were sick, we would go to the white doctor's office and be taken care of but not everybody would because we had a lot of home remedies. They concocted stuff from the backyard. They would go out back and get some herbs and blend it up or if you stepped on a nail they were subject to pour coal oil on there, which is kerosene. It would sanitize it. It's a wonder we are not dead with some of the things they used to do.

They used to make their own cough syrup. If you needed to be cleaned out, you would eat poke or wild greens. If you had a cold, sometime they would boil onions and water and put a little Karo syrup in it and that would open you up. On the stove cooking all day might be chitlings or something that we made from our own sources to help us.

It was a good life because it was the only one we knew. We may not have had everything because we had second-hand clothes and shoes. There was not money to spend but there was plenty of love to go around. So we weren't aware that we were poor. It's strange to me; we had houses that had holes in the roofs where some of them you could look up through and see the light shining. When it rained, you just put buckets up on the furniture and moved all of the clothes out. You hauled coal in bushel baskets from Knott Dickerson or some of the men that drove trucks for the white men, like Clyde Moore. He would just dump coal in his back yard because he had a coal stove. If you were cold, you could go up there and say, "Clyde, could we have a couple of pieces of coal?" A dollar would buy a bushel basket of coal. For stoves, you just went into the service station and bought some coal oil and put it in the stove. We are lucky our house didn't burn down because they didn't have insulation in them. The roofs leaked so you put plastic up in the windows in the winter.

Having that background has helped me save my life more times than not. As I talk to people of this young generation, the thing that we remember the most is that we had a whole lot of love from everybody from the moment you were born and even to the time you die. Because I find even now, when there is a funeral and it's somebody that lived in the community here, you can go to the wake and there will be hundreds of people that you have not seen in years.

One of the things that really motivated me into preserving this history was Mrs. Alberta Thornton who lives right down the street. She's been there for probably 50 years, when a white lady moved in next to her, she told me that this lady had the audacity to tell her that she was going to try to get as many white people because she was trying to buy up property left and right. She was going to people's houses and trying to outbid others because she didn't want to live in a neighborhood with a slave name attached to it and she wanted to change the name. I said, "I'll be damned. You might move in, you might do what you want to, but there is history, seven generations of my family's history and everybody else who owned this property and you cannot erase it because you have arrived to live on this property now." That has become the jump start of me into this preservation.

The female version of the name Francis in English is often Frances, though usage varies. Are we spelling her name correctly?

Berrytown, a neighborhood of eastern Louisville centered along English Station Road.
Interviewed September 11, 2001

Sarah Francis Jones

(b. 1914)

*"We lived with our grandmother and grandfather.
My mother and father stayed at the place where they worked."*

My mother and father were Nelly Lilly and George Lilly. My paternal grandparents were Richard Lilly and Mary Lilly. My maternal grandparents were Charlotte Payne and Frank Payne.

I was raised in Berrytown, from Anchorage. (What does this mean? Was she born in Anchorage?) They had property there. My grandfather built the home and lived there until he died. He was 98, I think, when he died. I don't remember him ever talking about slavery. I don't know too much about the history of Berrytown. I think he bought his property from a family of Halls. It was the Berries, the Halls and my Grandfather Lilly. His property was off of LaGrange Road. Of course, those were dirt roads then. We came in from LaGrange Road; I don't know when they put that other road in. Then, it was English Station Road. I can't recognize it when I go out there.

While I don't remember my first day at school, I had a real good life growing up. We went to school and we went to our neighbor (Was the neighbor the teacher? Is that what this means?). I guess you would call it now, from our house to her house. We were about the same age as Schaefer (who is that?) and we were growing up together. Of course, she (who is this she?) had children and I didn't. That's when we went our different ways. When I was nine, I joined the First Baptist Church in Berrytown; the minister was Reverend Boyne.

Professor Bush was my teacher, and we didn't like him — because he was a man, I guess. See, everybody was in the same room then. It was a one-room schoolhouse, Forest School. We'd get to something the teacher didn't know and he'd say, "Well, we'll come back to that." He was the only teacher I had there, as I can remember. He didn't live in Berrytown; I guess he lived in Louisville.

When I left Forest School, I went to Jackson Junior High, Meyzeek [Middle

School] I think they call it now. It was brand new. There were only two of us in the eighth grade when we graduated. Naomi Schaefer, the one I was telling you about and me. Two of us, and I was the valedictorian.

Then I went to Central [*High School in western Louisville*]. I went there for three years, but I didn't finish. I liked it. The teachers were all OK, course all of them are dead now. Stella Shipley, Clark, I can see them but I can't think of the names. When we were at Forest School, we didn't know anything about lunch. We took our lunch. We'd take peanut butter; we didn't have a lunchroom back then. It wasn't all that close; we walked to School. From our house to school, I would say was like from here [*Fourth and Ormsby streets*] to Market Street. Some came farther than that. Now, these children right next door won't walk anywhere!

There were two children in my family: my sister, Mary Ester Ashby, and me. Out of five children, only one of them, my daddy, had children. It was just two of us. We played. We were the only children. Of course, the aunts and uncles showered us with gifts. We had all kinds of stuff. Then my mother worked at a boarding house, and we had all kinds of toys and clothes. As I said, I don't remember being hungry. That's what frightens me because I imagine before I leave here I will be. I really had a good childhood as I said. It concerns me that I was brought up like that. You know, grown-ups didn't talk in front of children then. I never listened, you are not even in the same room; you're over here.

All right, we had a kitchen, we had a dining room, and my grandmother fed the insurance men on Monday, cooked lunch for them. There were about two or three insurance men. We had an upstairs, a back stairs and a front stairs. As for the parlor, we didn't get in there until I had piano practice. The day I had to practice, they'd make a fire, and on Sunday, as well. We had a front porch and a back porch. There were just four of us, my grandmother, grandfather, my sister and me.

We lived with our grandmother and grandfather. My mother and father stayed at the place where they worked. Momma worked at a boarding house, and they had all of these little houses for the help. I can't remember any bad days. My father worked at the Hyde and Teller, I think. Mom and Dad were close, and on weekends they'd come and she'd also come through the week. We had prayer meeting on Wednesday night at church and she'd come, and on Sunday.

Nobody taught me how to cook. We stayed out of that kitchen. Children didn't come into the kitchen. I don't remember peeling potatoes or anything. They just wouldn't let you in the kitchen. My grandmother did all of that. I can see that stove now: cooking beans, cabbage, fried chicken, aw. My aunts worked as domestics, and they all could cook.

At Christmas time they would make fruit cake and marble cake. One of my aunts,

on my birthdays, she'd always make me a marble cake. I was thinking about that the other day, and you don't see any marble cake now. I liked that marble cake. I used to cook and make all of that stuff, but now you can get it in a box, I guess, like the rest of them. I've made pound cakes; that was my favorite. I made a date nut cake. The reason I'm in this shape now: I love sweets.

I didn't have children, and my sister didn't have children. I had lots of boyfriends, but my main one was Willie Lee Woods. I didn't marry him. He went some other way and I went my way. Got out of school, you know. I don't really know why I ever married. I guess my first husband, Harry Phillips, was from ~~Lynchfield~~ Leitchfield (Presuming she means Leitchfield, Kentucky). He was from a big family. They were a close family, and they had a farm. They grew everything but had mostly cattle. Cows, cows.

Weekends in Berrytown were dull, we didn't have anything to do. Everybody had whatever they were having at home. They had some nightclubs, down in the Hall, UBF Hall. That's where they had the dances. Oh, I forgot about that — and the joints. I didn't go to the dances. We couldn't go to dances, no. We thought they were too rough; they'd fight. Oh, no, no, no. Before I moved here I lived next door to a joint. It was called Village Inn, I think. Then we had Rosedale down there. I just never did stop by, never did.

We had a garden, and my grandmother grew everything. Now, I go to the grocery and look at all of that stuff so high priced and everything. And the fruit, we had all kinds of fruit trees, right there on the property: pears, apples, cherries, plums and, oh, my goodness, in the fall. I don't see that in the stores. We canned a whole lot. That's what I said; I don't know anything about hard times or being hungry. I don't know how much land my grandfather had. We had hogs, chickens, cows, a horse. I never did ride the horse, because I was always afraid. I never could ride a bicycle. My sister would ride that bicycle to keep from helping to wash the dishes. I had to wash dishes. She rode the horse, but I never did.

I didn't know Mr. Berry; he had been gone a long time. [*Berrytown derived its name from Alfred Berry, an early settler who bought a 10-acre parcel of land in 1874.*] His family, his daughter married a Roan, but they are all gone. When the children passed, they'd give them a plot right next to them. Just like my aunt, they went to Chicago for better jobs. Everybody would come home for Christmas. They'd come on the train. We'd look out the door; they'd be coming down the lane. Train would stop out there, and it seems like it always snowed on Christmas. I didn't go out and play in the snow. I tell you: I was a dumb kid. My sister, would do all of those things. I don't know why, but my grandmother thought I couldn't do

all of those things because I was the baby. I hadn't been sick or anything. She just babied me. There was just three years difference in our ages.

My grandmother was so good; she was a real grandmother. Nobody could do us any wrong, and she hugged us a lot. We were a loving family. My daddy was the only one that had children; we were the only grandchildren so everybody spoiled us. Then the people in the community, they didn't have children, like the Berrys, they'd shower you at Christmas time with presents. They'd give us books. I'm hooked on books. Don't think that I'm taking the Smithsonian. (Explain this Smithsonian statement, please.) Everybody knows that I like books, and they bring me their books. Those books back then started me off. I love to read. I'd be sitting somewhere reading. As my sister got older — when she turned 16, I was just 13 — older kids don't want to have anything to do with you when you're that much younger. She'd be off with her friends. It was kind of amusing because, after she passed in 1968, her friends took me on, and they also bossed me around, just like she did. We had so many friends. My sister was the last of my family.

My father was 97 when he died. He died in 1967, and my sister was 54, I bet. She was a diabetic, and she didn't take care of herself. My mother passed in 1954. So, that was the last of my family, but I have lots of friends.

We, my sister and I, sold the land that our grandparents had. My mother owned this place in Griffytown. [*Griffytown is an eastern Louisville area neighborhood along Old Harrods Creek Road.*] I had that, and my sister sold the other place. She had built a new house on the place and sold the place off in lots. I lived in my mother's house in Griffytown; that's where I moved from. I liked Griffytown, because it was close to Middletown and the buses. In Berrytown, we didn't have any buses. You had to have transportation in Berrytown. I used to ride the Interurban; I guess we paid a quarter or fifty cents. We had a streetcar; then we had the bus. We'd come to Louisville. There was an Interurban station at Third and Liberty. We'd go to Fourth Street and shop. We had a big time.

We'd go to Bycks, Selman's, Levy Brothers. There were plenty of stores; I didn't have any trouble. It was before all of this stuff come up, it was before that. There were not any black-owned shops down there. We'd come to town all of the time. We loved to shop. Will Sales [*a jewelry store*] is another place we liked. All of them, you could go in and try things on, and Byck's [*a high end women's clothing retailer*] was a big store. When you went in, they had a big hat store. I've got a couple of things from Byck's here that I'm still wearing.

I didn't know any whites growing up. We had white friends. (Previous two sentences are contradictory.)

My grandfather. As I said, they didn't talk like the grownups do to children now and let young people listen, you know. We were grown, and I never heard him say anything about slavery. No complaints, you go to work and you do what you are asked to do. That's your job.

I started to work, I guess when I was 18. I sat with children: babysitters and nannies they called us. I have taken care of babies. At first, I said, I can't do that; I can't do it. She said, "Yes, you can." All of those little cute things and the boys, I had more picking (picking? peeing? Or what?) in my face and he would laugh. That child would laugh, oh, my goodness. One of them committed suicide; father committed suicide. One of them is a doctor, Hennings. I didn't work for them too long. They all drank. You'd call them to supper. and that's when they'd start drinking. There you have supper, and they start drinking. You've got to serve 'em. I'd hate for them to have asparagus because that big thing you had to cook it in then on the side, and there's that little thing you put the dressing in. When they had company it was finger bowls; oh, boy. They used all of the silverware. You had help when they had company. Asparagus, lamb and going to have mashed potatoes and gravy. Everything's got to be cleaned off before you serve the dessert. Everything off that table before you served dessert. Then, they might go into the living room to have coffee, or they might sit at the table.

Oh, mercy. This woman, that alcoholic woman, she'd sit there at that table with that drink, oh ... Then the last one I had, she had arthritis so bad. See, I just went there and cleaned, three days a week. Of course at Silas ... that was a couple, that was a good job, and we're still friends. I cleaned and did the laundry. She lived on Tophill Road when I first started working for her. Then, they moved to Dartmon Parks. (Where is that? Spelled correctly?) For 21 years, we'd go to Huber's [*an orchard and restaurant in Southern Indiana*] (Please correct if this is not the place she means.) — apple butter and biscuits; she'd eat a basket and I'd eat a basket and get the apples. For 21 years we did that.

When I was 70, she had a birthday party for me out at the athletic club. We've been friends; I mean friends. I go to Crescent Hill three times a week. I have my own transportation but it only cost me three dollars a round trip. I have a TARC service, and they pick me up. I don't know what I would do without them.

Growing up, we didn't have any entertainment. These young people complain about no places to go, but we had fun amongst ourselves, you know.

Most of my family is buried in the cemetery in Berrytown; that's where they all are, out there. We contribute every year to the cemetery. I haven't been out there, I guess, a good three years since I've been able to get out there. The neighbor that

lives next to the cemetery, we would keep in touch with each other on whether they are taking care of it. And she'd say it's in good shape. Marilou Booker is one of the older members in the community. She was a Hall. Lavern Davis is a younger person. Marilou lives on Berrytown Road, in a two story. That's the original house. I don't know when it was built. She was there before the Lillys. The Lilly family, that's my family, and she was there before the Lilly's. I think my grandfather bought from them, the Halls.

My grandfather built his house. I don't think they were well-to-do. We worked; they all worked. But I don't remember my grandfather working. Just taking care of the property. You know a long time ago, the insurance men walked out into the countryside. They'd come to the house and collect. My grandmother would cook lunch for them on Mondays. It was that 10 or 15 cent insurance you paid. It was Kentucky Central. They had a building there in Anchorage years ago.

We had to wash dishes, and my sister would fuss all the time about having to wash dishes. My sister was so devilish. You know those stoves that had the warmers up on top? She'd stick those dirty dishes in there. My grandmother would have a fit when she found them. I'd be scared to do that but she'd get by with that.

It was a long time ago. I took piano lessons from the organist at our church. I'd go to her house. I played for Kenwood Baptist Church for 14 years. I played the organ down in the chapel. My favorite hymns were, "Jesus Paid it All," "God so Loved the World," and "Just as I am." I loved that latter one. There were so many of them. I wanted to play jazz, so you know I couldn't have it. You remember Herbert ~~Cook~~ Koch? [*Acclaimed Louisville organist Herbie Koch (pronounced "Cook") often performed on the keyboard of the big, powerful Kilgen organ, once the nation's largest radio studio organ, to entertain on WHAS radio.*] I'd taken organ lessons from him. Where we got the organ, they'd give you lessons. I think Herbie Koch was the instructor. You know, he was good. But now my hands are so ... People used to say you are a musician or a thief when you've got them long fingers. But they are so stiff now. I tried to play the piano down in the lobby, but I can't. You didn't know I had a hidden talent did you?

Lincoln Institute
Interviewed May 1, 2001

Ann Spencer Reynolds.

(b. 1942)

I'm a native of La Grange in Oldham County, Kentucky. My mother was Mary Thompson Coleman Reynolds, a native of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. My father was Richard Spencer Reynolds, a native of La Grange, Kentucky. And today, May 1, is my birthday!

I went to Lincoln Institute of Kentucky, Lincoln Ridge, Kentucky. I stayed in a dormitory on the campus for four years. Before Lincoln Institute, I went to grade school in La Grange. It was called La Grange Training School. It was one of those training schools that we have all over the state, and it was a Rosenwald School. They all had the tall, high painted windows across the front of the schools.

My mother used to teach in La Grange before she married my father. And during that time period, there were only two grades of high school in La Grange. Two of the professors of the high school portion were good friends of my father. One was Melvin Strong. He and my father were like brothers. Melvin was the principal at Dunbar High School [*Lexington, Kentucky*] and also was at Campbellsville, Kentucky for years. As a matter of fact, Mr. Strong saw me the day I was born — even before my father did. So Melvin was in La Grange as the principal of La Grange Training school. I was born in 1941, so it was probably a couple of years prior to that and a couple of years after that.

They had the two tiers of school within La Grange Training School. They had grades one through four in one room and five through eight in another room. Then you had the two years of high school in another room portion. That two years of high school was still going on when I went into the first grade. So my mother didn't return to teaching until I was in the third grade. But anyway, during that time period, if you went to Lincoln Institute, you had to stay on the campus. Or, you had to come to Louisville Central on the Interurban and a few people did that during that time period.

Later on, maybe by the time — I'm guessing — because I know when I got into the fifth or sixth grade, the high school portion had ended. So, it probably ended, maybe, when I went into the third grade. I really don't remembering it being there when my mother went back to teaching there.

My father was an electrician for General Electric. He was a Simmonite — Simmons University. My mother attended Kentucky State College. There were two children in our family. I have a younger brother, Richard. He's three years younger than I. He lives in Louisville. Going back to Lincoln Institute, when the County finally provided transportation to Lincoln, there were like tenant farmers out on U.S. Highway 42, the Goshen-Prospect Area. Those little towns are now part of Jefferson County. But, originally, all of Prospect and Goshen were in Oldham County.

The school bus would go out on Highway 42. It was just about five miles from the grade school, but then they would have to go up and down 42 to get to different farms. The bus brought those grade school children and the high school children to La Grange. They would drop the grade school children off at La Grange Training School, then a couple of blocks from my house, maybe three or four blocks. They would pick up the high school students that lived right there in La Grange. We're starting this journey; we have a long ways to go.

I just happened to think; there were children that lived in Pendleton, Kentucky, which is about six to seven miles from La Grange, right over the line in Henry County. Those children went to Lincoln Institute, also. So a bus had to get those children and bring them to La Grange. The same bus, after it dropped off the grade school kids and had picked up all of the high school students within the La Grange area, motored on to Crestwood, Kentucky, out Brownsboro Road to Brownsboro, Kentucky.

There they picked up those high school students, including the grade school students, on through ~~Pee-Wee~~ Pewee Valley, Kentucky, picking up high school students for Lincoln and grade school children. Would drop the grade school children off, you talking about ~~bussing~~ busing. (One "s" in busing, unless you mean kissing!) They would drop off the grade school children who lived in that end of the county. at the PeweeValley Colored Grade School. I found this out some years later, going through the files of the Oldham County School System, which I found probably about 20 years ago, stuck back up in somewhere where they keep our dusty records which haven't been touched in Lord knows how long. I found out that it wasn't until the mid 1950s that the Oldham County School System took over the Pewee Valley School System. It's just about 10 miles between Pewee Valley and La Grange. La Grange is the county seat. Goshen, Prospect, Pewee Valley, Crestwood, all of those are in Oldham County.

I found out that First Baptist Church, Pewee Valley, furnished their own teachers and they had been doing it for years. The black school, just in Pewee Valley, not the one in La Grange, but the one in Pewee Valley. My grandfather, well, we'll go up

to Sparta, Kentucky, Park Ridge. Like that's the U.S. Highway 42 area going towards Carrolton and Warsaw and those areas. He preached in a place called Park Ridge and it's near Sparta, Kentucky. So, he preached at Park Ridge Baptist Church. Then he came to La Grange and he preached in La Grange. He had a church built there — not the first church but one of the churches, just prior to the present facilities that we have now. My grandfather was Rev. Richard Reynolds and my grandmother's name was Emma.

When he went to Pewee valley — OK, I'm on the school subject — that church, First Baptist Church in Pewee Valley, furnished their own teachers and paid their teachers up until the early or mid-1950s. They had two teachers, one for each of the two rooms. I remember one of the schools was next door to the church in Pewee Valley. The old church is still standing where my grandfather preached there. Behind the church is a small cemetery where two infants passed during his pastorate there. Just recently, First Baptist of Pewee bought a big hunk of property that goes from where the church sets down to the road where they built a concrete block grade school. About seven or eight years ago — I'm guessing off the top of my head — Pewee built a new church right next door to the old church.

Anyway, the bus from Lincoln Institute: Going to Lincoln Institute, when we got to the Pewee Valley area, we went to Brownsboro, Kentucky, which is right outside of Crestwood. Back to Crestwood, picked up the kids from Crestwood, picked up the kids from Pewee Valley that didn't live near the black grade school. Plus the grade school kids. We dropped the grade school off at the black grade school in Pewee Valley. The Grade school was just called, Pewee Valley Colored School.

Then, on our way to Lincoln Institute. I mean, we were not bused across town, we're not bused to another town in the county; we were bused out of the county, to Lincoln Institute of Kentucky, Lincoln Ridge, Kentucky. I get disturbed when I see not the whole name in print: when I just only see Lincoln Institute. Now for some reason they have been putting the word "the" in front of it. Like, The Lincoln Institute. It was originally, Lincoln Institute of Kentucky, Lincoln Ridge, Kentucky. We were our own town. Not Simpsonville, Kentucky, not Shelbyville, Kentucky. Back up, we're going from Oldham County to Shelby County to go to high school.

We had our own post office in the school. The president's wife, Dr. Whitney Maurice Young, Sr.'s wife, Mrs. Laura Young, was the first black postmistress in the United States. So when the train came by, which went right between U.S. Highway 60 and the campus, about half way was the railroad tracks. We had our little building out there where the mail was thrown off or tossed onto the train as it went through. The train would stop sometimes, but it wasn't necessary to throw mail off and on, just slow down a little bit.

Anyway, after we left Pewee Valley, then it was on to Lincoln Institute. Have you heard of Long Run, Kentucky? From Long Run to Highway 60 and up 60 to Lincoln Institute, just before you got to Simpsonville, Kentucky. I'd have to think about the mileage we traveled but it would take a good two hours. I'd have to stop and figure that out. I can't compare it with today's traveling from point A to point B, which you could do fairly easily. Back then, you were traveling country roads; you weren't on the expressways. You had to go down little lanes and up through hills and valleys and sinkholes and everything else. I can remember some roads like on Rolling Pin Road now in Pewee Valley. Those sinkholes were still there not too many years ago. By the time the school bus stops here and then stops there, let's off here and let's off there, leaving a block from our house at 6 a.m. in the morning it was a rush for us to get to Lincoln for an 8 a.m. class.

OK, ~~Griffytown~~ Griffytown and Berrytown were served by another bus. I didn't ride the bus to Lincoln Institute; I stayed on the campus. If I needed to come home for the weekend, my parents usually came to pick me up. But if they couldn't, I always had that option to jump on the bus and go home on Friday and jump on the bus on Monday morning and come back.

So that was the bus from Oldham County; now let's go to Jefferson County. Eastern Jefferson County, it was the same thing before buses were provided. If you went to Lincoln Institute, you had to live on the campus. If you lived like in Berrytown, which is a neighborhood of Anchorage, Kentucky, and Griffytown which is a section of Middletown, Kentucky. Those little hamlets were formed because some of the inhabitants worked for families that lived in Anchorage and Middletown. OK, Jefferson County, Kentucky provided a bus for those children. So they lived in Griffytown, which would be the farthest from Lincoln, which is just a couple of miles from Berrytown. I would pick up children in Berrytown, children in Griffytown, pick up the children in Berrytown and then it would come up Highway 60 because Highway 60 runs through Middletown, Kentucky and go up Highway 60 to Lincoln Institute. Sometime I would catch that bus because I had good friends that lived in Berrytown. And when I went home with them on weekends, I would ride that bus.

Harrods Creek, Goshen, Skylight, that's Oldham County. Now, we're going to go to some more buses. OK, we're going to go to Shelbyville, we're going to go to Finchville and ~~Mount Clair~~ Montclair, which is just a little hamlet right next door to Lincoln Institute. So, it was at least two ~~buses~~ buses full of high school students who came from Shelby County. Could have been three buses at one time — because before they would pick up the kids in Shelbyville, they would pick up the kids in Finchville and the other little towns around the county seat of Shelbyville.

Then they would pick up the kids in Simpsonville, coming down U.S. 60, and the kids in Montclair. Then into the “blue gate,” up to Lincoln Institute. We called it the blue gate because kids could be so sad, those who just went home on Christmas and they had to get off the Greyhound bus and walk from U.S. 60 all the way up to the campus.

How many children went to school there depends on what year you’re talking about. When I was there, I’d say, approximately — I’m guessing off the top of my head, it’s been a while since 1959 — I’d say, three to four hundred or more. There was an average (average what, male to female?) about...close to fifty, fifty. Plus, Lincoln Institute also had students from out of state, from foreign countries and a couple of white students. I wish every black child could have attended a Lincoln Institute, because it was like one big happy family. As a matter of fact, we’re having our reunion this year. We have it every three years, all of the former students, all faculty and staff, the first weekend in August. It starts on Friday; we’ve been taking the bell (What bell? The Belle of Louisville? Are the reunions held in Louisville?) up for years. They’re going on one of those gambling boats or something like that this year. That’s not my cup of tea. Anyway, on Saturday morning, we will either drive or take a bus and go from the Hyatt Regency or the Galt House, wherever the headquarters is and travel to the campus, which is now the Whitney M. Young, Jr. Job Corps Center. [*An alumnus of Lincoln Institute (Kentucky) was Whitney Young, Jr., a prominent leader of the Civil Rights Movement. He served, from 1961 to 1971, as director of the National Urban League. His father, Whitney Young, Sr., was the school’s longtime principal.*]

In the deed for the school, it states it always has to be an educational institution. I’ll have to go back where Lincoln Institute of Kentucky came to be because of Berea College. My mother’s father went to Berea. I have a nephew at Berea now. My mother’s father and mother were Thomas Maurice Coleman and Mary Eliza Uteley Coleman. John Fee was the founder of Berea. Anyway, Berea College is another whole story in itself. Blacks and whites went to school together prior to the day law. That was around 1908 or 1909, around in there. It might be a couple of years sooner. I’m doing all of this off the top of my head. Anyway, somebody in that time period decided it wasn’t correct for black children and white children to go to school together. OK, so that ended that, and black children were not able to go to Berea any longer. So that’s when Lincoln Institute of Kentucky was founded.

At first, they looked at land in Eastern Jefferson County, but the white residents in Eastern Jefferson County didn’t want a black school in their neighborhood. So, we went farther up Highway 60 and found — I’m still guessing — say about 300 acres or 400 in eastern Shelby County. Actually residents in Shelby County didn’t

want us there either, but the buildings are there. So that's when Lincoln Institute was formed, and it's either 1909 or 1911. [*Lincoln Institute operated from 1912 to 1966.*] So, the administration building is named after Berea. It's Berea Hall. You can see it from Highway 60. You can also see it from Interstate-64.

During the years I was there, Dr. Whitney Maurice Young, Sr. was the president. Whitney, Jr. was born on the campus. [*Whitney M. Young, Jr., was born on campus in 1921.*] Mrs. Kathleen McClain Carroll was the principal; she's still living. Her husband just passed last year: Mr. Joseph Carroll from Warsaw, Kentucky, who was the biology teacher. As a matter of fact, they both went to Kentucky State and met on the campus of Lincoln when they both went there to teach. Eleanor, Whitney Jr.'s sister, was the librarian when I went to Lincoln. Her sister Anita was in Chicago during that time period. She's still there. The family pretty much ran the Institution. The father was the President, the mother was the postmistress and Eleanor, at that time, was the librarian. It was just like a big happy family and the Young family cared for each student just like he or she was their child.

Lincolmites are still close-knit. Even today we're 60-plus years old, but there's that little old divide: The kids who rode the school bus — we called them the day students and we were the dorm students — some of those students will still say or think that the faculty or staff cared more about the dormitory students than they did the day students. But they didn't; it was just the same. The only difference is they were around us 24 hours a day and got to know us better.

Coming from La Grange, let's stop off at Berrytown first because Berrytown is right off La Grange Road. I guess the most important thing about Berrytown is, my father joined First Baptist Church of Anchorage, Kentucky which is the most appropriate name. One of his college friends from Simmons University was Aulie Offutt who was ~~pasturing~~ pastoring there when I was in grade school or early high school. The Offutts were a very prominent family out of Louisville. We would go to church there occasionally. Something else, when we were small, we would go riding on Sunday afternoon. We would always ride to Anchorage and visit my parents' friends. I can remember sitting on the front porches in swings and watching what few cars went by. During that time our car was — I don't remember the year, maybe a 1952 — a brand new car, the Studebaker that looked like an airplane. We got one of those, whatever year that car came out. And in 1956 when Studebaker put out the sports car, we had a Studebaker sports car in 1956, the year they came out. Boy, you couldn't touch me with a 10 foot pole!

Yes, I guess my family was prominent. When I went to Lincoln Institute, that's when I really got to know all of the kids from Berrytown and Griffytown. Berrytown School is still standing. They were talking about tearing it down, but I

hope they don't. The grade school in Berrytown is right across the road from the First Baptist Church of Anchorage. It had a lot of windows. I can remember in high school, they didn't have any street lights. You couldn't even see the front of your hand when going out Berrytown Road or going up ~~Hiwatha~~ Hiawatha Road and back up behind the grade school there.

Berrytown Road ran between La Grange Road and English Station Road. There were black families on English Station Road from the railroad crossing near the rock quarry that went on around to La Grange Road. I can name some families like the Schafers. (More likely Schaefer. Can you double-check?) From what I can recall and what has been told to me in the past, Mr. Berry worked for a family in Anchorage. This was back in the 1800s. I don't know the family's name that he worked for. Anyway, it is my understanding that this person gave Mr. Berry some land which evolved into Berrytown.

Time passes so fast. I'd say, five years ago, maybe more, the original Berry house was still standing, and the descendants who owned the property weren't agreeable to selling it so it could be preserved by anyone. So, it was torn down. It was a two-story, white frame house with a porch, some outhouses in the back, even up until, I'd say, the middle 1960s. There was a house across the street from First Baptist Anchorage. Then there was the school; then there was the lane that went up to Hiawatha Avenue where the Jones family lived and other families. Then the next house would have been the Berry house, on the right hand side going down Berrytown Road, between La Grange Road and English Station Road.

There were a couple of families by the name of Johnson. There was a Johnson family on Berrytown Road. As you went to the end of Berrytown Road and made a right on English Station Road, my parents had some good friends. Dr. Johnson, I can't think of his first name, was a dentist here in Louisville and his wife — we called her Cathy — was a registered nurse at Central State Hospital for years.

Going the opposite direction on English Station Road, there were some good friends of ours. They met when my parents lived in California. Brooks: Frank and Irene Brooks. Their children were Ferman and Ethel Mae. We were good friends with them because they had already met before I was born, before they moved back to Kentucky. Going on around English Station Road, there's the Hayden family. The children were Jeffrey, Emma Jean, Kenneth, Lillian and Charlene. Lillian and I were good friends at Lincoln Institute, and I used to go and stay with Lillian on weekends. That's how I got really familiar with Berrytown, when I was in high school. During that time period, we were teenagers and you couldn't care less (The expression, correctly stated, is "couldn't care less" and not "could care less.") about anything like history. There is a lady ~~that~~ who wrote a brief history of Berrytown.

This was about 10 years ago. That's sketchy. I saw that and it doesn't reveal too much. The Jefferson County Archives, at 810 Barrett Avenue, used to have something. It probably is still there and more in-depth than that little booklet that was made eight or 10 years ago. XXXXXXXX

Griffytown, Hobbs Chapel, if you're going down La Grange road, past Berrytown you go on down to Harrods Creek Road and make a left there and make a right to Anchorage School. As you go down that road that's between La Grange Road and Highway 60 is Harrods Creek Road. A short distance from the Anchorage white grade school is Hobbs Chapel. Which is an AME Church that sits up there. I don't know if it is still open or not because the congregation has dwindled so in the last couple of years or so. Anyway, after you pass Hobbs Chapel, you're in Griffytown. I think the church was named after Mr. Hobbs who probably gave them the land.

After you pass Hobbs Chapel, I can't remember the Baptist church, it escapes me right now. But it's still in existence, it's on the right hand side of the road. It's pretty old but not as old as Hobbs Chapel. I don't know the age but I just know that Hobbs Chapel has been around for a long, long, long time. As a matter of fact, a friend of mine, I think his name is Cole, Gordon Cole's grandfather, I haven't seen him in a little while. But his grandfather was still living a couple of years ago. He was up in his late 90's. He used to pastor at Hobbs Chapel sometime back.

There was a portion of Griffytown they called the 'baby farm'. That was because they said so many residents in this area had so many babies that they called it the baby farm. Anyway, I went to Lincoln Institute with those children too. Oh, I know something else. Berrytown and Griffytown each had their own little joints. You know we've got the schools, the churches and the joints. We just didn't have liquor stores on the corners in those days. The one in Berrytown was on La Grange road. It was owned by some brothers by the name of Green. It was called Green's. So when I was old enough to go into Green's, it would be like, you know your daddy don't want you in here.

Anyway, those were good times, safe times back in those days. In Griffytown, it was a place called Village Inn and it was owned by a lady named Mrs. Clair who was also a friend of my parents. But Mrs. Clair's place, on one side you could buy ice cream, soft drinks and candy for the kids. There were some tables and chairs. The other side was for the grown folks and it was like a juke box and you could buy beer on that side. I don't know if there was a juke box for the kids. There probably was on the children side. Griffeytown wasn't too far from Rosedale. It was on Highway 60. That was another little joint and it leaned like this but they had live bands and you could hear them way before you got there. There was a guitarist

from Louisville and he has been in Los Angeles a long time. I think somebody told me he was a minister now. But his name was Eggie Porter and he played the guitar and it seems like you could hear that guitar way down Highway 60 before you got there. The man that owned it was Billy Limp. People from Louisville used to come up there just to get the chicken sandwiches because they were so good, that his wife fixed. Then when you left Billy Limp's you'd go through Moser Road to go to Jefferson Town. There was a joint over there called Norris' or Corn Field Inn. People would make the round of the different joints on the weekend. Actually, they would come from Shelby County, Henry County and Oldham County. Because once you got into Berrytown and Griffeytown, you were in Jefferson County. And mostly, Oldham County is still dry and Henry County is wet but it was probably dry during that time period too. I think Shelby County was wet.

Children from Henry County which is across the line from Oldham County, going towards Cincinnati, Oldham County, Henry County, Trimble County, Carol County, on until you get near Cincinnati, the Newport, Covington area. After those kids were old enough. Some of them were not old enough but you know how we did things when we weren't old enough but when they got a certain age after they finished school or before they finished school, would go to these places. Like they would come down from Henry County, Oldham County and Shelby County to go to Greens and to the Village Inn and to Billy Lynch's, Rosedale and to Norris' Corn Field Inn.

They would pile into cars as long as you knew somebody lived past whatever county or town you were coming out of, would pile into cars and like, drop me off in Oldham County, Henry County or Shelby County. Those were the good old days and the good Lord was watching over us. I'm guessing and say maybe two or three hundred people lived in each little hamlet of Griffytown and Berrytown. When you start counting the parents, siblings, grandparents and grand kids. Some families were large. The Norris family lived near...back on the baby farm area we had the Thornton's, the Dow's... Jimmy Dow, Dede Dow and I were in the same class. Bobby Dow, Jimmy Dow and there were the Jones' that lived in Griffytown. Oh yes there was a teacher by the name of Jones. They were friends of my parents and her sister and I were good friends. Sister's name is Lydia Jones Johnson. That was the other Johnson family out on Berrytown Road. I didn't know until a couple of years ago when she passed that she was a sister to Sina B. Harris from Louisville who was one of my camp counselors at Camp Sky High at Otter Creek Park when I was a little girl She taught at Berrytown.

My father's first cousin's wife taught for a period at Griffytown. Her name was Lottie Long. And she later went to Newburg and taught. Before schools were

integrated, we didn't know any different. We didn't have anything to compare it with. I thought it was great myself and to a certain extent I wish some segment of our society was still segregated. We've lost so much, to be able to drink a coke at a fountain with a little white girl and a little white boy. We lost our neighborhoods, we lost the close knit even family relationships, not counting neighbors and the whole community. We lost our social identity, really. And in the larger cities, they still have a few now but like the debutante balls and the cotillions and the Greeks this, women had their own clubs and the men had their clubs and they'd have the big formal dances in the winter. All of that's gone because we were scattered, especially in cities like Louisville. When they destroyed Walnut Street, they just wiped out the black community period. That was during Urban Renewal and replaced it with places like Village West.

When they went down through Walnut Street, from sixth Street to probably eighteenth Street or somewhere in there. You not only taking out homes, you took out lawyers, you took out physicians, dentists and barber shops, insurance companies, picture shows and restaurants and dry cleaners and whatever you needed. We didn't have to go on fourth Street for anything. These people had to go and find another place for that establishment and some of them never did start up another business. So you know they couldn't find a big enough plot for everybody to go to and start another Walnut Street. In this time of year, everybody is all up to do about the Derby.

Last night a young man from Smoke Town, Steven Crump, he was the speaker for the Black Achievers back in February, 2001. He spoke at the main branch library last night and he's doing a documentary called, *Forgotten at the Finish Line*. We have three black jockeys that are in Louisville today. Two of them were there last night, Jillian St. James who was racing last year was at Turfway last night so he wasn't able to be here. But even last year and this year, I heard him on television yesterday and he don't have the slightest idea about black jockeys. No, I never heard of it. It's probably because it's been ignored and been passed over. Then if you're not a Kentuckian, you don't know about some of these things. He was just amazed to find out that one of the black jockeys live right here in Louisville. James Long is one black jockey that was there last night. Steve Crump was out to the track on the back side. What I read about his past was that he grew up going to the track with his family. It would be a big day and his mother and grandmother would fry chicken the night before and the kids couldn't touch it until the next day when they got to the park, to the track. So, he had that background as a child. The documentary will be tonight on KET at 10:00.

The Interurban had to come through, before it got to La Grange, it had to stop in

Anchorage and Pewee Valley and La Grange and back. So those people...a lot of kids in Oldham and Eastern Jefferson County and Shelby County, in the earlier days, if your parents couldn't afford to pay for you to stay on campus at the Lincoln Institute, your education was finished. It wasn't necessary only prominent families whose kids went there because what happened was, OK, in Campbellsville, Kentucky, you had the Dunbar, you had Epps in Hopkinsville, you had a high school in Paducah but those counties that didn't have a high school, the county would pay your tuition and the family would pay the room and the board and the books. So, that's how some of the kids in the rural areas got to go to Lincoln. I'd say the fees were a couple of hundred dollars a year, give or take. It wasn't much, not a huge amount but it might have been out of reach for some families. You had families that couldn't afford that. I'm just guessing off the top of my head because I hadn't thought about these things in a long time.

I have a catalogue from Kentucky State from 1919. Students who wanted to go on to college after they left Lincoln Institute, usually went to one of our predominantly black colleges. From Kentucky State to Morgan State, Fisk, Atlanta Clark, Florida A&M, Spellman, Morehouse, Howard. I went on to Kentucky State because I couldn't make up my mind on where I wanted to go to school. Because it was something special about Clark, Something special about Fisk and Spellman and Florida A&M. I couldn't make up my mind until it was too late to be accepted so my father said, 'well you can always go up the road', and my momma just grinned because that was her Alma Mater, so that's how I ended up at Kentucky State.

It was nice because I went to Kentucky State with a lot of the same kids I went to Lincoln Institute with. So now it's like, when we run into each other and we haven't seen each other in years, it's like, did we go to Lincoln together, did we go Kentucky State together or was it both. I started out majoring in English and minoring in French and I switched to Sociology and Physiology. That's basically what I'm doing now.

I was trying to think of some more family names in Griffytown. The Huggins, the Weatherby's...this is Griffytown. The James Taylor subdivision in Harrods Creek, Jim Taylor, Old man James Taylor and his wife were friends of my parents. Talking about riding on Sunday afternoons, that's another place we used to go is out to Harrods Creek to see them. That was before they had anything called a subdivision. That's when they were living up in the "neck" that's right on the river. Then we had some more friends right there at Harrods Creek Road and 42 called Mrs. Ackes. That was a restaurant that had real good fried chicken. It was a white building trimmed in red. It's still there. She had all of these white painted chairs and tables all out in the yard with a white fence around it and just before you got to her

place, I don't remember the family but I remember when we used to go to visit, right near the road, which would have been River Road, as it runs into 42, there was an archway at the end of the walk full of roses with little benches on each side of the walk. My brother and I used to sit there and watch the cars go up and down River Road.

Then, down the road from Mrs. Ackes,, a club just closed out there recently. It was called Retired Sportsman or something like that. But years before that, it was something else and they used to have baseball games back there. That's something else we used to do a lot. All of these towns had baseball teams and they used to play each other. In La Grange, the baseball diamond was on a farm of a black family on Jericho Road, called the Thomases. People from the surrounding areas like Eminence and Griffytown, Shelbyville would play baseball in the summertime, so that was always something biggie to do. Jericho Road starts in La Grange, right as you cross the rail road track. It goes right out of Oldham County and goes on up to a little town called Jericho. Cause the Beard family lived there. Mrs. Beard was grandmother's niece's child.

There's no church. As a matter of fact, a white church has been built just here recently just in steps of Anthony's paternal Grandmother. Part of this property, she had been paying taxes on it for years. She thought it was hers. She had been paying on a large lot and come to find out, well part of this lot that was closer to her home, I don't know the exact footage.

I think my life has been pretty good. You have your ups and downs but on a whole it's been good but I still don't know what I want to do when I grow up.