

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS RESEARCH CENTER

The University of North Carolina at Asheville

Interview with Lucy Herring, August 2, 1977

Second Session--Tape II Asheville, North Carolina

Interviewed by Dr. Louis D. Silveri

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[Side 1]

Lucy Herring: And so I knew that the Stanford Junior High School Test wasn't the answer; so, of course, this was correspondence before I opened the summer school for the kids. I said I'd like to have the privilege of offering the Stanford Achievement Test, but advanced test with the range of--will get as high as grade fourteen college level. I feel that the kids would go through the Junior test, the ceiling of it. I am trying to recall the lady's name of the nice Noyes Foundation; we became very close friends, it seems. But she wrote me and said do you mind trying the Junior test? And I wrote and told her that I would try.

Well, I tried the expensive Junior test, and the kids knocked the ceiling out of it. It put a lid on there; they couldn't go through, so they just hit the ceiling. So I took the advanced test, and some of the kids scored higher than the college freshmen had climbed because we had the cream of the crop. There was one girl there, who on some testing that had been done in the system, had rated in the upper three percent of the nation! And it was a marvel experience! And you talk about mature kids, they were really mature. We had--we would not take more than fifty, and they came in, and they had nothing to pay; everything was taken care of. And I grew more with those children than I had grown with any group of people with whom I worked!

Silveri: How long did you stay at Livingstone College?

Herring: I resigned in--you see, you don't have to resign, I mean you don't have to retire from a college if you reach over sixty-five. That is if you're not dragging a leg or something like that; if you're mentally alert and that type of thing. I could have stayed on indefinitely; I mean for a much longer time.

But my son was going to Vietnam, and I decided that I wanted to go to Phoenix to stay with my daughter-in-law (his wife), and their two sons, who were teenagers. That was the time they were having these hot summers, you know. I said this is no time for my teenage boys to be in an apartment, coming home in the afternoon with no one in the apartment. They were in a complex, and there were no black people there but my son's family. Well, if they had been all black people, it would have been just the same. But I didn't want them coming home to an empty apartment, and so I said well, I'll resign in the summer.

The president had been failing in health for quite some time. When we had this summer school for the high school students, at the end of the summer school, we had open house, and the parents came from all sections of the State. We had this assembly program. Oh, it was a beautiful program: music, choral reading, dancing, ... [inaudible], tap dancing, and the different types of dances,

Lucy Herring: (continued) readings, (lovely choral reading groups), and then the president always welcomed these parents and talked to them. Many of the students, who came to the college in that program, came back to the college as students, you see.

So this summer when I was getting ready to go, I hadn't resigned at that time. It was in '68, and the president came down and said to me, "You are going to Phoenix to see your son off to Vietnam?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well now, who is going to finish out the program for you?" The program hadn't ended when I made this decision. I said, "Well, I have asked your wife, Ida, (Mrs. Duncan) to take over and finish the school for me." We had three other instructors there. He said, "Well, can you come back and close out the summer school?" I said, "Well, Dr. Duncan, I don't-- I think that will be very expensive to have to fly back from Phoenix just to have to close out a summer school!" He said, "I want you to welcome the people!" I said, "Well, you can welcome the people." He said, "Mrs. Herring, I want you to come back and close out the summer school." I said, "I will think about it, Dr. Duncan." He said, "There will be no expense on your part; the college will pay your plane fare back. I want you to come back and close out the summer school." And I said, "I'll think about it." He said, "No, you don't think about it."

And he has never addressed me without a courtesy title before, and he looked at me, and he said, "Lucy Herring, you will have to come back and close out the summer school!" His expression was--I don't know--I was concerned about his expression, and I said, "Why?" And he dropped his head, and he said, "I won't be here." And he turned and walked away, and I noticed a slump in his shoulders and he was frail; tall man who had been a big robust, two hundred and some odd pounder, had just dwindled away, and when I looked at his frame as he walked out the door, I said (to myself) it seems to me that that was his way of saying good-bye. I don't know.

I promised him that I would come back. I went to Phoenix the next week, and I had been in Phoenix a week, and the young lady who had been my secretary called me, and she was weeping. And I said to her, "Now you know better than that; you don't have to tell me what has happened, I know what has happened. If Dr. Duncan could say anything to you, you know what he would say. He would tell you to shut up, wouldn't he?" And she said, "Yes, ma'm." I said, "Now that's one thing he couldn't stand, a whiny woman crying; now be happy! He said he wanted to die with his shoes on."

Everybody was concerned and so afraid that he would die in the office or on the campus. I'd see him coming under the arch coming to the campus to the administration building. He would walk ten or fifteen steps and pretend to be looking around, but he would be stopping to rest. One day I went to the registrar's office, and his sister was registrar, Julia Duncan. And she knew that I had a good bit of influence over the president because most people can

Lucy Herring: (continued) get your people to do things when the members in the family can't get them to do it. So, I went in that morning, and I looked at Julia and she was sad. She said, "Mrs. Herring?" And I said, "Yes." She called her brother Sam; she was the oldest child in the family. She said, "Would you go in there and tell Sam to go home?" I said, "Why don't you tell him?" She said, "You know he's not going to pay any attention to me. He doesn't pay any attention to anybody much, but he might listen to you." And I said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll go in." When I went in the secretary said, "Dr. Duncan is not receiving any guests, any visitors this morning." I said, "I'm not a visitor, thank you." And I knocked on the door lightly, and he had his head on the desk. I said, "Mr. President?" I liked to call him that, and I think he liked for me to call him that. He looked, he raised his head, he said, "Yes, Mrs. Herring." He sat up and tried to brace himself and be brave. He said, "Sit down!" I said, "I don't want to sit down! Listen, I have prayed for you, and I worried about you, and I'm going to tell you, I don't want to have to buy any flowers for you right now! Would you go home?" And I turned and walked out. And Julia told me the next day that he got out of that office, and he went home! I had to tell him that to shock him, but he went home.

And this is a backtracking kind of thing, but when I came back to close out the summer school, I didn't want to be there for the funeral. I purposely waited until the funeral was over. I came back to close out the summer school. I left Phoenix on a plane at midnight Phoenix time. I arrived in Asheville noon our time, Asheville time. I got a limousine and went to my home and got my car, and drove. I was driving to Salisbury. You know I hadn't slept too much on the plane, and I over-estimated my strength as an old-timer! You see, I still don't realize that I'm an old-timer! When you're young in your heart and your mind, you forget sometimes that you're not young!

So I drove that car, and I sang to keep awake, and I played the radio to keep awake, and I even did some choral readings to keep awake. And when I got within five miles of Salisbury, and I saw the tall buildings, I guess I must have relaxed. I said, "Well, thank the Good Master I don't have to worry; I've made it at least to the city limits!" But on either side of that big highway, there was a slight embankment, and it was grass-covered and the grass--and I didn't know the grass kind of comes up and goes down in a scoop and comes up, and I guess I must have fallen asleep at the wheel, and the wheel--I know this must have happened or I would have--the car would have been wrecked.

I must have slumped at the wheel, and the car must have gradually, gradually, gradually moved off the highway. When I did come to myself, I had gone down into this scoop-topped type of thing, and my car made a sudden stop with the nose up in the air! When I did awaken, I saw that I was off the highway, and I thought I was going to--I put my foot on that

Lucy Herring: (continued) accelerator, and I mashed it with excitement to the floor, and cut around and went across the highway to the left. Thank God there was no traffic coming, and went into the other side, and cut the wheel again, and went back into the same entrenchment, and then I gradually came to myself, and I followed it for a distance. And I finally came up on the level on the embankment on the side, and I stopped the car! I said, "Well, thank you Good Master!" I wasn't excited; it didn't frighten me. I didn't feel any fear, and it's strange, I sang this song, hummed it, "I'm Out Here on Your Word", and "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands", I sang that, and I hummed on in "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands", rolled on into Salisbury, and then when I got home, I almost collapsed, you see, after I hit the house, and I went to bed.

So, the next morning, I received the parents, told them about my experience, and then I went--it was then, after Dr. Duncan had died, that I had closed out the program that I decided definitely--I mean a definite decision that I would not come back because well, the timing was right to me.

And so the same young woman whom I recommended to succeed me when I left the Asheville City Schools, had been told that because of integration they would have only one supervisor. Well, you knew--you know, I'm sorry; I had my "she knew." But you know and I know if they're going to have only two--one supervisor, there were two and they're going to have only one--that that one would be white. And so he said to Mrs. Yarborough, who was the supervisor who succeeded me, "We're going to have but one supervisor, but I will see that you have a job." When she informed me by telephone that she was going to come back home because she could work in the schools there, she had been a supervisor, and had been a Jeanes Supervisor in the county there. She said, "I know I can get work at home; I'm not accepting whatever it is the Superintendent has for me. I'm not accepting it; I'm coming home." And I wrote her; I called her, I'm sorry, and I told her that I would recommend her to the president. I had recommended her to the president, to the dean, I'm sorry, to the dean of the college because I forgot the president was dead. I had recommended her to the Dean of the College as my successor, and she was very pleased, and so she came in and took over the program. I sent my resignation in; I gave a verbal resignation to the Dean. I said, "Now I'm giving it to you verbally, and when I get to Phoenix, I'll send it to you in written form so you'll have it for your files." And so Mrs. [Lucille] Yarborough came in and took over; I sent my resignation in to them there, and so I stayed in Phoenix a year.

Silveri: A year? Then you came back here and established your home in Asheville again?

Herring: Yes. My home was already established.

Silveri: You kept your house here?

Lucy Herring: I told you how I first bought the house that I paid three thousand dollars for, and I eventually sold it. I turned down the ten thousand because I didn't want to leave then. There was a janitor^{hell} and a maid in the city schools who wanted that house very badly, and I wanted them to have it. They had saved up a nice sum of money, and I'm very sentimental; I guess there is something wrong with my head anyway. I feel deeply about people.

Now, I could have advertised that house and received more than eight thousand dollars for it, and of course, I had spent more than that to remodel it, if not, almost that. But those two people wanted that house, and I said I will let you have it for eight thousand dollars, and you can pay me out--I let them take a --I took a second mortgage, and the Asheville Federal financed it for them. Attorney [Ruben] Dailey, who was doing the papers for us, said, "Now Mrs. Herring, what about the interest?" I said, "There won't be any interest; I'm not charging any!" He said, "We don't do business that way!" I said, "You don't do business that way, but I do. These people have worked hard, and they saved up (I have forgotten what the downpayment was) but if they have saved up this much money from the little salary (income) they are getting, I'm not charging them any interest!" And he looked at me so strangely; he said, "Do you mean that?" I said, "Indeed, this is no time to joke! Yes, I mean it!" And I didn't charge them interest at all.

And then I went--when I sold that house, I bought a house 85 Broad Street. It had been my older sister's house, and it was not paid for. And upon her death, my brother who was in charge of things, arranged so I could finish paying for it. I had been keeping the payments up because my sister was sick, and her income wasn't sufficient to keep the payments up on this house about three doors above me. Beautiful two-story home; one of the most beautiful still in Asheville today. Lovely view of Grove Park Inn in the mountains; she never lived in it. She rented it, but she got sick, and didn't have a chance to live in it.

So, I bought that house, finished--assumed the payments on it. When I finished the [payments], I was about to get settled down. I had made improvements there, and I had my Aunt Alice with me, who was quite up in years when the doctor told me I had to stop doing the steps. I had a lovely cyclone fence around the place, had the basement improved, had a new furnace put in. I said, well, I thought I was set for smooth sailing from that point on out. So, I sold that house, and I drew my plans for a retirement home.

First, my son said when he retired he wanted to come to Asheville to live. Well, with his family, [my] plan was a ranch-type, brick home, and there were, let's see one--I'll have to count--two, three, four, five.

Lucy Herring: (continued) There were five rooms upstairs, and a glass-enclosed carport-patio; and downstairs was a utility room and on that same ground floor was a three-room apartment, walk-in closet, one bedroom, a combined kitchen and sitting room, and I said, "Now this is all I'll ever want, just the three rooms with access to the utility room." And I had the fence again--a fence all the way around. The lot was 100 x 140 feet with wooded area. I left many of the trees, and I have some of the most beautiful pictures during the snow of that home, and during the spring with the flowers, and doing the lawn. It was an elevated lot, and I could see the mountains. I had a big picture window that I enjoyed. I had wrought iron rails put at the front door and at the back door, and at the downstairs {doors}. And you could come in from the right or you could come in from the left on Oakland, or you could come in at the side gate.

A white fellow, a white man, came to my house one day, and he said, "Mrs. Herring, you don't have any back doors; all your doors are front doors." Well, I made the side entrances, and the entrances came out from the closed apartment with flowers everywhere. I just lived with flowers and shrubs. So when he said to me, "You don't have back doors," this is what I told him, and it came from the bottom of my heart.

I said, "No, I don't have any back doors; I have an aversion to back doors." When I was at the University of Chicago, I was a companion for Dr. Sweet's wife. Dr. Sweet was head of the Divinity School; I worked my way through the university, and I was her companion.

And it was a seven-story building, the Cloisters, and they had a doorman... I shall never forget his eyes were so blue and the blue uniform; he didn't look real! And he said to me after I had gone into the house for several days, "Why do you use the front door?" Well, you see the other servants came in through the alley, through the back, and came in through the back door, and I said, "I'll tell you one day later." He was afraid to tell me to come to the back door because he didn't know what Dr. Sweet's reaction would be.

So I would fix Dr. Sweet's breakfast the days that he went to school, went to the Divinity School; just nothing but dry cereal, coffee, and toast. And the days that I went to school, he would fix breakfast, and so he said to me one day, "Do you tell me today?" I said, "Yes, I'll tell you today."

I have always been a bit devilish; so, he said, "Do you tell me today?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well why?" I said, "Now don't you tell anyone!" He said, "I promise!" I said, "I'm passing for white!" He laughed and he laughed; he bent over. I said, "No! I was just being a little facetious with you! Frankly I have an aversion to back doors and alleys. All of my life

Lucy Herring: (continued) I've had to go to back doors and through alleys. I have an aversion to back doors, and therefore, I use the front door, and it's entirely satisfactory with the management!" He said nothing else.

Well, when I said to this young man I didn't want any back doors that goes back to this background that you have had that--that you've always had to go to the back door, or you've always had to go to the side, and strangely I have no feeling of resentment. But it was just a fact that had happened, just a fact of life, and it was just the fact that I said if I didn't have to tolerate, I just didn't tolerate it. And so that was the thing; so I was perfectly content.

I moved into my new into my new home. It had a big picture window facing the west. I looked from the picture window one evening, and I saw the sun setting. And I was so happy in that home, and my sister was with me then. Her daughter had died, and she moved across the street into the home with me. But I was standing there at the picture window and I said this, "I hope--" I looked at the beautiful sunset, and I said, "How beautiful, how beautiful!" And then I said to myself, audibly, which I don't usually do. I don't usually talk to myself. They say when you start talking to yourself that's all right, but when you start answering yourself, it's time for people to get busy doing something about you!

But I said quite audibly, "I hope that I shall remain at this lovely spot until my sun sets!" And I meant it; I was never more serious in my life. I knew this was my retirement home. I was happy, but as time went on, you couldn't get people to do work for you. I paid the Asheville Tree Service thirty dollars a month to do my lawn twice a week; my front lawn which was a hundred feet in length and about a hundred by a hundred and maybe twenty-five, thirty. I paid the Negro boys to do the back lawn; I had a back lawn and a side lawn. That's why the man said I had no back doors.

On the embankment I had beautiful Iris plants of all colors, and they had to do that grass on the bank and do that one on the level in ... the back of the apartment, and then to the side that wasn't so large. I paid them a dollar and a quarter an hour, took them out to the Burger King and gave them a milk shake and a hamburger, took them back and let them finish working, took them home in the car after the day was over, and when they made six or seven dollars, I'd have to run them down to get them to come back.

And so I found--one day I asked the man, the Asheville-Buncombe Tree Service man, to trim the white pines. I had a screen. See, I was on the corner, my lot was on the corner. I had a screen there of white pines.

Lucy Herring: That's another thing. They said nothing would ever grow there. We had the most beautiful shrubs that grew there, and we planted white pines on the back, and when the people were tearing down the Mountain Street School, one of the parents called me and said, "They are plowing up the shrubs, and I just wondered--they are throwing them out in the street! Do you want them?" I went over and got some. I got some balsom plants. I got the jack and white pines, and I dropped them right in the back of my car. And I had a man to plant them across as a screen on the side on Erskine Street. They were white pines, and they grew so very beautiful. Oh, about ten feet high! Sometimes they would sprout up higher than that, and I didn't want them to get too high. So, when I asked the Tree Service man if he would trim the pines, and he charged me sixty dollars to trim them. I said, "Well, now this is it. I can't survive taking care of a place this large."

My son decided there were so many advantages in Phoenix, he retired after twenty-one years in the Air Force. He retired as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Air Force. He had taught German pilots for a number of years, and General Electric offered him an attractive job, and his wife had been offered work. And she was doing supervisory work in the Phoenix City Schools, the Head Start Program.

He said, "Mama, it wouldn't make sense for me to come to Asheville. I could not get the kind of work I can get here in Phoenix, and I would not accept the kind of work I can get here in Asheville." You know and I know that he would have had to take a job; he couldn't have had a managerial or supervisory job in any of the plants or anything, but you see that's what he got in Phoenix. I said it makes plenty of sense.

So, I prayed over it, and I decided to sell the home. Well, ^{after} I decided to sell the home, I said now--my sister and I were together, the two widows, and I said, (my husband was dead at that time) "Nettie (that's my sister's name), we can't maintain this place." She was physically incapacitated; I knew she could never help me do anything so far as the housework was concerned. And I said, "It doesn't make sense for the two of us, two old people, to try to maintain a large house like this, and I'm going to sell the home!" She said, "Well, I had hoped you would come to that." Because she had sold hers.

I didn't advertise; I didn't put up any signs. I didn't want people coming in, some out of curiosity with no intention of buying. I said I would just contact a few people. So one day I stopped a young man who was my neighbor. He was the first and only psychiatric social worker that Oteen, the Veteran's Hospital, had had. And I said to him, "Mr. [Clifford] Edington (that was his name), I'm going to sell my house; do you know of anyone who would like to buy a nice home?" He said, "Mrs. Herring, I know you're kidding!" I said, "No, I'm not joking!" He said, "Yes, I know a person who would like to buy it. I'd buy it,

Lucy Herring: (continued) but I know I can't make it. I can't pay the price." I said, "Well, do you know of anyone who really wants to buy it?" He said, "I think I know who would like to buy that home, and I certainly hope he will be in a position to buy it." I said, "Well, who is it?" He said, "It's Jimmy McCracken."

I said, "Oh, that's one of our fine young men!" He and my niece had been friends for years; she was dead, and we just loved him. So he said, "I'll speak to McCracken today when I go to work." That was on Monday, I believe, and on Wednesday when I went out into the yard, I saw two men at my gate. And one was McCracken and one was my neighbor.

So I said--McCracken said to me, "Mrs. Herring, do you want to sell your house?" I said, "Yes, I do!" He said, "I want to give you a binder." I said, "You can't give me a binder, the house hasn't been appraised yet." He said, "I want to give you a binder anyway." I said, "No. I'll tell you this, my word will be all that you will need. After the house is appraised, I'll give you the first opportunity to buy it." He said, "All right, but I would still like to give you a binder." I said, "All right, go right on, Honey Bunch, I'll give you the first chance."

And so when the house was appraised, I called him, and he came. I said, "Now the Asheville Savings and Loan Association people appraised the house; the appraisal was--Mr. Yermack made the appraisal. He was the one who did the appraising of the homes at that time. It was appraised at such a high price that the people evidently at the Asheville Federal questioned it, and Mr. Westall--a young man who finally succeeded Mr. Byers; I'm trying to think, well-known family. They handled lumber here. His name doesn't come to me. But he finally became president. So he probably was.

One day I looked up and saw Mr. Yermack and this young man coming. So Mr. Yermack said, "Mrs. Herring I have Mr. Westall. He would like to look over the home." We were sitting on the sunporch. I said, "Well, go right on in." And he went in, he carried the young man, Mr. Westall (did you see me feeling for that word? I was just reaching out to get it, and it came to me), his father owned the Westall Lumber Company, one of Asheville's finest families. And Mr. Westall came in, and they went on into the house. They went down into the basement, and they came out, and said, "Everything is all right!"

But the man who built the house was a solid builder. He didn't--he was his own contractor with his own carpenters; he worked with his carpenters. When you have a contractor, and he has to depend on the people under him to do the work, sometimes they cut corners. That's what happened to my sister's house. She had a very ¹sic₁ man who was a contractor, but the

Lucy Herring: (continued) man's carpenters, cut corners, and the house didn't have the very finest material in it. But this man did the work himself with his men. He was there with them side by side, and he put the best material into it. And when he got ready to make the apartment down here, he said, "Mrs. Herring, ordinarily you put concrete in the windowsills on this ground floor. But it will be just as cheap for me to go to the quarry and get marble, and put marble here as it would for me to make up, get the mortar rather, fill up the frames, and let it dry. And so I'm going to get marble."

He got this pink and brown marble, and he put the windowsills of pink and brown marble, and he built the mantle of pink and brown marble. It was ^apositively beautiful thing. So he put such fine material into it because he was there building it himself, and he took pride in it. You know when a person puts himself into his work, it has to be good, and so that's how it got this high rating. And so I said to the young man, "This is the price; I will charge you this if you pay cash, and I'll charge you three thousand dollars more if I have to take second mortgage." And I was never more shocked in my life when he said, "Mrs. Herring, I'll pay cash!"

In a matter of a few weeks, the house was sold, and people were surprised, and some people were disappointed. There was a doctor who said if you ever sell that house I want to buy it, and there were other people who wanted it. There was one man who wanted to buy my sister's house, and we didn't let him buy it because he wouldn't have been a good neighbor because of the work he's involved in. And he came later, and he said, "I saw that this house was for sale, and I could have paid cash for it!" And my neighbor said, "Well, the man who bought it paid cash for it!"

So the big problem now: where are you going? You're outdoors so to speak! I went to the Biltmore Garden Apartments. I had always admired the beauty. I had always been fascinated by the red petunias and every apartment had a balcony, and those red petunias reminded me of the geraniums on the patios in Switzerland when I was there. We went to eight countries in my son's British Ford with his family. And I was just fascinated, I said to my sister, "If we can get an apartment there, we will be in one of the beautiful spots in the world!"

We went out there one morning, and the office was closed. We went out one day near noon, when we thought maybe the people had gone to lunch and would be back, and the office was closed. Believe it or not, we went back a third time on in the afternoon, and the office was closed. And said to my sister, "Nettie, stand right still!" And she said, "What?" I said, "Look at the beauty! Just look around!" "Oh," she said, "this is marvelous!" And I

Lucy Herring: (continued) said, "But now you think it's beautiful now, and the petunias are blooming, and the shrubs are beautiful. But what would happen when it starts sleeting and snowing, and we are up on this hill? My car couldn't get in or out; the streetcars don't come up here. We couldn't walk downhill, if we got sick nobody's coming out here in these woods to look for us. Get into the car; let's go. God does not intend for us to be out here!"

I am not a religious fanatic. I have both feet on the ground when it comes to religion. But we got into that car, and we drove back and I prayed over it. And I'm not exaggerating. Just one morning when I awakened, this thought came to me: Call Dr. George Stevens, and I did. Dr. Stevens is a man who was the head of this corporation over the Vanderbilt Apartments.

All right, I called his office, and I said, "I would like to speak to Dr. Stevens, please." He said, "This is Dr. Stevens." Well, Dr. Stevens was the health doctor for the county schools for years! I was part-time supervisor for the county schools for years. I knew Dr. Stevens; Dr. Stevens knew me. I said, "Dr. Stevens, this is Mrs. Herring." He said, "What Herring?" I said, "This is Lucy Herring." He said, "I thought you were in Phoenix." I said, "I was in Phoenix, but I've been back in Asheville more than a year." He said, "Are you in school work?" I said, "No, I'm not in school work; I'm retired." He said, "Why don't you come to Vanderbilt?" I said, "What do you think I'm calling you for? That's exactly what I'm calling you about!"

All right. I had no difficulty getting rid of my furniture because I practically gave it away. My nephew, I gave all my livingroom furniture, and the other furniture I sold by rooms. I had a mahogany bedroom set that was handed down; I said, "This furniture--I'll let you have this for one hundred dollars, and the Beauty Rest box springs and mattress on the bed cost that! I'll let you have this." I had a walnut bedroom set and I said, "I'll let you have this for one hundred dollars." All right, when it came to the den, I said, "I'll let you have everything in here except my sister's television and our old folk's rockers." We had recliners. We sat side by side and looked at television. I said, "That included the books, most of the books, and all that."

Then we came to the front porch where we had one area with the dining table where we ate in the summer, and another area that was a sitting area. I said, "I'll let you have everything on, in this porch here for the cost of the glider," and that's how I got rid of them. I had used them. I had gotten service out of them over the years, and I knew I couldn't use them in the apartment. The furniture was too large, and so my sister and I bought new furniture, with a few exceptions, and moved in, and we have never been happier!

Silveri: Now let me ask you a few more questions before our tape runs out here. Did you ever know the Wolfe family?

Lucy Herring: The what?

Silveri: Tom Wolfe and his family. Did you ever meet any of them when you were growing up in Asheville?

Herring: I never knew the Wolfe family. There was a relative of the Wolfe family here. Miss Wolfe taught English at the--Louise Wolfe taught English at the Lee Edwards High School. When I moved into this apartment, she was one of the first people to greet me. She was a very fine person; she stayed here quite a number of years, and then she was hospitalized. And I think she's now in a nursing home somewhere in this area. But so far as knowing any of his immediate family, I did not know any of the Wolfe family.

Silveri: When was the school named for you? Which school was named after you, and when did it happen?

Herring: The Mountain Street School was named for me!

Silveri: In what year?

Herring: I told you not to ask me years. (She's laughing)

Silveri: You should remember that!

Herring: NO, I tell you I have an aversion to dates; I'll tell you why. This might seem a little bit queer, but when I--well, first of all, I'll admit that a part of it is age. I don't want to be--

Silveri: I'm to that age myself!

Herring: But the point is this, I never remember dates. I never wanted to remember dates. When I, was in the fifth grade, I had a teacher; she was a cousin of mine! You had to get United States History. If you couldn't give information to her in chronological order, if you got out of line, she would say, "Well, you're not to that yet!"

Well, I was to that in my thinking. But she wouldn't let you there, you had to give it just like it was in the book, and you had to give dates! I said I just formed a dislike for history, and an aversion to dates, and I have never tried--the thing that I remember. The only thing I can pride myself, and sometimes I get that mixed up, about whatever year it was in '42, Columbus sailed the Ocean blue. I don't know the year. I used to know that date, but I've even forgotten that because I don't relish the idea of remembering dates.

Let us say it was in the '40's; no, I'm sorry, oh it couldn't have been. It was because I'll tell you why. There was an unveiling of the portrait that was given by the parents, and incidentally that school was not named by white people. Now I said that for a reason. The Stephens-Lee High School was named Stephens after George Stephens whom the Vanderbilts brought here from the islands. He stayed one year. Nobody ever knew what happened to him. Mrs. Hester Lee, who was the wife of the principal Walter Lee, died, and they named the school Stephens-Lee in honor of Mr. Stephens who was the first principal and Mrs. Lee who was one of the first teachers.

Lucy Herring: I've tried, when I was at Mountain Street School, with my faculty and with the parents, to get them to name Mountain Street School, (we sent a registered letter), Martin-Swann, after Mrs. Martin who had died. Mrs. Martin, the first building principal, and Miss Hattie Swann, who was then living and retired, and who had taught in the systems fifty-two years! And they didn't--we sent that registered letter, and they didn't give us the courtesy of a reply.

And then in the '50's when they decided to make the new school, build the new school, [Reverend] Cannon, the Presbyterian minister, called me, and said, "Mrs. Herring, we have a committee here, and we are getting names for [the] new school. Do you have any recommendations?" I said, "Indeed I do! Martin-Swann is what we tried to have the school named. The parents and teachers sent a registered letter, and we didn't get any reply. I'm going in and look up Mrs. Martin's record and Mrs. Swann's record, and put me down for Martin-Swann."

And I did, and I sent it in. I got the record. I got all the information together and sent it in to them, and when the final count was made, they voted. Eighty percent--I wish I had--I should have brought that out for you to see. One person wanted it named for an English teacher who used to be at Stephens-Lee School. One wanted it named for Mrs. Martin (that was my vote). There were about six people who voted for another name, and all of the others, eighty percent of the others, decided on Lucy Herring.

And they sent this petition in, the results of the vote in a letter, and I have all of those things there. See my mind has been crowded with so many dates and so many events and things of that type, but when they saw these signatures, they decided. They voted.

[Side II]

Herring: And when they sent this petition in, the results of the vote in a letter, and I have all of those things there. See my mind has been crowded with so many dates and so many events and things of that type. But when they saw these signatures, they decided. They voted unanimously to accept the recommendation of these parents, and that's the thing that makes me proud.

When I asked why they wouldn't name the school Martin-Swann, they said they don't name schools after people until they are dead. But you see when my business manager told me that, I said, "Until they are dead?" And I looked at him because there was a white principal living, and who was principal of a school named after her, yet she taught in the school, and I knew the story.

But that was a part truth; it wasn't a basic tale. It was a part truth. You don't name schools after black people until they are dead! Every school, every

Lucy Herring: (continued) black elementary school, in this city is named for a street. Every white elementary school in this city is named for a person, and after the school was named for me, upon the request of my parents--not my parents, teachers--parents--I mean teachers. The business manager said to me facetiously. He had an odd way of getting things over to me. He said, "Well, Mrs. Herring, now that you have a school named after you, don't start raising Hell!" I said, "I don't come from hell-raising stock!" He said, "You get my message, don't you?"

What he was saying to me, the people were afraid. His people were afraid that if you name a school after a Negro who was living, he might disgrace you! You see, he might do something and that type of thing. He had a very strange way of getting things over to me! I got the message; we smiled. You see, but that was the thing.

That was the thing. It was in the 1960's. I have a vivid picture of the unveiling. I have the portrait here. It was done in color by the Culbersons. The parents asked me if I would go to Culberson and pose for the portrait. And I remember how reluctantly I went to the Culbersons because for years I had passed there on going to Battery Park Hill, and all of my whole life I had never seen a black picture in that window. Every thing was white!

And so when I went in, I told Mrs. Culberson, I said, "I'm here (she knew me) to pose for the picture." So I said to her, "I wonder if you could make a picture of me that would do justice to me." She said, "Why?" I said, "You're not accustomed to making pictures of black people; I don't know!" And I put my arm out. And I said, "Now, you see my arm? It is a dark brown; it's not tobacco brown, but it has some red under it. I wonder if you can make a portrait. These people are investing money in this portrait, and if you could make a picture that would do justice. I'm not asking you to make something that isn't there, something that's beautiful that's not there, but just to make it as it is, and give it the proper coloring." She said, "Well, Mrs. Herring, we promise you we will do our very best, and I believe we can do a superb job!"

Mr. Culberson had me to--I had eight sittings, eight poses, and he did that portrait. He did the coloring; yes. He did the features, but he told Mrs. Culberson, he said he got a certain amount of satisfaction out of getting that portrait done. He said he saw something in my countenance that caused him to want to work hard to do it. I don't know what it was. I never asked any questions about it. But at the unveiling when the people saw the picture, everybody would say, "Well, I wonder if they could do that for me!", and they looked at me and saw what they had done, "Well, I wondered if they could do that for me!"

Silveri: Now then the school was named for you while you were still principal of it?

Herring: No!

Silveri: No?

Herring: No, I wasn't principal then.

Silveri: You were supervisor.

Herring: I was supervisor.

Silveri: Ok---

Herring: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Let me see. You let me give that date. It was in the fifties, and I think I had--I know I came back. Let me tell you why I know. I was at Livingstone College. I had brought the Dean of Women and the Music Teacher from Livingstone College---

Silveri: Well, wasn't it in the sixties?

Herring: So it was in the sixties!

Silveri: Yes.

Herring: It was in the sixties. You see how you---you see time moves so rapidly! It was in the sixties. I wasn't at Livingstone College but four years. So it must have been the first year I was at Livingstone College.

Silveri: About sixty-five, sixty-six.

Herring: Something like that. But now you see if I had done my homework, I would have had those figures before me.

Silveri: [inaudible]

Herring: I remember we came back; we drove up from Livingstone College. I drove and brought the Dean of Women, and the Music Teacher at the college, and two other people, and they were there for the unveiling of the picture.

Silveri: Well, we're going to presume there will be time allowed. What I want to ask you in the remaining ten minutes or so, is your evaluation of race relations in Asheville over the years?

Herring: Race relations? I tell you--I don't know how much time you have there, but that's been one of my hobbies, if you want to call it a hobbie. I don't think of it as a hobbie, [it's] one of my intense interests. It has been a burning interest. It has been an interest in which I have been involved from the time I was quite a youngster.

I shall never forget I used to follow people around to meetings. They called them race relations meetings then. I remember 'way back in 1918 I went with Miss Ruffin, who was YWCA secretary, to a meeting that was called a race relations meeting in the Central Methodist Church on Church Street here in the city. At that time I was a teenager in advanced years, latter years. I must have been about eighteen; yes, I was about eighteen. I started at sixteen as I told you, so eighteen or nineteen.

But I always had a young face that was very deceiving, and I was slender not bulgy like I am now, and they probably considered me a strip of a girl.

Lucy Herring: And so Miss Ruffin was a big hefty person and talked with a heavy voice, and there was a black minister there behind us. And I remember the black minister talked, and then Miss Ruffin the "Y" secretary talked. Then the man presiding said, "Would the young girl like to have something to say?" Miss Ruffin said, "Well, she's one of our young teachers here; she's just new in the system. I imagine she would. Miss Saunders, would you want to have something to say?" I said, "Yes." And I walked out in front of that audience, and I talked.

The man said, "First, tell me something about yourself." And I said, "There s nothing much to tell!" And I went on to just tell him where I was born and that type of thing, where I received my training, and that I was employed at the Hill Street School. Well, when I'd finished, there was an applause, and I stood there. The person who was presiding said to me, "My, when did you learn to talk?" I said, "I think I was about nine months old when I learned to talk!"

Well, that brought laughter because I knew exactly what he was talking about. He didn't, but he asked for an answer, and I gave it to him. "When did I learn to talk?" If he had said "how" or "under what circumstances?" I really learned to talk by talking in Christian Endeavor and in teaching Sunday School, and working with young women's class--teaching in a women's Sunday School class, and the impression of the Christian Endeavor. That's how I learned to talk. But I gave him an answer because I knew he meant this: When did you as a Negro learn to stand up in front of a group of white people, and look them in the face and talk to them, and not be afraid and not tremble? That was what he meant. But I, with the devilish streak in me, gave him that answer. And I think the audience got the message because that's when they laugh~~ed~~^{ed} about it.

But now human relations--at one time we had a one-man's show--one black spokesman. There was a man in this town who was consulted. Nobody could get a job in the city schools unless he put his approval on it.

Silveri: Who was that?

Herring: Well, I won't name him. But he was a man who left a message with my sister. Well, I think I called his name back there, but at any rate... the man was, and dear to my family. But they had to have somebody to convey the messages, somebody to carry it. And he was a well-respected man and a loved person.

So that was a time when you had several before him. And the white people would get this one man to say what do the colored people want?, you see, and that type of thing. ... [Later] they appointed five people, (I believe there were five) and formed what was called in 1936, the Negro Welfare Council. The president was Dr. [L. O.] Miller, the vice-president (and Dr. Miller was one of our most loved physicians) Mr. [Albert] Manley, who was the principal of

Lucy Herring: (continued) of the Stephens-Lee High School; Mrs. Lola McCracken who was a real estate woman, Lucy Herring who at that time was at the Stephens-Lee High School, Jesse Ray, a funeral director, and Fred Whitford, and Delaney Horne, a police officer. So that's more than five. But that group--I know they tried it first of all three: Miller, president; Manley, the vice-president, and Herring, the secretary.

I'll tell you why it came to me. This man's scrap book of mine--you know I showed you the book of Mr. Eugene Smith's, the editor of the Times about Black People, wrote us up in the paper, and I could understand it. Look, he resented, the people resented; he was expressing the sentiments of the people. They resented three black people speaking for the whole race, you see. And so he wrote us up in the paper, saying that Dr. Miller was a "handkerchief head." Mr. Manley was a "yes-yes man". And he called me the "lady secretary."

I saw him fifteen years or twenty years later, and I said, "Mr. Smith, (we were friends) why did you call Dr. Miller the "handkerchief head", Mr. Manley, the "yes-yes man"? Why didn't you call me a name?" He said, "I wanted to call you "Ma Rainey", but I had too much respect for you! You were a lady, and I didn't want to." Now that's his book there. But that committee expanded from three to seven. There was an attempt to organize a group to speak for black people in 1934, but it failed. But in 1936, that was the first time blacks were organized to serve as the voice for black people telling what we needed and that type of thing.

And then we go on from there to the Human Relations Council--Dr. Ratzell who was a Congregational (I believe) minister. I have correspondence here in my files where I received a letter saying they were forming the first Human Relations Council, and I remember working with them on the executive board and then a lot of things got done there including desegregation of the schools; I mean desegregation of the lunch counters and things of that type.

Because Floyd McKissick had sent a notice in here, we had this meeting, and we had it at the YMCA. The Big Four they called them: Holiday Inn, Howard Johnson, Horne, and another motel whose name I don't recall--those managers came in, and the Council was talking to them about accepting blacks there, and quite a heated discussion followed. We didn't get to first base with those four men who were head of the big motels here, four of the largest motels. And it wasn't until we had--some of them were quite adamant, one in particular. Oh, he was bitter. They didn't budge; they asked for thirty days to think about it, and they didn't consent to start until a letter came in of Reverend---the minister of the Baptist Church (not the First Baptist Church), Reverend Avery got up and read a letter from Floyd ... McKissick.

Lucy Herring: And he said if the motels are not desegregated by a certain date, we have a group that's coming from Durham, (he was in Durham then) and we are going to desegregate everything from Black Mountain through the tunnel, and that did it. And they said, "Well!" And they worked out a plan where the people--the mayor had already asked for this in the paper. The city officials were willing and ready for it, but these people were not ready for desegregation of the motels and the lunch counters. We worked that out. So certain people want^{ed} a party to appear at certain places, and the managers were saying, "This person will be at your place for lunch," and that type of thing.

So Mr. Ruben Dailey, Attorney Dailey, went. He was on the board, too, of the Council. He went to Kress, and went to get breakfast that morning, and he said when he went there, there was a white woman there, and she had a little girl. She was crying, and said, "Does the child bother you?" He said, "No, I love children; no bother." And so the nurse--I've got nurses on my mind; I'm concerned about hospitals. I'll take that up another time with you, which is a long and sad story. The waitress said, "This is the menu. May I help you?" And he said he sat there, and picked out what he wanted for his breakfast, and he started eating. And he said he got angry because nobody said anything to him! He expected it, and it went on like that.

But the point is this human relations, not human relations. This thing started out as race relations. I go back, 'way back in the 'teens when people in Atlanta came in here, and they were talking about desegregation of buses, the seating. One man suggested back in 1916, I remember, from down in Atlanta. He said, "Why can't they start loading from the front? Let the whites take one side, and the blacks (Negroes) take the other, and fill up from the front. And if at any time one group comes all around, all the seats are taken, the other people have to stand up." Now 'way back in the teens, 1916, I guess, he had suggested that, and it took all of this. And it took all of these decades, and the marching in Montgomery, Alabama to bring about desegregation of the buses. Race relations as it was called did good; yes, it was good then. But the trouble with that the emphasis was improperly placed. The emphasis was on "race" and not on "relations". You see the point? And it wasn't until they started leaving out "race" and started talking about human relations that significant changes took place.

You see, for so many years and even during slavery, we were not considered human beings, and it was difficult for white people to get away from the idea that we weren't quite "human beings." You know what I mean? And so we talked about...belonging to a race; they would give us that. Oh yes, you belong to a race! But...they didn't consider us quite human beings even after we lived decades after Reconstruction. And so they talked about race relations.

Lucy Herring: I've got a whole spread of a black newspaper in there that is talking about race relations in Asheville improving. Race relations were all right then. And the thing about it the relations were all right within the confines of a segregated society. Now you're in your place, you know. We had a "place" and ..._{our} place was over here, and the whites' place was over there.

As long as there was a segregated society, well relations were all right. _{Whites would say}, "We have "good" Negroes!" You know what I mean? But they didn't know that sometimes they weren't given a true picture because they knew the story, and they knew it would make no difference. And sometimes it meant survival. You ask a person--the people _{who} ask you sometimes, "Don't you think so and so, and so and so?" "I think so and so." Well, you would say, "Yes, sir", and you know you were thinking just the opposite. But that wouldn't have made any difference anyway; so just say that, and make them feel comfortable because it's not going to make any difference. You see there? So within the framework of a segregated society, relations were pretty good. When we moved from the--do you have much tape?

Silveri: Yes.

Herring: Well, I can tell you this then. I worked--as I said I've always been involved, always been intensely interested, in relations, and I remember we had _{Race Relations Sunday}. I have a picture of a lovely person, Miss Belle Jones, who was on the staff at Allen School. Allen High School, that's the private high school _{for black students}. I have a picture of her in a brochure. _{Miss Jones initiated the first Race Relations Program}.

Every Sunday we had what we called Race Relations Sunday. I don't remember what month it appeared in, but that same time every ..._{year} (it might have been in connection with the Negro History Week). But anyhow every ..._{year} we had Race Relations Sunday. We'd have speakers from all over the country to come and talk on Race Relations Sunday. And sometimes you'd have white speakers, and sometimes you'd have Negro speakers, black speakers, _{was really held in connection with the Emancipation Celebration}.

Then we started having _{Brotherhood Week}, and then they would have our people going to white groups. And we were planning for--I know it was Brotherhood Week we were planning for. And I remember a young man who was head of the Health Department, and Dr. Feldman's wife. Dr. Feldman is a Jewish physician here who has done probably more for human relations than any member of the non-white, of the white group, and his wife was on that committee. There was a minister, a Reverend Fleming, who was principal--I'm sorry, a pastor of a Methodist Church here next to the Claxton School. He was principal--he was a minister--if you can get school out of my brains I can talk to you. All right, he was a minister of the church. So we had a white minister, a white mother, a health person who was white, and then we had a black person, and I was the spokesman for the black race planning Brotherhood Week.

Lucy Herring: And so they talked and talked about how we were going to plan Brotherhood Week, and so I just sat and listened. I was accustomed to just listen to people talk. And so this young man who was chairman said, "Mrs. Herring, you haven't said anything!" I said, "I was listening to Reverend Fleming." I'll tell you what Reverend Fleming had said. He said, "We observed Brotherhood Week last year, and everybody was there, and things were delightful. Oh, it was just marvelous!"

And so I listened, and when he finished talking, I said, "Reverend, you said "everybody" was there?" He said, "Yes, indeed." I said, "Did you have any Negroes there?"--No, I said, "What do you mean by "everybody"?" He said, "Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and so forth and so on." I said, "Did you have any black people there?" He said, "Well, no." I said, "You know Reverend Fleming, there's going to have to be some "soul searching" in this Brotherhood Business!" He looked at me, and he said, "That's right, and you can start with me!"

And when he told me, he said what--how--what he had experienced in his life, I could understand because I've understood all along some things like that. He said, "Mrs. Herring, I was born out in the hills here, back in this city, back in the hills where the signs were actually up on the buildings: NIGGER DON'T LET DARK CATCH YOU HERE! I came up in that kind of environment, and when I went to New York City to attend Columbia University, when I looked in the classroom and saw Negroes, I had to brace myself. I could hardly force myself to go into the classroom where the Negroes were. I had to deal with myself, and I forced myself to go into the classroom, and then I talked to myself, and I said I must learn to live with these people. We're all children of God! I went out into Harlem, and I went ^{to} a [cafe], and I sat down and intended to take a meal, and I was served. The best I could do to save my life was to take a little bit of the ice cream!"

So do you see what that man was ... [living] with? See? By his environment, by environment he was conditioned, and so we went on from there where we reached the place that we had this broaden program, and I said with Dr. Ratzell, the first Human Relations Council on the executive board, there were other black members who were there, and then from there over big lapse of time, I--we developed a kind of relations program where we have a young man, black, who was in my first reading experiment at Livingstone College, who is now paid to head the Asheville-Buncombe Relations Council. We reached that stage in our development with a staff, with a bi-racial staff, and it's making one of the greatest impacts upon Asheville than anything other than the churches, you see what I mean?

Even when they were rioting and things of that type, the members of the Human Relations Council--at one time, all of us had a kind of badge or

Lucy Herring: (continued) something that would make us eligible to go for instance, they had ...trouble when some young black people were put in prison there. A big group of black people gathered around one night. Well, the policemen over-reacted. It could have caused a riot. They were demanding that those black people be released from jail. All right, why was it necessary for the policemen to come out with guns? Nobody had thrown a brick, nobody had thrown anything. ...If someone from the back somewhere had thrown a brick or something, that would have set off a riot.

They over-reacted! They were reluctant to let Mr. Ronald McElrath come in to talk to the people, and he was the logical person to talk to group there. There was a white group in the back looking on. Well, what I am trying to say is this, that made a difference. And it was after that that they gave us these badges. And whoever was in charge saw that we were connected with the Human Relations Council, they knew we were there for a good purpose, and for the purpose of trying to understand and trying to alleviate the ...trouble. So relations have improved at the grass-roots level where we can sit down face to face and talk our problems over, when at one time we had to ...have it channeled through one man, one black man, or through three black people in a group, or through five, six, or seven black people in a group.

But now we can sit down and talk across the table face to face, and now you have "human" relations. Before we had "race" relations restricted by the barriers of segregation. So I said human relations are better in this way; they're better on the upper level, you see what I mean? But on the lower level, where the masses of the people can be found, blacks and whites on the very lower level, economic level. They are pretty bad; I don't know whether they're getting any better or not. That's going to be the big problem, to lift those people on the lower level because it would be desirable to have it come from the bottom, but things don't happen that way. But on the upper level things have improved appreciably where...we can sit down and talk face to face, not about black problems; that's been the trouble, but about human problems.

You see, we've always considered the black man the problem. But now, I never have considered the black man the problem! I have considered the white man the problem because he wouldn't get off our back. You see what I mean? So, we have reached the ...place now where we accept this as a black-white problem. It's no longer a black problem; it's a black-white problem. And that's the thing that's going to help us to solve it, if it is ever solved. (I don't know when that will be.) If we ever solve it, we're going to have to do what we're doing now: work on ...common problems, problems of people: of poor people, of young people, of under-privileged people. See the emphasis now is on "people" and "human beings", that's why I'm saying that we have made progress.

Lucy Herring: And as I said before, it's on the upper level. But it's gradually trickling down because in almost all of these Council meetings, they bring in people from different socio-economic levels, and that's why I'm saying it's gradually going down like a light rain that goes just so far. You got a heavy rain, and it washes off. You get a light rain and a steady, long rain; it gradually sinks through. And so it's gradually sinking through; it's gradually trickling down to the point where they are bringing in the people on the lower level. And that's what we're going to have to do. We can't have it here on the top; just like we can't have the thing on the government level. The states will have to come in, you see? The towns will have to come in. So you will have to bring in all of these people.

So, I say relations are better, yes! The very fact that I'm sitting here in this [apartment] where there are a hundred and...seventy people..., and I'm the only black spot in here! That tells us something, doesn't it? And I am here as a person, and I'm accepted here as a person. They don't accept me as a [Negro]; they just accept me as a person, that's all, and that's going to be it. Well, I'll tell you this, discrimination in housing against blacks is a tremendous problem here. We had--the Humans Relations Council, had a State level man to come in and talk about housing here, and they did some investigating. He said, "Asheville is rife with discrimination when it comes to housing!"

I had a person--my sister and I had a lady who came in here; both of us were sick. She was a practical nurse; she wasn't working for us as a practical nurse. She was from New York. Her husband had died, and she came here. And she accepted the salary, the pay, of a domestic because she didn't want to make too much money because she had compensations from her husband's death, ...for her children and for herself. And the Social Security wouldn't let her make but so much. But she wanted to find an apartment; she bought a home [but it was a white elephant], and she got rid of it, and she went to every reputable apartment, I guess, in this town, even down on the Hendersonville Highway, and there is an apartment out through the tunnel.

And she is a Jehovah's Witness. If you know anything about these people, that's one of the finest groups that I know. I have had a close contact with them. You find that their children are different. I asked the minister--you know how the minister...[inaudible]. He was a white man who was working with the group...[inaudible].

In my years I lived on the Oakland Road, and I said I have had a number of my race working for me, boys--I would have to chase down to get them to work and who had attitudes that were not good. In fact, one boy asked me when he was working, "May I go into the house out through the garden, and use your bathroom?" And I said, "Yes." Now there was a bathroom just as you come into the hall; what business did he have in my private bedroom where there was a private bath? And he came back out, and he said, "Hum, you have

Lucy Herring: (continued) as many baths as we have rooms in our house!" I said, "Well, do you know how I happen to have them?" He said, "No, how?" I said, "I worked hard, and I'm paying for them!" And that settled that!

[inaudible] Mrs. Herring is telling the difference between the children that did the yard work for her and the children of the Jehovah's Witnesses. The Jehovah's Witnesses say they train the parents along with the children.

Herring: (continued) So this lady was trying to find a place, and I was trying to tell you how closely these problems are related. A white friend went with her just to try to see if the situation really existed. She went to this apartment, and she said, "I'm here to ask if you have an apartment. I'm trying to find an apartment. I have two girls, two daughters, and I'm just here to try to find an apartment, a two-bedroom apartment, if you have it." They said, "We don't have a single vacancy. I'm sorry, madam, not a single vacancy."

All right, she went back; she walked. The car wasn't in sight; she walked back to the car where her white friend was. Then later the white friend came from another direction. [They] said, "Yes, we have a one-bedroom apartment, and we have an efficiency apartment." She said, "Well, may I see them?" They showed them to her. She said, "Thank you, I'll make up my mind, and I'll give you a ring." And she walked off.

And that's not only been done... to my friend who was working for us, and her white friend, but it was done to the team that came in here from Raleigh the night we met at the Holiday Inn [at] the Human Relations Council Dinner Meeting and Discussion. This man from Raleigh, there was one Jewish person with the group, and the other two--there was one white; ok, what do you call it? Protestant, and a black. They had tried that same thing. The black person would go and ask about an apartment. No, no vacancy! Then the same day the white person would go back: Yes, we have a vacancy! And so Asheville is still blighted with discrimination in housing!

Silveri: Well, that's the end of this tape!