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Alvin Hall Interview
August 28, 2004

Bernard Herman (BH): Okay. This is Bernie Herman with Alvin Hall and Arnold Saunders at Lums Pond on the 28th of August and talking about remembering Newark, and Mr. Hall, I'll start with you. Could you talk a little bit about growing up in Newark and about your family?

Alvin Hall (AH): Growing up in Newark was a fairly clean living. One of the things that county council was always stressing about was the streets were clean. The neighborhood was well protected as far as the police service could be provided. I remember that we could go to bed at night, especially in the summertime, and not have to lock your doors. Our screen door in the summertime or out main door stayed open as long as the weather was hot, and people would come and before they'd come in they would knock on the door. They didn't just walk in. Should anything happen to your house the neighbor across the street knew about it, and they would tell you about it when you got home. As a young fellow, I was sometimes a little mysterive [?] and liked to do things on Halloween or something like that, and should one of the neighbors see you doing something, they would either grab you and stop you or definitely were going to tell your parents. I remember a time when I was around eight or nine years old, when I had gotten my first bicycle, and during the summertime we would—well, the bicycle was for Christmas basically, and during the summertime when school was out, we would ride up to the creek, which is down South College Avenue, and we used to go up there swimming, and that was basically a park that was open—I can't remember who ran the park right offhand. And they had a little concession stand up there, and that seemed to be the fun with Sunday to go to the creek and swim and enjoy yourself. Well, as we got about nine or ten years old, I guess the young fellows, we wanted to venture out, because traffic wasn't that heavy. Most of the roads were only paved on one side, and you had one side paved and the other side dirt, so we would leave New London Avenue and Cleveland Avenue. We'd meet there on a lot that was owned by—I believe it was a Saunders. I think there was a gas station or something like that, and we would always meet there, and we'd get on out bicycles at like nine o'clock in the morning. We'd ride up to New London—out 896, which is New London Road, and we'd go up to Kemblesville, Pennsylvania, cut down across and come up what we called Creek Road, which was South College Avenue. I'd say we would cover probably a twenty mile strip during the day, and we would stop at what was called the Old Creek up there and the dam, and we'd go swimming at the dam, and then we would put our clothes back on and head home. When we got home it would usually be about 4:30, quarter to five, just before our parents got there, so we wanted to make them think that we had been around the neighborhood all day, but actually we would be out riding the bike. My mother, or my adopted guardian, worked with a lady, which happened to be white, and one day we took off, and she was on vacation, and when she got back to work that Monday, she asked my mother did she know that I was riding—all these boys were riding up New London Road going on this bicycle, and my mother come back home, and she asked me about it. Of course, you know, you try to get out it and say you didn't do it, but after, you know, your mother gets on you for a while, you admit that you were out there riding, and she didn't know that we were going so far away from home. And then during there was times like we would go get roller skates, and we'd start out in the morning and ride all through the University of Delaware, because their roads were paved and not that blacktop. They had cement in the University of Delaware, which made it smooth rolling, and there might be twenty kids out there

riding or roller skating, you know, and the activities were always great. We didn't have crime or fighting or incidents like you have today, because everybody had some type of activity that we were interlocked in. There was a vacant lot up there that was dirt, and a guy—older guys constructed a basketball court there, and everyday at a certain time—let's say after school—everybody would meet there from four to five o'clock, and we'd play basketball on Saturdays, or we'd play basketball. And as we got to be a little bit older, someone found some contacts at the old armory down on Delaware Avenue, which is owned now by the University of Delaware, and we would participate in this basketball league, and most of the time we dominated the league, because as you know, most blacks in that time had nothing to do really but sports, and so therefore that was recreation that we used to entertain ourselves with. [4 second pause.] Let's see. What else can I say here? As far as going to school was we had very good school conditions, because I went to New London Avenue School, and the books were basically the secondhand books that had four or five students names in them before we got them, but they were in pretty good condition, and the teachers seemed to stay with us, and we had first and second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grade, and at eighth grade you graduated and caught the bus to ride to Howard in Wilmington. [2 second pause.]

BH: So when were you a student at Howard?

AH: I went to Howard in '52 to '56.

BH: So you were there for the Supreme Court decision?

AH: I was there for the Supreme Court decision.

BH: What was that like?

AH: Well, it was a lot of questioning and a lot of unknown to us, because we didn't know what was going to happen, and we kind of wondered, "Well, where am I going to go to school? What's going to happen? Do I transfer? How's it going to be like when you start making the integration?" But I remember during that time Shue [sp?] was the superintendent, and before the Supreme Court decision was made, Shue had come to the school and had everyone come to the auditorium, and he said that there was going to be integration and that Newark was prepared for that integration before it really happened, and I remember Shue, you know, standing up in front of the class saying this, and you know, you always wonder about, "Oh, integration, wow," you know. [7 second pause.]

Arnold Saunders (AS): It really wasn't too hard, I don't think, integration in Newark, because we did everything with the whites but go to school.

AH: Yes, that is so true, because—

AS: I knew I could play ball with them, and I stayed at a—Oh, what is his name?—Nadia [sp?] Jackson right down on West Cleveland. I stayed at his house a lot, and so when—It went over good, because you already had it before. With the guys—we played sports with them.

AH: Yes, because I played—I [inaudible.] thirteen went down to the old Continental field, and I was playing baseball with the American Legion team, which was—we were—there was myself with Bunny, Ronny, and Buffy, and we played American Legion ball, and I became in contact with like Mark Hearn [sp?], which was the doctor and had the Hearn—Him and I, we became real good friends. We traveled together for a while, and when he got his doctor's establishment up on Possum Park [?] Road, he invited my wife and I up. They had several pool parties, and I met other guys there that I had played American Legion baseball with. And another thing was that with the integration—on Sundays there was a thing that the guys from Howard football team would get together with the guys from Newark High, and they would have a football game the first or second Sunday after Thanksgiving. But during the days I would go down to the University of Delaware and which the field was on behind the old Carpenter Building, [AS laughs.] and I played ball with most—it was an integrated thing. They choosed up sides, and then after that we went to hang out the—a garage, which was like right behind the paper store on Main Street, and the guys knew each other, and we talked, joked, kid, but I couldn't go in the same restaurant and order anything and have food, but the guys would say, "Hey, man, do you want a soda?" or "You want some popsicles?" and they would go into the paper store and get us soda, popsicles, or stuff like that and bring it out to us and—

BH: This is the newsstand?

AH: This is the newsstand. Yes. So that was owned by Fisher [sp?] during that time. Now Fisher seemed to be a pretty good guy. He always encouraged to have several black news carriers to do the black neighborhood, and I don't know what the pay was. I never became a news carrier, but I know Earl Stoner and his brother Chink [sp?] were two news carriers in out neighborhood, and they would go down to the newsstand and hang out down in the back in the garage with all—integrated, would be an integrated thing.

BH: Could you tell me a little about your family?

AH: Basically my family was mother and father and six children, and during the—my early years of going to school, my father worked for Pugh's [sp?] and Jones' Shipyard, and after Pugh's and Jones' Shipyard closed down, my father went off to Delaware Park and followed the horses and sent money back home, because employment was kind of bad at that time, and what my grandfather did was he owned his property, and he had a shed in the backyard, and in that shed he divided off into two rooms, which was like a kitchen and a bedroom, and that's where my mother and her children, we lived for about a year, and then my sisters and brothers we were all adopted out into the family.

BH: This was in Newark?

AH: This was in Newark. Yes.

BH: So where about? Do you remember the address of any of this?

AH: I'd say like 72 New London Avenue I believe it was where he had divided the shed, and we used to go back. The house is still there. It's owned by a cousin of mine now. The shed is no

longer there or where the house that we lived in. We carried water from my Grandmother Johnson's house to our house in the old tin bucket, and we used a basin to wash up in, and we slept two children to a bed or however we could bunk up, and it was a growing experience. Only lasted a year or so for me, and then I was adopted at something like five years old.

BH: So this is—about when is this? Late thirties or forties?

AH: I'd say about in the forties, somewhere between 1940 and 1948, somewhere in that area. I'm not exactly sure of the dates right now. I'd have to probably go back and really think about that.

BH: I was going to ask you what were your father's name and your mother's name and—

AH: My father—everybody—we were basically called Bill Hall and Mary Hall, and we had other relatives that were within the neighborhood, you know and—after I was adopted I could go back up to my grandmother's, and I could stay the day or when school was out, and when my adopted parents were working then I would stay at my grandfather or grandmother's house. My grandfather Swann basically was a carpenter, so that's one of the reasons why he was able to transform that garage into a house. What he did was he put sheet rock into it and really made it nice, you know—put a flooring into the garage and put a doorway in rather than the real garage door, and it was a really pretty—it wasn't really the greatest comfort, but we lived there.

BH: So your family was Swanns?

AH: Yes. My great-grandmother was a Johnson, and then my grandfather was Swann, which would have been my mother's maiden name, and then my father was Hall, so my—let's see. I'm not exactly sure where all the Johnson family were from, but I knew that my Grandfather Swann—we often talked when I was a little small guy, and he was from Virginia, and he was at one time a slave in Virginia. He had run away as a slave and had gone to Philadelphia. After being in Philadelphia, he—I guess where he picked up his carpenter trade brought his to Newark where they were doing quite a bit of building, and he was working in Newark, and somehow or another he met my grandmother, and so he just stayed in Newark, and they were married. Then the family developed from that area on. How he purchased the house I don't exactly know, but he had a duplex, which was one side he rented out and the other side that he lived in with my grandmother and aunt and uncle, and then after while there was times when we lived with my grandmother and father for about a few months until he was able to make other arrangements for us. [5 second pause.] Oh, I don't know what else that I could get [inaudible.].

BH: What I was going to ask you is that it seems like the center of the community was right around where the barber shop was and the Elks Club is now.

AH: The Elks Club.

BH: And I was wondering if you could just sort of describe a little of that for me with that heart of the community was like?

AH: Well, the heart of the community was basically New London Avenue, Cleveland Avenue, which was about six to eight houses on Cleveland Avenue. Then it went Ray Street and Rose Street and Corbit Street, and the community was basically a nice community. Everybody seemed to know everybody. Everyone seemed to get along with everyone. Of course there was the usual disagreements that everybody has when you live near somebody or for some reason you're not always going to get along together, but those conditions, they didn't last. People didn't hold grudges against each other. [5 second pause.] Everybody used to set out on the old steps in the evening, you know, and go by. Everyone talked to each other, "Hello. How are you?" or most people knew when someone was sick or when someone had a problem. If there was death in the family or something like that, everybody in the community seem to come along and offer—you know they'd bring in fried chicken or sweet potatoes or something to help the family to maintain during that hardship times when relatives from out of town came in. I don't know what else.

AS: School house [inaudible.] quite meeting place.

AH: Oh, yes, the old school house up on New London Avenue school the biggest meeting place where everybody seemed to go. We had community ball teams that played there. [AS laughs.] And then just general fun time—seemed like when you come out the house and there was nobody around you headed up to the school ground, and once you got on the school ground there was a basketball or a baseball or something going on or horse shoes where everybody participated in.

BH: This is George Wilson?

AH: This is the George Wilson Community Center now.

BH: So I understand that there used to be an undertaker down near there and a funeral parlor and—

AS: Mr. Jim Bell, Bell's funeral home—had a community swimming pool there too where the kids could swim for a quarter. And—

AH: Sammy Congo [sp?], who is now a funeral director of his own, he was a life guard there. I think it was his uncle--

AS: And it was his—Bell was his grandfather.

AH: Grandfather. Grandfather.

AS: Was his grandfather. And we could go swimming especially like on Saturday mornings I think like twenty-five cents, and Mrs. Bell would bake cinnamon buns, and everybody, you know, that paid to get in got a chance to get cinnamon bun while you were swimming, and I think on a Saturday morning in the summer that's where you could find just about every teenager or anybody that—the little ones, toddlers—that's where everybody was going to the Bell Swimming Pool, and then—

AS: I [inaudible.]—Sunday double header [?].

AH: Oh, that's right there.

AS: [inaudible.] Elkton come over; Wilmington; Woodstand [sp?], New Jersey. There were big Sunday [?] afternoon games of hardball. [inaudible.] used to sell sodas [inaudible.].

AH: Yes, we used to have what was known as the Red Devils and the Blue Devils, and that's what got me started playing baseball, and the older guys—like a few guys would go to college—when they would come home—I think [inaudible name.] Brown was the director of sports, and when he would go travel to Denton, Maryland or something like than, he would book two ball games on a weekend for a team down in Denton. Maybe if he was going through Preston, Maryland he would book a team with Preston, and on Saturdays and Sundays we would travel and go play baseball, and then we had movement of—a family come in from Virginia, and they brought their young school age students, so we had a very good ball team where one or two of the guys had professional tryouts, you know. And during the time we would leave on early Saturday morning, and we would go down to where the Vietnam Memorial is now, that park in Virginia. We went down there. We would go down there twice a season to play in that park down in Washington, and I remember when they were going to construct that Vietnam Memorial, and I says, "Oh, this is where I played ball on a Saturday and Sunday." A lot of times like we would go to a little town in Virginia, and we would get down there like on a Saturday. We would play ball Saturday—play two games, one at one o'clock and maybe one at four o'clock. At night we would sleep right in the field right along the hedgerow in our cars and pull out the blankets and lay down. The next day we would get up and go to a gas station and wash up, clean up, and see if we could find some place where we could get food and water and go right back and stay in the field, and then we would play ball on Sunday and then come back home.

BH: Was this semi—was this pro or just for—?

AH: No, this was just like town pickup teams.

AS: Each little black town would have a baseball team. Woodstown had one. Elkton and the Pughbesick [sp?], they had one, but that trip to Washington—we took a bus one year, because they had a one-arm catcher. Everybody wanted to see his play.

AH: And I had been one of the guys—I hadn't been thrown out stealing from first to second in I guess at least a good two years, and the one-armed catcher threw me out [laughs.], and that was the first—couldn't believe—"Woah, a one-armed catcher threw me out." [AS laughs.] I said, "He can't he throw me out." I was one of the faster guys on the ball team. Then after that guys moved to—would play with P. Bessie [sp?], and then they had a team out of Iron Hill, which was called the Glasgow, and there was always rivalry between Glasgow and Newark where guys would come from Glasgow into Newark and play, and we'd have a weekend series on Saturday come into Newark and play two games, and then we would go to Glasgow, behind the old roller rink there, and play two games, which was run by—What was that guy's name?

AS: I know who you're talking about.

AH: I can't think of the guy's name.

AS: [Inaudible.] Bill Free [sp?].

AH: Yes. Let's see what else. Then as I become older I—around ten or eleven, I noticed George Wilson got into politics, and he became one of the first council men that was in the Newark area.

BH: I really—I was going to ask you about George Wilson. He seems to be a major person in the community.

AH: Well, George was an outspoken and a major person in the community. He did a lot of things to help the black area develop. I know that through some of his legislation—all the houses in Newark used to have little outhouses, and after I was about maybe ten years old, when George got into council, all the outdoor houses were done away with, because the city came through with sewage, and then we were able to be hooked up to sewage, you know, and I know at the time the house where my adopted family was living we were renting, and then after a few years, as I became older, and I was able to go out and work, we were able to buy that house where my adopted mother, Miss Bessie, stayed for the rest of her years, and my aunt came back. She was a domestic worker, and she came back to live with her, and then when my other aunt retired and came back—and it was basically a two story house with a bathroom, and we had the three bedrooms, and it was fairly good living.

AS: Wasn't Miss Bessie the dietician for the colored school?

AH: Yes, at one time, Miss Bessie was the cook at the New London Avenue School there for about a good five years, and her husband Mr. Johnny [sp?], the two of them had adopted me, and he was the—

AS: Janitor.

AH: Janitor there for years.

AS: And your last name was Hall?

AH: My last name was Hall.

AS: And their name was Hall?

AH: No, their name was Boyles [sp?], and what happened was they adopted me, but I kept my name when my mother passed away. This was during the time when we lived in the shed—I'm sorry not the shed—the garage, and I was—I believe—I don't whether I was walking down the street, roller skating, or something like that, and she was sitting out on the porch, and she says, "Would you like to live with me" or something like that, and like "Ah, you know, fine." To me

it kind of at first caught me by surprise or shock, and then I thought about it. As I thought about it, I talked to my mother and said something about it, and then they contacted my mother, and they let me go, and I stayed with them, and then I started my schooling at New London Avenue, which was now—New London was very because in the wintertime we had big snows, everybody would gather together—what we would call Old Green's Field, which is the campus for the University of Delaware, and we'd all get there, and we'd go sledding down the hill and up the hill.

BH: Over Clayton Hall?

AH: Where Clayton Hall—yes. The guys would—older guys would come out, and they would get tires, and they would light the tires, you know, and after we'd sled and get cold, you'd sit around the fire there and get warm and go sled again, and like nine o'clock or so we'd go home when it got dark. When school—like we had a snow day from school—everybody met over in Green's Field, and we'd sled all day long. We could also from Ray Street sled down the hill and then go up the hill by Clayton Hall and sled right down the hill. There was a creek dividing the two streets there.

BH: I tried that once and ended up in creek. [Laughs.]

AH: Yes, well, we—some ended up in the creek. I remember one time the snow was so high there that there was a fence that had to be a good four foot high, and we were able to sled right over the creek and the fence and go back up to Ray Street, slid down, because it came down to the bottom of the creek, and then you walk up the hill and come down. Almost everybody owned a sled. When it snowed, everybody from Ray Street, Corbit Street, New London Avenue would meet at the top of New London Avenue, and they would sled down the hill. By the time I was in the teenage crowd, it started getting a little heavier, so we start coming down Corbit Street to New London Avenue, because we were able to stop without going into the roadway. Traffic, you know—we would hop on the back of a bumper of car at New London Avenue, and we would end up down in West Park Place somewhere before we let go the bumper of the car—

BH: Sliding on your heels?

AH: Oh, no, we would be on the sled.

BH: On the sled?

AH: On the sled, yes. We'd be on the sled, and we'd let the bumper go, and then we'd catch another car coming back, flop on it, and let the car take us back to where we came from. Then there was a lot of people that, you know, really hollered, "Get off there. It's not safe," and then there were people that would let you ride. And basically it was not any black; it was all white, because most black at that time didn't have that many automobiles, and when it snowed they weren't out on the road.

BH: I was going to ask you what year you were born in.

AH: I was born in like 1937.

BH: Well, actually you would be then old enough, just as a small child. What was it like during the war years in Newark?

AH: I guess the war years—I'd say wasn't much change. We did not have a real excess of anything, so what we had seemed to be, you know, the regular going—I can't think of a good word—regular going, the normal way of living. I remember when the old Converse sneakers came out for two dollars, you know, we would go down to a National 5 and 10, and we were able to get the two dollar sneakers or something like that. As far as shopping, most of the stores we could go in, they didn't allow three black students or three black kids to go into a store, but when your mother and your father came in the National 5 and 10, which was owned by Hanloft [sp?], you could go in and shop, and they would—you could buy sneakers or shoes or socks or whatever you needed.

BH: Can you tell me a little about the churches? You know I'd certainly like to know about Bethel, because I live right there.

AH: Okay. There was—I went to basically St. John's, which is on the hill of Cleveland Avenue and New London Avenue, and there was services like every Sunday. Everybody just about in the neighborhood went to church. That was a standard with the black families. When the Sundays that—before I became eighteen, I had to go to church. Like at fourteen or fifteen I was playing ball and seemed to be a pretty good athlete and seemed like the [inaudible town name.] Flashes from Wilmington, which was a semipro team, would request that I play with them, and I could not go play with them until I went to church, so a car from Wilmington would be there at my house, at twelve o'clock when church let out, and I would go get out of church. I could leave after the sermon and collection. So before they gave the benediction, I would go to drop my donation in the plate and head right out the door and be walking down the street, unbuttoning my shirt, taking my coat off, so that I could change to go play ball. [6 second pause.] The churches were basically well attended. Most of the residents in the area were a deacon or sang on the choir or had some kind of a position within the church. Like we had—Mrs. Saunders, I think she was a schoolteacher, and I think she was like secretary of St. John's Church. Mr. Morgan, who was principal of New London Avenue school for many years, he was a deacon in the—I can't think of the name of the church now—Mt. Zion Church, so you know, he was there attending church. Well, in the summertime, churches always held what they called Bible school, and most of the children around that area went to Bible school like in the morning from like nine o'clock to twelve or maybe from ten to twelve, and that was a good guidance I would pretty much say on the neighborhood kids, because they got in very little trouble. Today now everybody says—the ACLU can say, you know, "We don't want prayer, or we don't want this," but "You had right not to have God here or God there," but that's one of the things with that—the thing of having God in your life. You had a better background, and you had a way of guidance that wouldn't let you get into trouble.

BH: You mentioned that there were choirs or choruses, and I know from experience sitting living behind Pilgrim and listening to services on Sunday mornings and the music over the years, even

though it's a different congregation there now—What I was going to ask is how is music or how is gospel music in the church changed over time?

AH: In, I guess like everything, the gospel music was basically was a—Oh, I don't know what [inaudible.] contained. It was more or less a slower type of music. People weren't quite as emotional as they are to day, so the change today is that you have many different types of music. We had in the early days, when I was going to church, basically the harmony was the type of music. Now it's a—you have more rhythm. You have more blues. In the early years, with the harmony, you didn't have drums in a service, or you didn't have a guitar.

BH: Was it just voices?

AH: Basically it was voices with the accompaniment of a piano. Now you have a drums and a guitar along with the organ and the piano, so it just changed. And the rhythm of a lot of the songs and the tempo has changed quite a bit.

BH: What were some of the favorite songs back before the changes?

AH: Some the favorite—one would be, and they still sing it once in a while, was *Nearer My God to Thee*. [5 second pause.] *Swing Down Sweet Chariot*. [6 second pause.] That's the two I can remember right offhand, and then there was always in the churches—They had what was a singing group, which would have been like the harmonizing four, which was—be four groups of men that had—which would stand up, and they would render gospel selections for maybe an hour and a half, and it would be a free world [?] donation. The choirs now you would have basically one choir in the early days. Now you have basically maybe four different choirs. You might have a men's choir. You might have an ensemble. Then you may have the choir, and then you may have another selected group that sings out in the community like the harmonizing four would travel from church to church.

BH: They ever make records?

AH: A few, yes.

BH: Let me just stop it. [tape recorder shut off.] Well, given the fact that we have only a couple more minutes, what have I not asked that I should know about? If I was just sort of to say, "This is the important thing about the Newark black community over the years." What is it?

AH: [3 second pause.] One of the things that nobody knows about is the harmony of the community, how people lived so close together got along so well, and [4 second pause.] and had no fear of the difficulties that you have today of crime, mischiefness [?] that is done maliciously. That didn't go on in the black community during that time.

AS: You'd be amazed how what's now [inaudible.], how educated that we got ourselves during that time. We've got schoolteachers. We've got principals that come out of Newark. It's just overwhelming, the talent that came out of that small village in Newark—pro football players, pro baseball players—how we persevered against all odds, and [inaudible.] how they survived with

the little that they had. As a child, I thought we had a whole lot, but as I got older and looked back, we didn't have as much as I thought we had, but we never wanted for anything—such a great aspect of Newark and our [inaudible.] raised us and educated us. That's what amazes me.

BH: But there was a—actually there will be—part of the plan of the project is to be build something or make something to celebrate the community. You don't have to think about what it would look like, but what would be the value that you'd want—harmony is one of the values. What would that look like? If you were to think of something from the community, what looks like harmony for the community?

AS: [6 second pause.] I don't know. It would had to be something that [inaudible.] love, because it has to mean we had love for one another. It had to—whatever it would be, it had to distribute love in the good [?] sense. I mean in the sense of whatever it would be.

AH: I'm looking at the religious guidance that kept all the people together.

AS: Yes.

AH: Even though there were three different churches, the churches would fellowship together, and everybody was just, like Arnie said, a loving bunch of group of people. There's something there that I can't quite figure out yet, but it was really a calm type of living, and people got together very well.

AS: It wasn't like one family in that village that didn't contribute something to the growth of their Newark. Every family was there, whether it be the [inaudible name of family.], whether it be Saunders, or whether it would be the Moes [?], the Smoofs [sp?]. Everybody in that community contributed to welfare of other men. [inaudible.]

BH: I was going to ask you one last question, and this is about your great-grandfather or your grandfather, Horace Swann, was [inaudible.].

AH: Yes.

BH: Did he say what part of Virginia he came from?

AH: [4 second pause.] Yes. [7 second pause.] Right now it doesn't come to me, but he did tell me where he did escape from, where he did run away from. He told me that he had taken a horse and wagon, and he said that that was a hanging offense for a black man. If I get to talk to my brother, Will, I'll ask him about where we—or my sister—but he did say where he had come from in Virginia, but I don't remember right now. I do know that as he had gotten older and before he passed away, he had started failing in health, and him and my grandmother got into the car and he wanted to try to find where he had—where he was raised down in Virginia and a slave, and the traffic was so heavy that he had to pull over and a state policeman called, and my father went down with another guy and drove the car back for him.

BH: I know we'll get a chance to talk again, so if you remember that would be great.

AH: Okay.

BH: And I know you’ve got places to be. I wanted to thank you very, very much for taking the time to do this, and this will get typed up. You’ll get a copy of the tape, and a copy of the type script, and we can mark it, and you’ll have both of them, and it will become part of this, you know, the history we’re trying to build of Newark.

AH: Alright. Maybe during the times when I sit down and listen to the tape and go over it, and I might—something may come in that tape that will remind me of something else, and I’ll put it back and let you know.

BH: That would be great.

AH: How to add on to it.

BH: Well, thank you very, very much. I really appreciate it.

AH: You’re welcome. Alright.

BH: Mr. Saunders, thank you as well.

AS: No problem.

BH: And we’ll be talking on Monday.

AS: Right.

[tape recorder shut off.]