"Walking Around the World":

African American Landscapes and Experience in Transylvania County, NC

Final Report: *Survey of African American-Heritage Related Resources in Brevard and Transylvania County, North Carolina*

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INTRODUCTION

In 1990-1991, consultant Deborah Thompson conducted a year-long historic and architectural survey of Transylvania County, focusing on the time period of 1820-1941. The survey did an admirable job of locating significant pre-1940 African American structures. However, the total number of structures documented amounted to approximately a dozen buildings amidst the more than 700 structures recorded. Consequently, the resulting Multiple Property Documentation Form and publication, *Transylvania: The Architectural History of a Mountain County* by Laura Phillips and Deborah Thompson, did relatively little to capture the history of the African American community in the county. An addition to the MPDF, adding the Property type, "Stone and Rock Masonry Construction in Brevard and Pisgah Forest," documents the contributions of two African American stonemasons from Brevard, Fred Mills and Avery Benjamin.

Despite the paucity of information within the architectural survey data, African American history in Transylvania County has not gone unrecorded. Nathaniel Hall's 1961 manuscript, "The Colored People of Transylvania County," informs all subsequent histories. A graduate of the Brevard Rosenwald School himself, Hall went on to earn degrees at Catholic University in Washington D. C., where he taught social studies. Along with documentary evidence, Hall utilized local oral history, hence providing information that might otherwise have been lost.

In 2000, TCIO (Transylvania Citizens Improvement Organization) celebrated its forty years of community service with a "Reflections" publication that included a historical tour mapping forty-three sites of significance to the African American

community. Although many of these sites no longer contain historic buildings, they provide an important starting point for understanding the built landscape of the African American community, including businesses, churches, and cemeteries. With the exception of boarding houses and the site of Jim Aiken's home, they do not include private homes.

In 2004, Betty J. Reed published *The Brevard Rosenwald School: Black Education and Community Building in a Southern Appalachian Town, 1920-1966*. Similar to Hall, she drew from oral histories, as well as documentary evidence, providing a complex history of the institution that became one of the central pivots around which the African American communities of Brevard developed.

The African American cemeteries of Transylvania County have also been extraordinarily documented. Out of personal passion, Marlu Guest Jones has used public records to document who is buried in the four major African American cemeteries: Bailey, Cooper's, French Broad, and Shady Grove. Because a large number of graves in these cemeteries are marked only by fieldstones (if at all), her research provides vital information on the families who are interred in these cemeteries. Finally, the Board of Trustees of Davidson River Cemetery have made extraordinary efforts to document both the white and African American burials in that cemetery, including an ongoing collaboration with Western Carolina University to locate grave sites through ground penetrating radar.

Finally, along with TCIO, the public history and arts initiatives of Nicola Karesh of Morning Glory Inspirations and the African American Storyline project, as

well as her column "Rosenwald News" in the *Transylvania Times* needs to be acknowledged.

This project, which was funded in part with a Historic Preservation Fund grant for Certified Local Government communities and administered by the State Historic Preservation Office, began in 2019, with active fieldwork conducted from mid-May to mid-August. The survey differed from the typical architectural survey in that it was enhanced by the inclusion of an oral history component funded by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. In spring of 2019, Dr. Michael Ann Williams, University Distinguished Professor of Folk Studies Emeritus at Western Kentucky University, was hired to conduct the fieldwork. Dr. Williams had previously conducted both comprehensive and reconnaissance surveys in western North Carolina and her dissertation for the University of Pennsylvania argued for the use of oral history to study vernacular architecture in western North Carolina. Dr. Williams in turn hired Sydney Varajon as her co-worker. A native of east Tennessee, Ms. Varajon is a doctoral candidate in English at Ohio State University and holds an MA in Folk Studies with an emphasis on historic preservation from Western Kentucky University.

In the following essay, we [the consultants] attempt to integrate the oral testimonies of 14 individuals with the architectural data, especially as those testimonies address the experiential nature of community and sense of place. Building on all of the previously conducted research, we both collated existing information, as well as explored new areas of research.

In beginning the project, we could see benefits from either starting first with the architectural survey or with the oral histories. However, because of the relatively short time limit of the project, both aspects of the work proceeded at the same time. The Certified Local Government Sub-Committee who helped coordinate the project provided an extensive list of library resources, including a nine-page list of archival materials in the Rowell Bosse North Carolina Room of the Transylvania County Public Library. This became a vital starting point for understanding the history of the African American population in Transylvania County. The CLG Sub-Committee also provided an initial list of individuals who might serve as interviewees. However a strong consensus existed among committee members that local community members should accompany the consultants if possible. Members of the Sub-Committee helped facilitate arranging the interviews and were present at the interviews. Except for the first three interviews, interviewing took place at the Brevard Housing Authority offices. We thank Nicola Karesh for helping to set up these meetings and making the space possible.

The oral history interviews took a non-directed approach; no list of questions was compiled to ask each interviewee. Because of initial concerns about the nature of the interviews among some committee members, we wished the conversations to be conversational, allowing the interviewees to determine the areas to be discussed. Although several individuals declined to be interviewed, those who did participate were remarkably forthright in discussing difficult issues. Generally we tried to focus on everyday life and found that conversations often turned to community and sense of place, rather than individual structures. Except for the first interview with L. C.

Betsill, we interviewed more than one individual at a time. In order to reduce confusion in the transcription process, the interviewing tended to proceed round robin style, although often times the interchanges between the interviewees were extremely productive. We conducted one interview with two individuals (childhood friends who now live in separate states) over the phone. Although it provided some technical challenges, the exchanges were particularly lively as these two men recalled the past.

Sydney Varajon, who was present at the interviews, transcribed all the interviews. The recordings and transcriptions will be housed at the Rowell Bosse North Carolina Room of the Transylvania County Public Library and will be accessible to the public. The interviewees all signed release forms, reviewed and revised by the Transylvania County Planning Office. Copies of the survey data and final report will also be deposited at the library.

For the architectural survey component of the project, our first step was to review previously documented properties. Almost half of the African American-affiliated buildings surveyed less than thirty years ago have already been lost and certainly more are now in danger of loss. With an end date of 1975, rather than 1941 (the end date of the previous project), we were able to capture more of the history and architecture of the mid-20th century, especially during the era of desegregation. While many of the oral testimonies focused on sense of community, a large focus of the architectural survey was the undocumented domestic architecture. In order to gain a comprehensive understanding of this architecture, we focused on four neighborhoods within Brevard: Rosenwald, Greasy Corner (the

Corner), Hemphill/Duckworth, and Frog Bottom (Appletree Street). Using assessor's reports, we attempted, as comprehensively as possible, to record all standing structures that predate 1975. In rural areas, mostly in the Pisgah Forest vicinity, we needed to rely on the windshield survey, as well suggestions from our interviewees. Finally, we were also able to document six structures and one gathering place (a natural feature) in the Cedar Mountain area that were associated with African American domestic workers. Altogether, we documented 86 new properties and updated 15 files from previous surveys. Although we found virtually nothing dating from before 1910 that had not previously been documented, we believe the survey provides a comprehensive look at African American domestic architecture dating from 1920 to 1975 and demonstrates the value of common places significant within community memory.

Without the help of many people, this project would have been impossible. Thanks especially to Nicola Karesh for acting as our initial guide to the community and for arranging many of the interviews. Thanks also to Linda Locks for setting up the first two interviews. Edith Darity, with her vast knowledge of local history, helped us identify each and every property in Brevard with names of original owners or historically associated families. Patricia Stahl identified and accompanied us on our documentation of domestic worker housing in Cedar Mountain. That story could not have been told without her help. Mac Morrow and Keith Parker served as local guides in Dunns Rock. Marcy Thompson provided an enormous amount of help in combing the resources of the Transylvania County Library. Thanks to everyone in the Certified Local Government (CLG) Sub-Committee that

created this project, as well as the Joint Historic Preservation Commission, especially Marcy Thompson and Rebecca Suddeth, for their support. Also our gratitude goes to Annie McDonald, Preservation Specialist for the State Historic Preservation Office, for her guidance.

Most especially we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the absolutely extraordinary people who agreed to be interviewed for this project. We understand the reluctance of many to be interviewed by outsiders and to agree to make their stories part of public record, and we are so grateful to those who courageously shared their personal stories. From L. C. Betsill, who attended the original Rosenwald School in Brevard, to those who were the first generation to attend the previously segregated Brevard High School, your stories are precious. We hope this project continues to live through ongoing storytelling and oral history documentation.

Figure 1. Rosenwald graduates (standing: Sheila Mooney, Keith Norman, Wilma Lewis; seated: Edith Darity, Clarabelle Smith)

I. AFRICAN AMERICANS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

As elsewhere in western North Carolina, individuals of African descent possibly entered the region that is now Transylvania County during the 1700s. However, confirmed records of black individuals date from the early to mid 1800s. Historians often write of permanent white (or European-American) settlement in western North Carolina, but permanent settlement of African Americans occurred at the same time, though typically, settlement would not have been of a voluntary nature. Some, if not all, of the early settlers in this area would have been slaveholders. While slaveholding was not as widely practiced as in the non-mountainous sections of the south, a portion of mountain settlers did own slaves, especially in the broad river valley areas which contained better soils and arable land. The French Broad River Valley, especially, had a higher proportion of slave ownership than further west in southwestern North Carolina. By 1860, Buncombe County's slave population constituted over 15% of the population, while Henderson County (from which much of the slaveholding region of Transylvania County would be carved) had a population of 10 to 15% slaves. Plantation style agriculture could not be sustained in remote mountainous regions challenged by rugged terrain and lack of access to transportation, and slave owners in western North Carolina were sometimes professional and businesspeople, rather than agriculturalists. Free people of color constituted less than 1% of the total population in Henderson County from 1850 to 1860 (Inscoe 1989:62-64).

As early as the late 1820s, lowland planters seeking to escape the heat of the Deep South began to build summer houses in a few communities, most notably Flat

Rock in what, in 1838, became Henderson County. A sister community, along the French Broad south of what is now Brevard, subsequently developed at Dunns Rock. Two circa 1850s homes, Chestnut Hill (TV0192) and Montclove (TV0195), survive relatively unchanged (Thompson 1993:12-13).

Material evidence of the lives of African Americans prior to the Civil War in what would become Transylvania County is slim. Montclove possesses a small story-and-a-half side gabled building set to the rear of the main house, believed to be a kitchen and slave quarters. The Everett Farm (TV0473), originally built for a lowland family (possibly the Lamb family of Charleston), along the Davidson River, would also once have had slave quarters. Although little of the original plantation survives, a survey sketch map from the 1970s indicates sites of potential slave quarters (TCF). At this point, archaeological research in sites where slaves were known to have lived would be the method most likely to reveal material evidence of African Americans of this era.

Figure 2 (Former) Johnstone-Hume Slave House

Only one known extant dwelling potentially served as a slave quarter. The Raxter family purchased the (former) Johnstone Slave House (TV0184), a one and a half story frame saddlebag house in Dunns Rock, in the early 20th century. Oral tradition, passed on by "Granny" Raxter, maintains that slaves once occupied this dwelling. At first glance, the house would appear to date from the late 19th or early 20th century; however, that appearance results from the additions, including a rear kitchen and a front porch, built by the Raxters. Closer examination does indicate an older house within. A few features suggest the possibility that the structure dates from the ante-bellum era. The interior massive chimney is built of brick, rather than the stone more typical of vernacular building of the region, and indicates a quality of workmanship that might have been used on finer buildings of the region. Furthermore, the chimney serves fireplaces on the second floor, as well as the first, which is relatively atypical for vernacular saddlebag houses of this size, and the staircase has an elaborate split to serve the two separate upstairs rooms, again rare for a vernacular building of this type. This evidence might indicate that this home was built by workmen who would also have built finer houses in the area and its purpose (unlike most vernacular saddlebag homes) would have been to house multiple families under one roof. Although an earlier survey attributes the house to the Johnstone family, Keith Parker, a descendent of the Raxters, has found no evidence in deeds that the Johnstones owned land in the immediate area and believes it is far more likely that the house could have been built by the Hume family. The Hume Hotel would have been located within easy walking distance and an 1862 census lists the family as owning 21 slaves. Whatever the case, if oral

tradition proves correct, the dwelling is the oldest domestic structure associated with African American occupancy in Transylvania County.

African American cemeteries are exceptionally well documented in Transylvania County, particularly considering the paucity of marked graves prior to the early 20th century. Before emancipation, separate African American cemeteries did not exist and many enslaved people were buried in unmarked graves on land possessed by their owners. However, slaves are believed to be buried at several early cemeteries, including St. Paul's in the Valley, which served the summer people at St. Paul's in the Valley (TV0201), as well as Davidson River (TV0480) and Catheys Creek. A section of Coopers Cemetery (TV0750), created on land belonging to Montclove, also may contain slave burials.

Figure 3. Commemorative marker in St. Paul's in the Valley

As a political entity, Transylvania County possessed a short history of slaveholding. The county was formed in 1861, just as North Carolina was succeeding from the Union. The Emancipation Proclamation, issued in 1863, freed slaves in the rebellious southern states and North Carolina ratified the Thirteenth Amendment, which allowed the state to re-enter the Union, in 1865. During the Civil War, according to tax listings, 447 slaves and three free people of color resided in Transylvania County in 1862. The average slaveholder owned six slaves (Hall 1960:2). Only two white individuals owned more than 35 slaves. One was F. W. Johnstone, who in 1860 had been one of the fifty largest slaveholders in western North Carolina. Johnstone, at that time, owned 39 slaves. Only four slaveholders in western North Carolina (3 from Burke County and one from Buncombe) owned more than 100 slaves (Inscoe 1989:265-266).

II. THE CREATION OF AFRICAN AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS, 1865-1910

Created in the opening days of the Civil War, Transylvania County of necessity had to commit to institution building after the war finally ground to a halt. Formerly enslaved residents of the county, especially, possessed little in the way of independent schools, churches, or community organizations. The 1870 census indicates that the black population of Transylvania County had declined by about 25% since 1862. The greatest number of African Americans could be found in Brevard Township (142) and Boyd Township (57), although Catheys Creek and Dunns Rock still had a significant number of people of color (45 and 49 respectively) and Little River had a black population of 15. The southwestern portion of the

county (Eastatoe, Gloucester, and Hogback townships) had a combined total of only one African American resident (Thompson 1993:17-18).

In the decades following the war, African American communities coalesced, following the creation of schools and churches, as formerly enslaved individuals established their independence from white masters, (though family names and, in some cases, heredity still bound them together). The black population of Catheys Creek, Little River and Dunns Rock declined in favor of communities in the northern portion of the county in Brevard and Boyd townships (Thompson 1993:19). Well into the 20th century, the black population of Transylvania County lived near or in Brevard, or in rural communities along the French Broad and Davidson rivers.

Almost no rural dwellings associated with African Americans have survived from the late 19th or early 20th centuries. Tim Ballard recalled the home his father, Marshall Ballard, grew up in:

> *He was born in what they call Davidson River. He was born right there at the end of Everett Farm Road. And the house he grew up in, his white grandfather built the house and it was, it had no particular style to it. It was just a house that had been added on, added on, and next thing you knew it had five bedrooms. Big living room with a kitchen and dining room. But it was home. We loved it, and it was still standing up until about 2010. The daughter that inherited the house was getting ready to remodel it, and something happened, pulled the main load beam down, and the house just fell down.*

In the Glade Creek community, two homes associated with the Gash family survive. The Pritchard and Ollie Mae Gash House (TV0740), a circa 1910 two story frame house with a high hipped roof, sits off of Glade Creek Road on a hill just above the intersection with the Old Hendersonville Highway. Below, the Gertrude Gash House (TV0741), a single story frame house, dates from about 1916.

Churches

Places of worship, as with many other African American institutions after the Civil War, were largely provisional in nature. Around 1865 services began in a "brush harbor" (probably the same as "brush arbor") on land owned by Joe Patton in the Davidson River section. A year later, a church began in a blacksmith shop, eventually becoming the French Broad River Baptist Church. The first church burned, but the congregation rebuilt on land deeded to them by the Allison family. In 1913, the congregation again rebuilt and the new church served for about half a century until it was replaced in 1962 (Hall 1961:4-5). Today the New French Broad Church (TV0749) continues to serve an active congregation.

Figure 4. New French Broad Baptist Church.

At about the same time as the founding of French Broad, the Bethel Baptist Church (TV0698) formed in Brevard from members who had formerly worshipped at Catheys Creek. During the early years, they moved to several locations, from a one-room house in a cornfield, to a site on Rice Street, to a two-room schoolhouse

on Broad Street. In 1902, construction started on a new church near the railroad tracks and when that site proved too noisy, the church was moved to its present site and dedicated in 1913 (Hall 1961:7-8, TCIO 2000:20). The congregation replaced the older church building in 1975 and, as with French Broad, Bethel Baptist Church continues as an active congregation.

Two other Baptist churches sprang from the two congregations organized shortly after emancipation. When travel across the French Broad River became difficult for the growing community on the north side of the river, a section of the congregation formed a new church. Glade Creek Baptist Church was built in 1912 and replaced about fifty years later (Hall 1961:5-6). The 1962 structure was rededicated as an educational building in 2011, when a new sanctuary was built (TV0742).

In 1919, in Brevard, a large group of members of Bethel Baptist split off due to an internal crisis and formed Bethel A (TV0748), which was built on Carver Street and Oakdale, at the intersection that became known to some as Greasy Corner (Hall 1961:8-9, TCIO 2000:26). As with Glade Creek, the older sanctuary became an educational building after the congregation built a newer one. The four African American Baptist churches in Transylvania County share an intertwined history, and Bethel's "Generational Tree" celebrates this shared lineage.

Although no African American religious structures survive from the 19th or the first half of the 20th centuries, soon after the Civil War ended, the foundations were laid for congregations that became the cornerstones of black religious life in Brevard. Although initial church buildings proved temporary or inadequate, the

congregations were not. The French Broad and Bethel Baptist churches were established over 150 years ago and their two offshoots, Glade Creek and Bethel A, have existed for a century or more.

Cemeteries

After emancipation, African American communities in Transylvania County also established separate cemeteries. The French Broad Baptist Church created a cemetery, probably in the 1880s, on a steep hill behind the church (TV0741). As with most of the early African American cemeteries, fieldstones marked most graves and in some cases burials possess no markers at all. The cemetery continues to be cleaned and maintained by the church. One of the most prominent of the early marked graves is that of James P. Aiken, 1861-1909. At the time of his accidental death, Aiken owned several businesses and homes in Brevard. His grave indicates his Masonic affiliation.

At least two churches were built at Shady Grove, just outside of Brevard, in the second half of the 19th century. The congregation does not survive, but a cemetery, probably created around 1892, does (Hall 1961:15). Fourteen burials, dating from 1914 to 1958, have been identified at Shady Grove (TV0751). Accessible now only through private land, the cemetery now possesses only two visible markers (Jones, "Shady Grove"). Bailey Cemetery (TV0700), located adjacent to the Rosenwald community, is also now inaccessible. Most of those buried in Bailey are believed to be descendants of Isaac and Margaret Bailey.

Cooper's Cemetery (TV0750) is also located just outside of Brevard, near the golf course. Built on land formerly owned by the Johnstone family, the cemetery may contain unmarked graves dating from the mid-19th century. The land eventually became owned by the Cooper family and in 1903, two acres were purchased "for the purpose of a burial ground for the colored race." The deed makes reference to the plot starting at the southeast corner of the "old grave yard." The cemetery, now 5.9 acres in size, contains the burials of many well-known African American individuals from Brevard (Hall 1961:14-15, Jones "Cooper's).

Unlike the other African American cemeteries created in the 19th or early 20th centuries, Davidson River Cemetery (TV0480) contains both black and white burials, in segregated plots. While African American slaves, and possibly Native Americans, may be buried in unmarked graves in the "white side" of the cemetery, in the early 20th century individuals associated with Glade Creek Church purchased a lot, as Tim Ballard, a member of the current cemetery board, explained, "to bury the people of color in Transylvania County."

> *And people of the community got together, too, and they all formed what they called the Cemetery Club. And that club was for anyone that was a member of the church and the community and had also bought into the Cemetery Club. The church spent the hundred dollars, or the people spent the hundred dollars, buying this area. And this area got superseded into the cemetery, the whole cemetery of Davidson River Cemetery for care. And in 1976, this cemetery was put together in a trust, and they all came together to take care of it, and it is a non-profit and that's how it's taken care of. But before all that happened, this cemetery had grew up and was pretty much abandoned. The county does not take care of it, the state, or no one. It's taken care of by the Board of Trustees that was formed in 1976.*

Records from 1918 indicate there were 15 lots in the Davidson River Cemetery Club, which included plots owned by members of the Mooney, Hutchison, Morgan, Orr,

Mills, McJunkins, Walker, Camp, Hemphill, Whiteside, Owens, Blythe and Bostic families (RBNCR, Archival Files, Box 13B)

As Ballard notes, the cemetery eventually became overgrown and uncared for, but as a result of the efforts of Edna Reid and Joy Daniels, local citizens restored the cemetery and continue to document burials and to preserve the placement of unmarked rocks. Until about the time of World War I, most African American burials did not have carved stones. A few have homemade stones, as Tim Ballard recounts:

> *Those homemade monuments are made out of concrete. And they were made a lot of times by Pritchard Gash and his uncles and some other members of Glade Creek Baptist Church and the community at large that made those monuments. And we have several of them that are still holding up fine. You can read them no problem.*

Recent efforts include the marking of the graves of veterans on Memorial Day and a collaboration with Western Carolina University Forensics to use ground penetrating radar to identify unmarked sites of burials.

Schools

Similar to the early church buildings, African American schools in the second half of the 19th century often were temporary in nature. The Branson's Business Directory of 1884 lists only three black schools in the county (Thompson 1993:19). A one-room school at Shady Grove was erected in 1892 and continued until about 1901 (Hall 1961:20). The community at French Broad also started a school, which met in the church for about fifteen years until a schoolhouse was built at Glade Creek. Another rural school was established near French Broad later in 1921 on land deeded by R. W. Everett. Ethel Kennedy Mills, who would go on to a long career

at the Rosenwald School in Brevard, began her teaching career in Transylvania County at the Everett Farm School. Eventually, however, as the African American community on the south side of the river dwindled in size, the school was consolidated with Glade Creek. The longest lived of the rural black schools, Glade Creek, continued in operation until 1948, when it was consolidated with the newly rebuilt school at Rosenwald (Reed 2004:35,43,49-50). The Glade Creek school building, subsequently repurposed to serve as a community center, continued its active life through the mid-20th century when the building was ultimately torn down.

In Brevard, a two-room log cabin served as one of the earlier of the public schools for African Americans. At some point Bethel Baptist Church also housed this school. Eventually, the land on which the log cabin school stood was exchanged for land owned by Frank Jenkins. A local committee of African American citizens governed this school and eventually organized to create a more ambitious set of school buildings in 1910 (Hall 1961:21-22).

Fraternal Organizations and Businesses

A significant sign of the creation of African American community organizations, various African American fraternal organizations led by businessmen and leading citizens, came into being in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The earliest, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, established in 1898, met above Jim Aiken's store on Main Street. In 1905, African Americans created a Masonic order, Mountain Lilly Number 117, which met originally in the Vest King Building on Main

Street. Jim Aiken also belonged to this organization. A second group, the Knights of Pythias, organized in 1910, also met in the Vest King Building (Hall 1961:17-19).

At some point several of the fraternal organizations banded together to purchase an old mill house, rebuilding it as a lodge hall. The two-story, front gable building sat adjacent to the AME Church on what is now Carver Street. In the 1930s, the first floor of the building became the home of Victor Betsill's Barber Shop, while the second floor continued as a Masonic hall, Mountain Lilly Lodge (TCIO 2000: 28). About 1975, the building was rebuilt of concrete block in the same location and in generally the same configuration as the original building (TV0747).

Figure 5. Mountain Lilly Lodge Hall, rebuilt in the 1970s

Relatively few records exist of African American owned businesses during the late 19th and opening years of the 20th century. The most extraordinary story belongs to James P. "Jim" Aiken. Born into slavery in 1861, by the 1890s, Aiken began a successful career as a businessman catering largely to a white clientele. His

businesses on Main Street included a drayage (hauling freight and people by horse drawn wagon), a barbershop, a restaurant, and a department store, which regularly advertised specials in the local newspaper. Aiken also owned a substantial two-story frame house (now gone) at the corner of Jordan and Oaklawn streets, the location straddling the boundary of the historically black and white communities.

Although other entrepreneurial African American business people followed Aiken, few enjoyed the success he did, especially among a white clientele. Although clearly an extraordinary individual, as a member of the generation who came of age immediately after emancipation, Aiken may have enjoyed an advantage over his successors. Segregation and racial barriers only hardened after 1900, making it more difficult for a businessperson of color. Aiken, also a volunteer fireman, died an accidental death in 1909 when a fire truck overturned and exploded. A memorial service was held for him in the white First Baptist Church in Brevard (RBNCR Archival Files, F Box 1, Aiken, Jim P.).

Although one can only speculate what sort of influence Aiken may have had in Brevard had he lived a longer life, among his legacies is the extraordinary career of his daughter Loretta Aiken. Born around 1894, Loretta's early life may have been one of relative privilege, but she experienced a hard childhood (including rumored sexual assault) and ran away from home while still a teenager. Ultimately she made a career on the African American vaudeville circuit and became a headliner at the Apollo Theater in New York as "Moms Mabley." In the 1960s, white audiences discovered her and she performed at Carnegie Hall and made appearances on Ed Sullivan and the Smothers Brothers television shows. In 1969, she had a hit single

with her version of "Abraham, Martin and John" and became one of the oldest people to make the top-40 list. Despite her difficult relationship with her hometown, she maintained ties with several of her relatives and visited Brevard up until her death in the 1970s (RBNCR, Archival Files, F Box 1, Aiken, Loretta Mary). She especially visited the home of Rosa "Mama Rose" Wilkes on Hemphill Circle (TV0731). As Edith Darity recalled:

> *When she would come to visit, that big old Cadillac or limo would be pulling up to Mama Rose's house and all. They were cousins. It was her best buddy when she came down here...So, when her house was going down, she paid to have a roof put on it or whatever was needed at the time she come down here.*

Figure 6. "Mama Rose" Wilkes House

III. INDUSTRIALIZATION AND THE GROWTH OF AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITIES, 1910-1963

New Employment Opportunities in Brevard

During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, limited employment opportunities for African Americans existed, aside from farming and work in the service industries. The completion of the railroad to Transylvania County in 1895 and the subsequent enhancement of roads into the county improved these economic opportunities, as well as brought the growth of industry, especially in the areas of timbering, tanning, and paper production.

Figure 7. Transylvania Tannery, Brevard, N. C.

A major change came in opportunities for African Americans when Joseph Silversteen expanded his tannery operations from Rosman to Brevard in 1917, building a new plant on the western side of the town. By the 1920s, African American migration into Transylvania grew, as employment opportunities in the timber and tanning industries seemed preferable to sharecropping and farming in

general. L. C. Betsill noted that his parents moved to Brevard from Union County, South Carolina, in the 1920s:

> *They moved, I don't know what year they moved here, but they moved here basically because my dad refused to sharecrop anymore. You know . . . he'd see the men come end of the year, take a stick, figure out how, figure out at the end that you owe him because you had to get loans from him to buy food and stuff. So, he left. . . .A better life, yeah. There was work around here, too, you know. There's a tannery in Brevard. There was a tannery in Rosman. There was Carr Lumber Company and a couple other things at Pisgah Forest. The railroad was running. Then there was a tannery up in . . . maybe going up towards Tennessee, but it was further down . . . Anyway, the tannery burnt down there. And they brought all that work here, so that made this tannery really start to really jump. Yes.*

Similarly Thomas Kilgore, Jr., in an interview recorded in 1986, recalled:

> *When I moved to Brevard, I was thirteen years old. That was in April of 1926. What had happened then, the whole economy in that section of South Carolina [near Woodruff] had gone bad, and there weren't jobs. Brevard was a growing little resort town, and my grandmother and her family had moved up there three or four years earlier. Jobs were opening up, and there were jobs for my older brothers and my father. So, we all moved up there and they started working. At that time a tannery, where leather was made, was recruiting a lot of workers out of South Carolina, and my brothers got jobs at the tannery. One of my brothers worked there until he retired, almost forty years. After this, all the rest of the family moved to Brevard.*

Both the Betsills and the Kilgores moved to the neighborhood known to some as "Greasy Corner" just north of the Transylvania Tannery. In 1929-30, several years after moving to Brevard, Victor and Lucinda Betsill built a one-story frame house with a front facing gable. This house (TV0287) still sits on Oakdale, across from Bethel A Baptist Church.

Figure 8. Victor and Lucinda Betsill House

After relocating to Brevard in 1926, Thomas and Eugenia Kilgore bought a front gable frame house on what is now Carver Street, one of four almost identical houses built close together above Bethel A. Subsequently, the Kilgores, who had 12 children, added a second story, along with a second story porch. In more recent years, the house (TV0284) served as a gathering place for family members and it was renovated in the 1980s.

While job opportunities at the tannery may have lured families to Brevard, not all chose to spend their lives working tannery jobs. Thomas Kilgore, Jr. mentioned that his father went back to doing some of the types of jobs he had done prior to leaving South Carolina. L. C. Betsill recalled:

> *My father was a barber. He worked at the tannery for a while and barbered. And then he decided to give the tannery up and he went into barbering full time. And over at the barber shop he had, I guess what you might call a little store, haberdashery or whatever. Because he sold a little of whatever in there, you know, to make a living. But that's basically how we made our, he made a living for the family. . . . where the lodge building, where the lodge is today. It*

> *was a wood building there then . . .Well, he first started out down there on the corner, right in front of the church, I guess maybe you heard about Miss Annie Bell's store, but he was there before Miss Annie Bell's store was. . . . It wasn't large enough, so he moved up there.*

Although some individuals ran businesses which served the growing community, most had at least some family members who worked in the tannery. As Clifford Outlaw recalled:

> *I know the tannery well. I had a brother-in-law and a cousin that worked at the tannery. And basically, they would leave for work in the morning in their rubber boots and their work clothes. And once they went to the tannery, basically, what they stated is that they handled cow hides. Moving cow hides basically from one pit to another in the process of, the tanning process. . . . I recall the hides coming in on the train, and I can recall them going, I mean, the leather leaving. So, there was a lot of tanning going on back there.*

Later he added:

> *It was, from a community point of view, the tannery itself was very good to the community. Because at Christmas, they would hold a candy giveaway, a box of candy, that they would give to the kids.*

Charles Young also recalled family members working at the tannery:

> *My granddad used to work there and my daddy, at one time or another. And I think Uncle H.D. worked there for a little while. I think he was a cook over there.*

With the growth of the tannery and other industries in and around Brevard, African American-owned businesses grew to serve the expanding communities. Along with stores and gathering places, boarding and rooming houses served the African American communities. In western North Carolina, essentially two types of boarding houses existed: those which served tourists and those that housed working women or men who moved to specific locations for employment opportunities (including professionals such as teachers and salesmen, as well as industrial workers). At least two boarding or rooming houses existed on what is

now Carver Street, above the Greasy Corner intersection. For many years Condrey and Mabel Sharp ran a boarding house for teachers and other professionals, as well as seasonal domestic workers. This house (TV0283), a single story, double pile structure, dates from about 1910. Today only the elaborate fieldstone foundation still exists. The house sat back from the street, but at the street side, two parallel sets of stone and concrete stairs survive. Close by, below the Sharp House on Carver Street, Eliza ("Mother Eliza") Cunningham ran a rooming house for workers who came from out of town (TCIO 2000:29-30). Throughout western North Carolina, female proprietors of rooming or boarding houses commonly carried monikers such as "mother" and "aunt," suggesting a homelike atmosphere and relationship with their tenants. While boarding houses generally could be separated by whether they served tourists or working people, they were also segregated by race. Edith Darity recalled:

> *We had people to have boarding houses, you know, boarding houses where they could stay. . .when you come into Brevard. We didn't have the motel available for the black community. So, what we did have available are the homes that were boarding houses, two-story homes. My grandmother and great-grandmother owned one, and that's where I started learning how to set a table. And you know, really do a lot of things.*

Darity later recalled that individuals doing seasonal work at summer resorts would stay at her grandmother's boarding house en route to resort destinations.

The white tourism industry also provided some employment for the African American community in Brevard. Clifford Outlaw and Charles Young recalled their mothers working at the Franklin Hotel. Outlaw remembered that his mother became chief cook and Young added, "my mother worked in the kitchen with her when she wasn't working making the beds. Yeah, my mama went down there with

your mom at a job down there after she left the laundry." Young recalled that his Uncle H. D., who had cooked at the tannery, had also worked at the Franklin Hotel.

Thomas Kilgore, Jr. indicated that tourism work helped tide his family over during the hard years of the Great Depression:

> *[My] oldest brother, who was married and by this time had two children living in Asheville, was in pretty good shape. He worked at the Grove Park Inn, a very fashionable hotel that somehow made it through, and he was in pretty good shape. The rest of the family were all at home. The tannery continued to operate, and therefore some income was afforded there because leather was still in demand. I had two brothers working there, and that sort of kept the family going. In the summertime, Brevard at that time was a summer resort place where there [were] a number of summer camps for wealthy white children coming up from Florida, South Carolina, and Georgia. And there were a lot of small hotels in Brevard where tourists came. It was a tourist/resort center in those days. So we would work and make some money in the summertime and sort of save up a little to tide us over. There were times when it was pretty tough with eleven of us still at home. I guess all eleven were still around home pretty closely until I left to go to college. But we were able to tide it through some way. It was tough though, tough.*

Kilgore also mentioned that although his mother did not do any "public" work (in western North Carolina during this era, it meant any work out of the home or off the farm), she, probably like many women, did paid work at home:

> *When we moved on to North Carolina—my baby sister was only two, and the brother above her was just about four—she had small children. She did not do any public work, but my mother was an excellent seamstress, and she used to make all kind of garments for ladies. I just wondered how in the world she did it. Sometime ten and twelve dresses a week, especially around certain seasons like Easter and Christmas and so on.*

In a slightly later era, Selena Robinson was also a well-known seamstress in the community. As Edith Darity states:

> *Ms. Selena was a great seamstress of the community, and just about anything we wanted-- choir robes or anything-- Ms. Selena Robinson could do that. She could make them, and we could always count on her to come up with outfits that children needed for school, we needed for church, or whatever we were in. Ms. Selena could always do it.*

Robinson's daughter, Wilma Lewis later added:

> *And people would come to the house and she would, they would bring things for her to sew, to make or to mend. And some of those things I'd look at, I said, "Well, how are you going to do that?" And she said, "Well, I don't know, but I will figure it out."*

Women could also work as hair dressers within their own homes. Sheila Mooney recalled:

> *And mama, her main job, she was a hairdresser. Not a beautician, she was a hairdresser, and a hairdresser would fix your hair in her kitchen with all the children around. . .So mama did hair, and daddy worked wherever he could, and I loved that because the house was full of women gossiping. Although we couldn't stay around too much always, "Get on out of here." . . .But it was like a whole different community then because so many different women would come in telling their stories. You know, it'd be 75 cents or 50 cents, and a lot of times they wouldn't pay mama. So she'd send me and Vernon to go collect. We'd go knock on the door [knocks on table], "We come to collect."*

The African American community in Brevard seemed suffused with the entrepreneurial spirit, whether it was women raising large families while sewing or fixing hair, or men running several different enterprises simultaneously. Unlike Jim Aiken, of an earlier era, the entrepreneurship turned inward. African American business people created businesses to serve other black people in their communities. While many still worked in service occupations for white people, black-owned stores and businesses largely served an African American clientele during the mid-20th century.

Figure 9. Jip Mills Store

The oldest surviving African American-owned store building in Brevard is the Jip Mills Store (TV0280) on Mills Avenue (once Pickelsimer Avenue). The Reverend J. F. W. Mills, a locally prominent member of the black community, opened this store around 1917. About a decade later, Mills added a second floor with a stepped parapet in front of a gabled roof. 1927 is carved in concrete on the front porch. Due to its proximity to the Rosenwald School, generations of graduates have memories of buying penny candy from "Mr. Jip." The store closed in 1956 and Mr. Mills' widow then operated a beauty parlor from the building. More recently the structure has served as an apartment building (TCIO 2000:21, TCF).

An even older commercial building stood at the intersection that came to be known as Greasy Corner. The molded concrete block building, one story, but also with a stepped parapet, possibly dates from the late 19th or early 20th century. The building (TV0286) is believed to have been built by a white grocer named Memery Mull, but was later run as a café by Hub Langston (TCF). In local memory, however,

the building was most often associated with Mattie Pierce (Ms. Mat) or her daughter Dot Hill, who sold drinks and candy. A later side cinderblock addition served as a billiard room. The building was demolished in the mid-2010s, although the concrete foundation is still evident.

Other African American businesses developed during the 1920s and 1930s. A small front gable frame building stood across Carver Street from Bethel A Baptist Church. According to L. C. Betsill, his father located his first barber shop at this location, but due to its small size moved up the hill to the first floor of the lodge building. From 1935-1960, the building operated as Annie Bell Killian's, a popular local grocery store (TV0285). The building has been demolished, as has the business run by the Whiteside and Hutchison families across the street. Edith Hutchison Darity explained:

> *My mom and dad owned a store on Carver Street. We called it "the Corner" or "the Block," you know. And that was a place where on one side of the store, you could get hotdogs, hamburgers, and ice cream cones, and dinner, you know, at night. On the other side of the store, they had a dance hall for the children.*

Recalling that her mother, Ophelia Whiteside Hutchison, was the "entrepreneur" of their family, she also noted that the business ran through several generations:

> *So, my grandfather, Roy Whiteside, who owned the store to begin with, it's like a generational thing, it would drop down for three or four, three, generations. Our store did. So, my grandfather had the store first, and after my grandfather had the store, then my mother and father had it. After my mother and father had it, my aunt and uncle had it, so it's been a generational thing that we operated the store. But everybody did it a little bit different.*

Another business that operated across from Bethel A, Mack Butler's Café, later operated by Grady Elliot, also served the community (TCIO 2000:27). Others

operated more informal businesses out of their homes. Mary Alice Mooney recalled that her grandfather lived next to Ms. Nell's boarding house:

> *And my granddad lived right next to her, so we would, sometimes we would go up to George was his name, George Wilkes. And he had a store on the back of his house, on his back porch. And we would go up there and get moon pies and sodas, stuff like that. And he used to come out on his back porch about every afternoon and you could hear him all over the neighborhood saying, "It's five o' clock all over the world."*

As businesses grew, so did the need for transportation. A series of taxi stands operated near "the Corner." Morris Young recalled:

> *Then we had, you know, our cab drivers. The community had its own cab driver right next door. Mr. Bailey, he had, drove a cab. Mr. Elliott Riley, he was a cab driver, Mr. Ed Killian. Mr. Marcus Mills, you know. Whatever needs you had, you had people around, and all the time, they didn't charge you. If they knew that you had a need, or if it was an elderly person, they'd come out. Whether it was taking you to the coal yard to get a sack of coal, you know. They'd come and pick you up and take you to the grocery store.*

Between the Hutchison's and Ms. Mat's, a series of men including Will Gardin, George Bailey, and Ed Killian operated taxi stands. Ed Killian eventually moved his stand to a location across the street, next to Annie Bell Killian's store (TCIO 2000:24).

An informal "ride sharing" economy also grew up. L. C. Betsill recalled that his family did not own a car when he was young, but his father finally bought one once he and his brother got of an age to drive. L. C. then made some extra money ferrying people to and from the Corner. He concluded:

> *You got to have a little hustle. . . They found a way to make a living. Yes, they did, you know. It was, a lot of people worked domestic work, you know, things like that. But yeah, everybody. Nobody starved to death around here, I'll put it that way. They found little things, you know.*

Similarly, Edith Darity recalled:

And so there was a lot to remember and to reflect back on, and we were a community of entrepreneurs. You know, people who believed in working. Every day when you'd wake up in the morning, people were making preparation to go to work; they were not standing around on the streets or anything, only to wait for a ride to go to a job. There were very few people that did not work.

African American Communities

After 1910, African American communities in Brevard grew, primarily in the northwest of the town, anchored by the churches, the schools, African American owned-businesses and the Transylvania Tanning Company, which was built in 1916-17. The community name of "Rosenwald" has been fluid over the years. The name probably came into use in the 1920s, following the construction of the Rosenwald-funded school. For some it meant the area immediately around the school, including Bethel Church and Jip Mills Store; however, the designation expanded to include adjacent communities, including those across the railroad tracks closer to the tannery. After the closing of the rural schools and the construction of the new school in 1948, the Rosenwald School became the only African American school in the county. Presently many use "Rosenwald" expansively to include all those who lived in African American communities served by the school before desegregation.

During the 1920s and 1930s, the main portion of the Rosenwald community extended along the east-west streets of West Main, Brown Lane, and West Lane, and the cross streets of Pickelsimer Avenue (now Mills Avenue) and North Lane. The 1924 Sanborn Insurance Map shows between 35 and 40 dwellings in this community, which was served by only one store and one church. By 1931, the Sanborn Map indicates that most of the new structures built in this immediate area

had been constructed along West Lane and that North Lane now extended to connect Brown Lane and West Main. No new churches or commercial enterprises had been built during this time period, although residents of this community may well have attended church or frequented businesses on the other side of the tracks.

After the construction of the tannery in Brevard, greater commercial and residential growth took place around what is now the intersection of Oakdale Street, Cashiers Valley Road, and Carver Street. (In the 1924 Sanborn Map, Carver Street is labeled Jordan, and in 1931, it is labeled S. Oaklawn.) This community was unofficially named "Greasy Corner." Some people took this as a slur. As Luretha Knox recalled, they "used to call that Greasy Corner. Made fun of us and everything." Some simply called it "the Corner" or "the Block," though others accepted "Greasy Corner" as the community name. Tradition holds that the name derived from the proximity to the tannery. L. C. Betsill, who grew up close to the intersection, definitely saw it as a community with a separate identity from Rosenwald:

> *No, it wasn't called Rosenwald. That wasn't Rosenwald. Rosenwald was over where the school was. That was called Greasy Corner. . . . They were calling it Greasy Corner when I came along.*

Separated by the railroad track, Rosenwald became the center of educational activity. Jip Mills Store was the only commercial store to serve the immediate neighborhood. In contrast, from 1924 to 1931, the number of stores located on the Corner grew from four to six. Greasy Corner grew to be the hub both of commercial life and entertainment for the African American community in Brevard.

Of course, churches also anchored these communities, with Bethel Baptist Church at the heart of Rosenwald, while Bethel A sat at the Corner. Greasy Corner

also supported two other denominations: Mills AME Church, up Carver Street next to the lodge building, and the Holiness Church next to Bethel A. The Mountain Lilly Lodge sat immediately above the AME Church in a building that ultimately would also contain Victor Betsill's barber shop on the first floor.

Just southwest of the Corner, housing expanded to accommodate a growing number of African American tannery workers. According to the Sanborn maps, from 1924 to 1931, the two streets that stretched from Oakdale down to the creek, which separated the neighborhood from the tannery land, became more densely populated. Jenkins Row grew from three houses to nine and Mill Avenue (now Hemphill Circle) expanded from four to nine. Undoubtedly a few of these dwellings also housed boarders who worked at the tannery and at least a couple were two stories in height. Mary Alice Mooney, who lived adjacent to the tannery as a young child, remembers one such boarding house:

> *And I remember the men working there. I can remember we had a boarding house up on Hemphill Circle, wasn't called Hemphill Circle then, but there was a boarding house on the top of the hill. Her name was Ms. Nell, and guys that worked out of town at the tannery stayed there. . . And so they would come through our yard to get to the boardinghouse, and a lot of times, they'd pick me up and put me on their shoulders, take me home to have lunch with them.*

Within the larger hubs of Rosenwald and Greasy Corner, smaller neighborhoods and place names existed. As Charles Young explained:

> *Our little place where we lived, we called that Goose Hollow, and down there where Clifford lived, we called that the Flats. And up there on Mills Avenue up there, we called that Georgia Hill. Across the railroad, we called that Greasy Corner.*

His longtime friend Clifford Outlaw added,

> *As Charles mentioned, we both grew up on, let's say, I was born on Goose Hollow, on Lane Street that goes up to the hill that connects with Rosenwald. I*

> *was born, let's say, in my Aunt Mat's house, in let's say 1940. I grew up, as Charles said, basically in the Flats. That is playing as kids at the bottom of the hill where it was flat. All of the neighbors that were there knew each other. I tend to think that on a rainy day, the houses they were sort of stacked going up the hill, all of the kids would be out on the porch calling names. We used to say, "playing the dozens."*

Outlaw later recalled:

> *Greasy Corner was where all the nightlife occurred. That's where the cafes, the stores, and the juke joints, if you were to call, exist. And also, I believe, Bethel A was right in the middle of it. As to why they were called those sections, I can't think of a better name because when you think, had you lived there and someone said, "Goose Hollow," you knew exactly where it was. The Flats, the same. Greasy Corner, the same.*

"Creek Bank," where Mary Alice Mooney lived, sat along the Brushy Creek near the tannery. "The Alley" grew up behind Bethel A off of Carver Street. "Georgia Hill" sat along the hill going up to Rosenwald. Farther flung, "Pinnacle," one of the older African American communities, sat above the present location of the Brevard Music Center. Although it constituted a considerable hike, walks to Pinnacle were a common Sunday activity and some men who lived in Pinnacle did walk to and from the tannery to work. One other African American community, also slightly separated from the rest, existed along Appletree Street, between the courthouse and Brevard College. Its name, "Frog Bottom," is of unknown origin.

Of these communities, physical traces of Creek Bank, Pinnacle, and Georgia Hill have largely disappeared. They do, however, survive in living memory. As was true of many people, Morris Young and his sister Luretha Knox lived in several different communities, including Georgia Hill, Rosenwald (above Jip Mills store), Pinnacle, and Frog Bottom. Luretha Knox has fond memories of living in Pinnacle:

Pinnacle. It was all knitted family, close knitted family. They were all related, sisters. And mama, Ms. Ella. [Bailey] And her mother and Barbara, her mom, they were all family, family-oriented community. And everyone was close and looked out for everybody the same.

But being up on Pinnacle, we had no lights, street lights. You know, we had lights in our home, but it was quiet except scary. . . .I mean, if it was dark, it was dark. You got used to it, and we could go from house to house and holler out at one another, you know. We would do some, you know, like back up in the woods, it was a wooded area.

The houses were nice. I mean, we didn't have . . .toilets, right. We had the old timey toilets. The . . . outhouses. They called them outhouses. And we had a spring for the water that we had to go up so often and make sure that the water was clean because they had piped the water all the way down to the houses. . . We had water. We're the only one that had water in our house. The other had a, what was that called? . . .A draw, a pump. . . .What it was was a fifty gallon drum, had a screen on top of it. And it had a water spigot line coming from the reservoir that was dug for the water to pull up. And so everybody else would come up through the yard to our house to catch their water for whatever purposes they have.

Mary Alice Mooney, formerly a Wilkes, recalled living in Creek Bank, as well as their eventual move up to Hemphill Circle:

The tannery days, that's when I was born in that house, and we stayed there until my dad died. Mother received some social security from him, and we decided to build a Jim Walter home. . . . So, there was some land for sale on Hemphill Circle, and mother said, "Well, we need to get that information." And I said, "I'll go get it right now." So, I went and got the information and we called the gentleman, and he sold the land to us, and we put us a home up. And we were so happy about that. She put a basement on it, and then the home on top of it, so that gave us enough bedrooms for us to all have our own bedroom for the first time in our lives. When we were younger, we slept all in the same bedroom-- my three brothers in one bed and my sister and I in the other bed. . . So, then we moved up the hill. We carried our furniture from down the creek bank to the next house. That's how close it was.

Later she recalled their Creek Bank house and her mother's constant efforts to improve their rented house:

When we first started living in that house, our bathroom was on the back porch. And so, she closed the bathroom in and enclosed the porch altogether. Keep in mind, she was still renting. Enclosed the back porch in, and that became

our kitchen. Before then, we had four rooms. A living room, her bedroom, and the next was a kitchen and a bedroom next to it. That's where all of us slept, in that bedroom. So then she closed the back porch in and made it into a kitchen, and made the kitchen into a dining room. And she bought the [clawfoot] tub, all of it was secondhand. She bought it all secondhand from Ms. Rawles, Ms. Eliza. I don't know how she got it installed. I guess she, you know black people had skills. They had occupations like that, so she probably got somebody black to hook it up for her and everything. And so, we had a tub. . . .Now that is a luxury item. I mean, you don't see that every day. But we had one. And so that's the kind of thing that mother was always doing to improve our lives, you know, and make things. Every so often, we'd wallpaper on the inside, and she would get, you know, some black guys that knew how to do that kind of stuff. She'd hire them and they'd come in and do it. And go on to the next thing, you know. And finally, later on, she doubled the size of the kitchen because she. Well, I guess, by the time she doubled it, it was wider than this room. And it started out as a back porch.

Similarly, Wilma Lewis recalled the little houses that served their large family:

And we always lived in a house with three bedrooms with 15 kids. The boys had their room, the girls had their room, then they [our parents] had their room. And you had to get up early if you wanted to get into the bathroom before school. If not, you were going to be late for school. So, I would always be the first one up, so I could get in there and get out, you know.

As with many of the communities surrounding Rosenwald, only a thin line existed between country and town. Wilma Lewis recalled of living in Georgia Hill:

I think, we had about seven or eight houses up there. We had families that lived up in that area. In the back of the house, they could walk in the back and go through the fields and go to Rosenwald School. And that's where we used to go to school, just walk through those woods. And then, my uncle, he had a pig farm back there, where he used to kill hogs and we would sit and watch, and, I mean, we did a lot of things back then. You'd be surprised. But we had fun, but we had fun.

Gardens and livestock were not uncommon within town. Edith Darity recalled:

And we also had a community where we lived, I guess you could say off the land, because everybody had a garden. They had cows, they had hogs, they had chickens, and everything was provided almost in your yard or in your property, you know, what you needed to survive on.

Almost universally during the first half of the 20th century the domestic structures of Rosenwald and adjoining communities were constructed of light frame. A few received later stone or brick veneer sidings, most notably the homes of stonemasons Fred Mills (TV0277) and Avery Benjamin (TV0276). With the exception of a few structures, all were one story in height and generally fell into two categories: side gabled houses or simple front gable bungalows. (Notably, the narrower and longer, front gable shotgun plan does not exist in these neighborhoods, although it is commonly associated with African American communities in more coastal regions and along the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys.) Gabled roofs predominate, although a few bungalows possess hip or pyramidal roofs, including several 1930s-era houses on Mills Avenue such as the homes of J. F. Mills (TV0690). Generally those houses lack the Arts and Crafts detailing typically associated with the style.

Figure 10. J. F. "Jip" Mills House

Closer to the tannery, especially along Jenkins Row and Hemphill Circle, homes especially built for workers were constructed in the 1920s and 30s according to the Sanborn maps. A few of these homes survive and are generally small side gable cottages, such as "Mama Rose" Wilkes House (TV0731) and the Marcelus Mills House (TV0717). A few two story dwellings survive, although they are rare. The Howell House (TV0736), located near the site of the former footbridge across the creek from the tannery, is a full two stories and is possibly one of the oldest homes in the Hemphill/Duckworth neighborhood. Its location and size suggest that it may have once been used as a boarding house for tannery workers. Thomas and Eugenia Kilgore expanded their circa 1920 one story dwelling (TV0284), located above Bethel A on Carver Street, to a full two stories around 1940, which would have made it one of the larger homes in the Greasy Corner area, along with the now demolished Condrey and Mabel Sharp home (TV0283), which operated as a boarding house across the street. In the immediate Rosenwald neighborhood, the most imposing house would long have been the two story home of teacher Wilkie Johnstone, across from the original location of the Rosenwald School. Historian Nathanial Hall suggests that Ms. Johnstone took in boarders. This house was dismantled to make way for the construction of the new school in the 1940s.

After 1950, ranch style houses generally began to predominate in the Rosenwald and adjacent African American neighborhoods. Again these were modest single-story homes, mostly with side gables. Cinderblock became another common building material, although light frame still predominated. At least one home from the early 1960s is a prefabricated Jim Walter home (TV0735).

The rural black communities in the Pisgah Forest area continued to persist through the early and mid 20th century, supporting two Baptist Churches, French Broad and Glade Creek (both congregations are still active) and two schools, Everett Farm (consolidated with Glade Creek in the early 1930s) and Glade Creek (consolidated with Rosenwald in 1938). After consolidation, school children at Rosenwald sometimes felt divisions between the town and country kids, but it was not unusual for them to have family members originating from both areas. For instance, Edith Darity, whose family owned businesses at "the Corner," also had relatives from the more rural communities:

> *My father was Edward Hutchison. He was a native of Pisgah Forest and lived down on the Everett Farm, which you all probably have seen. He was one, they were one of the families that lived down there along the road from the Everett Farm. Mr. Everett was the man who owned so much property there, had the farm and everything, and also the one who started the French Broad School, you know where French Broad Church is. Had a little school up there when my father was growing up. And Mrs. Ethel K. Mills was one of their teachers, can you believe it?*

While African American communities continued to thrive along the Hudlin Gap and Glade Creek areas, other communities slowly declined south of the river, near the French Broad River and Everett Farm. Clarabelle Smith recalled that after her family moved back to Transylvania County from Henderson County:

> *I lived across French Broad from our church down that road up on the mountainside. We was the only ones up there, colored folks, I'd say. . . .I lived on French Broad side at the time. Because I was over there 'til I was twelve and then moved where I am now in that area down on Glade Creek Road. I was thirteen on up to now.*

Although the two church congregations and two of the oldest African American cemeteries, French Broad and a portion of Davidson River, survive in the

Pisgah Forest area, few structures survive that date from before the mid-20th century. Two early 20th century houses, associated with the Gash family (TV0740 and TV0741) sit on Glade Creek Road, just north of the intersection with the Old Hendersonville Highway. The site of the old Glade Creek School (TV0746) is still known (it is now a bus shelter for the Glade Creek Church), but no one seems to know the exact location of the Everett Farm School.

Childhood and Community Identity

Almost universally, individuals who grew up in the African American communities have happy memories of their early childhoods. As Mary Alice Mooney recalled of her life on Creek Bank:

> *But the years on Creek Bank, we were poor. But they were good years. I mean, they were fun years. . . .We didn't know we were poor. We just thought we were fine. We used to have this space between the two houses, and everybody in the neighborhood would come down to the house to play horseshoes during the summertime. . . . And then they got together to get in the creek bank, in the creek, too. That was the swimming hole for black people at that time. You know, their parents didn't want them in there, of course. But they would come down, they would bank up on the second bridge. There were two or three bridges. They would bank up the water, make it good and deep. People were playing there all during the day.*

Edith Darity remembered:

> *Maybe we were in a small community, but there was so much preparation made for the children to enjoy and have a very full life. If we were poor, we didn't know it because we all were here together, and we were all doing the same thing. And you know, anyone's parent could chastise you if they needed to. Every neighbor, everybody on the street. We didn't need to have community watch because we automatically had that. With the porches and the grandmothers and the people that would be sitting on porches.*

Sheila Gardin Mooney, who grew up on North Avenue in Rosenwald, echoed this sentiment:

> *So, my world consisted of Rosenwald Elementary School and Bethel A Baptist Church. Anything that went on in my life happened in that little divot. Growing up with, seven in our family, across the street there were seventeen kids. Down the street, there were ten or twelve kids, so we had our own football, basketball, whatever. Mostly playing in the yard and trying to get away with as much as we can. But life during that time was just as simple, and felt safe. Wasn't judged at school, at church, or in the neighborhood. And as Edith said, we had the community watch, because everybody's in everybody's business. And in between that, we had a vacant lot behind Bethel Baptist Church that we call "the flat," so we spent most of our days playing, planting grass, rolling rubber tires, chasing boys, boys chasing us.*

Several others expressed similar sentiments: not feeling poor, feeling protected within the community, having the freedom to roam and play, but also being monitored by the whole community. Morris Young recalled inventing toys to play with:

> *We invented, I like to think we came up with the pea shooter. . .we'd get these little berries off the trees, and put them in and just blow them out. When it came to the hula hoop, I like to think that we invented the hula hoop. Because we used to take bicycle spoke rims and we'd take the spokes out of it and we used those for all types of games. We'd just go down the road and throw them and spin them back. As kids, we'd put them around us and just do what we say, the hula hoop, twirl with them. Basketball, you know, even though basketball rims, they had professional basketball rims, we made our own out of bushel baskets. Even the bicycle rims. We'd nail them up to a tree. That was our basketball rims.*

Young also recalled the "red birds" who watched the kids:

> *If you ever done anything and thought that you was getting away with it, a little red bird had already told your parents what was going on. And they would just simply question you—"Where were you?" "What was you doing?" and "Did you do this?"*

Young later concluded:

> *It was fun coming up in the community wherein boys ran barefooted in the creek or on gravel. You know, we had some glorious times here. We had a lot of*

fun here. Mr. Tom Wynn, he was one of the little red birds at that time, you know, that watched out for the kids in the community.

Figure 11. Tom Wynn House. Typical side gable house in Rosenwald. Tom Wynn was one of the "little red birds."

The self-contained sense of the community also contributed to sense of safety.

Young's sister, Luretha Knox, recalled:

> *All the kids would play together, and one of the great things I do remember, the different stores and businesses that the blacks did have. We was able to go to the stores and not have to go out of the community.*

She later added:

> *Mr. Betsill had a store, we could run right up to his store as well. And then my aunt finally got a little place back there. . . and Mr. Elliott had a store as well. . . Of course Sherman got one later. Right there, he had a grocery store. But it was easy to be able to go in your own community because, like, even in playing in our community, we could do that without being harassed.*

Some parents actively discouraged kids from leaving the cocoon of the community.

As Sheila Mooney remembered:

> *And yes, life was safe. They protected us from all the misery that was actually going on. Like, we weren't allowed to go to town without an adult to see the "coloreds only" or "whites only" and certain places we couldn't go. So, growing up poor, safe, and protected. That's it.*

Even as a small town, Brevard had clearly demarcated race lines, although the boundaries would not have been readily apparent to outsiders. Well into mid-century, some stores and restaurants would not serve black clientele and many vividly remember the inadequacy of "public" facilities. The only bathroom black kids could use was located in the courthouse and it was often closed or filthy. Similarly the water fountain marked "colored" was frequently filled with trash. The Co-Ed movie theater turned away black customers, although the adjacent Clemson Theater, sometime after World War II, began to allow black customers to enter in a side door and sit in the balcony. For a time, the theater employed Fred and Ethel Mills to serve as ticket takers for this clientele (Reed 2004:114).

Although play within the community often emerged in an impromptu manner, in mid-century, adults began to provide more structured activities for kids. Edith Darity recalled that her mother always provided entertainment in their family store:

> *My mother always believed in some activity for the children. And we had a piccolo in there, and there was a man from Asheville that had the music store, and he brought this real nice piccolo there. And about once a month, he'd come and change all the records, so all the kids could stay up with the latest songs that were out. And that was part of our livelihood, our fun. Outside, we had a place you could- they had a picnic table, umbrellas, and benches where the children could be. And we used to play croquet, you know, horse shoes, and badminton, you know. It was always something for the children.*

The establishment of the Mary C. Jenkins Center (TV0657) in 1952 provided another venue of entertainment for children and adults alike. As Edith Darity recalled:

> *Ms. Mary Kilgore was the lady who brought the idea to town after she graduated from Shaw University. And she came back to Brevard. She was married to Rockefeller Kilgore, and she put an article in the paper about the need for a community building, and that's how we got the Mary C. Jenkins Center, because there were people that got interested in town with the thought of having a community center on Carver Street. Anyway, so they all worked with Ms. Mary. Once Ms. Jenkins decided to give the land, she and her husband, to the community for a community center, then they organized all of these different auxiliaries or groups or clubs, you know, in the community center. And they began to work and raise money and they would show film. . . .They had popcorn and some kind of little snacks for the kids. Then they were always having talent shows and that type of thing at the community center. And all kinds of, the teenagers had their own special groups-- you know, the Merry Heart club.*

The community center also built a swimming pool, providing an alternate to the creek which ran alongside the tannery. The railroad, which bisected the Rosenwald and Greasy Corner communities, ran right past the pool. Wilma Lewis recalled,

> *The railroad track goes right in front of Georgia Hill, where trains would come. [The passengers] would throw the money in the swimming pools for us, and we'd all dive in the water to try to get the pennies, the nickels, or whatever that they were throwing in.*

Edith Darity also remembers organizing a marching band at the community center, and Wilma Lewis' mother Selena sewed little white outfits for the kids to wear. Darity fondly recalled that one year her mother invited one of the most famous African American marching bands in the region to perform:

> *She invited the Stephens-Lee band to come, and they marched all, they marched uptown and through the community, and played their instruments and everything, and ended up at the community center with a program or a concert for us. And she had invited them to come. And of course, we were the little band sitting on the side, smiling, you know. We got to march down the streets with them. And that was very special, that was very special to me.*

Certain types of entertainments attracted adults and youths alike, especially dancing. Sheila Mooney recalled that her mother, Robbie Mae Outlaw Gardin, particularly enjoyed it:

> *And I heard somebody talking about Aunt Mat's cafe. So other than having babies and fixing hair, my mama loved to dance. And my grandmother would fuss at her, the story they say, because she would wear out a pair of shoes in three weeks. You know, they didn't have plastic, it was all leather shoes. And dancing on that concrete floor, mama would wear out a pair of shoes every three weeks. And she taught us wonderful dances.*

Sheila Mooney also had fond memories of learning to dance at the Rosenwald School:

> *My favorite part of Rosenwald was dancing. James Baten, our sixth and eighth grade teacher, taught us to dance. And he would teach a new step in the waltz, I would be his partner.*

Playing pool or billiards was also an entertainment enjoyed by both youth and adults. Morris Young recalled:

> *And we used to go up through there just picking up soda bottles because you could get 25 cents for what we call a polypack bottle. We'd build our wagons and put a box on the back of it. . . .We hustled for a nickel. Back then, a dollar was a dollar, and we would take that money and go down to the swimming pool or go to Ms. Mat's pool hall, shoot pool or whatever. Even Mr. Betsill finally got one pool table in his barbershop. He said, "If I come out here and catch you gambling, boys," he said, "You won't be here no more." He said, "I'm going to let you shoot, but you better not be gambling."*

The "Corner" not only provided various attractions for young people, it also served as a hotspot for adult nightlife. Recalling growing up there in the 1930s and 40s, L. C. Betsill explained:

> *Because all I ever knew is that it was Greasy Corner, and I knew it was the hangout spot for black people. Because people used to come on the weekends, they would be down there like this [dance moves]. People come from Hendersonville, Asheville, South Carolina. And then on Thursdays, you know, they had a lot of people that came in the summer that came here who was maids and butlers. Well, most all of them had Thursdays off, so Thursdays on Greasy Corner was jumping. . . . Well, there was some people went from cafe to cafe. They sat, a couple of them had places that you could dance, you know. People would dance and they would, they could drink, you know. You could sell, most of the establishments down there, they had licenses to sell beer.*

Many establishments served multiple purposes and different clientele, depending on age, gender, and even time of day. L. C. Betsill's father's barbershop was one such place:

> *It was a place they hung out and socialized. Because in the back was the barbershop and in the front he had like the candy, the store, whatever. The little store, you know. Then he had three booths over on the other side where people could sit down and they could drink their beer, whatever, because he sold beer. And things like that. So, mostly he dealt with adults. He didn't have too many teenagers, more to get their haircut, buy the candy, but not to hang around.*

A primarily male, adult space, the barbershop would often stay open to curfew, at midnight, and sometimes later. The late hours afforded L. C. the opportunity to enjoy some of the other attractions of Greasy Corner at night:

> *I had to go up to the barbershop. While he was back there cutting hair, I had to run the store up front. So, once he let me go, which was maybe around about nine o'clock or so, then I could go down to the Corner and enjoy myself like everybody else did. Yeah. Mama didn't know where I was, but [laughter] Daddy did. [laughter] She thought I was down at the barbershop with him.*

The business owned by the Whiteside and Hutchison families, similarly served multiple purposes. While Edith Darity's mother committed herself to providing activities for children, at night the space became an adult gathering spot:

> *It was a two-story, white cement block building. So, she and my dad had it. My mother and father operated it after my grandfather passed, or during his senior years. Anyway, so upstairs on one side was a casino. It was an after-hour lounge, okay. We were not allowed to go up there. Okay, so when the store that my mother had downstairs, the store where we had all the candy, the hotdogs, hamburgers and everything, the dance side on the other side. Then on the left hand side was the casino, upstairs, and on the right side was a beauty parlor, Ms. Evon Kelly. A lady operated a beauty parlor in the daytime. So, everything else was closed down about eleven, between eleven and eleven thirty at night, except the casino. Because that's when it started. So anyway, that was a place for the adults to go, and if they played cards and had drinks, then that's where they were. And this was Daddy Roy's, Daddy Roy's, his place.*
>
> *But just thinking about how many people in the community would come out after hours. They had worked all day. They wanted to dress. They wanted to*

have a place to go, so they'd either come to dance or they would go to the casino upstairs. There was music and drinks and whatever. I never got to go. So anyway, but there were several places in the community like that.

While undoubtedly some adults from rural communities partook of the nightlife at the Corner, kids who grew up in the rural communities tended to have their own social lives, even after they started to attend the Rosenwald School. Keith Norman recalled:

We never got the opportunity, much, to actually play with the kids in Brevard except when we went to school. You know, we had, based upon transportation and that sort of thing, very few of us got a chance to come to town. So, we did our own thing down there. Our own baseball field. Our own little joints and things that we went in to do different things.

Tim Ballard also grew up in the Pisgah Forest area:

Well, I grew up in what they call the Glade Creek area, or Davidson River. They used to call it Little River. We were the river people, and so for what I've always heard, the old Everett Farm area all the way back to the Hudlin Gap area were where a lot of black people lived and farmed. So, I grew up in that area . . .

He later added:

Mahaffey's store, and it was down there on 280 now, the Asheville Highway. And we would walk, we'd take a little trail through the woods. I grew up on Hudlin Gap, and we would take a little trail through Hudlin Gap Road and Old Bunyon Road and come back out on Capps Road, and we'd be there maybe ten, fifteen minutes, but we'd always make it an hour trip. We had to play in the water, the river, there, and throw rocks, and just make a day of it, taking a trip over there. But you could walk over there in ten, fifteen minutes. And it was just a little convenience store. I guess that's what it'd be called.

Although the store was white owned, Ballard noted:

we'd go in there and we were treated with respect, and they knew our families, and if anything went wrong, we knew we would get it, you know.

Clarabelle Smith recalled that hunting was both a recreation and a necessity:

> *And we'd go squirrel hunting. When I was a little girl, five years old, my other ones were five, six, seven. . . .Everyday, we'd take that dog, Mack, and Buzz. Just a great big dog about that tall and Buzz, a little dog, brown, dark brown about that tall. They'd bark and bark and run and shake the tree. If the squirrel didn't get out of that tree, they'd shake them, shake them to death. . . .So, I'd be doing that when I got older now. And I was good with a .22 now. . . .When I got older and moved down here, up at Hudlin Gap Road, up on the hill. I see a squirrel I wanted, I'd go and get the .22 . . . I'd bring it down and I'd go get it. So people don't like to eat squirrels, and I said, "Well, I'm used to that myself because we did that ever since I was a little girl," eat squirrels and rabbit meat.*

Of course, hunting and fishing served as occupations for some town kids as well. Friends Charles Young and Clifford Outlaw, although town kids, were avid fishermen. Fish were shared among relatives to be consumed. As Outlaw recalled:

> *In other words, there was my family: my mom and dad and then their cousins, there was my sister and her family. So, there was generally enough fish to go around. You didn't catch that amount that there would be waste or anything of that nature. Not at my house. Well, I will tell you how I was introduced to fish, to fishing. Charles Young over there introduced me to fishing. And fishing was buying a cane pole, and the cane pole was something like 20 feet long. And I'm what three, maybe four feet tall, and to carry the pole over my shoulder.*

Outlaw's experience with squirrel hunting was much briefer:

> *I think I was twelve years old or something like that when a crew of us got our first rifle. And we went over by Charles over in Goose Hollow going to the graveyard, and this was a Sunday. And the aim of the game was to go to the other side of the graveyard and target practice. But on our way, we passed Charles' house, past the persimmon tree, going up toward the graveyard, and there happened to be a bunch of squirrels running around. And I took a shot and hit one. Prouder than a jackrabbit, let me tell you. I said, "Okay, I'm going to take this home and show it to my mom." And I took the squirrel home, knocked on the back door, mom opened it up, and she says, "Well, what do you have there?" And I said, "Well, I've got a squirrel." And she said, "Take that squirrel and bury it. This is Sunday. You should not be killing anything on Sunday." And I have not shot that gun since.*

Generally, racial lines seemed less starkly drawn in rural areas where there were long-standing black communities. Several individuals recalled having cordial

relationships with white neighbors or frequenting white-owned stores (possibly because there were fewer African American stores outside town). Clarabelle Smith recalled having white friends when she was very young:

> *I forgot the ones that lived up from us. Had a little daughter named Betty Sue. I was so crazy about her. And Betty Sue and all of us went down there where the creek was, we got in the creek, they liked to hear me and Marion sing a song, you know, "O Mary, Don't You Weep." And she got up in there, she looked down at our little feet, said, "Your feet's the same color ours is under the mud!" I never will forget that, just four years old. But we had fun, though.*

Luretha Knox recalled of living in Pinnacle:

> *Really, it was a beautiful place really. It used to be up there, and you didn't have to worry about a whole lot . . . And we did have white neighbors, which, they were not prejudiced. You did not have to compete with the stuff that was going on in town. Because everyone knew everyone, therefore we kind of, even we played together. It was not a big thing, you know, for us to play together. We could get out there and skate even, whatever, but like when we'd get past that and get on the pavement coming to town, that's when they'd try to hit us with their trucks or car, and run us off of the road.*

Within the safety of the Pinnacle community, racism was less of an issue, but once in town, black children suffered harassment from white kids, as well as adult motorists.

Tim Ballard recalls about the Davidson River area,

> *My memories are nice about it. The community was very nice. It was a mixed community, and we all knew each other. And we just didn't have any problems. . . . we were neighbors. The lady right down below us, she was a Caucasian lady, and we had chickens and we had fruit trees and mama would bake pies and cakes and stuff, and I'd sometimes have to get eggs. . . .So, we'd, they were always changing eggs, sending jelly to each other. So, it was just a neighborhood, that's it. We took care of each other.*

At times, a tacit understanding of shared genealogy existed. As Ballard comments,

> *We know who we were kin to on the white side and the black side. And we always knew both sides of the family. Never had any problems. . . .Our relationships was fine. Daddy, he had a cousin who lived right down the hill from us. And they saw each other all the time, they communicated all the time.*

> *And they knew they were closer kin. They never did tell us kids until we were grown or discovered it on our own.*

Other communities in Transylvania County, which historically had few, if any, African American residents, proved even more fearsome than segregated Brevard. The other town of any size in the county, Rosman, created by Joseph Silversteen as the site of his first tannery, long held the reputation as a "sundown town" among the African American community, well through the twentieth century. Wilma Lewis recalled:

> *You couldn't go into Rosman. You couldn't go through Rosman, you know. If you went there, you better be hauling it, getting and going, because they didn't allow you in Rosman at all.*

She later added that when her mother, Selena Robinson, worked for community action:

> *She had to go to places in Rosman, these places that we do not go. And she said she had to pray before she went there.*

Stories of growing up black in Transylvania County in the mid-20th century, contrast the harassment, fear, and prejudice of the outside world with the sense of family, belonging, and safety of living within the black community. For a child, the interconnected African American communities constituted a universe to be explored. As L. C. Betsill reminisced:

> *We'd go up Cashiers Valley and make that right up there, go on up through there, and go all the way to where you turn to go to music camp. And then go on up to Pinnacle. That was, that was, that was our Sunday getaway, walk up to Pinnacle.*

Summing up the sense of freedom and adventure, Betsill recalled, "we'd call that 'walking around the world'."

African American Education

Among the most ambitious efforts to establish an educational institution for African Americans in Transylvania County in the early 20th century, local African American citizens endeavored to create a two-building "Colored Industrial School" in 1909-1910. The local *Brevard News* took note of these local efforts in May 1909, noting that the purpose of the new school would be to teach girls "to cook, wash, iron, sew and keep house properly" so they can find employment and to teach the boys "farming, garden work and the use of tools of various kinds so they will be better able to secure work at good wages." The *News* also notes that those "having the enterprise in hand" included prominent African American businessman Jim Aiken and "what Jim undertakes generally goes." This group had secured three and a half acres of land on the western side of Brevard where West Main Street, if extended, would ultimately reach. The article further noted that the community had already carried out a successful school for two years and urged support and encouragement for the project ("Colored Industrial School," *Brevard News*, 28 May 1909).

In October of the same year, two months after Aiken's accidental death, the newspaper again took note of the undertaking, stating "a 3-story building has grown up among us unheralded and almost unknown to our citizens." Apparently mystified by the source or sources of funds, the columnist noted that there seemed to be no lack of money. Along with the 40x50 ft. structure, which was to serve as a home for the girls, another larger building would be built for boys and would include space for instruction in bricklaying. The school was slated for opening in

January 1910. The *News* stated that the source of information for the article was Dr. J. H. Johnston[e], "the builder now in charge" ("Colored Industrial School," *Brevard News*, 22 October 1909). A separate article on the same date noted that Johnston[e], "a colored physician from Knoxville, Tenn., is occupying with his family the residence built by Jim Aiken on Oak Lawn avenue" and that his business was to build and open the industrial school (*Brevard News*, 22 October 1909).

The 1911 Sanborn Insurance map locates the industrial school as ½ mile west of the courthouse, though it is drawn as an insert, so it is impossible to know the exact location. The school consisted of two buildings, a 2½-story structure marked recitation rooms and dormitory and a smaller building simply marked as "school." The 1916 Sanborn map appears to show the same two buildings, locating them one mile northwest of the post office. The larger of the two buildings is labeled "industrial school and dormitory," while the smaller is labeled as a public school.

While the establishment of the industrial school and the Rosenwald School are frequently conflated, quite possibly they lay on the same site and that the establishment of one led to the other. In 1911, the Rosenwald fund had not yet been established, and records at Fisk University indicate that the Brevard Rosenwald School was built in 1920-21. In historian Nathaniel Hall's account the new school was built as a result of work from a club that included J. F. [Jip] Mills and Arthur Hefner, Sr., with the help of a "woman by the name of Pruden, from somewhere in the north" who had opened a series of private schools (Hall 1961:22). The latter was most undoubtedly Emily C. Prudden of the American Missionary Association

who established the Lincoln Academy at King's Mountain, North Carolina. Dr. James Hill Johnstone's wife, Wilkie Carpenter Johnstone, graduated from Lincoln Academy where she trained as a teacher. In 1909, the couple moved to Brevard. A deed dating from August 1909 confirms Ms. Prudden's involvement with the project. The deed transfers a tract of land for one dollar to J. H. Johnston[e] and wife Wilkie C. Johnston[e] located adjacent to the "lands of Public School and the Industrial [illegible]" (Deed Book 27, p. 25). This tract had been acquired two months previously from J. F. W. Mills for the price of $125 and he had acquired the land the previous year from J. A. Galloway (Deed book 27, p. 203).

The fate of the industrial school and its transformation to the Rosenwald School is unclear. Perhaps the untimely death of Aiken, the man with undoubtedly the most wealth and clout to undertake the project, led to a scaling down of building ambitions for the school, as did the early death of Dr. Johnstone in 1912. However, the Sanborn maps indicate that the second building became designated as a public school and was not restricted to vocational education as described in the newspaper. Wilkie Johnstone taught both at the early school and at Rosenwald, and Hall credits her with securing money from the Rosenwald funds. L. C. Betsill, who attended the original Rosenwald School, remembers that Mrs. Johnstone's big two-story frame house lay across the street from the school, and the Sanborn Map from 1924 also locates the only two-story dwelling near Rosenwald in this location, again suggesting that the older industrial school and public school were located near or on the same plot as the first Rosenwald School. Whatever the truth of the matter, the creation of the industrial school shaped the African American cultural landscape of

Brevard, marking the west end of Main Street as the center of African American education during the early to mid 20th century and ultimately becoming the heart of the community that would become known as Rosenwald.

The son of German-Jewish immigrants, Julius Rosenwald was born in Illinois in 1862. In 1897, Rosenwald joined the firm of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and in 1909, he rose to the position of president. As his wealth grew, Rosenwald became interested in philanthropy. Inspired by the writings of Booker T. Washington, Rosenwald met Washington in 1911 and became a trustee of Tuskegee Institute. Washington soon convinced Rosenwald of the need for better elementary schools for African American students. In 1913, the first "Rosenwald School" was built. In the ensuing two decades the Rosenwald Fund helped build almost 5000 African American elementary schools in fifteen southeast states. North Carolina ultimately had 817 Rosenwald schools, more than any other state, and at least one Rosenwald school in 93 of the state's 100 counties. (All but one of the counties lacking Rosenwald schools were located in western North Carolina) (Obenauer and Brown 1915:3).

Though not the first charitable organization to support African American primary education, the Rosenwald Fund became the most influential. In the late 19th century, various philanthropic groups had taken an interest in supporting African American education, including the American Missionary Association (AMA), which began before the Civil War as an abolitionist organization. Emily Prudden of the AMA is credited with establishing 16 schools, most of them in western North

Carolina, and her schools trained teachers such as Wilkie Johnstone, who would later teach at the newly established Rosenwald Schools.

In the early 20th century, Booker T. Washington realized that existing philanthropic efforts were not enough to address the needs of African American education and he turned to cultivation of individual philanthropists, such as Rosenwald, for aid. Rosenwald stipulated that his funding would serve as seed money that would be matched by both African American and white communities where the schools would be built. In the building of the Brevard School (as it was officially known in the Rosenwald Fund records), the Rosenwald Fund provided $900 of the total cost of $4850. $2755 of the total came from public funds, and the African American community provided $1195 (Rosenwald database, Fisk University). The growing Rosenwald construction program ultimately became too much for the Tuskegee Institute to administer and in 1920 the Rosenwald Fund opened an office in Nashville, where they hired architects to design modern school plans that, beginning in 1921 were widely disseminated for free, even to non-Rosenwald funded schools. The Brevard School, however, built in 1920-21, slightly predated these new plans and the Rosenwald records note that it was "built under Tuskegee."

Figure 12. The original Rosenwald school in Brevard

The early Rosenwald program focused largely on building small rural schools. Of the schools built in North Carolina, 286 were two-teacher schools and 140 were one-teacher schools. Brevard's Rosenwald School was among the 132 three-teacher plans (Obenauer and Brown 2015:29). As designed by Booker T. Washington and Tuskegee, the plan utilized moveable partition walls, so the school could be used as a community center and for other student activities when not being used as a classroom.

L. C. Betsill, who attended the original Brevard Rosenwald School, recalled:

> *There was Ms. Mills's room, then there was two rooms-- Ms. Benjamin was in one. Then there was a kitchen, then the other side of that was Ms. Johnstone's room. And, no, Professor Sartor's room and then Ms. Johnstone's room. But those two rooms where Ms. Benjamin's was had those dividing doors. You could push them back, and they-- It was big enough for them to play basketball, so they used to have basketball games. . . . So, that was about it. The toilets was on the porch, you know. You go there in the morning it's freezing you. . . . There was no cafeteria. A small kitchen, and they used to make, well, when I was there, they had Ms. Flora Aiken and another lady, I can't think of her name now. They were the cooks. We mostly got soup, but we ate that in one of those two rooms I was telling you about that they could play basketball. We just ate it right there.*

Selena Robinson, who attended the Rosenwald School a decade earlier, before it was expanded to include a kitchen, recalled the days when students had to take their own lunch:

> *[we] had to carry lunch. Biscuits, fatback, put some molasses on it. There was just a very few people that was able to have white bread. We had a jar of pinto beans. And all of us that had to eat like that, we used to go down by the tree where nobody would see us cause the rest of 'em would laugh at us. But we survived.*

While teacher Wilkie Johnstone helped guide the Rosenwald School from its inception, another legendary teacher, Ethel Kennedy Mills, would also have a profound effect in shaping the Rosenwald School. Mills' father, James Thomas Kennedy, was also an educator, as well as a clergyman and craftsman. In 1887, he moved to Franklin, North Carolina, to help establish an Episcopal mission and build St. Cyprian's Church, as well as a school. In 1911 her father moved the family to Asheville and Ethel Kennedy, at a young age, would begin her lifelong career as an educator (McRae 2014). After teaching at the Everett Farm School, Mills moved to the Rosenwald School in 1923 where she would stay, and eventually serve as acting principal, until desegregation in the mid-1960s.

The Rosenwald school building program ended in 1932 with the death of Julius Rosenwald, although the Rosenwald Fund continued to pursue other educational and charitable pursuits. In Brevard, as elsewhere, the Rosenwald School represented both a revolution in African American education, but also a natural extension of previous community and philanthropic efforts. However, in

1941 the era of the first Rosenwald School in Brevard came to an end. L. C. Betsill recalled:

> T*hey used to blow the big old fire thing, sirens, we had up there on top of city hall. I remember hearing it blow, over in the morning. It woke me up, and I looked out the window and all I saw over that way was just big blaze. I wasn't allowed to go. Because I was too young.*

Although the school board authorized the building of a new school within weeks of the first school burning to the ground, it was seven years before the new school was erected. Meanwhile, the school carried on by utilizing the local church basements. Betsill recalled:

> *I had to be like in the fourth or fifth grade. . . Because I went to school here about three years, three or four years, in church basements and things. . . . Bethel A, Bethel, and there used to be a Methodist church up there where the Masonic lodge is now. . .There used to be a Methodist church there. Those were the three. . .They had, they put the grades, like at Bethel A that was like Ms. Mills, that was like first, second, maybe third grades. Up there on Carver at that Methodist church, there was probably third, fourth, or fifth. And then everybody else went over to Bethel.*

In 1947, Wilkie Johnstone sold the land where her house stood for the construction of a new school, salvaging wood from her old house to rebuild nearby. According to historian Betty J. Reed, Ethel Mills claimed that ultimately the intercession of Harry H. Straus, the founder of Ecusta Paper Company, led to the completion of the school. Although the county had waived corporate taxes to entice Ecusta to Transylvania, Straus agreed to pay the taxes if the county would build a new elementary school for African American students (Reed 2004:53-54). In 1948, a new school for Transylvania County's African American students opened.

Lifelong friends Charles Young and Clifford Outlaw began attending Rosenwald when school was still being held in the community's churches. Outlaw recalled trying to start school early because of his desire to be like his older brother:

> *My first introduction to elementary school was following him to school. I waited until he and friends entered school and later, I think about maybe 15 minutes, I knocked on the door, and this was an elementary school that was in the annex portion of Bethel A Church. I knocked on the door. Ms. Mills opened the door, looked down, and says, "Cliff, what can I do for you?" And at that time, I said, "I'm ready for school." And she said, basically, "You're too young. Come back in a couple years."*

For those who attended school in church annexes, the new school made a significant impression. Clifford Outlaw recalled:

> *I do remember how bright things were. To me, the class, it was a classroom that was large enough to hold everyone, and it was very bright. And I think it was due to the fact that the sun was coming, let's say, from the east to the west, and the first grade classroom happened to be on sort of the south side, but catching a lot of sun as it came through. It was very bright to me.*

He continued:

> *I remember the cafeteria area well. Going downstairs to lunch. That was different than what we had had at that point in time. I remember the cooks were Mrs. Marie Davenport and Mrs., oh what's Grady's mom's name? . . Yeah, Mrs. Trilby. . .Elliott, yeah. And I can remember soup. I do remember soup. I remember big pots of soup. And tables throughout. I do remember the plays we used to have in the cafeteria, the stage, etc. Other than that . . .I recall most of the classrooms basically being very similar. I do remember moving from let's say the third grade to the fourth grade. Fourth grade to the fifth grade. Sixth grade, then back down to seventh grade and eighth grade with Mrs. Johnstone . . . then to Hendersonville.*

Figure 13. The second Rosenwald School

For most African Americans in Transylvania County today, the "Rosenwald School" of memory, ironically, is not the school built by the Rosenwald Fund. Begrudgingly built by public funds, the new school's name reflects the profound influence the Rosenwald program had on Transylvania County's African American population. Built of the fire-proof stone, rather than frame, the new school followed a similar pattern to the Pisgah Forest School (TV0463), completed a few years earlier, as well as other "rock" schools in western North Carolina, often associated with (although not always built by) the Civilian Conservation Corps (Thompson 1993:35).

Despite the fact that the school was underfunded and books and supplies were second hand, across the board Rosenwald alumni had fond memories of the school. The quality of the teaching and the nurturance of the teachers were most commonly remarked upon. Charles Young and Clifford Outlaw particularly remembered Ms. Mills, who taught the early primary grades, and Ms. Johnstone,

who taught seventh and eighth, as outstanding teachers. Young recalled the no-nonsense style of Ms. Johnstone:

> *What makes her a good teacher is even when the kids are cutting up and not learning, she still teaches the same thing, she don't get off her course. She didn't let us distract her. And I was there to distract because I thought I was a comedian.*

Morris Young recalled:

> *As far as our education, I think we had the best overall educational program for the black community, and mainly because of our teachers. Our teachers had this attitude that we was their kids. It was one-on-one. And they wanted to instill in us that we are better than what some say that we are and to let us know that we could learn, we could go on in life and get an education.*

While many remember the family-like atmosphere of the Rosenwald School, tensions between students did exist, especially after consolidation with the rural schools. Keith Norman, who grew up in the country, felt that the city kids looked down on them:

> *Well, they knew we were country folk, and maybe they thought that maybe we didn't know what they knew. And that's understandable, but yeah, that was that sort of thing. Because we would get in little spurts, and say, "Well, these people from Glade Creek," or "the river rats," they called it that . . .But it was nothing that made you, would make you just terribly mad and really want to-- I mean, you could get in some scuffles behind it, but you know, we managed to get through that sort of thing.*

By the same token, Wilma Lewis believed that those who lived on the Rosenwald side of the tracks looked down on the kids from the Corner. However, few felt like the teachers discriminated between kids from different neighborhoods; in fact they actively worked to "level the playing field." And, as Sheila Mooney succinctly put it, "we were all in the same little raggedy-ass boat, you know."

Although the vast majority of graduates had fond memories of attending Rosenwald, options for further education beyond the eighth grade made for difficult

choices. While some attempts were made to provide some level of post-primary education at the industrial school, and possibly the early Rosenwald School, Transylvania County never possessed an African American high school, public or private, prior to school desegregation. For those with the means, or some external source of funding, continuing school, especially before the 1950s, meant leaving home to stay at a relative's home, boarding house, or dormitory, while still only thirteen or fourteen years old.

During the 1940s, L. C. Betsill went to Lincoln Academy in Kings Mountain, North Carolina, the same school attended by Rosenwald teacher Wilkie Johnstone:

> *It was an old school, too, but you had kids there from just about all over. At least all over the east coast, and I know a few kids like from the Bahamas came there. So, kids from New York and D.C., Illinois. Kids came there from all over. So, it was a good mixture and you got to learn about other places and the type of life they lived. So, it was a good, it was a good mixture. . . .Oh, there was a whole lot of kids from here. . . .Well, you know, they separated us. We didn't stay like in the same rooms with each other. You know, that's one thing about it, they made you mix up, so you could get to know other folks, other people . . .We had regular curriculum that most schools had in that day, yes. Yep. Because that school was supported by the American Missionary Association.*

Closer to home, Stephens-Lee High School, established in Asheville in 1923, for several decades served as one of the only public high schools in western North Carolina for African Americans. Thomas Kilgore, Jr., one of the Brevard students who attended recalled:

> *In 1928, I finished the ninth grade in Brevard, and at that time that was as far as the black children could go in school in Brevard. There was a white high school there, but we couldn't go there. I wanted to go to school because I wanted to go on to college, and my mother and father went to Asheville and found a place for me to stay. My older brother [Waymon] was living in Asheville then, but he had small children and didn't have room in his house. So, I got a place to stay near the high school there. So in the fall of '28, I entered high school in Asheville. In those days, North Carolina had what they called an*

> *eight/three system, eight years of elementary school and three of high school. I finished in 1930, because I had already done the ninth grade in Brevard.*

By the 1950s, the other option was to be bussed to the neighboring county and attend Ninth Avenue High School in Hendersonville. As Edith Darity recalled:

> *We went to Rosenwald from grades one to eight, and suddenly, when you're in eighth grade, you have this real decision to make. Or your parents was making it for you. And you said, "Well, you know, am I going to school at the high school?" And you know you're young, your spirit is young, because you're not coming from a big city where you're used to jumping in a car or bus and just going on your own. So, you would have to wait for their decision for you for where you're going to go. There's a school in Asheville called Allen Home School, at that time for girls. But they tell me that it was co-educational, I guess boys did go there, but I'm not really sure. But you either went to Allen Home, which was a private school, or you had to be bussed to Ninth Avenue, which was 21 miles away, 42 miles a day. Or you would go off to like Ohio, where JoAnn went to school; Robert Kilgore went to Wilmington, I think. L. C. [Betsill] and some of the others went to maybe . . . Lincoln Academy or something like that. So, there were several places that a lot of the students went down through the years, you know, just to complete their high school education. Now the majority of the children, if you couldn't afford to go to a private school or had someone that lived up north or somewhere so you could go and stay with them maybe for 6 months or the school year, then we all had to go to Ninth Avenue. Some of the kids wanted to go, other kids didn't. But really, most of us didn't have a choice, you know. We wanted to finish school.*

Mary Alice Mooney was one of the girls who went to the Allen School. Similar to L. C. Betsill, she appreciated the fact that she met students from all over the country: "it was a good learning experience, and you were exposed to more people than just southerners, so you learned about ways of life other than what you were used to." Asked why she went to Allen, she reflected:

> *My mama picked it. My mother picked it. We didn't have any say-so in the matter. She did not want us riding the bus to Hendersonville, and I'm assuming that she thought we'd get a more finishing school education than we would have gotten at Ninth Avenue. And I used to, when it got time to go back to*

school every year, I would say, "Ma, I don't want to go back." She said, "No, you're going." And I'm grateful now more than I can ever tell her. And it was okay, it was just my first experience away from home. . . .Well, when I first started there, we just came home on holidays. But by the time I was a junior or a senior, we was having weekends home. . . . So, they became more lenient. But they were really strict, which was good.

If we had to go downtown, we would go in groups. You had to sign up the night before. And we'd go down the street two-by-two. People used to say, "Here come the Allen girls." . . . Again, it was always in groups and there was always somebody chaperoning. And we had to go to church every Sunday. We had to wear a hat; we had to wear gloves. We had to be inspected each day before we left our dormitory. You know, it was a two-story dormitory, and there was a platform between each floor, and there was someone sitting there to have you turn around to make sure you were neat and matching and no runs in your stockings, if you were wearing stockings. If you did, they sent you back to your room and you had to pass muster before you could go on to school. And we weren't going anywhere but to the next building to school, but that was just the standard that we had to live by.

Starting in 1951, the Ninth Avenue School in Henderson County became the default choice for those who did not have the opportunity to attend a private school. For some, attendance only lasted a year or two, when family needs required that the student drop out to help support the family. Generally, dissatisfaction with Ninth Avenue focused not on the school itself, the curriculum, or the teachers, but on the long journey to and from school. As Edith Darity summed it up:

So anyway, we'd have to ride this, be out there early in the morning for the bus, sometimes it was almost dark. Well, it would be dark in the wintertime when you were standing out, and almost that when you would come back in the evening because the bus was slow. I guess 45 miles an hour, I don't know if it did that much. But it was a very slow ride. A very slow ride, and on our way to Hendersonville, if someone missed their bus at Etowah, Horse Shoe, all down through there, if they were standing on the road, that meant they missed their bus. Our bus would stop and pick up any of the children we knew went to Ninth Avenue on our route over there. And they'd have to sit on your lap. We'd be packed. It'd be tight. . . .And we were on really curvy roads, you know, the old Henderson Highway. And it would be cold in the wintertime. It was not a warm ride. You'd have to dress warm, you know, to really ride the bus, and then you had to have the patience because you had a student driver going around the curves and everything. You know, thinking, "Oh, my goodness." But yeah, it was

> *an experience to do that to begin with. Then once we got over there, we made friends with the students at Ninth Avenue.*

Frequently, students had difficulty participating in after-school activities because they required transportation to and from Hendersonville. And, students often left for school in the dark and returned in the dark, limiting their activities back in Brevard. Of course, former students did not universally hold the same sentiments. Morris Young defended the school:

> *They still had to travel . . . to Ninth Avenue to go to school. That was something that I enjoyed. I got to go one year before they closed it down. And right before they closed it down, I had the opportunity to go to Brevard High with my class. But I decided since they didn't have masonry at the high school at that time, . . . my father was the brick mason over at Ninth Avenue, I decided to go further with him, hoping that, I had no idea that they was going to close Ninth Avenue down. And I had made it up in my mind that I was spending my next four years at Ninth Avenue. But then they came out during that fall of '64, I think it was, and stated that they was closing it down. Well, I was kind of sad. Sad because, one thing, you know, we're leaving that one-on-one. . . . So, I was very in love with Ninth Avenue, and it was not only because my father, it was just that camaraderie that we had among the teachers and the students and how you cared for one another as human beings.*

Young's sister, Luretha Knox, decided not to stay at Ninth Avenue. Visiting Greensboro where her father who attended continuing education classes, Knox decided to stay there and live with her aunt:

> *I went to visit one summer and decided I'd go back and go to school. Because one thing, Ninth Avenue was not a bad school; it was a good school. It just was riding the bus and being cold. The bus would break down. In the wintertime, we would sit there and it would be dark sometimes before we would get home. And Dudley High was the high school I attended, which was a big school. Just in our tenth grade, there was over, gosh I don't how many, over a thousand kids just for tenth grade.*

Connections made in Brevard enabled Knox to leave home to attend high school and she discovered that Dudley offered training not available at Ninth Avenue:

> *And during that time, while I was coming up through here as a child, I would be learning how to do little jobs like babysitting, go wash people's dishes, and we got fifty cents an hour. . . .And some of the people I did work for, after I decided I was going to leave here, they were the ones that, when I came back here, helped me to get a scholarship. Because while I was in Greensboro, I was taking up nursing in high school. We were, the school was totally different from our schools around here. What field you wanted to go into, those classes was offered while you were in high school. So, I decided I wanted to do nursing , and that's where I started taking my training.*

Whether they attended Ninth Avenue or a private school, secondary education led some to dissatisfaction with the employment options in Brevard. As L. C. Betsill recalled:

> *I came here and I stayed about maybe two years, and the only job I could find was working at the Tannery. And I said, "I didn't need to go to school to work at the tannery. I could have got a job there anyway." So, that's when I decided to leave here. My sister was already living in Brooklyn, so I got in touch with her and I asked if I could come up there, and so she and her husband was glad to take me in.*

Others went off to college or to join the military. In 1962, Mary Alice Wilkes Mooney became the first full-time African American student to enroll at Brevard College. Times were about to change in Transylvania County, North Carolina.

The Architecture of Domestic Service

Various forms of domestic service provided employment options for many African Americans in Transylvania County from the late 19th century well through the twentieth century. Some of this service came in the form of seasonal work, employment through hotels and camps that served summer visitors. At least some of the African American population was seasonal also, traveling with white families who arrived for months-long stays in the cool mountains from homes in South Carolina and elsewhere in the deep South.

The most coherent group of servants' quarters survives in the Cedar Mountain community located on the Greenville Road near the South Carolina line. The community at Dunns Rock dissipated somewhat after the Civil War. In the 1880s and 1890s, families began to build further to the south. In contrast to Dunns Rock, the homes at Cedar Mountain possessed a more rusticated feel and were generally smaller. While the earliest houses at Cedar Mountain date from the late 19th century, the surviving servants' quarters generally date from the early 20th century. The earliest surviving structure of this sort initially served an altogether different purpose. In the 1910s, the Reverend Cary Beckwith of Charleston, South Carolina, built a home at Cedar Mountain and close by built a small cottage for his tubercular daughter, mountain cures then being popular for those with the disease. When the Hanahan family purchased the property, they converted the cottage to servants' quarters. The adaptation would have made sense, as the cottage, similar to other servants' quarters, sat to the rear, but not too far from the main house. The Beckwith-Hanahan servants' quarter (TV0396) follows a common vernacular form, the saddlebag house, with two rooms on either side of a central stone chimney.

Figure 14. Beckwith-Hanahan Servants' Quarters, originally built for Reverend Beckwith's daughter who had tuberculosis.

The servants, who occupied the quarters at Cedar Mountain, were generally known by their first names, if their names are recalled at all. Ann Stone Cleveland, however, remembers that the long-time employee of her uncle, Dr. Theodore Stone, was a man named Lee Freeman who came from Greenville, South Carolina. The Stone family first purchased land in Cedar Mountain around 1880 and ultimately built several homes (TV0406). Theodore Stone built While-A-Way in 1924 and employed Mr. Freeman for many years to serve as a driver, cook, and housekeeper. The frame servant's structure included a garage, an iron toilet, and a three room living quarters under a single roof. At some point, the living space was doubled in size, and the rear of the structure possesses board and batten, rather than weatherboard, siding. Ms. Cleveland also recalled that off the porch of the main house her uncle added a laundry room with a shower, which she supposed was used by Lee Freeman for bathing.

Figure 15. Servant's quarters and garage at While-A-Way, Cedar Mountain.

While some of the servants' quarters survive because they found secondary use as garages and tool sheds, others became converted to guest cottages and rental properties. Another of the Stone family cottages, River Stone (also known as Cherry Dale) had a separate house out back to accommodate their cook, Mary. This structure, known as the "Hornet's Nest," more recently has been used as a rental property. Hemlocks (listed as part of TV0392), on the Greenville Highway, has two small cottages behind it. Possibly built by Captain John Capers, the home was later owned by the Crosswell family in the mid-20th century. The Crosswells would come to Cedar Mountain from Houston by train. The boys of the family would occupy one of the two cottages, while the driver-cook-housekeeper lived in the slightly larger of the two. The cottages have been more recently used as part of an artists' retreat. The servants' quarter for the Cary-Groff House next door now serves primarily as a storage and tool shed. Similar to the quarters at While-A-Way, it also combines weatherboard and board and batten siding.

Finally, the servants' quarters at Evergreen (TV0745) has been extensively renovated. Ann Stone Cleveland, whose family once lived at Evergreen, recalled that Victoria, who would come up from Greenville to drive and work for her mother, occupied that cottage. She recalled that her sister, while learning to drive, once backed into the side of the cottage where the kitchen was located, knocking a kettle of hot water off the wood stove. The front gabled house now has a front screened porch and a rear addition, probably to accommodate a later bathroom.

Other forms of accommodations also housed domestic staff. The Henderson House on Aiken Row [TV0393] had a dormitory that housed domestic workers, but

now only the common privy remains. Another Cedar Mountain resident confessed that she could not remember where their cook "Jane" lived but was sure that there was not a separate residence. Although Jane was close to them and took good care of her, as a child the woman did not question where Jane stayed. She suspected it was a small room off the kitchen.

Living as a domestic worker for a white family during the summer must have been an isolating and lonely experience for many. At least one gathering place existed for the various African American workers in the Cedar Mountain region. A large rock outcropping [TV0744] sat across from the general store. Domestic workers visiting the post office or the store would often gather at the rock to sit and visit. Several individuals also recalled that Sunday night was an important visiting time at the rock for African American summer residents.

Figure 16. The "gathering rock" at Cedar Mountain

As transportation options improved, Cedar Mountain domestic workers probably also interacted with the African American community in Brevard. L. C.

Betsill recalled that in the mid-20th century, seasonal domestic workers visited entertainment venues at Greasy Corner and local people sometimes went up to Caesar's Head when the clubhouse would be made available to them:

> *People came in the summertime, the maids and the chauffeurs. They came. Then sometimes, up there, Connestee. Well, not Connestee. Caesar's Head. They had a big old clubhouse out there, but they used to let the maids and them have it like on Thursday. They used to have dances up there. So, people from town used to go up there, to the dances. On Thursdays sometimes. I used to have my dad's car, sometimes I'd make two or three trips up there, taking people.*

Considering Cedar Mountain's close proximity to Caesar's Head, just over the South Carolina line, it is likely that the domestic workers of Cedar Mountain also took part in these social activities.

The architecture of domestic service in Cedar Mountain exemplifies the inherent contradictions of this form of employment. The domestic workers lived with, but apart from, their employers, often in small dwellings close to, but to the rear of, the main houses. Of those servants' quarters that survive, some were appended to functional structures such as storage sheds and garages, though several were nice enough to be ultimately upgraded to guest or rental cottages. Summer work for domestics meant that one could not return to one's own family at night, so the separate cottages afforded some level of privacy for the domestic worker. Although employers and their families often claimed that their domestic workers were really "just like members of the family," this assertion had its distinct limitations in a mostly segregated society.

Even those individuals who only had brief careers as domestic workers found how painful it was to hit the limits of "being a member of the family" when

society clearly did not consider them to be. Wilma Lewis recalled one such incident when she was only fifteen:

> *I had an experience when I was working for a white family, and I would go to Charleston with them, to the beach to take care of the kids. They had four kids, four or five kids. And we'd go into the recreation thing. We went up playing, you know, shooting pool. They come in there and told me I had to leave, that was in the sixties. Said I couldn't stay in there, but that I had to stand outside and wait for them to come. And they told them. "Well, if she can't come, can't be in here, we won't be in here." You talk about crying, I cried that day. I mean, I boohooed and the kids sat on my lap and wiped my face, "Don't cry, don't cry." And I wanted to come back home so bad.*

African American Craftsmen and the Building Arts

Even during times of enslavement, African American craftsmen plied their trades in constructing the built environment of Transylvania County. Unfortunately, the names of the 19th century craftsmen have largely been lost. Shortly after 1900, stone masonry became popular in Transylvania County, reflecting perhaps the influence of the Vanderbilts and, later in the 1930s, the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Figure 17. The stone gate at Brevard College, built by the Wright brothers with the help of Fred Mills

The best-known stone masons in the area were three white brothers who came from Hendersonville in 1919. During the 1920s and 30s, the Wright Brothers, in turn, trained Fred Mills (1892-1981). Although missing an arm due to an accident at the tannery, Mills proved a capable stonemason and his work is found in many of the major stone projects in Brevard. Mills is known to have worked with the Wrights on the building of St. Philip's Church (TV0300) in the 1920s and the stone fence and gate of Brevard College (TV0232), now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Mills also trained a second African American mason, his neighbor Avery Benjamin (1902-1957), the son of a carpenter born in South Carolina. Both men also worked as contractors (Multiple Property Documentation Form, "Historic and Architectural Resources of Transylvania County, North Carolina, including the incorporated towns of Brevard and Rosman, ca. 1820-1941).

While working on larger projects with the Wrights, Mills also used his masonry skills on his own home and neighborhood. Fred Mills' wife, Ethel Kennedy Mills, also held a position of prominence within the African American community. She taught at Rosenwald from its early years in the older frame structure and eventually became acting principal of the new Rosenwald School, a position she held until desegregation. Her own father, the Reverend James Thomas Kennedy, was also a craftsman, as well as a teacher and a man of God. He taught woodworking at the school he established at St. Cyprian's in Franklin and, quite literally, built the church. The beautiful wooden interior of St. Cyprian's Episcopal still displays the quality of his workmanship (MA0232).

Some of the best examples of Mills' and Benjamin's work can be found on their homes on West Lane across from the Rosenwald School. While both houses are constructed of frame, Mills and Benjamin utilized their skills to elaborate the outside with stone veneer, using various techniques, as well as materials left over from other jobs, and river stone. Mills transformed his modest, ca. 1915, side-gable frame cottage (TV0277) with stone veneer that covers the front of the house as well as the sides, up to the gable returns. The front porch has stone piers. The later garage has a grey stone frame with board and batten infill. Mills also lavishly landscaped his property with stonework, include a low rock wall, flagstone walks, and stone terracing.

Figure 18. Fred and Ethel Mills House

Figure 19. Avery Benjamin house

If anything, Avery Benjamin's house (TV0276) shows even more exuberant stonework, especially on front façade. The circa 1910 pyramidal frame cottage was transformed by Benjamin through a variety of masonry techniques, including a diamond-shaped keystone and diagonally laid rock forming a lintel above the window of the front projecting gable. Similar to Mills, Benjamin also built stonewalls and paths to landscape his property. Other evidence of the work of Mills and Benjamin may be found in the retaining walls, stair steps, paths, and low walls surrounding other properties in Rosenwald, especially along West Lane, even when the original houses have been rebuilt or significantly altered. The high retaining wall surrounding the stone Rosenwald School is attributed to Fred Mills. Mills had also contributed to the landscape of the earlier frame Rosenwald School, building a six-jet stone water fountain on the school grounds. The fountain became a gathering place for the African American community when school was out of session

(Reed 2004:92). The stone gate to Silversteen Park (TV0752) near Greasy Corner, probably dating from the 1970s, stands as an example of Mill's later work.

Figure 20. The Silversteen Park gate, probably one of the last works of Fred Mills

Fred and Ethel Mills remain important figures in the collective memory of the Rosenwald community. Clifford Outlaw and Charles Young, both of whom now live out of state, recall:

> *CO: I remember Ms. Mills and her husband, Mr. Fred, a very interesting gentleman, from the fact that he had only one arm.*
>
> *CY: But he's a rock mason.*
>
> *CO: And he was a rock layer, he certainly was. If you want to see some of his work that he's done, all you have to do is go to my mom's house right there on the corner of North Lane and West Main. As it comes down the hill, that rock work around the house is Mr. Fred's work.*

Tim Ballard also remembered Fred Mills:

> *I remember the Mills. Ms. Mills and Fred Mills. I remember seeing him. I used to kind of be in awe of him, and I always wondered what happened to his arm. He had an arm missing, and I used to always want to go up and ask him what happened, and I was always told, "Don't. Don't ask." And so, when I would see*

> *him, I'd just always stand back. I never got real close to him, but I always wanted to know. . . How he did it, yeah. The best. He did, I heard he did a lot of the work at Brevard College, the rock wall. . . At Courthouse Hill. Yeah, and I was thinking, "How in the world did he do that?"*

Other African American stonemasons also worked in Brevard. Edith Darity recalled that Quillie Glaze worked at times for Fred Mills, and both Mills and Glaze probably did the stone steps and walls leading up to the Quillie and Pinkie Glaze House (TV0684) in Rosenwald. Darity's grandfather also laid stone, including the foundation and elaborate split staircase leading up to the house at the Condrey and Mabel Sharp House (TV0283):

> *It reminds me of over on Carver Street, my great-grandfather's property with all the rocks and things, what Papaw did . . .My grandfather laid the rocks for the foundation of this house where they taken it down now. Gradually taken it down, but they're going to have it restore because it's river rock. All of that is river rock going around both of the steps that go up.*

The house has been demolished, but the foundation and steps still remain.

Another source of training in the building arts came from industrial education programs in African American schools. Although from the 19th century, African American leaders debated the relative merits of vocational versus classical education, many black schools in the 20th century tried to emphasize both. The Ninth Avenue School in Hendersonville, which many Transylvania County African Americans attended until desegregation, had an active emphasis on bricklaying. Morris Young, one of the few bussed to Hendersonville who did not complain about the long bus ride, wanted to stay on at Ninth Avenue, partially because of the bricklaying program in which his own father taught. Young spoke of his father's own belief and aesthetic:

He taught a lot of young men how to make a living for themselves, and one of his motto was, what was that word he'd use when he found you sitting around doing nothing? "Motivate yourself." He tell them, "Get up and get motivated." He would tell the guys, "Get up and get motivated."

And he wanted to see you doing something. His thing was about neatness. He told me one day, he said, "Son," he said, "Listen. When you lay a brick," he said, "just don't lay it just to be laying it." He said, "Lay it with neatness," and he said, "Reason being you got less to clean up afterwards." And he said, "Lay it like it should be laying." He said, "When you look down a wall, you don't want to see a snake" . . . He said, "That'll speak for you." He said, "People will call you back, you know. See you're doing good work."

Clifford Outlaw and Charles Young also attended Ninth Avenue (Young transferred to Stephens-Lee in Asheville after his freshman year) and remembered the brick masonry program:

CO: One of the things, thinking about working, one of the things, one of the trades that ----You didn't know whether or not you were going to go to college or not, and they had a course in brick masonry. And it seemed like all of the kids, or all the male boys from Brevard, were required to go to.

CY: Yeah, you had to take that.

CO: And yes, I took masonry, and entered a state contest in laying bricks. Somewhere around here I have a trowel that was given to me as a prize, but the best mason, say, out of our class was Max Robinson.

CY: He was the master.

CO: He could lay some rocks, lay some bricks. Another good one was David Ballard out of Glade Creek. He could lay some rocks and bricks. Very good.

CY: Of course, they was artists, too.

CO: Yes, they were.

CY: They were very good artists. They had a great imagination.

Although he would eventually go on to college and later serve in the Peace Corps, Clifford Outlaw felt that he learned some vital lessons from the brick masonry

program at Ninth Avenue:

> *Having taken up brick masonry, the following year, I think that was my junior year, I went around Brevard repairing homes, chimneys, things of that nature for a small fee, and that was some pretty good experience of how to deal with people and their satisfaction or dissatisfaction on laying bricks.*

When the Ninth Avenue School closed in 1965 as a result of the integration of public schools, the brick masonry program was eliminated. Unfortunately, the days of the self-employed tradesman soon became obsolete. Morris Young, after serving in Vietnam and marrying and having his first child, decided to return to Brevard:

> *I thought maybe I'd come back and start a bricklaying company. But when I came back, things had changed. The little man, what we call "the little man," the individual masonry man, there was hardly no work because big business had taken it over.*

IV. WINDS OF CHANGE, 1963-1975

Starting in WWII, with the coming of the Ecusta paper mill, job opportunities began to shift away from the African American communities in Brevard, although they would increase in the Pisgah Forest area. While this would bring more employment for African Americans, segregation and racial discrimination remained a reality in many workplaces.

Even as employment declined, Bethel and Bethel A churches continued to anchor the communities of Rosenwald and Greasy Corner, as did the Rosenwald School into the 1960s. The tannery, the main industry within walking distance, closed around 1960. Today, only the smokestack (TV0218) remains amid an overgrown plot of land waiting for redevelopment.

Figure 21. The tannery smokestack seen from Mickey Park

The struggle for racial justice came slowly. L. C. Betsill recounted one story of the community defending its own when a policeman came to arrest a man in Greasy Corner for talking to a white girl. After losing his gun, the policeman went to get backup support from the rest of the force and returned to find many members of the community armed. Realizing that the community was ready to resist, violently if necessary, the police stood down. Betsill concluded,

> *You know, we didn't have many incidents like that that happened, you know, but that is just the one that I can remember. I was old enough to remember that. Because I was out there. Yeah, I was big enough to be out there.*

However, resistance was the exception, not the rule. Thomas Kilgore Jr., after graduating from Stephens-Lee, earned degrees from Morehouse College and Union Theological Seminary, and eventually a position of authority with the NAACP. In a 1986 interview, he expressed his disappointment in trying to organize within his own hometown:

> *I was commissioned from the national office in New York to go through the South and try to set up chapters of the NAACP, which was still a little dangerous to do. Had one interesting episode in that. What I did, I went for about two different summers doing that from about '55 and '56. Had a group of singers in our church, sisters that formed a quintet [the Utility Singers]. They were very good. I took them with me each time, and we did concerts all around in churches basically in North Carolina. Then I would speak about desegregation and what black people ought to do to accelerate and to help overcome segregation. Then where I had an opportunity, I called together people and organized NAACPs. That time you had to have fifty members. One little town tried to organize fifty members. Got up to forty-eight members, and they were going to get the other two members and proceed to organize. But one of the pastors in that town who didn't live there heard about it. He came back and spread the news from his pulpit, "Don't listen to these radicals. It's a dangerous thing. You're going to get your houses burnt down," and all like this. He broke it up. They didn't get a charter then. Now, later on they did. They have a fine charter in their town now, and a very strong NAACP. But he was afraid, and he broke it up. . . .The town was my little hometown, which is Brevard, North Carolina. The year was 1956, the summer of '56.*

For some, the decision to question the status quo came individually, rather than collectively. As Clifford Outlaw recalls:

> *It happened to be in that area where I just passed 13, and I think I personally was going through a change of trying to answer the question: "Why is it that when we go to the Clemson Theater that blacks went upstairs and the whites went downstairs?" And I began to understand for the first time that there was a "difference." And it was at that age that I vowed to myself that I would never, ever, go to a movie again in Brevard. And at that same time, roughly, a little later, getting and going to Hendersonville. "Why am I going to Hendersonville instead of Brevard High School?"*

Collective action focused largely on the lack of opportunities for secondary education for African Americans in Transylvania County, despite the fact that black parents paid taxes to the county. In 1954, in the case of Brown vs. the Board of Education, the Supreme Court ruled "in the field of education the doctrine of separate but equal has no place." However, throughout the South, it took over a decade for desegregation of schools to be achieved. In 1960, the Transylvania Citizens Improvement Organization formed, focusing on gaining access to equal

educational opportunities within the county. Ultimately citizens filed a civil action in the U.S. District Court. In 1962, a small number of students were allowed to enter Brevard High School. In 1963, the lawsuit was won and the judge ruled that Transylvania County junior and senior high schools must be integrated in the 1963-64 school year. Elementary schools, however, remained segregated until after the county was forced to comply with the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (Reed 2004:106-109).

Despite the moral victory and the bragging rights Transylvania County has for having one of the first integrated high schools and football teams, desegregation did not come easily, especially for the black students on the front line. While, unlike elsewhere in the South, overt violence did not occur, many of the first generation of black students to attend Brevard High experienced bullying. Not all discrimination came from the other students. Students mourned the loss of the supportive, if strict, African American teachers who had previously taught them (some of whom lost their positions in the desegregation process).

Morris Young hoped to stay at Ninth Avenue, but after it closed, he found,

> *After being there and realizing you had no other options, you went and done what you had to do. There was a lot of prejudice at Brevard High School in places that you think that it shouldn't be coming from-- teachers, principals, coaches. I experienced it firsthand.*

He and another student quit the football team in protest after experiencing discrimination:

> *As long as we ran the ball to get the longest yards out of it, it was all right. But when we got down to the goal line, we was five yards out, ten yards out, they would give it to other individuals. They would call individual plays for somebody else to punch it in. So, we started protesting the game.*

Eventually Ethel Mills persuaded the students to rejoin the team.

Others simply chose to keep their heads down and work. Edith Darity recalled:

> *My first year at Brevard High and my last year at Brevard High was at the same time. So, I did not have a chance to play because I wanted to make sure I had enough units to graduate. Going into this new school, new teachers, new system, everything different. I wanted to make sure I had enough units to graduate, so I didn't play, you know. I just really tried to stay focused in spite of all the things that was going on. Even if children tried to mistreat you, or you'd be going down the hallway with your books and somebody'd try to throw their foot out to trip you, lose all your books, fall, you know, lose your books or couldn't get to your lockers, and that type of thing, there were several things that would go on. But we had to stay focused because our parents told us, "We want this to work. We want this to work. It's been 13 years of riding that bus, and that's long enough."*

For many of that generation, however, the sense of being unwanted remained so strong that separate social events, including the prom, were held at the Mary C. Jenkins Community Center.

Especially mourned was the loss of the beloved Rosenwald School, an institution that had represented safety for its students. In 1966, the Board of Education closed the school and converted the structure into an administration building, the Eugene M. Morris Education Center (TV-275), a function it still serves today. While funds from the African American community had helped build the original Rosenwald school, the second building was technically not a Rosenwald School at all, but a public school. "That was a big hurt to find out it really was not our school," recalled Luretha Knox.

Whether a result of the trauma of moving from the safety of Rosenwald to the uncertainties of Brevard High, or simply a sign of the time, the generation that came

of age in the 1960s and 70s found a new mindset. An exchange between Keith Norman and Sheila Mooney captures this:

> *KN: Oh yeah. We went [to Rosman], there was a dare. But we, you know, there started to be this radical movement*
>
> *SM: Yeah, we stopped being afraid.*
>
> *KN: Stopped being afraid.*
>
> *SM: That's it.*

As a high school student, Keith Norman, who later served as a policeman, got in a car to see for himself the reputed racist sign outside of Rosman:

> *And somebody was talking about this sign in Rosman, and we were saying, "Oh, no, they ain't got that. Let's go up there, let's go up there." We got in the car . . . But we drove up there, and there was the sign right there on the river. . . . Right there on the side of the river in Rosman. And it scared me. When I saw that, the way they had it written, I did get scared. . . I got daddy's car on out of there. Because you would get something done to you.*

Later, in a discussion among Rosenwald alumni, several agreed that when they entered the work force, they met and made friends with individuals who came from Rosman. Still many described racism and segregation pervading the work place for decades after school desegregation.

Despite the challenges, the African American community found hope as well. Congressman Charles Taylor helped establish a development for affordable housing on former tannery land. Named in honor of Mickey Goldsmith, who lost his life in the Vietnam War, Mickey Park also acknowledges the considerable contributions of the Reverend F. H. Goldsmith, longtime pastor of Bethel A Baptist Church. Reverend Goldsmith originally came up with the idea. As he told the *Transylvania Times:*

> *One of the first things that disturbed me more than anything else when we came in here in 1968 was there was a brick church in the heart of the black community and black people were living in rented houses sealed with plaster boards.* (Turner, "The Rev. F. H. Goldsmith," *Transylvania Times*, May 28, 1992).

Figure 22. Selena Robinson House, Mickey Park

Reverend Goldsmith approached Congressman Taylor, and 28 houses were built in 1970. Among the residents was Selena Robinson, long time civil rights activist in Brevard. Her home (TV0743), and adjacent houses owned by her children, became the site of family reunions held in the cul-de-sac in front of her house. Reverend Goldsmith also obtained support from the daughter of tannery owner Joseph Silversteen, Dorothy Silversteen Bjerg, to build a playground for children at Greasy Corner. Fred Mills built the stone gate that provides the entryway to the park (TV0752), a structure that echoes the Brevard College gate (TV0232), which Mills helped build decades earlier.

While job opportunities expanded for African Americans in Transylvania County and legal segregation of schools and public facilities ended, the costs came in the form of the loss of a feeling of a close-knit, "safe," community. Nostalgia for this sense of community should not be confused with an anti-desegregationist stance. While recognizing the strides made, individuals can still mourn the past. Simply put, while the universe of opportunity expanded, for the African American community in Brevard, North Carolina, the world no longer was "walkable."

V. REMEMBRANCE AND PRESERVATION

While the architectural fabric of African American history in Transylvania County, North Carolina, dating from before 1910, has disappeared almost completely, African American institutions and public memory remain strong. In 2019, Bethel A Baptist Church, the youngest of the four African American Baptist churches in the county, celebrated its centennial year. Two of its sister churches, Bethel and French Broad Baptist churches have histories that extend back to the early years of emancipation, and Glade Creek celebrated its 100th birthday earlier in this decade. Church buildings have been built, and replaced, on numerous occasions, but the congregations survive.

Public memory focuses less on individual architectural structures, but rather on the interconnected, close knit communities, some of which have virtually disappeared from the landscape. While oral testimony indicates that some families moved relatively frequently from one house (and community) to another and rental properties were not uncommon, memory also shows that the community consisted

of a tightly woven mesh of interrelated families. Not only did older individuals (those "little red birds") take an active interest in the welfare and behavior of the youthful members of the community, they were, in many cases, literally family.

Despite radical changes and the disappearance of whole communities, a surprisingly large number of dwellings associated with African American occupancy, more than fifty years old, survive. By architectural historians' standards, "integrity" of materials is low. Almost all have been added to and otherwise reconfigured, and the vast majority have been sheathed in replacement siding or later veneer. While a large number of these houses are mid-century Ranch houses, enough earlier side gabled cottages and front facing bungalows remain to give the historian a strong sense of what the architectural fabric of the community once looked like.

The preservation of historic African American dwellings is under considerable pressure. Some residential areas have been deemed as "blight" and removed. Many surviving homes are now rental properties and have either declined in appearance or, instead, been renovated and updated beyond recognition. The best preserved of these dwellings are the ones that remain in the families of long-time owners who either continue to occupy the houses or preserve them as "homeplaces" for less frequent visits from family members. However, as elderly owners pass away, homes have sometimes been left to become overgrown or deteriorate and are best appreciated through memories. Edith Darity recalls of the home of a cousin in Rosenwald:

> *I used to sit up there on the porch. She would have a fit if she knew it looked like that. Oh, they were so particular. They had big magnolia trees with*

> *blossoms on the trees, like that, and she had rocking chairs across the porch. There was a bannister across the porch, and it was clean, it was spotless. Oh, it was so pretty. The yard, it had flowers, and everything that she had there, and I would go over and sit and talk with her many days as a little girl. Such precious memory up there on that hill.*

In the near future, another preservation threat to the African American communities may come from development and gentrification. As a growing, popular, summer destination, land within Brevard is likely to become more and more desirable, and land close to downtown may become viewed as increasingly valuable, encroaching on the boundaries of the historic communities. In some cases, this may result in the preservation of older homes, but it may equally signal their destruction. In either case, there will be an impact on the historical nature of the community.

These days, without the benefit of first hand memory, one can barely envision the days when Greasy Corner served as a lively and thriving commercial and entertainment center, with dance halls and cafes, numerous stores, taxi stands, and the Mary C. Jenkins Store. Of the six historic properties surveyed in 1991, only two structures still stand in 2019, both private homes, the Thomas and Eugenia Kilgore House (TV0284) and the Victor and Lucinda Betsill House (TV0287). The foundations of the Hub Langston Café (TV0286), better known as Ms. Mattie Pierce's Store, and the Condrey and Mabel Sharp House (TV0283) are still apparent, but there is little evidence of Annie Bell Killian's Store (TV0285). The much beloved Mary C. Jenkins Community Center (TV0657), much deteriorated, was purposefully destroyed by fire in fall of 2018. Still much hope in the community is pinned on the construction of a new center nearby. While virtually no businesses operate on "the Corner," anymore, there is no shortage of childhood memories of buying sodas and

candies at the various stores, dancing at the Hutchison's or at the community center, or peering around the store counter at Betsill's and wondering what the men were up to in the barbershop.

While the Transylvania Tannery played a major role in the development of the African American neighborhoods on the west side of Brevard, the site of the tannery seems to play little role in the collective memory of the community. The site is now overgrown and largely inaccessible at the present and only the smokestack (TV0218) remains. As Luretha Knox commented:

> *they say we've got a historical thing which is that chimney down there. I don't find that nothing to me, except that's got bats and rats coming out of it. . . .Our historical thing was the community center and our school. Our little area that we had with the little stores and stuff.*

Perhaps if the site is developed as a park, and a place of commemoration recognizing the role African Americans played at the tannery, that attitude will change.

Aside from the stores and sites of entertainment, the places of significance for almost everyone who grew up in the African American communities in Brevard were the churches, the community, and the school; in other words, the living embodiments of community found in the churches, the much mourned building destroyed, and the surviving building, now repurposed. Perhaps, of the surviving structures, the most significant, and most contested, is the old Rosenwald School (Morris Education School). The loss of the feeling of ownership of the school after desegregation still rankles. The school still retains much of its original character, though except for its location and historical displays within, does little to represent its history or meaning to the local community. The simultaneous development of

the school (starting with the industrial school followed by the Rosenwald-funded school) and the tannery defined the two poles of the communities and how they developed. Although Principal Ethel Mills believed that the second Rosenwald School should have been named for Harry Straus, the founder of Ecusta, many believe that the building should be renamed to honor Ethel Mills herself.

To honor the Rosenwald School is not, of course, to honor the era of school segregation. Brevard native Alfred Benjamin expressed this ambivalence at a 2001 reunion at the Ninth Avenue School: "I do not have a problem with celebrating Ninth Avenue, but I do have a problem celebrating the idea behind Ninth Avenue" (Parrott 2006). Nationally Rosenwald schools have increasingly been celebrated, including a proposal in Congress for a new national park recognizing their significance. As the North Carolina Multiple Property Nomination Form, "Rosenwald Schools in North Carolina" suggests, the Rosenwald schools stand as:

> *a testament to the struggle, perseverance, and grassroots efforts of the state's African American communities for equality in and through education, as well as for the successful collaborative and interracial efforts of philanthropists and communities in helping to facilitate one of the largest, most successful education initiatives for African Americans ever realized.* (Obenauer and Brown, 2015:29)

While technically Brevard's Rosenwald School is not an original Rosenwald-funded school, the retention of the Rosenwald name and its use for the immediate community, and now the expanded historic African American communities of Transylvania County, demonstrates the central role this educational initiative played in the development of Transylvania County's African American history and identity.

Asked what one thing she would want people to know and remember about her community, Mary Alice Mooney states:

> *That we never give up. We never, you may knock us down, but still we rise. That we fight and we may have setbacks, but we're always moving forward. And we intend to win whatever battle we undertake. And I can't say that any battle we have undertaken has been anything but good.*

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