

# BLACK HISTORY MONTH 2016

IN LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE  
AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY, SPONSORED BY THE  
HISTORIC LEXINGTON FOUNDATION



## ALEXANDER B. WOOD

*Recorded On December 4, 2003,  
by Caitlin Mullen (W&L '05) And Anne Young (W&L '04)*

Q: What is your full name?

A: Alexander Barbour Wood. I don't use Barbour often, just Alexander "B." Wood.

Q: And you live on Tucker Street?

A: Tucker Street.

Q: Have you lived here your whole life?

A: I have lived at 101 Tucker Street, also known as Blandome, for the following years: 1929–1945, 1954–1957, and 1997 to the present. I lived forty years in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1957–1997.

Q: Were you born in Lexington, though?

Yes, right in this house, June 7, 1929. Seventy-four and one-half years ago on the 7th of December.

Q: Were you named after your father or grandfather or someone else?

A: There was a gentleman who used to come to the house during the summertime from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, named Alexander Edward Barbour. He was a relative. I don't know how far removed. He used to come here every summer and he had been a butler for a Major Lane S. Hart, who was a major, I understand, in the Civil War. He used to come here all the time and we made him part of the family. And when I was born my sister Bette Jo, when they were talking about naming me, said name him Cousin Alex. So that's how I got the name. And it was a good name. As a result of having his name, he

left me everything that he had. That helped a lot because it aided me in going to school. So I was very fortunate in that way.

Q: Where did you go to school?

A: I went to Lylburn Downing School, which was built in 1927, and I was a student there from 1936 to the time I was ready for high school. They did not have high-school grades all the way to the twelfth grade for black children. Therefore you had to go away. I still feel some type of pain for it now. My grandfather, for instance, purchased this house in 1917, which he had to pay taxes on. We had a farm out about where Kroger is. It is where CVS, Arby's, Pizza Hut and U.S. Cellular are today. It was Rockbridge County at the time because the city line did not go that far. It just so happened that the farm he purchased was right across from New Market Street, and it was named Walker Meadows after my grandfather. He paid county taxes and also paid taxes on the house here. My father and my uncle were in cahoots with each other, and always had about three or four houses to pay taxes on. They had no place for black kids to finish high school. Usually you would go up to about the eighth or ninth grade and that was it. I had two sisters and a brother who attended a place called the Ingleside Fee Institute near Burkeville, Virginia. They had to pay room and board for them without getting any assistance from the city of Lexington.

Q: Yet your family was paying taxes?

A: Yes, and you see that is where the rub is. My grandfather and my father, I am sure, were paying taxes commensurate with some of the people here who had stores. There was one other piece of property where the Willson-Walker House is at this time. My grandfather bought that house in 1911 and turned it into a market. That is where he made his livelihood. He was a master butcher.

When my father met my mother in Richmond, Virginia, at the Hartshorne School for girls, he went to Virginia Union University, and the place for girls was right on the campus. That is where he met my mother and they courted. And they decided to get married. They were married on June 18, 1919. So, naturally he came here and they lived here and went into business with her father, as well as his brother, who was living in Urbanna, Virginia, in the eastern part of the state. He came up for the wedding. He had oyster beds, and that is how he made his living. When he came up here, he liked Lexington so that he and my father bought the house right across from Willson-Walker House, where the Mead Realty place is now. *[Today the Jacob Ruff House.]* It was an old



Plaque at Blandome

house. On the bottom of the house, in the basement, he had a barber shop and that is how he made his living. And they rented the second and third floor. This was my father's brother, Uncle Joe, who had a beautiful old home over here on Massie Street.

Q: Your whole family was here?

A: Most of them yes. But I regret very much that my brother — my oldest brother — and my sisters were gone so often. For instance, the only time I really got a chance to see them was in the summertime when they came from school. It is regrettable. I never really got a chance to know them when I was young. Now when we were younger, they took care of my younger brother and myself. Bette Jo took care of me, and Marie took care of my brother Ed. It was a good wholesome relationship and we grew up as children. There were things you knew you couldn't have, but we had everything that we needed. Not everything that we wanted, but we were very fortunate.

Q: Were most of the children you played with as a child in your family?

A: Oh, yes.

Q: Did you interact with other children as well?

A: Oh, yes. For instance, you can see we have a very large yard here, and in the back it runs all the way to Fuller Street. We were not allowed to go everywhere we wanted to, because my parents always said you have a big yard here and a big enough place for you to play. Other children were always welcome to come and play. We played cowboy and Indians and rolled hoops and played "May I?" Boys don't play that much anymore. We played hopscotch. Back in my day, you were not a sissy for playing hopscotch. It was the popular thing. There were not too many games. We had lots of fun with kids. Of course, in school I had many friends. I had one up the street there. Edward Preston Robinson was his name. We were very great friends and did a lot of things together. He passed away right before I got back down here, about seven or eight years ago.

Q: Had Mr. Robinson spent his life in Lexington?

A: A good bit of it, except the time he went into the service. I think he moved to Washington, D.C., because I remember seeing him once on the corner of 15th and Florida Avenue, which was kind of a congregating place in Washington, D.C., back before you were ever thought of! That was back in '48, '49 and '50.

Back behind the City Hall was the Ruffin School, as I believe it was called. I could sit at my breakfast table right here, getting ready to eat breakfast and you could hear the bell ring up there for the kids to get in line. I could have gone right through my garden and been at school. But, of course you couldn't go to school there. You had to go about ten or fifteen blocks from here. I don't know where you are from, but "separate but equal" is the biggest lie that has ever been told. There was no such thing back in that time as separate being equal. Let me give you an example. When they built the school in 1927, it

was a brand-new building and you wouldn't believe how little it cost, even a big place like that. Now, it supplied our needs, but when they built the school they also needed desks, which is what I guess would be the first thing you would order for a school. But they took the desks out of some old white school and put them over here — new school, old desks. And, you know that says to me "separate but equal" — but what is so equal about separate?

One other thing: my brother Clarence told me that he never saw, all the time he was in school there, which must have been about eight or nine years, a whole piece of chalk. You know why? The only chalk the superintendent sent over there was chalk that had been used in the white school. You know a piece of chalk — a half, three quarters, but never a whole piece. He never knew what a beaker was in chemistry lab until he went to West Virginia State.

Q: How many total siblings did you have?

A: I had three brothers. There were six children in the family. I had a brother who recently passed back in August, my oldest brother. I had a sister, Marie, who was a teacher in Redbank, New Jersey. She came down here to take care of my mother in 1990, but she only lived about two or three years. She died before my mother did. Not much distance between the two. My sister died in 1992, and Mother died in 1993. My oldest brother, named Harry, was born in 1920. My sister Marie was born in 1921. Bette Jo was born in '23. Clarence was born in '26. I was born in '29, and Eddy, my youngest brother, was born in '32. That accounts for all of us. Four of us are still living. My sister Bette Jo lives in Richmond, Virginia. She is a former dietician in one of the schools. She is retired and married to a man who served in the Second World War and went overseas in the medical corps. He finished as either a captain or a major. They also went to Liberia as government emissaries for about three or four years. I think that is where I got my spirit about living in the country we live in. I have certain misgivings, but it is still the greatest country and I have seen that through my sister. She remembers how lonesome she was over there. You don't see anybody much that you know and you are away from home. When you get back to the United States, you feel like getting down and kissing the ground. I felt like that a lot of times myself. I am not a political person by any means, but I would rather be here than a whole lot of other places.

But now, I was talking about this school over here, Lylburn Downing. Lylburn Downing School is an old school. It has done a good job, I guess, educating people. There have been several people of note that have finished school there, if that is of any interest to you. One that comes to my mind is the man who is a judge now in Florida. It is my understanding that during the last election, 2000, when it got down to the judges making decisions, that it was Leander J. Shaw, who was the son of the principal, whose vote put Bush in office. You should check that out to be sure. But it was that decision I understand that gave Bush without any controversy the right to be President of the United States. He is a very smart fellow. *[Shaw was a Florida Supreme Court justice from 1993 to 2003.]*

Q: Did Leander J. Shaw go to Lylburn Downing School when it was an African American school? Do you know where he went to college?

A: He may have gone to Washington and Lee. I don't know because they did not have black kids there for some time. I truly do not know where he graduated from, but I do know this. About two or three years ago they honored him at Washington and Lee and he spoke at commencement. I never got a chance to see him. We were in school together. I have a picture of him and myself in the seventh grade in April 1944 during the war, "the War". Everyone talks about World War I being "the War," but I could tell you all about the situation during the Second War.

Now, let me mention this guy who lived right down the street, William Clark. We called him Brother. He served in the service. This guy was a natural born leader. He was older than I was, more like my sister Bette Jo's age. We used to play football down here with a little football and you could grab it as a child and hold it good. My little brother and one of the little Jones boys who used to live right next to him, would play. We would play right here in the street. You didn't have to worry about getting run over by cars, because there were not many cars here in the mid-1930s. But that is where I learned how to play football and catch football, and so did he. It paid off for me. I didn't play football in college, but I did play in high school. Oh, yes, that was our thing. Now, I was down at VMI on the parade ground that day, my little brother and myself My mother had told me that day — I didn't go to Sunday school that day — to come home at a decent hour. I knew what a decent hour is. If I went down there at 9:30 a.m. and there would be a lot of guys out playing and what not, I knew that a decent hour for me to get home was at least by noon or no later than one o'clock. While we were down there the cadets were playing. We were not in the game, but we were kicking and throwing the ball with some cadet. Some guy down in the barracks kept hollering until finally someone said, "Go see what he wants." When he came back, he told us the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. Well of course, that was the end of things. We hung around being disobedient and I was supposed to be home at a decent hour. It was maybe about 3:30 p.m. before I got home. But at the same time, that same day, there was a funeral right here at this church my mother went to. With all of the excitement of the war, the war getting ready to start, and the funeral, my mother had forgotten about the fact that I didn't come home at the right hour, which meant I didn't get my hips beaten that day. So, I will be thankful for the Japanese that I at least didn't get beaten on that day.

Life was very simple here. I had done work down at the barber shop shining shoes. For a youngster I made good money. Oh, you could make \$5 or \$6 a day, and that was good money.

Q: Was that your first job?

A: Yes, I think it was my first job. Then I went to work at the special service school. Have you ever heard of the Special Service School?

Q: No.

A: The Special Service School, during the Second World War, was made up of people the federal government had sent who had certain skills and would come teach soldiers how to do whatever it was they did — the soldiers everywhere, here and abroad. Most of the space they used here was at Washington and Lee. All the kids at Washington and Lee at the time were leaving to go to war. I bet

Alexander Barbour Wood

there were not between 100 or 150 kids over there in 1943. There were not that many people there for the reason that most of them were in the service. I worked in the dining hall of the Special Service School there. Do you know where the freshman dormitory is on Washington Street?

Q: Yes.

A: The beautiful dormitory just before you get to the new building with the tunnel. That used to be the freshmen dorm and right behind that dorm was where they had the services for feeding soldiers. Everyone was there — some enlisted men but most of the men there were officers. They had a lot of people over there that if you were older you would know their names: Red Skelton, who was a movie star and comedian, and Mal Whitfield, who ran the 1936 Olympics. But the people came here who were in the service after they learned how to teach their skill went here and abroad. It was a big thing, because at the end of every session they had a big production. And you talk about Hollywood. It was just as good as being in Hollywood, because the people that produced the program were Hollywood producers, script writers from Hollywood, which was special. It was nice growing up here during that time. And I grew up. The day that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor I was exactly twelve and one-half years old to the day. I never thought I would get to be sixteen. See, when you got to be sixteen here, it was a special thing, but the war just slowed everything down at a snail's pace. I thought I would never get to sixteen, but as you can see I am not sixteen anymore.

Q: When did you leave Lexington?

A: I left Lexington in 1945 and went to Wilberforce University High School in Wilberforce, Ohio. It was a long way away and I had to pay for my transportation and boarding there, when I could have stayed here. There was never any compensation made in any way, shape or form. We still had to pay taxes. Of course, that was the rub.

My quality of life as I see it was okay. I had no problem with the quality of life I had, but it would have been better if we didn't have to pay so much to go to school. There wasn't a whole lot of money, but



it was a whole lot of money back in that day to pay for school. Even comparable to what you would pay today. One hundred dollars a month back then was a whole lot of money. I remember the man down the street, Mr. Jones, worked for VMI making a hundred dollars a month. Man — that was money.

My first check for working for a whole week was only \$11. Then I got a raise to \$14.50 a week. I used to give the \$14 to my mother and I'd take the fifty cents to go to the movies twice a week and buy a bag of popcorn twice and a thing of Old Crows. Things were cheaper in that day.

Q: You were earlier talking about Pearl Harbor. What did you think about September 11th? Did you think it had the same impact as Pearl Harbor?

A: Yes. In fact, they were so similar, we would talk about it. Of course I have more appreciation for 9/11 than Pearl Harbor because I was so young it didn't mean as much to me except that I had a brother that was eligible for service. I never really knew what the real impact was. 9/11 was just as devastating as Pearl Harbor. I really can only compare it from what I have seen and heard about Pearl Harbor, more than my own experience. War is war. 9/11, if they were that bold to do that, then what will they do to something like the Lincoln Tunnel? It is really scary.

Q: I bet living in Philadelphia, even though you weren't there at the time, affected you. Did you have friends that were affected?

A: In the former church where we were members in good standing, the former pastor's wife passed away on the fifth of September. Six days later would be 9/11. We had planned to go to her funeral, but we changed our minds really quickly after 9/11. The biggest thing that I regret seeing as a result of 9/11 is the fact that we still don't have the same spirit we had when it happened. Churches were full, but now they are back to normal. We have a tendency as Americans to forget very quickly, but I guess that can be a blessing in some ways. It's too bad though.

Q: I also remember you talking about the courtship and dating practices earlier.

A: They were very staunch about that. You had to be very careful. You always had to have someone with you. There wasn't much chance for smooching at that time.

Q: Did you chaperone your children when they went on dates?

A: Oh no, but my wife told me one time that her dad went with her somewhere and left her for a little while to go to a meeting. But by the time anything was getting good, he came back to get her to take her home. There was some chaperoning.

I remember a good story. My grandfather's name was Harry Lee Walker. He got his name because there used to be a boat race of VMI versus Washington and Lee on the Maury River. One of the boat's names was the Harry Lee. Granddaddy was born on July 4, 1875. When he was born, his mother said she would name him after whichever boat wins. It happens that another family, a white family, had twins on the same day and named them the two boats names. Granddaddy was a hard worker. I'll let

you see, out the back, where we used to have a garden. He used to work all of the time in that garden. At 5 a.m. he would be pulling weeds, growing corn. I was always an early riser. I was the one that made the fires in the house. There was no furnace here. The kitchen kept the downstairs warm and the upstairs had a small stove. I was the one who got up while everyone else was asleep to make the fires.

We lived well. People don't understand that. I want you to take me for what I say. There used to be a balcony on the back of the house here. You could go out there. The balcony was about twenty feet long. There were five beds out there. We used to sleep outside on the porch even though there was plenty of room to sleep in the house. We chose to stay out there. We stayed out there in the summertime and the wintertime. We would get cold as a dickens out there. We would try to jump in bed fast. We would use a hot water bottle that we put at the foot of the bed for warmth. That way we would stay warm, almost too warm. Because it was all open, we would wake up and the snow would be all over the covers. I tell people that and they would think I was lying. But I would tell them that was the gospel truth.

Q: Did your grandparents live in the house with you?

A: They did, as well as my father, my mother, and six children. There was plenty of room. There were four bedrooms. Some of the rooms weren't used because all the kids would sleep outside. We just decided it was best to sleep outside, even though we didn't have to. I finally realized why my oldest brother wanted to. My mother would tell him sometimes that he couldn't go out, so he would slide down the column and come back the same way and she would never know that until later years.

Q: Do you have grandchildren?

A: Yes, I have four: two girls and two boys. Three in Philadelphia and one right outside in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

Q: How many children do you have?

A: I have four: three boys and a girl. I thank the Lord it is not the other way around, because I would be in my grave right now. They are all gainfully employed. My daughter lives in Fredrick, Maryland. I have a son that lives not too far from Atlantic City. He works for the elevator companies in the casinos. That is his specialty. Another son teaches at Northeast High School in Philadelphia. One of the boys that lives in Gaines Hall has a mother who works with him. Harry, my last son, teaches youngsters and others how to be prepared for a job. That job is really in demand right now. My daughter teaches school in Fredrick, Maryland. She taught in the ghetto before, but that is an all together different type of teaching. She is doing well.

Q: What was your job in Philadelphia?

A: I was a teacher and I loved the kids I helped. I am in my fifteenth year of retirement now. I have enjoyed my retirement. My brother's a funeral director in Philadelphia and there was a man that was an engineer there and helped with the heating at schools. When he retired, he loved to watch soap operas.

He wanted to finally watch all the soap operas he had taped. The first check that he received for Social Security came the day that they buried him. I have been very fortunate for fifteen years and my wife has had ten.

I have been very fortunate. I married a wife who has been very supportive.

Q: How long have you and your wife been married?

A: Fifty years come June 18th. I can truthfully say that I never regret one day. You don't have perfect marriages, but I am very fortunate. She is a very talented and great gal. But she does have some medical problems. She has rheumatoid arthritis. Her legs hurt her a great deal. She would tell the doctor a long time before about her aches, but he never said anything about going to a specialist.

I met her at Virginia Union University in 1952. She was a freshman and I was a senior. We met there and we didn't hit it off too well in the beginning. I was seeing someone else at the time, but I had never made a commitment. Her roommates knew me for a couple of years. They also knew my father because he was the proprietor of Green Pastures on the way to Clifton Forge, the only federal-sponsored park for black folks. It was a beautiful place. We went out there to see it while they were making the place. The CC Camp [*federal Civilian Conservation Corps*] boys were the ones who built it. It was created in the 1930s during the Depression. There was a nice pavilion for picnics, a diving board and bathrooms. It was a nice place for all people to go for the whole 150 miles. My father worked around here at a fraternity house. It is the first one on Jefferson Street. He got to be very friendly with a young man whose father was the governor of the State of Virginia. His name was Governor [*James H.*] Price. His son was a member of the fraternity house. One day, my father found a ring, with the initials of his son on the inside. Price had finished school at this time, but he called the governor and asked him if his son had lost a ring. He said yes. He gave the ring back to the son. The son said to Mr. Wood — he would have called him Clarence — “If there is anything you ever need, just give me a call.” So when it came up as an issue who would be the administrator of the new park, he asked Governor Price's son if there was anything he could do about being administrator, because it was a very prestigious job. It was no time at all before he got the letter saying he knew he would do a good job. We actually have the letter. He is the one who got him the job. It meant a whole lot to the family because it was a good job, a federal government job. Also, my brother and I lived out there. We learned to swim there. We lived out there at Green Pastures. We had a great time there — it is still in existence.

Well, what do you have on your sheets you need to know?

Q: Tell us some more about your house.

A: The cottage in the back was built in 1896 by John Randolph Tucker, who was dean of the law school of Washington and Lee. He and his wife, Virginia, lived here for about sixteen or seventeen years in this house.

Blandome

This house was also the headquarters for General Hunter, as in Hunter's Raid. It was his headquarters for about four days when they shelled Washington and Lee and VMI. He came here and made this his headquarters until they moved on out toward Lynchburg.

My granddaddy bought this house in April of 1917. Someone from the family has been living here ever since. I could talk forever about my grandmother. We used to call her “Mama.” She was a small lady, but she was like giant to me because I was a child. I was only ten years old when she died. She was into everything. Organized everything — women's groups, etc.

We own the land out there where Arby's, Pizza Hut, and CVS are. All that land still belongs to our family. Property is important. One of the reasons we moved here was to deal with that property. It was hard to take care of it in Philadelphia. All that is squared away, but my wife's parents are also really sick right now.

When I was a boy, the farmhouse out there had a cat that every time you turned around used to have kittens. My granddaddy decided to put the cat and all its kittens in a bag and got in the horse and buggy and went all the way down to the river and tied the bag and dropped them into the river. Then we went to the store, the one we owned where the Willson-Walker house is, but when they got back to the house, there were the kittens on the porch, believe it or not. One time my mother and grandmother were coming back in the horse and buggy across the bridge — it was covered back then — from a place called Humphries, which was a store not too far from the bridge. Right when they turned onto the bridge, the Klu Klux Klan stopped them, looking for somebody that had done something wrong. Of course, they weren't looking for anyone else than someone black. But I was glad that my father was not with them because most of the time they don't care whether they have the right person or not. All they want is a black person. He could have very well been in danger. The KKK, whether you know it or not, was very prevalent in the 1920s in Rockbridge County.



Q: Did you witness any lynchings or have anyone close to you encounter other problems?

A: No, not really. The strange thing that you find here in Rockbridge County is that from the time that blacks got here up until 1865 you can find all the information you want on black folks about who they were, who owned who, where they went, etc. But after 1865, you don't find much of anything. I went to the library to look through some of the books on black history and learned this. When historians write books, and Lexington is full of people who paint and who write books, they only say a paragraph here and there about black history, but so much is left out. I hope that I live long enough to see that that will never happen again, because it is not the same kind of history that you find in the culture of the white people. But nevertheless it is the history of a people. We were kings and queens in Africa, princes, you know? We came here by force, not choice. It pays for people to remember that. We didn't come because we wanted to come, and that is a big lie that people tell that we were happy. We were not. I saw on TV about slavery in Brazil. Did you see it?

Q: I did see it. They were treated so poorly especially because there was so many that they were treated as though they could be disposed of very easily.

A: Well, I'll tell you what, from sun up until sun down a lot of times they worked eighteen to twenty hours a day. It just wore you out. They didn't believe in children, and women didn't like to have children. They aborted themselves to keep them from having to live the same lives they lived. This is a horrible story, but I guess you are adults. It's a story about a man who was visiting this particular land owner. He admired one of the slave women who didn't wear anything on top. He admired her breasts, and that was all there was to it. When he got ready to leave the man who was the owner of the plantation had amputated both of her breasts and put it on a platter to take with him. That is inhuman. Also, they boiled people in oil. It was awful, but it happened.

Q: In Brazil?

A: Here too. Especially for runaways. Cutting off hands and feet. Ever seen the movie *Roots*? That will give you a good idea.

Q: Yes.

A: When I was in Philadelphia and worked at the Family Court, *Roots* came out, about 15 years ago. A lot of people didn't know what we'd been through. I've been fortunate because I know nothing of real servitude; the only thing that I have been a victim of is prejudices of other people. Going to places you can't eat, having to go in the back door. Lots of people don't know what slavery was all about. *Roots* gave a pretty good picture. Alex Haley's *Roots* was a documentary about people's real histories. The people I worked with were mostly white. After about the fourth or fifth episode, I never had people be so nice to me. They would feel: I'm sorry it went that way and I'm going to show you that I care about the situation then by treating you decently now. Some people who would never speak to you would now. It didn't last long. It was soon forgotten — like 9/11.

I would love to show you the house and put your names up in the copula. There are so many interesting names on the wall in the cupola. So many I recognize or have heard of like the Shields family and the Masons. Ms. Mason was born in this house. There are many, many names up there. The Tuckers encouraged people who visited to put their names up there. One day I went up there and took a pad, pencil and chair and wrote the names of the people were there and the dates. I must have had about a hundred names or so — the Tuckers, the Masons, and the Carmichaels. The oldest date I found was 1871. The Tuckers were people who entertained a lot. We know that because we have many of the invitations. My mother gave about forty historical articles to the house where the Rockbridge Society is. They may have taken a look at it, but they were supposed to pass it on to Washington and Lee. We went down to see the articles at Washington and Lee, but no one could find them. We have so much historical information we want to give. Really, we want that information to stay with the house so people can come visit and see what a black family in Lexington lived like. My wife and I wanted to start a museum of our own. When someone comes to the visitors center and wants to know something about a black family, they can come on up here. You'll have to come back some time and let me show you more of the house.

Q: Thank you so much for your help. You've been so kind to spend time with me. We enjoyed it so much and learned so much too. ■

### *Illustrations*

Blandome plaque: Robert S. Keefe

Portrait of Alexander Wood: Bruce Macdonald

Blandome: Library of Congress (photo by Carol Highsmith)

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### *About this series*

Quietly nestled in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains is a small town called Lexington, Virginia. It is a relatively quiet place, a village in its nature, a college town that attracts a wide range of interesting people. History is the culture of Lexington; two of its well-known sons are Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. There are others: its sons and daughters, artists, musicians, professors, coeds, cadets, many such as George C. Marshall, who have gone to take their place as citizens of the larger world. Equal parts of pride are recognized in its heroes and those who are not so well known, Many of those deserve our recognition and admiration, for they guide us with their stories from the past. They are our caretakers of memories that reveal what many of us never knew, yet too valuable to remain unrecorded. The Historic Lexington Foundation, under the guidance of its Executive Director, Don Hasfurthur, with this project makes some of those memories available.

These oral histories comprise the substance of the book *The House on Fuller Street* by Beverly Tucker with illustrations by Bruce Macdonald (Mariner Press, 2013; available on Amazon.com)

