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[Transcriber's note: This interview begins in mid-sentence.]

Wilma Hensel: —they went up to New Port Richey, different places, come back and they'd just love Sulphur Springs. So when they went back home, they told his parents, "Let's go to Sulphur Springs. Go to Tampa, Sulphur Springs, next time," because we wasn't incorporated then. And so, they came down and bought property on the main street over here where the theatre is. Over there, we had that property.

Connie Brown: Now, that's not Nebraska [Avenue]?

WH: That's Nebraska, uh-huh.

CB: It is Nebraska—okay.

WH: And also bought, uh, property here and built three houses just about right there—I have pictures of that. These two are built because there is a house that he had here; his son burned it down for the insurance on some pianos he had in it. It was—they called it a duplex, but it wasn't like these duplexes now.

CB: Right.

WH: So, anyway he put these two big houses up to rent. Three bedrooms, four bedrooms. Well, we had good—we always had good tenants; we couldn't complain. That's how come we stayed. We was gonna stay one winter but when we couldn't have a place to rent, we went up on Alaska Street and Pop bought almost the whole block right there.

CB: So where was that first house you moved into as a four-year-old?

WH: Well, it was right here in this duplex area with my grandparents at the time. Then—they didn't have room for us, Grandma and Grandpa, you know, for four little kids. I mean, Jo was ten months old. But anyway, so then Pop says, "Gee, I think I'll go out," and we were just going to stay one winter and now we stayed all this time.

CB: (laughs)

WH: My mother didn't like it, bless her heart. She was kinda sick all the time; she had a goiter in her neck that didn't—that hot weather was kind of bad on her. But it wasn't as hot in those days as we getting it now. In the summer—wintertime we could go outside about ten o'clock with a little jacket on; three or four hours later we'd have it off 'cause it was so warm already.

CB: Oh, my goodness. So, when you moved out of here, where did you move to?

WH: We went up to Alaska Street when he bought some property, bought a house. It was dirty. My mother cleaned it and cried and cleaned. And then my dad built—there was an orange grove next to it that we had, full of all kinds of fruit. And then there was a vacant lot and he built that house, and it still stands and it looks real nice. I went by the other day and it looks real nice. Somebody had bought it and painted it—I think one of these people who buy ugly homes. But when we lived there we had two bedrooms and there was eight of us. But then across the back and across the front was this big porch, so my granddad from Michigan came down one year; he was a carpenter. He made a sleeping porch on the back porch and a bedroom on the front porch, which we called a sleeping porch at the time.

CB: Right. Right. Oh, fantastic.

WH: So that was (inaudible).

CB: So what was Sulphur Springs like when you moved here? I mean, was there places to go?

WH: Well, yeah, there was a lot of places and everything was so nice and shade trees—everyone used to talk about the streets, you know, especially nice when they had all these big oak trees and they'd come down. Everybody walked in those days. We about had the only car in Sulphur Springs, 'cause my dad was in real estate, and his little office was over here on the corner.

CB: Well, now, did he start out in real estate when he got here or before he got here?

WH: Well, he had been a little bit in Michigan. He had been in real estate a little bit and then when he got here he just decided, you know, he'd go into the real estate business. We had a few little houses we'd bought and were renting them. He said that's what kept us going sometimes—just like one room and a bath or something.

CB: So, the Springs was here, but was it like—was there anything built up around it? Did people—I mean, was it a tourist attraction? What was—tell me about the Springs.

WH: They called it a tourist attraction because, I guess, of the Sulphur Springs pool. They had that and there was—I have pictures of that; it's different than it is now. People would go sit on the benches right there in the sand—they didn't have it fenced in or anything—and watch people swim. Had an alligator farm, people would go watch that. And then when we had a flood in 1933, I guess the alligators all went, probably down the river. But the flood got in this house at one time, about a foot deep, and it didn't get across the street to those houses. They're burned down, now. But it just got to the porch, but it got in all five of our houses. All of our tenants had to move, but they moved back in after the flood. We had to clean and clean. That was in thirty-three [1933] when we had—the dam broke; it was a wooden structure and I guess it was gonna go anyway.

CB: Right. So when did you move—oh, go ahead.

WH: I heard my dad speak about Sulphur Springs. We didn't have sidewalks, except we had boardwalks, and he said you almost had to walk sideways to get by people, it was so crowded. I guess a lot of people would come out here for—well, it was the only resort around here, I guess, like the Springs pool.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes. Now, what were some of the landmarks in town, or buildings and such? What else was there that you can remember?

WH: Well, I can remember now this bank down here. My granddad was a stockholder in it. It still stands on the next block. And then there was the theatre, over where the theatre is now—my granddad owned that property, and there was an open-air theatre.

CB: Oh, really?

WH: Nobody mentions that.

CB: Where in the world was it?

WH: Well, it's right there where this concrete theatre is now. And I don't know, my dad—Granddad didn't run the place; he rented it out, I guess. But it was silent movies, wooden benches you sit on. If you wanted to get a little higher up you could rent a cushion to sit on. Yeah. I can remember one person—it was Mary Pickford, but I can't remember the man who played—that actor with her. But it was all silent movies, and everything written on the screen.

CB: Was there a piano player like you see in the movies?

WH: No, you didn't see—I don't remember that. 'Course, my dad wouldn't let us go out in the theatre part. His office was right at the corner at the time, and we could go in his office and sit there and look through the window without catching cold, 'cause he didn't—he always took good care of us. He should have been a doctor, but he wasn't, or a dentist. But anyway, no one mentions that theatre, but a friend of mine used to be the ticket lady there; 'course she was gone a long time ago, this is.

CB: So it wasn't just the one building—there was an outdoor theatre also at the same time?

WH: Well, this theatre was—I don't remember any other theatres around here, but this one theatre, it had no roof on it. I don't know what they did when it rained, 'cause I was too small, I guess, to even know anything about that. But I know we went every now and then; we'd go down to see the theatre pictures and stuff, sit in my dad's little office. But then after a while, his office—I guess they tore the buildings down. It had a little

plumbing shop, a little building there, and had a little place where you could get your tickets with a little drink stand—Mrs. Boujis owned that, her and her husband, and people used to get their candy and cold drinks there.

And later on that building was moved across the street 'cause they sold—my dad sold the property at that time. There was, like, a little plumbing shop over there and this little eating place and all, the little candy shop and Cokes. Then I don't know what else they had, but once in a while they had an auction, had an auction there; we'd go down on Saturday. I don't know what they auctioned off now. We were young and Mama said, "Well, we could go down there and watch and see what's going on." But they had torn everything of that down, and then later on my dad sold the property to the Sparks Theatre and they put up this theatre over here.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: They had a pretty good run of nice movies and stuff for years and years and years, and then they closed it down. And then one day we saw papers going up on the side. I said, "Papa, I bet it's going to be a you-know-what theatre," and it was, rated X. It didn't last too terrible long.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: But then in the meantime there's a theatre around the corner on Nebraska, and they had a rated X theatre there, too—it was getting it all over then. That's been, you know—

CB: Well, what happened to the after—after you get rid of the X-rated people that were there?

WH: Well, then they put a Spanish or something theatre in and it didn't last. So then it stayed vacant for a long time—it's *Beacon* paper company, like Linda's got the *North Tampa News*, and it was *Beacon News* out in Temple Terrace, and he bought this building. And his daddy had bought the tourist club in the meantime and wanted to make a place like [Louis] Pappas did in Tarpon Springs, drive up in your boat and get out, but it didn't work out. I mean, the food wasn't anything like Pappas' or anything. So then his son had bought the theatre property and also bought the property that was fenced in that my dad used to own. We sold to some man and then Hudd bought him out and paid him a big price, and we sold it for nothing. But he got a big price, but when he got it he didn't have nothing left.

But anyway, then these people now that have it as an audition theatre, they bought it, but it was vacant for a long time. So when they bought it—John somebody, then they bought the lot across the street, got it all fenced in nice, got a sprinkler system, 'cause when they have an audition I guess they have cars park and then they want it fenced in. And then one time I thought they were gonna have it next door, and then the man next door there has energy electric that my brother and I (inaudible). If he got all his property on the corner, I knew you couldn't get the corner property, and then the next house I didn't know what he would do when it come to him. He would bump mine—then he would want mine, but he would bump it down. And I know this house needs a lot of work. I had it done, painted, not long ago and it's just the most horrible paint job you ever seen.

CB: Inside or outside?

WH: Outside. Inside is good.

CB: I was gonna say, I'm looking at a really attractive house.

WH: Outside is terrible. And the man just ruined my garage—he punched holes in the garage and he put roofing on it, 'cause I said, “Could you put a roof on it?” “Yeah, I can do that.” I've had it termited [*sic*], and there's still—I know the wood's already been rotted, but it's not that bad. I mean, they call it a historical house, but they say you couldn't move a house like this anymore. But I see them on the road a lot of times and they're worse than this.

But getting back to the old theatre, in this theatre now that he's—the man bought it, John somebody, where they have auditions. He said they even had the symphony from Tampa in one day.

CB: Wow.

WH: And I hadn't seen any cars around, but this guy next door keeps saying, “Oh, there's a lot of cars out in the parking lot.” I've never seen any. But I don't usually—I used to not stay home on Saturdays because (inaudible) on Saturdays, weekends at my sister's—she had Parkinson's; she still has it, and I'd go and stay with her. And when I fell, that put a crimp in everything. I was pulling a couple of weeds and I just missed my step up onto the carport and went backwards ninety miles an hour about four big steps and down I go.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: Hospital, three weeks.

CB: Oh, my goodness!

WH: Then they told me I couldn't go home 'cause I had steps to go up and this and this and that. So anyway they gave me a walker, said get a cane later on and get—my sister said get a cane because I was at her house and I didn't have good balance out of that old cane. But anyway, this man that's got the theatre now, he's got that fenced in property that we used to have and it looks nice. But the theatre—where the property is on Main Street, now they've got a rug company and it's kinda junky looking or something, I don't know. But they fixed the building up behind us with a nicer roof.

CB: So you told me earlier you've been here since 1924. I remember you telling me you're eighty-two?

WH: I'm eighty-two. I was eighty-two in January, the twenty-first.

CB: Oh, wow!

WH: So if I came in twenty-four [1924]—I was born in twenty [1920], so I must have only been four that year. Mom had all of us pretty close.

CB: Right, and then she had two more after she had you.

WH: She had twins after she got here, and the doctor lived about two blocks up the street, Doctor Lake.

CB: Okay, I have to ask, 'cause I remember my mother and aunt talking.

WH: All at home.

CB: That's what I was gonna ask. At home, right?

WH: At home. They didn't know twins was coming, so it was winter—summertime, May 10, and we had our wood stove in the kitchen stove still going cause it was cool weather. So we had a chair and Pop put a pillow on, here come the little girl, and Doctor Lake put the baby on the pillow. All the sudden he said, "Oh, here comes another one!" Pop said, "Oh!" and he said, "Don't sit on the baby," 'cause he was a good friend of ours, too. And he charged twenty-five dollars and didn't charge us any more for the second baby, Edward, and the boy came second.

CB: Oh, how wonderful.

WH: He was kinda puny. They held him over the stove 'cause it was real cool that morning. I can remember because I was seven then, and I know they told us all to go on the back steps, or out in the back, and I had to watch the other kids—you know, I was always the mother hen. I was always out there watching them.

CB: Now, that wasn't in this house. This was on—

WH: Alaska Street.

CB: —Alaska Street.

WH: It's a nice looking house—we went by in a big, um—I was walking towards the house and I says to him, "You live here?" and he said yes. I guess we scared him to death. My sister, she kept kinda rolling the car. But he had a little kid with him. I said "Did you buy it?" He said, "No, I rent." But a man took me to there one time that we knew his wife through dental patients, and his wife died and we went by and my daddy and I took a walk up there 'cause he took three or four walks a day. Oh, he just believed in that walk. He didn't tell his children how to do anything like that, but he just walked. So anyway, the man took us through there. They had wall-to-wall carpet, they had two bathrooms, and it was so fixed up pretty inside and I thought, "How wonderful."

CB: So when did you move to this house?

WH: In 1939.

CB: Did you really?

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: Did you move here by yourself?

WH: No.

CB: That house—that house—yeah.

WH: No one was married, so all eight of us lived there. We had two—four bedrooms. We bought all new furniture when we moved there 'cause the lady that bought was from New Jersey, so we left our furniture, which was all right; it wasn't great, but it was all right, and she just loved it. And then we moved here and stayed here until—then as the kids got married and all, they lived in one of my dad's houses. He let them all live in each house. One girl didn't, but she had money enough to put down on a house. Her husband didn't, but she had the money. So any-who, that was over in Palma Ceia.

So Gladys lived here and she had three of her children here. The first one was born at her mother-in-law's house on Buffalo [Avenue] 'cause Mama was sick and Gladys just couldn't be out there like that. So anyway, Mama died then in forty-six [1946], but she died in that house. But anyway, then Pop gave me that house cause he was always helping the kids out, 'cause they lived in that house until they were on their feet and then he'd help them buy the house or put money down or whatever he wanted to do. He always was good like that. So then when he—my brother lost his wife and then I went out to take care of his son, twelve-years-old. Four years I stayed there, and I was working too (inaudible).

CB: Where was that?

WH: On Country Club Drive was where I stayed with my brother, and I worked at 109th [Avenue] and Florida Avenue in the dental office 'cause we sold—we rented this one out and then they all went out there to build—my brother-in-law and the doctor I worked for—he asked me to work for him—the doctor's office.

CB: You were out there twelve years?

WH: I was out there four years with Charles. Then when I came home I went there and I had the inside already painted, and then Charles let me have some of his furniture because he had nice furniture. He had gotten married then—he was getting married, so he was going to move in with his wife, which he should have stayed in that beautiful house that he built, but she said, “It’s got (inaudible).” Well, you can always change the windows. So she had a house that he was paying on all those years, and I’m surprised my brother was doing that.

So anyway, then I came home and Pop said, “Well, there’s no sense in you staying over there. Why don’t you come over here?” because he had lost his wife in the meantime with Parkinson’s. So I came over here and stayed, and everybody said, “Oh, you’re doing the wrong thing staying there.” You know, they’re saying he ought to get a girlfriend. Everybody thought my dad was so handsome. He was a good looking guy. My mother was pretty, too. And so I stayed here with him and then Pop said, “Gee whiz, you can’t be looking after two houses.”

It wasn’t fenced in or anything and people were coming from the bar back there and going through everything. They broke into my garage and took the trunk that had pictures in that I put in the garage when I was painting the house inside. We’re looking for a picture now with my dad holding the twins—a pair of peaches. And we’re looking all over the place (inaudible), and now we’re going to a nearby place to see if we can’t find it, ’cause that picture was gone and the twins must have only been five-years-old—five-months-old. A pair of peaches. It was a pretty good-sized picture.

And so anyway, then we decided to sell—my brother-in-law—my sister’s two boys, they come in and remodeled the house real pretty. And they stayed, and then they both had a job out of town and then my brother and his wife came to stay for a little while. I still had a room over there. And then we decided we were gonna sell because they were going to move to Georgia, the only one out of our whole family moved to Georgia. Then he got married after he moved to Georgia, with his wife—they weren’t married when they lived here. So, anyway, they—Pop said, “We’re going to sell the house,” and we sold it to John, this tune-up shop guy. (inaudible) I don’t know if he thinks the guy in the theatre doing it all wrong. You know, you got to clean it up—he’s got stuff under the house, like tires, and I always—everybody always used to come and say, “You got the prettiest yard around.” I planted winter rye every winter, but you know, this year I didn’t get it planted.

CB: But it’s beautiful from the outside. I mean, it was very easy to pull up and see whose house it was.

WH: He did a terrible job painting. It's peeling on the other side. He washed it and then pressured and then put paint right on it, with a brush. He didn't scrape it first, and I didn't pay it attention 'cause it looked so good to be painted, but it wasn't bad looking. He had his house raw for five years straight and just now painted it.

CB: Is that right?

WH: My granddaddy built these houses. We've got double floors.

CB: Your grandfather actually built the houses?

WH: Yeah, I guess he had someone—I still got some of the things where he had to pay for the street down in front of his house down there, those houses at one time. Had to pay them for putting bricks down, I guess, was their thing.

CB: Oh, my goodness. So what was the main area of Sulphur Springs when you moved here? Was it—somebody told me something about an arcade.

WH: Oh, yeah. You haven't heard about the Arcade? Oh, my gosh, I got a picture of it.

CB: Okay.

WH: I have a picture; I'll show you. Mr. Josiah Richardson, he didn't have—he had money, I guess, but he built that Arcade. He built the gazebo back there.

CB: I've seen the gazebo.

WH: Uh-huh. And he built the Arcade, and all the sudden he goes broke. He built the [water] tower, and all the sudden it seemed like he just lost everything. But that Arcade had a dime store in it, it had doctors, dentists, lawyers, we had the bank—no, we had the post office at one time there. Everything you can imagine in that building.

CB: So you were really a little town, just not incorporated.

WH: Mm-hm, everything. It's in Ripley [Ripley's Believe It or Not], I think, that had everything under one roof. We had two drugstores.

CB: So was there anything you couldn't get here that you had to go into one of the other towns?

WH: Well, you could—we had an A&P store across the street. In the Arcade building we had our beet market, we called it, but it had groceries in there. That used to be on the corner before the flood came, and it was called the United Market from that old picture of mine. And so they moved over there, and they didn't stay too long. But we had a bakery over there and a dry goods store, and a barbershop and beauty shop all combined. Upstairs, you had rooms to rent, apartments or rooms; you could live there or just overnight.

CB: So you actually had your own hotel?

WH: We had our own hotel, and it's beautiful upstairs. I went to a wedding there one time, and I would go upstairs; I had a lot of friends that lived there. And this girl got married and we went up there and it was beautiful.

CB: Now, when did you lose it, 'cause it's obviously not there today?

WH: Well, that's been—gee whiz, that's over twenty years, it's been. I can't remember the date. I should have on one of them papers.

CB: What happened to it?

WH: Well, the dog track bought it. They bought it and then they didn't need it. They didn't need that. They just let anybody park there. And they bought on the other side of Waters Avenue a church and all. They don't even park there because they didn't have—they had enough parking and then they took the Arcade down. Everybody was up in arms. They went to Tallahassee and everything, I guess, trying to save it. I guess we was in the city by that time. I forget what year we went into the city. We didn't get much done when they took us in the city.

CB: Well, when did they—I also saw that there's a fence around the springs, the pool over there. When did all that happen?

WH: Well, that happened a long time ago, when the old pool was still there; they fenced it in for some reason—I guess people would be going swimming without paying. But then when they remodeled this other pool and built a new pool and everything, they took the little bathhouse down and everything. I haven't been over there; I was supposed to go opening day. I don't know what happened. Anyway, they had to—they fenced it all in again. Everybody says "Oh, it's so nice," but you know, the old place—I never went swimming because I didn't like to wear a bathing suit. I didn't want anybody to see me in a bathing suit, so I never would go in. First place the water was too cold—it was a certain temperature. It was real cool. But I had—my youngest brother, the twin, used to swing off of the swing on the tree and he'd come home—all day he'd play and his lips would be purple when we had to go get him for supper. His lips are just purple and he'd swing off of that thing. My brother-in-law, he grew up here and he just loved that pool.

And at one time they used to have a little carnival come every year, and the entrance would be sort of like where you turn in off of Nebraska now, and they had a carnival and they had a big Ferris wheel and they had a few little rides, not many, and sideshows and stuff. And my brother-in-law used to stay and take razorblades over there and—I can't remember the name of the guy—he'd eat 'em, come out on the stage and eat razorblades. And then he'd take him oranges and stuff like that; they had an orange tree in the yard and he'd take stuff so he'd get in free at all those freak shows. And I didn't know that but we grew up with my brother-in-law, Josie married him. They've been married for fifty-seven years.

He lived on Tenth Street, and of course we lived on Alaska then, down here—Josephine got married (inaudible) and then she got married in New York. Her husband was gonna go overseas or something. He was in New York, she goes up, and Mom says, "I knew she's gonna get married," and so she did. And then Josephine, when she got married, she got married at Drew Field; that's where she worked. And the priest was kinda ugly to us that day so I guess she's gonna marry another Protestant, so that kind of set us off. He was a good friend of ours, very good. So we went to Drew Park where she was working, and there's a nice chapel over there, and she got married. Harold, I think, would have turned Catholic if the priest asked (inaudible). And anyway, then I come along, and let's see. Josephine got married, then there was a slack in the thing for a long—I never got married.

Anyway, then come—when Josephine got married she got married at Drew Field, and here come—the next one who got married was Charles, he did then. Charles got married up here at the church up here on Eleventh Street, but they tore it down. Then he did a lot of work for the church, Charles did. Then come along Elda gets—Edward gets married, then Elda gets married. Three of them got married in the little church up here—we call it the chapel—(inaudible) the big church. But Gladys got married in New York and

Josephine got married at Drew Park. Six o'clock on a Friday night, I never will forget it. Mama—that was the last time I saw Mama dressed up.

CB: Is that right?

WH: 'Cause she just was sick.

CB: Now, you told me she had Parkinson's?

WH: No, she had heart trouble (inaudible).

CB: That was the brother—sister (inaudible).

WH: The goiter worked on her heart; it was just one of those—neither the doctor in Michigan or here would touch it. Now they would, but they said she would never come off the table.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sake.

WH: So up there they didn't do it, and she just suffered in the hot weather—no fans, no nothing, just (inaudible). But anyway, now we got air. She would've liked that. But anyway, she died at forty-six in forty-six [1946].

CB: And you were how old when she died?

WH: I was about twenty-eight, I think I was.

CB: So even the kids—

WH: She hoped and prayed she would get to see the children grown. And the twins were eighteen, I believe, so I might have been twenty-seven or so. But anyway, they were just graduated out of high school.

CB: Now, are all your brothers and sisters still living?

WH: Charles is the only one who passed away, three years ago. He had arthritis and he just—two hip operations on one side, one on the other, and he still couldn't walk.

CB: And are they all still in this area?

WH: All the rest of us are here in Tampa, except Edward had to go move to Young Harris, Georgia, tip of the mountain. He went out of state, but he hates to come back to Tampa. He drove a Standard Oil truck for thirty years with no accident; he got a plaque and everything. But he just found this property one year when they was on vacation, and just loved it. So he bought some property and he's been selling it off a little bit and making a little money off of that, but he gets a good income. He drove a school bus; they asked him to drive a school bus and he did for a while, part-time then full-time then part-time. He says (inaudible).

CB: Oh, my goodness. Now, did all of you go to the school here in Sulphur Springs?

WH: Sulphur Springs. Now, they don't have it first through ninth, they got like—I don't know what they call it, but we went first through the ninth. We could walk; we lived on Alaska Street and could walk to school.

CB: Now, is it where it is today?

WH: Yeah, but they tore our first little building down. Yeah, they tore it down; they put a new building up. Then three of us had to go to Hillsborough High School, then the other three came along and they made them go to Jefferson High School. Hillsborough was too crowded, so they went to Jefferson. Elda and the twins went to Jefferson.

CB: So tell me about the first through ninth school. What was a day like there?

WH: The what?

CB: What was the day like, going to school at what time?

WH: Oh, going to school, we'd get up—

CB: What did you do?

WH: It's not like it is now. We'd go to school a certain time, we'd get up and have breakfast and go to school, come home—we'd come home for lunch because it was only a couple blocks; there was a lot we could cut through. And then after school we always—there were so many of us, there were like chores—we had chores to do. We had a cow and chickens and stuff, and my dad always took care of the cow and everything. But coming home from school—and you know, in those days we didn't have a dress for every occasion. We (inaudible), so we knew to change our clothes so we could have it the next day or so.

I was the oldest, so I always tried to help Mama out more than the rest of them did. We were just like sisters, we were so close. She was twenty years older than I was. My dad's about twenty-nine years older; he was older than Mama. But we'd come home from school, we'd get to play. There was no cars going up and down the street. We'd get to play baseball in the street, and across the street we had a lot that my uncle owned. We could, you know, play over there if we wanted to, 'cause there wasn't that many houses on that side of the street.

CB: So did you like school?

WH: Yeah, I liked school. I worried about my mother being sick so much. One day a teacher sent me home kinda early. (inaudible) “Your mother's sick (inaudible),” she said. “Why don't you just go home?” She was so sweet. Then when the twins was born I told her to come down and see the twins. She came down, she didn't live far; she came down to see them. Yeah, my dad was so proud of them, the twins.

CB: Oh, my goodness. I guess. So when—then you went—after ninth grade you went up to Hillsborough High? What was that like?

WH: Well, that was nice. It was big and large and you had to get used to everything.

CB: I can imagine. Okay, what's your strongest memory of Sulphur Springs, the things that you remember the most about Sulphur Springs that you still think about today?

WH: Well, I used to go down to the Springs to my dad's office and go to the grocery store and get some groceries and wait for him to bring me home. We didn't buy much meat 'cause we had cattle that we—not cattle, but we had our own meat. And I didn't like meat, 'cause I'd get used to those animals, you know. But anyway, I can remember—well, the pool and going to the Arcade and all like that, when it was first built and stuff like that. And then I remember when the dog track was built. We used to go around schooling because they let you in free and Mom said, "Get your homework," and we'd go over there, so that's the only time we went. I never went any other time—well, I did with my cousins one time, and they gave me some money to bet and I couldn't win a thing and they was winning money right and left. But they were gamblers, like horse races and stuff, they had horses; they knew what to do. All that I can remember, and then friends we grew up with—and I still have friends that I keep in touch with from the first grade.

CB: Is that right? Did you—

WH: And one girl just died, and she wrote me a letter, I still have it. She said, "Wilma, you were my best friend." Now her daughter's writing me and she says, "Wilma, Mama always said that you were her best friend." She didn't live near us; she had to ride the school bus to school. But she said—she was kinda—she was just real sweet. I liked everybody. I didn't dislike anybody, you know?

CB: Right, right. So when did—when would you think that things began—or that you were aware that things were starting to change in Sulphur Springs? Or did you even feel like things changed in Sulphur Springs?

WH: Well, the only thing that I remember changing was that Arcade being taken down. That just upset everyone, it seems like. So, that was the first thing that would enter my mind.

CB: The change was the Arcade.

WH: Right.

CB: Now, was that before or after they fenced in—

[Transcriber's note: The audio in this section of the tape is warped. Some words are inaudible.]

CB: You asked me when I came in—I was born in Kansas and raised in (inaudible).

WH: Oh.

CB: My folks are from the Missouri region.

WH: Well, that's unusual; everybody's usually from Michigan, Indiana, or Ohio or something.

CB: (laughs) Well, I can—

WH: You never talked like—you know, you talk normal to me—you know (inaudible). Now my one sister, she was really a Southerner, Josephine.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: (inaudible)

CB: Now, you showed me a really nice picture of your dad. When did he pass away?

WH: He passed away in eighty-five [1985]. (inaudible) eighty-five [1985] in October; he passed away one month later, in November.

CB: Wow.

WH: And everybody loved my dad. He passed away right here in the living room with a hospital bed, and he was never sick. He said to me one day, "What is wrong with me?" "The doctor said your heart's wearing out," and he didn't like that answer. (inaudible) But that night at 5:30—I was by his bed all day long. I had another little single bed there that I'd sleep on. He kept rubbing my fingers and I could not get away from him, you know. But he wasn't hungry; he wanted ice cream, something cold. (inaudible) So I fixed squash (inaudible), and I know just before he passed away I rushed and got a shower (inaudible) and come back in here, and he was still rubbing my finger. All a sudden I looked at him, said, "Oh, my gosh, Papa, you're gone." And I kissed him on the

forehead and I knew what I had to do—they told me what I had to do: call the fire department first.

CB: Oh, really?

WH: And that's the first time after several times they said don't fire him and they—I didn't tell them about that night, and here it was dark already because it was that time of year. And so here comes the fire truck—clang-clang-clang-clang—got five firemen on it. One was (inaudible), the other one—he covered Papa and he said, “Rigor mortis has already set in.” He had just passed away but (inaudible). Then they had to call the police, and they questioned me like I had killed him, you know, they do that. (CB gasps) Yeah. And all that stuff, so then I sat there—I didn't have this furniture at the time; this is from my sister's home when she moved at the lake and then they went to Pebble Creek—wished they'd never gone out there. They was afraid she might fall down the stairs, but they didn't have to use the stairs; they had a downstairs den (inaudible) beautiful bedroom. (inaudible) She gave me all her living room furniture.

CB: Gorgeous.

WH: And then my sister just gave me that dining room furniture. But anyway, I was always giving my furniture away.

Anyway, the policemen, they asked me all sorts of questions. I had a portable phone my nephew had given me; he's my niece's husband; he's an attorney in Bartow now. So he brought this phone out. I said, “Oh, that phone might not work when we need it”; that was about a month before. The phone I had hooked up wasn't long enough to reach Pop and we didn't want to pull the bed over any closer. So Tom brought this phone out. So I was sitting there with the phone in that chair and the man—the policeman said, “You better call someone,” and I said, “I don't really need anyone.” He said, “Yes, you do; if you don't call someone I'll go get a neighbor.” I said, “Well, don't do that.”

CB: In other words, he wanted you to call—for you? Someone to stay with you?

WH: Uh-huh. So anyway I called—my nephew still had their phone number from Carrollwood on there, so I just dialed their number, which my brother got a little bit peeved at the time. But, anyway, I called Tom and Carol, and he had a case the next morning but I didn't know, and here they come in real fast. When he come he was calling my sisters and brothers, and they was all here. Elda was working at Bealls [department store], but then she finally came after she got off work. We was in the kitchen, because it

took a long time for them to take care of Pop because my nephew had called the undertaker too soon. But anyway, then they parked down there—the Jennings Funeral Home right down the street was who we called.

CB: Right.

WH: So then they made us stay in the kitchen, sitting around the table and not coming in. But anyway, he just went quietly. I didn't hear him make a sound or anything.

CB: Well, for goodness' sakes. Is there a cemetery in this area?

WH: Hmm?

CB: Is there a cemetery in Sulphur Springs?

WH: There is not one too terribly far; it's Garden of Memories—it was Myrtle Hill. My dad, when my mother died, we didn't have a plot. We knew she was sick but we didn't think about buying anything, so the undertaker we had then—Wilson Salmon—the boys that work for him now have Marsicano, that's their funeral home. We had Wilson Salmon, and then Fortieth Street and Hillsborough Avenue out that way is where the cemetery is.

CB: Was that actually part of Sulphur Springs or a different—

WH: No.

CB: Okay.

WH: Sulphur Springs was just a little area in here. People that had anything going on, they don't like to say Sulphur Springs. And it's not—Linda put in the paper one day the fire was not in Sulphur Springs. She had it in her *Penny Saver*. Yeah. I thought the same thing, Linda.

But anyway, so then it took a while for them to get my dad and everything; they finally took him. He had dentures—he didn't need dentures but (inaudible) got dentures

(inaudible). He had nice caps and nice partials. Well, he never did like those dentures but they were beautiful. I got them ready to take—he always kept them real clean, but I don't know if they put them in or not. I gave the case to clean them. But anyway, so then they took Pop out and Tom wanted me to go home with him, and I said, "No, I can't do that. I have to stay here 'cause we're going down to the funeral home tomorrow." So my sister had been coming in every other night to stay with me, and so she stayed with me that night. And then her car—she just got a new car. It wasn't brand new, a year old, and it wouldn't start. I forget where she had it out front, where it was I don't know; but whatever, he worked on it and got it working, whatever was wrong.

But anyway, she stayed with me that night, then we go down to the funeral home and take care of business. But we already had a plot for my dad, right there next to my mother's. Now, my brother has his wife's right by our mother's and his mother-in-law, and then he had a plot, and he told me he didn't have one. So when he died, I asked his wife and she said, "Yeah, Charles has a plot." I said, "Gee what are you gonna do with it?" She said "He's buried up at Bushnell, and that's where I'm gonna be buried." I said, "Well, do you want to sell it?" so she sold it to me. I don't know if I did the right thing, but it's right there next to my mother and daddy's. And it's in a Catholic section, and that's what they were doing in those days. You had a Catholic section, but now they don't pay no attention to sections.

CB: Is that right? Each denomination or just—

WH: I don't know about other ones, but it was a Catholic section.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: It's all right. It's right by a beautiful mound of—the Mother of Sorrow, the big statue of Mother of Sorrow, and it's on a big mound and we keep it so pretty. But they don't take care of the place like they used to. We used to go out there all the time, but you are scared to go out there. My brother-in-law goes out there all the time, 'cause he goes out that way about once a week, to the bank or something out that way, so he goes by. They lost their son; he was retarded. Lost him—forty-four years old, I think, and he's in a crypt. He's been cremated, so they go out there to see him quite a bit. Michael's a good guy.

CB: Right, right. So you made some comment about [being] afraid to go out there now. Do you think—are you comfortable in your neighborhood today?

WH: I'm comfortable now, but my niece and her husband, they're not; they want me to get out. And they're building me a house, like a mother-in-law house on their property. They have a beautiful property in Bartow and he's a big shot lawyer and he's just now working for himself. I think it's gonna do him good because he was with another company—he and another guy was partners and Tom was doing all the work. 'Course they have other attorneys, but he's doing all the work; it was too much. So he just decided "I'm gonna (inaudible)." So he's been by himself and it's been going great, and it's only been a month or two.

CB: So are you thinking about moving out there with them?

WH: They want me to. They said they have the plans by the end of this—I think another week. They want me to look it over and see what I want. I don't know anything about plans. And then they told me where it's gonna be built, right by their swimming pool. I can go into their house through the swimming pool area or through the garage.

CB: Maybe you'll start wearing a swimming suit and go swimming, finally.

WH: I paid eighty-some dollars for one not long ago, about three years ago, to go to the beach with my niece. I'm telling y'all see that picture, whew! The church kids went—we had so much fun. Up to someone's condo, this attorney that was with brother-in-law.

CB: Right.

WH: We had—you see me talking with my hands, you ought to see my sister Elda! But anyway, we had a good time; we stayed a week. It was up near Jacksonville, some place up that (inaudible). So we had a good time. Now they have a condo at the beach, so we go over there.

CB: So if you move, will it just be 'cause you just want to be around your relatives?

WH: No, my family's going to really be kind of upset, like my sister with Parkinson's. I haven't told them anything yet, 'cause they wanted to build for them out there. But there's always a little friction here and there, so.

CB: Somebody coming to our door?

WH: *Penny Saver—Penny Saver.*

CB: So, in other words, are you—

WH: I was thinking—Gladys says, my sister, “I don’t know why you don’t just stay here.” And I said, “Well, Tom and them want me to get out so bad.” That’s when it was kinda really bad for a while, and now it’s kinda better. Things are a mess because I’m trying to pack this and pack that and I’ve got my boxes where my TV came in. The kids give me so much nice stuff for Christmas and my birthdays I could just cry. But I got that new one for Christmas a year ago, I guess.

CB: Oh, wow.

WH: And then I got a microwave I’ve never used, a year ago, because I haven’t—well, I just haven’t used it. I gave mine away, and then my nephew buys me this nice, sharp (inaudible). But anyway the reason I would be leaving is because they want me to, and they’ve got two loving children and they just love me to pieces, and Carol and Tom are so good to me. Well, everyone’s good to me. Carol’s oldest boy, he’s fifteen—he was a preemie, one pound ten ounces. Went to the hospital every day to see—he was on tubes and, oh, he was so pitiful. But he did live. He’s on medication a little bit, and he said something about driving; he could get his restricted license now. And I feel so sorry for him because his cousins are all kind of driving. But he said, “I’m going to take special lessons.” But I think if they—if he can’t drive out on the road, I know kids that’s worse off than he is; they drive up in Atlanta, Georgia. And then what he would do is—they got enough land that he could drive around the land.

CB: So you wouldn’t—it’s not so much you’re moving from Sulphur Springs as you’re moving to them.

WH: To them. ’Cause I grew up here and, you know, this would be my place but my dad, before he died, he said, “Wilma, I wish we could get out of here for some reason.” The only thing is I would probably stay here, but none of them want me to. Gladys just spoke up not long—“I don’t see why you don’t stay here.” I said, “Gladys, Carol and them”—I haven’t told anybody but Elda, and then Gladys I’ve kinda mentioned to her. And her son, when he lived next door, he didn’t like it ’cause it wasn’t fenced in, and the bars and stuff; they was always running through the yard stealing stuff. So he didn’t like it, he and his brother didn’t like it at all. But now it can be fenced in better, and I was gonna have this fenced in before I moved, but they were gonna (inaudible) I didn’t know he was gonna go at it so soon. They’ve been trying to get me to move there for two years. And I

thought, “Oh, please leave me alone, Tom.” But he’s so good to me. And so he said, “It won’t cost you a thing (inaudible).” I thought, “I’m not gonna let him do it for nothing.” But anyway, I wouldn’t be leaving if it wasn’t for them wanting me to come over there so bad.

CB: So will you sell the property?

WH: I would sell it, yeah. And then my sister said, “Huey never did like it, but maybe if you give it to him he’ll like it.” I said, “Well, maybe I’ll give it to him.” (CB laughs) All he’ll need to do is really have a good paint job on the outside and maybe—the plumber did a bad job on my bathroom floor; he just tore all the tile up and everything and left it, so I just—that needs to be done.

CB: I’m looking at these beautiful hardwood floors.

WH: Well, they’re double, and we had rugs down. When my stepmother moved here she wanted rugs. We had a bookcase on both sides; one was for books, one was for dishes. She didn’t like that so she took it out. She put rugs down. My dad didn’t like that idea, but that was his wife and she did what she wanted to. So anyway, not long ago we took the rugs up. Pop said, “If you ever take them rugs up, you’re gonna see termites eating that whole floor up.” But there’s not that much. And when they took the rugs up and the padding, I was surprised.

CB: They’re beautiful, they’re beautiful.

WH: But they had been—I need to polish it or something, but anyway I just don’t give nothing anymore. I get the vacuum out—I swept the porch off the other day because it was so dusty; when I was in the hospital, it was just terrible. I used to wash it off with a hose. I used to wash the whole house off with the hose at one time, to keep it nice.

CB: From what I remember, we’re talking about—this house is close to fifty years old.

WH: Yes, I think it was—maybe older than that.

CB: ’Cause, you know (inaudible)—and these floors have never been replaced?

WH: No. Even the flood didn't hurt 'em.

CB: Isn't that amazing? You told me that you have friends in the area that you grew up with—you actually schooled with.

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: So tell me about some of your long-term acquaintances.

WH: Well, this one girl lived over on Knollwood [Street] just off Nebraska by the post office—east of the post office. We go to this reunion, we see her, and then we send Christmas cards every year. We hardly ever talk on the phone or anything because she—her husband's been kinda sick, and I'm not much on the phone since I quit working at the dental office, 'cause I had two phones ringing in my ears all the time. If I get on the phone I'm all right, but I just hate to keep worrying people.

Frances Routon, her family was a good friend of ours, and she went to school with me and we kept in touch all these years. And then there was a girl, Harriet Harvey, she comes to the reunion, but now since her girlfriend passed away—my girlfriend passed away—I don't think she's going to be coming. And that was Anita Forester; she used to live on Alaska Street by us. And then my brother-in-law's brother, he keeps in touch with me—Robert (inaudible); he's out in New Mexico. We can't stand the hot weather, so we talk on the phone once in a while; send Christmas cards, birthday cards. I guess he married and his wife left him with the baby. She took the baby, but it might not be his. I don't know, but he never did see the baby after that. I don't know, something was funny there, but Robert was—you know, kinda funny. But anyway, there's several like I keep in touch with. Frances Routon comes to mind now.

CB: You told me there's an old-timer's reunion.

WH: Mm-hm. We have that twice a year. We're having it—we used to have it in February; now we're gonna have it in April. And it's gonna be the first Thursday. Would you like to come? I'll take you as a guest.

CB: I'd love to. Oh, I'd love to. Yeah, let me come over and pick you up.

WH: Well, it's out at Fifty-Sixth Street and Fowler [Avenue].

CB: That I can find.

WH: At the Golden Corral. It's not right on the corner; you have to turn left and then go into the Corral (inaudible).

CB: What time?

WH: It's from four o'clock to eight o'clock, however you want, and people just come and everybody tells me that I haven't changed a bit.

CB: Oh, my God.

WH: But anyway, that's this first Thursday. April 4, I think it is. I wrote it down. I've been calling different ones, but they already know about it.

CB: I'd love to. Now, I'm sitting here looking at a really beautiful complexion.

WH: Oh, my God.

CB: And I know my mother-in-law used to tell me that she always thought her complexion was so pretty 'cause she used lye soap, which I found real hard to believe. Tell me a bit about what you ate, how you guys took care of yourselves.

WH: You know, my dad had pretty skin when he died, and my mother had pretty skin, but she didn't use a lot of makeup: her lips were small, she never used lipstick, but a little rouge. And Pop, his skin was beautiful. But when I was in the hospital, this girl who was quite a ways away from me said "Oh, you've got pretty skin."

CB: You do.

WH: "Oh, you got"—I only have two removed teeth, and that's wisdom. I got all my teeth. 'Course, I got gold in 'em (inaudible) silver. But anyway, everybody says my complexion's still pretty, but I never used a lot of powder. And all I do now is use a little

cream to put on first—it's a cleansing cream, but I'd rather wash my face with Ivory, (inaudible). They say you're not supposed to use soap (inaudible), so I put this little cream on it, (inaudible), and then after that I put just a little tiny bit of—what do you call it?

CB: Foundation?

WH: Foundation. Just a little bit, not much, and then just a little bit of rouge, which isn't much; I wipe half of it off. Everybody always said I had pretty skin.

CB: Do you think it was—do you think that was there was a difference in the way you eat or something?

WH: Well, you know what? My dad, like I said, he should've been a doctor or something because he made us eat good food. We always had fruit, and we'd go to the farmer's market and get apples, peaches and stuff by the bushel. He said, "Eat all you want, but don't waste it." We had the fruit trees, you know, for years. Like I said, he had pretty skin. I don't know if it's the German in us or what. Now, we were Germans.

CB: Right. What about the Springs; do you think it has anything to do with it?

WH: Well, my dad used to drink that sulfur water every day. But he wouldn't bring it home and put it in the icebox; he'd drink it right out of the faucet, right out of the spout. He said that's good for—you know, they sold that water years ago for health reasons.

CB: Is that right?

WH: Yeah, by the gallon.

CB: So did you take it? You seem to have been very healthy.

WH: No, I didn't like it. My dad took his grandson that lived here at one time; he was about three-years-old. Pop took him, Danny, over there and he said—Danny come home and says, "Mama, that water smelled like rotten eggs." Don't know how he knew what rotten eggs smell like. He wouldn't drink it. Pop drank it pure right of the fountain; he had a big glass he took with him every morning.

CB: Do you think (inaudible)?

WH: I don't think that—it could have helped. That's what everybody said, but I didn't drink it. I didn't drink it, myself.

CB: I get the feeling from you you've always been pretty healthy.

WH: Yeah, pretty healthy till I fell. Well, I'm doing all right now, I guess, but I did have a blood clot that was kinda scary. Well, the doctor didn't pay any attention to my legs and my feet and legs are swollen—both of them, you know—and I told the nurse and they said, “Oh, look at your legs,” when I get up, and yeah. And when I told the doctor one morning early when he came in, he said—oh, he rushed me right down to get a scan, a Doppler [ultrasound], you know. I was off my feet for a couple of days. That scared me for a little bit. I went back to him; he said, “I don't think you'll get another one.” I'm taking blood thinners. I've got all my medicine, (inaudible).

CB: Was the whole family healthy like this?

WH: The whole family, yes, except Charles when he got arthritis. He come home with sinus and he was in construction (inaudible). Then the next thing you know he starts getting arthritis in his hips and one operation didn't take, and they did the other and it didn't take. They went back to do the other one, had to stretch his foot three inches, and he said it was worse than the whole operation. And then they had him flat on his back, and he couldn't lay on his back long. He was just suffering with that arthritis so bad. Then they had to do a trach[eotomy] so he could breathe—it wasn't cancer, but they had to do a trach, had to do that every now and then. Oh, he just suffered terribly the last three or four years, terrible. He was the best person (inaudible); he'd do anything for anyone, just like my mother and dad. They would help anybody out with food and just do everything, and that's the way we are, as far as helping people. I'm not as good as I should be in this day and time, but—

CB: So, these long-term friends you have, did they—I guess what I'm looking for is do you feel like people in Sulphur Springs were basically healthy back then?

WH: Well, seem to be—they're all in my age category, the ones that grew up around here.

CB: Is that right? And do they all still live in the area?

WH: Yeah, one girl moved out, a little ways out; she used to live right across the street on Patterson [Street] and Nebraska. And her husband, he was a postman—well, he was a big shot in the post office. He built a house out there, and then she died not long ago, but he died right after they moved out there. She died—she had a stroke and I guess she just went like that. She was eighty-two or eighty-three, and Frances is about my age, eighty-two. But all the ones that I know—there's even some guys around here that I know, but I don't keep in touch with them, but I know that they're around.

CB: Well, you also—when I came in you told me you'd been to the grocery store; did you walk to the store?

WH: I took a cab. The cab came right away, so coming home I waited forty-five minutes, and the girl that called the cab said, “Did the cab come yet?” I said no—to a girl that waited on me. She came back, said, “You still waiting on a cab?” I said yes. And then the little guy that works there—he didn't work that day, but he was out there smoking a cigarette. So he went in after they didn't come and three more called a cab. So then this lady and a man walked in the store and she started talking to me, telling me that—I was telling her about it; she said, “Well, aren't you scared to stand out here?” I said, “Well, yeah. I am, really,” and there was a man trying to borrow money. So, anyway, she talked to me and her husband was in the store. She said, “We don't shop here, but he wanted to get something they had. We shop at Winn-Dixie; it's out on Armenia.”

So we got to talking. She was a very sweet little person; he was a big tall guy. So I says to her—when they come out, they says, “You haven't gotten your cab yet?” She says, “My husband said we'll take you home; you said you didn't live too far. That'll be our good deed for the day.” They're from Indiana; they're going back in two weeks. And so they piled my groceries in the car—and I had eggs and everything, they were so careful—and I got in with my walker, I took my walker, had it (inaudible). And I'm telling you, I had my purse on my arm and I'm telling you, I was fit to be tied. I was all right standing there waiting, but it's just I'd never waited that long. One time I had to come back in here and call for them because they said it was marked off the thing. You know, it got marked off. I said, “You know, when I walk up I can't get back in the house that good. Please don't let me do that anymore.”

So anyway, they brought me home and they came down Waters from the Kash n' Karry instead of Bird Street, and they come down Waters to Ninth Street, cross down Nebraska, and then turn down here in the front. Found my house real good.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: And I hugged her and she said, "Oh, have a happy Easter," blah blah blah. "Let me pay you." No, they wouldn't take no money.

CB: Aren't you glad there's still people in the neighborhood—

WH: Yeah, another lady dropped me at home like that one day that I met in the store, and we were talking and she said something about "How'd you get here?" and I said, "Well, I took a cab." "Oh, you don't live far from here?" I said, "No, ma'am." She said, "I'll take you home." So she brought me home. She lived off of Broad Street and Florida Avenue—not near the project but west of there. So she dropped me home. And that's twice I got a ride like that—I wasn't scared to ride with them, but you know, I wouldn't have ridden with just a man. Because we were talking, this lady and I, about this couple that was beat up—I don't know if you heard about it?

CB: No.

WH: Well, good friends of mine for fifty or sixty years, he was bringing the garbage can in, he was eighty-four years old. And this guy, I guess, followed him. But this man was too feeble to notice the man was behind him or not, and so he goes in the house and the man follows him and starts beating him up. And his wife comes into the kitchen, where this was, and he knocks her right in the chest. And she had the phone in her hand to call 911, but she didn't get to call the people. 911 picked up the call and so they were there right away, and they caught him about a block or two away. He didn't live right there but he lived some place, but he said he had been on a binge and he was hungry and he didn't mean to hurt 'em, but he just got out of jail or something. And so since then I've been kind of, you know, just nerves ready because they were in the hospital yesterday, yet.

CB: Is that right?

WH: University Community Hospital. But they're doing okay; they said they're recuperating. Now, her sister was talking on TV a couple times and when I was in the hospital her sister was a Pink Lady, so she used to come up and visit me once in a while. And the lady that was in the bed next to me, she knew all about this Charlotte that was beat up the other day; but she didn't give me her phone number or nothing and I didn't give her mine. But she said—we used to talk for hours at a time at night, Charlotte and I. For God's sakes, I've known Charlotte ever since we were kids.

CB: Well, for goodness' sakes. Well, is there a lot of that out here?

WH: Well, there's not that much, and if there is it's usually up the street a little ways from me.

CB: How safe do you think you feel?

WH: Well, I pray at night, by myself. I have a prayer that says I live by myself and I read that every morning, and then I got another prayer that tells you about nervousness. I do stay nervous, because my doctor says I was just born nervous. (both laugh) Oh, God. And my pulse was going so fast the other day, 112, and that was high at my sister's house, where you take the blood pressure to get your pulse, and my heart—I could just almost feel it. I said, "I'm not—I don't feel bad," so I called the doctor and the nurse called me back and said the doctor said to take an extra nerve pill, which is one milligram; it's not gonna kill you. It's not a Valium; it's another kind. Everybody that you talk to, nurses, says, "Oh that's not going to hurt you." But he said, "Give me another one."

So then I had to have my medicine transfer (inaudible) by Gladys and Eckerd's out here to Kash n' Karry. So the girl wouldn't fill my prescription because she said if you've gotta take another pill the doctor's gotta write a prescription. So he called one in for me, then I went back and got more. My sister took me—I don't have to take a cab all the time because—Gladys couldn't take me yesterday because the grandbaby was sick. He told me this morning, he says, "Mom, I threw up on Momma."

CB: Oh!

WH: But he said "I feel better." I said, "Well, you tell him that his mother threw up on me one time in this house," because Daddy was babysitting and he called me over and he was feeding the baby so much milk that it—I was all dressed up, I had my hair done and washed it myself, and I had a nice clean dress on my sister had made it for me. I was rocking the baby, (imitates sound of vomiting) all over the place, in my hair and everything. "I'm so sorry, honey." Gladys was grocery shopping.

CB: So, you worked in a dental office for a while? For a long time, or what?

WH: Seventeen or eighteen, maybe twenty, years.

CB: Really?

WH: My brother-in-law, my dad built this office for him over here, a beautiful office, and he stayed about seven years. I worked for him, and then he went back to orthodontics school in Pennsylvania, took my sister and the four kids. I cried my eyes out when they left that night, in a station wagon. I was in that house then and they used to stay with me until their office was built. And then—what was I talking about?

CB: You're in a dental office.

WH: Oh, yeah. So then when they—he got back from dental school, he went to Florida Avenue with another orthodontist, and they decided they all wanna build some property, buy property out on Florida Avenue. My brother had some property for sale that an insurance man had, and so Charles got the property for them and they built an office out there. Dr. Ross was part owner and Dr. Edmund, my brother-in-law, was part owner, Dr. Schafer was part owner. And I think they called it the Stork Club, 'cause they had three or four baby doctors in there. And then the rest was all renting, like Dr. Wadsworth was a orthodontic—I mean, an oral surgeon. And then we had an eye doctor in Dr. Stoman. They had it all rented.

Then when—I retired kind of young because I was getting bored. Pop said, “You don't have to work.” I gave my notice and he didn't like it. So at about fifty, I retired—I retired about fifty. And so then my brother-in-law, when he retired—and Dr. Ross finally just retired and Dr. Wadsworth retired, so I don't know what all they go in there now because they sold the building, I think to some foreigners or some—how these people buy stuff. I think they sold something like that. My nephew became a dentist, Dr. Edmund's son became a dentist, so then I go to him over here on (inaudible).

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes! Okay, let's pop back to Sulphur Springs a minute and tell me who you think were the most important or influential people there in Sulphur Springs during the years you were growing up, or as an adult. Who particularly pops into mind? Who do you think was historical or important?

WH: Well, let's see, when we had the bank down here, there was the man that we—he was a big shot in the bank, and they called it Mr. Winters' Bank. It wasn't that at all; they just called it that 'cause he was well known. Yeah, Mr. Winters. There was an article in the paper telling about that. And well, I don't know, just—I can remember all the grocery

stores, like we had a table supply, which is now Winn-Dixie on the very corner. And you could put the shutters up and people walked on the sidewalk and just looked at the fruit, never stole a thing.

Mp3 file 1 ends; mp3 file 2 begins.

[Transcriber's note: The beginning of second recording is hard to hear, and both women are talking at the same time.]

WH: (inaudible)

CB: How long was it?

WH: It was a long time, I just recently. It has been within the last twenty, twenty-five years or so. (inaudible) steak out at my brother's house and now he won't eat steak. He gets all turkey for it.

CB: Oh, how funny. Well, you know, we're learning things we didn't know before. Okay, we were talking about Sulphur Springs and about the different areas. I was asking about influential people. Now, I kinda got the impression from Linda that your daddy was pretty influential in Sulphur Springs.¹

WH: Yeah, he was. He used to also get letters from other people and he would answer the letters for the Chamber of Commerce.

CB: Oh!

WH: He wasn't—he wasn't that, but they'd send it to him just like they sent people from the University down here.

CB: Right. Right.

WH: For him. So he used to answer the letters for like—in the Chamber of Commerce. He wasn't, you know.

¹Linda Hope is the *Penny Saver's* publisher, a long-time resident of Sulphur Springs; she is an area historian and local communities advocate in cases of adverse publicity. [quoted from CB's thesis]

CB: I'll be darned. Well, and he owned a real significant amount of the property around here.

WH: Well, yes, but we didn't get rich off of it. We didn't get rich off of nothing. (laughs)

CB: But I guess what I'm asking is if he owned such a significant amount of property, that evidently that was also part of what built up Sulphur Springs.

WH: I guess so, yeah. And everybody that ever rented from us, C.J., are still friends of ours.

CB: Is that right?

WH: Everyone—just very few people wasn't. But I've been to fiftieth wedding anniversaries of people that lived in our house—up on Alaska Street that was. And I've been to the fiftieth wedding anniversary, and she wasn't even living in Tampa at the time but I got an invitation. And all that stuff. We kept in touch—all the people kept in touch with us if they lived in our houses many years before they'd maybe move to another house or bought one or something. But everybody always come back to see us.

CB: What I hear from you is that there seems to be so much—you know, they talk today about how neighbors don't know their neighbors and there's not that much care, but I hear you talking a whole different thing about Sulphur Springs. There's just a lot of neighborly goings-on.

WH: Well, now, the lady that used to live across the street—she was renting, and then they sold the house and they went up on the rent and she couldn't afford it. We were very close, and she knew my dad from way back when, the duplex across the street. But anyway, the one girl comes up—they know me, they like me, and this one girl comes up and says, "Hey, honey!" and just talks to me. She got twins and four kids.

CB: Oh, my.

WH: The twins were babies when she moved in, five years ago now, but she's real nice—they just, sometimes they're a little sloppy. But the man, I just met him about a month or

two ago. His name is José, and I obviously don't know too much since I met him over at John's. And then I know the guy down the street—in fact, when my dad first came to Sulphur Springs, they rented a place down here at 8113; it still stands. For room and board, I don't know what they paid a week—room and board. Oh, they went traveling, like to New Port Richey on roads or something. But the house still stands. Then I know the people that run (inaudible) electric. And of course I know John; he works in the driveway all the time, so I asked him to move today because I'm having company, 'cause he'll ask you to move and he does it all the time; if I have someone coming unexpectedly, then he comes knocking on the door. My nephew was in here putting an air conditioner in the back bedroom one day; John tried to tell him (inaudible) I said (inaudible). And he's supposed to do my yard every once in a while (inaudible) leaves out there driving me crazy (inaudible). I paid him forty dollars when I got out of the hospital, I don't know what for.

But anyway, getting back to my neighbors now, I know the people in the theatre—I wave to them—and the people that did live next door before they knocked the house down. There was about three families living there, all related. And I didn't pay much attention to them, 'cause if I ever walked outside and they saw me they'd never get through talking, you know? And that was all right, but I just—you know. They wanted to mow my lawn one day—they had a mower. I said, “No, John does it.” They said, “Well, we'll do it for nothing.” And I just—

CB: So how do you fill your day—when you're home? (laughs) You go out a lot.

WH: When I'm home—I went to the store, the General Dollar store, yesterday, before the grocery store, and I get these cards fifty cents apiece.

CB: (gasps)

WH: C.J., they are gorgeous.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: I want to show you some.

CB: Okay.

WH: And I get sympathy cards ahead, 'cause (inaudible) passed away, good friends of ours from way back that worked with my brother-in-law. And I get all the Easter cards the other day, I get some birthday cards. I got twelve—thirteen cards for \$6.50.

CB: Good grief.

WH: And a lady told me one day I could go out here to Bearss [Avenue] and Florida [Avenue] and get three of them for a dollar. I said, "I can't get out there." But I've had the cab take me there so I wouldn't have to walk up the slope or down the slope—let me out right there at the door.

CB: Well, for goodness' sakes.

WH: That's why I wished he could have brought me home the other day, (inaudible). But anyway, yeah, I bought a lot of cards because I send cards. If people write me letters and stuff I try not to answer it too soon, but I answer it, you know. I keep everything kind of in order.

CB: Oh, you really do.

WH: And then I had an aunt that just died—she was my godmother, and she died one month short of being ninety-nine years old.

CB: (gasps) Is that right?

WH: But my mother's mother lived to be ninety-nine and two months from being a hundred.

CB: Oh, my goodness.

WH: And she was looking forward to that birthday party. We had her ninety-fifth birthday party here, out at the lake at my sister's and I got all the relatives; everybody came from all over that was here in Florida on vacation. And she just loved people. She was so sweet. She was married sixty-two years. I have a picture of her here with Grandpa.

CB: Oh, that's gorgeous.

WH: Grandpa with a big tall guy and she was short.

CB: How old is she here?

WH: Well, she's been dead quite some time, but they were married sixty-two years.

CB: In that picture?

WH: When he died. They had eleven children. My mother was third. She was the third one, and then her youngest one was three years older than me and the girl was five years older than me and she still lives in St. Petersburg. She's not too well, but she drives and goes to church every morning. And then her other sister that's living—there's just two of them living now—lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She comes down every once in a while, but since this thing in New York [9/11] she doesn't come down.

CB: Yeah, I can understand. Well, this is part of—obviously genes is where you get some of that, skin—

WH: I'll look at that. Pop's folks all lived to be in their eighties, but Pop lived to be the oldest one before he died; he was ninety-five. And of course Grandma was on Mama's side.

CB: Right, right. So were they all in one area? I mean, before you came here, was that—

WH: Yeah, they were all in one area.

CB: Okay, okay. So pretty much your family kind of sticks together wherever they go.

WH: Yeah, and then my mother's father—my mother's folks—my dad's folks had farms right together and they sold General Motors the farms in Pontiac.

CB: Is that right? That is wonderful. So everybody was settled there in Michigan?

WH: Mm-hm. Mama was born in Indiana, but they moved to Michigan. Now, Grandpa had a brother that traveled everywhere; he had ten or eleven kids, and every time they was in a different state. They named one girl Florida (CB laughs) because she was born here. And they had—

CB: No!

WH: Yeah, but they're all deceased now. They originated in—settled in Fort Myers.

CB: So, Linda was telling me that basically, I guess, when it was a tourist town it was primarily all white, Sulphur Springs was.

WH: The section up the street, maybe just before the railroad track, that was our line. Blacks would be the back end to our whites, and they didn't bother anybody.

CB: And it was definitely integrated, but it was by choice?

WH: And my daddy used to do business with a lot—yeah, that was the way it was supposed to be. My dad used to do business with a lot of the blacks. And he also—they wouldn't walk in the office like they would now, but they'd wait until everybody left and then they'd come in. There was one rich guy, Mr.—I can't think of his name. He gave us a check every year for Christmas. We didn't want him to. And he wouldn't come in that office until everybody left.

CB: Well, for goodness' sakes.

WH: And he shook—my niece was there one day, and Pop introduced my niece Carol Ann to him and she shook his hand. Pop thought that was real sweet of Carol Ann, 'cause she's a sweet girl. (inaudible)

CB: Uh-huh, uh-huh. So, actually, there wasn't any racial problems—

WH: No.

CB: —in town.

WH: No. We had someone work for us sometime (inaudible).

CB: Right, right. Is it still that way?

WH: No, I think the whites are starting to work with them.

CB: No, I mean is it still—

WH: Now, I mean, every time you look up they're going down the street in a car.

CB: So it's fully integrated—

WH: Now mine right now, in here—I don't know what the apartment has down there. I think they have both in there. But on this side of the street it's always been all white, except when she brought that one from Texas.

CB: Right, right, right.

WH: And then on that lot across the street they put a duplex. This mayor—Sandy Freedman, I think it was—(inaudible) a duplex. And up on Waters Avenue when you used to go up on there you'd see those sloppy duplexes. Now this one is pretty nice, although they don't do the garbage; they leave their garbage—she leaves her garbage cans out. But I always got mine in the back. I don't leave my garbage cans because they stole mine several times, so I just put down a nice double bag of garbage and I take it out and (inaudible) outside. I used to get up every morning early and put it out. I'm not doing that anymore.

It's almost like daylight—the theatre's got a big street light that shines through here on the station over here where there used to be—the rug company now. They got a light that shines clear across my yards and clear on that house over there, and she puts her porch light on. Now I have a light that if anybody walks by it should go on, but the man that put it on—it lasted about one month and I was gone for a weekend, and everybody said,

“Oh, Wilma, your lights were on all night and all day.” I said, “Well, I don’t know what’s wrong.” I need to have him check it out because I paid quite a bit for that. I’ll get someone fix it.” You can’t get anybody—a man four weeks now is going to fix my roof.

CB: Is that right?

WH: On my garage. He does my roofing and he hasn’t called me back. He was gonna call me back from Monday to Friday because I had a dental appointment Thursday and I haven’t heard from him yet. I don’t know whether to call him or not. If I’m gonna move—you know, the more you do—but it makes me sick with that stuff, because we always kept everything up, but now it’s getting kinda bad about it ’cause you can’t get anybody to do nothing about it.

CB: It wasn’t that way before though, right?

WH: No. You could just—my dad had a man that did all of our painting, and every winter he’d come down and they’d do the one house or the other. He did such a good job. But since he’s been gone we don’t see him many years now, even before my dad died. I’ve had it painted just one time. The man did a sloppy job. Right there on the south side, it just looks like it’s peeling.

CB: Right, right. So how do you think the atmosphere in the neighborhood has changed, and what do you think was the beginning of the change? How has the attitude of people—?

WH: Well, the only thing I would blame a lot of it on is the duplexes they were putting up all over the place, although we just got one here. Then they took the tourist club—took the trailer parks on both sides of the street a block down, made everybody move and put up houses (inaudible) sold them or what, but they look kinda junky, too.

CB: Well, for goodness’ sakes. So there was actually trailer parks out here.

WH: Uh-huh. And every time they made people move they just about killed them. You know, it just tore ’em up. And it wasn’t bad little trailers down there, you know.

CB: Right.

WH: Some that owned it kinda took care of it. My brother one time—my dad got him a job to mow their yard, you know, little strip here and a little strip there, and for three dollars on both sides of the street. He got so mad he didn't know what to do. And he worked at a bowling alley—there was an open air bowling alley back there one time and Edward worked there, I guess, setting up the pins, but he made so much money that he had to quit work so he could spend his money.

CB: Oh, how funny. Now, Linda was telling me there used to be bathhouses and there used to be something she called the Tin Can Tourist Club.

WH: Well, let me tell you what I heard, and I didn't know about this. A girl come here that used to live up on Alaska Street, a good friend of ours; she's living down on Osborne now. She said, and another man told me the same thing, that they came down here and put up tents over here by where you drive into the pool, by the Nebraska area, and they put up tents there until they could find a place to live, and I didn't know that till she sat here and told my dad. Then this man told me one day, so they both told the same story. They called it Tin Can Alley or something. But I didn't know that.

CB: Well, I'll be darned. So, do you have any memories of the Depression and how it may have affected you in this area?

WH: Well, I can remember the Depression. We always had food and stuff, 'cause we had the cow; we had everything. If we needed anything, my grandmother always had money we could borrow from her, pay her back and all.

CB: So you didn't see any great problems in this area, with your neighbors—

WH: What we would do is we would give people the skim milk and they'd buy a ten-cent box of soda crackers and have their meal, one meal off of that. But we'd always give—we wouldn't throw the stuff away.

CB: Right.

WH: We always saw that they got fruit, 'cause we always had plenty of oranges and stuff. But yeah, Mama was a good—she knew what to do, she made all of our clothes, except the boys. She made Edward and Elda a little outfit: he had a little panty part and Elda had a little pleated skirt, and the lady next door said, "Gee, Edward, you got a girl's top

on.” It was little animals on the top, just like Elda’s. Boy, he wouldn’t wear nothing that matched Elda’s anymore to save his life. She should never have said that, but it was cute little outfits.

CB: What do you like the most about Sulphur Springs today? ’Cause you’ve already said you wouldn’t leave if it wasn’t for your relatives.

WH: Well, I just liked it, you know, because I guess I grew up here and I just liked it.

CB: What do you think you’ll miss when you move out there with your niece? (laughs)

WH: Well, I don’t know offhand. I know they got a big swimming pool right there, and I guess I’ll go and swim in it because—what do you call it? They have a hot tub (inaudible). We used to have parties there, and I have pictures of that, too.

CB: Well, what do you think are the most important issues?

WH: I’ll miss my relatives, too.

CB: Being this close to them?

WH: Yeah, but I got these calling cards that give me 500-600 minutes, so I can use that. (CB laughs) Although I used to run my phone bill up before I got them.

CB: Oh, I understand that one.

WH: Talking to my niece. Yeah.

CB: So what do you think—tell me a little about, like, the fire, the police, that kind of things out here? When you first moved, was it a volunteer fire department or was it a regular fire department? Who was the police?

WH: Until a couple years ago I don’t think we had a fire department out here.

CB: Well, who was the—did you have a sheriff?

WH: Had a sheriff over in the Arcade.

CB: And now you, what, you have a police station somewhere around here?

WH: Well, we did have it over at the pool at one time, but they took it down, the bathhouse place. We had the—the police was over there. I called one time for something and I said, “Well, you’re right there, a block away from where I’m calling for you to go.” That didn’t—they didn’t know where they were. But anyway, so far, I would say everything not that bad. That’s my opinion. But this area right in here. And then what I would miss would be my family, mostly; but then, we’re all in Tampa, so it’s just get on interstate or the express or whatever and get over there in forty-five minutes to an hour.

CB: Okay. Well, the last question, and then we’re gonna move over to the table and I’m going to have you explain some of these wonderful artifacts that you have. The last question I have for you is if you had to tell somebody that you haven’t talked to in a while, that hadn’t been here, about Sulphur Springs, about where you live, what would you say? How would you describe it to them?

WH: Well, I would say it’s changed a little, you know, from the people that used to be here and now it’s, I think, more rentals than it used to be. Actually (inaudible) just jump out there in the yard and say hallelujah or anything. I look out before I go out.

CB: You do watch out for yourself.

WH: I’m a scaredy-cat anymore.

CB: Okay, well, let’s move the tape recorder over to the table, because you’ve got some wonderful things to show me.

WH: You can just put that any place. Do you want some more coffee?

Pause in recording

WH: —where it used to be a goldfish pond, and across the street would be where his office and all would be. But that's him standing; someone came by and took his picture. Now here's our Arcade in color.

CB: Oh, in a postcard.

WH: That's a block right up east from me.

CB: Is that hotel apartments I see in the top?

WH: Mm-hm, mm-hm.

CB: Look at the lawn; they had it manicured.

WH: Yeah.

CB: Wow, that's—

WH: I don't know what year.

CB: No, it isn't.

WH: It showed us—

CB: No, it doesn't show us on the back. Okay, and?

WH: Now this is the old—

CB: Nineteen twenty-seven.

WH: Yeah. You wanna sit down?

CB: No, what I want to do is get me a camera.

WH: Oh, oh, oh.

CB: Okay, look at that. Now this is—what am I looking at?

WH: This is—now see, this is where they're starting to build that Arcade.

CB: Is this what they call Model-T—Model-As, Model-Ts?

WH: Yeah. Now, this is Nebraska. See, Nebraska didn't have the main street. We went down around this street and there was an old wooden bridge you had to go across before the other one was built. Now, let's see. Here's my dad's little real estate office, after he moved it from by the theatre, where we used to go in and watch the theatre. That's his little office, and there's his little office again. So this is right on Nebraska Avenue.

CB: I see, from one direction, and then we turn and come from the other direction.

WH: Yeah. And right here is the building that used to be that, and we're—this house is the one that burned down that time, and that's our property right there.

CB: And there's a little American Lunch; is that a little lunch counter?

WH: Yeah, and here it is right here.

CB: Oh, look at that!

WH: And she put that in the *Penny Saver*, in one of the calendars.

CB: Oh, that's fantastic. Now, I wonder what year this is.

WH: I don't know, but it should be—wait a minute—let me see—

CB: Must be—

WH: I got twenty [1920] on here.

CB: Nineteen twenty, okay. Now, what about—

WH: That's when Grandpa must have built those houses.

CB: Okay, those are the two houses that your grand—

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: Now, that's not this one, though?

WH: No. This is on Sitka Street here. My dad had his office there at one time when he had to get off of the property; someone sold it. And one nephew was born there and then this—the other, this is Ninth Street. This is the house that used to be next door to me.

CB: Okay.

WH: And this is the corner, this is the same house.

CB: And look at all those long sleeves, long skirts—

WH: Oh, and my dad had a picture with his cuffs on—how in the world they ironed all that stuff?

CB: Well, it makes you wonder what time of year it is, knowing how hot Florida is.

WH: Now this lady here, she always carried a little doggy around. She lived across the street and her and her husband was the twins' godparents when they were baptized. But there's steps there—I remember they'd been filled in, there was no steps to go up—but my dad's office was right there, his little office right there.

CB: Oh, my goodness.

WH: Where he (inaudible).

CB: Yeah, I see it. So what does this say, "Bludwine, five cents"?

WH: I think it says something.

CB: Well, yeah, five cents for whatever it is.

WH: Now this, let's see (inaudible).

CB: C.L. Barnes Real Estate.

WH: Papa's the only one left after all these realtors. They said, "Oh, you ought to get a Cadillac and drive your customers." Grandpa had a Model-T, or whatever. So Papa was the only one left standing in real estate. Well, anyway, this is like Nebraska here and then you used to kinda have to go around here. Now this right here, I think it's a theatre, (inaudible) theater. You can see advertisements on the outside of the building. This was a little drink stand.

CB: I can actually see it says there.

WH: Let me go get my little—I got a little magnifying glass. I paid forty dollars for it and my dad said "Are you crazy?"

CB: (laughs)

Pause in recording

CB: Okay, what have we got here?

WH: I don't know.

CB: There's our—

WH: What this says—

CB: All right, let's see if we can find that one out. That one says, "Bludwine in the hobble skirt bottle."

WH: Hmm.

CB: Okay.

WH: Anyway, my sister-in-law gave that to them and they didn't know what it was, and she said, "You know anything about a lunch room?" and I thought Sulphur Springs lunch room, didn't know anything about that. She said, "Can I come down and see?" And she brought that picture and I said, "My gosh!" All these pictures got away from me. But anyway, she finally put it in one of the calendars—one like October of last year's or the year before.

CB: Right, right. I have copies of that. Okay, this is—looks like I'm looking at June 1992—

WH: That was looking back—here's the Arcade again (inaudible).

CB: Do we know what this is of?

WH: That was out of a *Penny Saver*.

CB: Okay, okay. Oh, that's this Arcade picture. Perfect. Okay.

WH: But I don't know what year—I should, you know, remember.

CB: Don't worry about it. I think it's wonderful we even have 'em. Okay, what else have we got here?

WH: Well, let's see now.

CB: These are the ones we just saw—nope, part of them.

WH: Now this is Ninth Street here. Grandpa's place is that way. Grandpa had two houses on one lot: this one and another one, and then this one was on a single lot. And this one—these two were on one lot. Now here's (inaudible), and there's my dad's office again, and there's our houses behind there.

CB: Yes.

WH: Which isn't the two big ones. But anyway, then Sitka Street would run right there.

CB: Now, are the streets paved at this point? Or are they still dirt?

WH: Well, they were—at that time I think they were dirt, and my granddad had to pay for that brick street up there. I had a check one day, a returned check that (inaudible).

CB: Is that right?

WH: I think I gave it to Charles.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes. Okay, what else have we got here? You've got some great stuff.

WH: I'm trying to go through—

CB: Oh, okay.

WH: Now this lady here, she believed—she just passed away the other day. I'm never gonna get through picking up this thing.

CB: Easter grass. (laughs)

WH: She's got my dad's name in here some place. But she went down to get the sulfur water.

CB: Oh, she did?

WH: Down at my dad's; he used to have his place down there. Now this is a separate picture. It tells you about Mr. Marcus and the Harbor Club.

CB: Now, tell me about this Harbor Club.

WH: That was where the tourist club was.

CB: Okay, okay.

WH: And with the tourist club, people used to go down (inaudible), then all of a sudden it kinda went kablooie. I guess all the old timers passed away, and then whenever they sold it, whoever was still living got some money out of it. I don't know just how that was.

CB: Huh.

WH: My dad never did; he was a member of it. Now this is the same picture here that tells about Mr. Hensel.

CB: Right. "Area pioneer Carl Hensel swore by it, as did many of the other longtime residents."

WH: But he swore more about this pool over here (inaudible), said it stronger than (inaudible).

CB: Oh, okay.

WH: I don't know how much land he had on this property. (inaudible), she just passed away the other day.

CB: Margaret Anderson?

WH: Yeah.

CB: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

WH: They used to get this water and take it home, I guess.

CB: Hmm, okay. What've you got there?

WH: This is the same picture—that's my dad's picture. This is a picture taken up on Alaska Street where the twins were born.

CB: Oh, my. All right, which one are you?

WH: There. I got beads around my neck. I went swimming with beads around my neck. (CB laughs) (inaudible) jewelry.

CB: Oh, what a beautiful family.

WH: That's Charles, Mom and the twins, Gladys, and Josephine.

CB: What a beautiful, beautiful family. And this is 1927?

WH: Mm-hm. The twins was born in this bedroom right there.

CB: Okay, keep talking.

WH: And Grandpa fixed this, made a sleeping porch out of that.

CB: Let's see if this is going to take. Okay, why don't we tilt it just a little up towards me, get a little of the glare off it. (camera noises) Okay, we'll find out if these will take. I had people tell me this'll work. Oh, that is wonderful. Now, is this the sleeping porch he built?

WH: Uh-huh. My granddad built that.

CB: Right, right.

WH: But Pop built the rest of the house with Mr. Rand down the street. But this was a bedroom, that's a bedroom. And the bedrooms—you could go through a closet and you'd go through here, and then you didn't go straight through but you jogged in and you went through the other bedroom. So you had—both had access to (inaudible).

CB: Oh, wonderful. Okay, what's it—we have a map of Sulphur Springs?

WH: Now this is Pop—yeah, this is my dad; he had his name and picture in the paper that day and they showed a map or something. I think this all lumped together here. Now this shows—tells more about what he had written here, starting down here a little bit. I think that's where it starts. This was *Tampa Times* at the time.

CB: This is 1980, right, right.

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: So if I write this down I should be able to find a copy of this in the *Tampa Times*.

WH: Well, I got a part of this, and I know I should have another part.

CB: (inaudible)

WH: My cousin that comes down—I haven't been out there in years, you know. (inaudible) he wore them out showing them to people.

CB: (laughs) Oh, no.

WH: Up in Michigan.

CB: Oh, no. Okay, *Tampa Times*, August 25, 1980. Wow, look at that, and it's in section A; you made the front section. Okay, and this was—this was when your dad was eighty-nine; this was still a ways before he died.

WH: It's not a good picture. Oh, he did have his glasses on, but that's not very good. Anyway, when it starts out reading it tells something like what I was telling you a bit about.

CB: But now it says something like the homes are poorly constructed?

WH: Well, I guess they didn't—

CB: Seasonal cottages.

WH: Make them. Yeah, they didn't make 'em—

CB: Make 'em like this one.

WH: Didn't have a inspection or whatever you call it.

CB: Right, and a grab bag, that's what you were talking about. Duplexes and everything else up here. Oh, what's this about broken promises? Oh, large-scale demolition, did we

have large-scale demolition coming in here? Well, I guess when the dog track took down the Arcade. Feeling of helplessness. Wilma, you do not strike me as a lady who feels helpless.

WH: I used to rake my yard going, “Oh, God.”

CB: But we’re getting an increase in the duplexes. Are you seeing that now?

WH: They quit that, they quit that later; they stopped after they got a big mess of them. Sandy Freeman wouldn’t want one next to her house.

CB: (laughs) So is there any building going on in Sulphur Springs?

WH: There’s some. I see new houses going up in vacant lots, like going out to my sister’s, haven’t been out that way in a long time. Alaska Street looks like some nice houses was built across from our old house.

CB: Right, right. That’s fantastic. Oh, I like it. Okay. You’ve made some notes. Did we cover what you wanted to?

WH: I just started out with his parents—they decided to take a vacation and go to Florida. I just scribbled this down.

CB: Oh, that’s in 1916.

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: Oh, that’s right, you (inaudible).

WH: Then he came back eight years later and he was already married then to my mother, and four kids. They didn’t waste any time. They came back eight years later in twenty-four [1924].

CB: Right, right. And that’s when he went into real estate, in 1924.

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: So now, is this the last thing that the family owns, is this property you're in right now?

WH: Mm-hm.

CB: So once it's sold, there's no more Hensel ownership in Sulphur Springs.

WH: My dad's aunt, my great-aunt, owned where the museum is on River Cove. That's a house like one of these houses I showed you; it still stands, but the museum's torn down.

CB: Right. If this is considered a historical building, will they allow you to sell it or will only certain people be allowed to buy?

WH: I don't know what they'll do. Now, when we sold to him next door, we got proof from the city that we could sell it to him (inaudible) whatever; of course when he got it he didn't care (inaudible). I used to get a headache every week.

CB: I can imagine.

WH: Every month.

CB: Well, listen, you have just been wonderful. I appreciate you so much, and I know the Sulphur Springs historical association's gonna appreciate you. (laughs)

WH: But as far as Sulphur Springs (inaudible). Here's a picture—my mother wasn't in this picture, but my stepmother was.

CB: Is that the family?

WH: We all got together. There's one boy that's not on there; he's thirty-three years old, so he's not in the picture.

CB: Now, where are you?

WH: I was sick that day. I had to cancel my hair appointment. So she was in Atlanta (inaudible). I had to sit on the vanity or the stove and comb my hair, I was so sick. I didn't have a headache, but I just didn't feel good. This is my stepmother; she had Parkinson's. This is the girl that lived in Bartow. This is her brother that's a dentist. This is her other brother (inaudible), and there's her older sister, Sharon. She doesn't have any children (inaudible). Now this is my brother who just passed away; his wife died some time ago. This is Edward the twin and there's his sister (inaudible) and her husband; he's real short. There's Gladys and her husband. Their son came back from Vietnam about a year later and died of leukemia. But that wasn't—he didn't get it from there. That's his other brother. And let's see. There's (inaudible); he's the one that's got a birthday today. There's his little sister right there; she's a nurse at Moffitt.

End of interview