

<http://www.native-languages.org/state-names.htm>

Mississippi Misiziibi, which is the native name of the Mississippi River in the Ojibwe language. Ojibwe is not actually a native language of Mississippi state– the language is spoken near the source of the Mississippi River in Minnesota, which is where the river got its name, and the state was later named after the river. Literally the name means "great river."

County History

<http://www.washingtoncountymn.us/>

Washington County was created January 29, 1827 by an act which recited that "So much of the counties of Yazoo and Warren as lies west of the Yazoo River, beginning on the right bank of said river, where the Choctaw boundary lines strikes the same."

Washington County was formed under the First Mississippi Constitution (1817-1832) on January 29, 1827, largely from the western part of Yazoo County and also from the northern part of Warren County. It was the state's 22nd county to organize. Washington County was named for George Washington (1723-1799) of Virginia., the commanding general of the Continental Army and the first President of the United States (1789-1797). Greenville, the seat of the county government, was named for General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary War fame. Washington County is located in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta soil area in the northwest part of the state, bordering the Mississippi River and state of Arkansas.

Literary Greenville by Mary Dayle McCormick

http://mccormickbookinn.com/literary_greenville.htm

Shelby Foote once quipped, "There's nothing else to do down here, so you write." Perhaps that's why he and seven other mid-20th century Greenville authors published nearly one hundred books.



Foote also noted that the living presence of poet William Alexander Percy in the 1930's "was an example of a man who had written and published books, and you not only believed it could be done, you saw it could be done."

Gentleman planter, lawyer, and author of six poetry collections, William Alexander Percy (1885-1942) is best known for his eloquent memoir *Lanterns on the Levee*. In his music and book filled home, "Mr. Will" hosted some of the world's great arts figures of the day, sharing their company with his neighbors.

Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Hodding Carter, Jr. (1907-1972) credited Will Percy with bringing him to the Delta in 1936. Of Percy, Carter said, "He was a poet, mystic, and benefactor of many people ... and his friendship was the most significant experience of my life." Carter was publisher and editor of *The Delta Democrat Times*, a novelist, poet and passionate journalist quoted for his insight into human nature and history, authoring more than twenty major works.



That William Alexander Percy influenced Greenville's literary heritage is clear, but who most inspired him? A graduate of University of the South and Harvard Law School, he declared in *Lanterns on the Levee* that no greater beacon shined in his youth than Miss Caroline Stern (1868-1920). Of the consummate Greenville educator, Percy wrote, "I learned more from her of what the good life is and of how it may be lived than from almost anyone else." Miss Carrie achieved only local recognition as a poet and painter, but no one can measure the breadth of her success as the "Mother of Greenville Authors."



Encyclopedia of Southern Jewish Communities (<http://www.isjl.org/history/archive/ms/greenville.htm>)

Greenville, Mississippi

Known as the "Queen City of the Mississippi Delta," Greenville had a reputation as the most cosmopolitan and open-minded city in the state. With the rise of cotton agriculture in the Delta, Greenville emerged as a major port town on the Mississippi River. Its status as the primary port city in the most fertile cotton-growing region in the country attracted growing numbers of Jewish merchants. For much of the 20th century, Greenville had the largest Jewish population in Mississippi, though in recent decades the community has declined along with the Delta itself.



In 1870, when Greenville was officially incorporated as a town, there were approximately 25-30 Jewish families who lived within its borders. This time period, however, was grueling for all Greenville citizens, causing major hardships for both the Jewish and non-Jewish members of the community. Like many other parts of the South, Greenville was decimated by the Civil War. Though their loss of life and property was great, Greenville citizens were quick to rebuild....

Hardship once again struck the citizens of Greenville when in 1878 an epidemic of yellow fever killed one-third of the population.... In order to deal with the massive loss of life, Mrs. Harriet Blanton Theobald, a major wealthy figure in the town, donated a large tract of her estate as a cemetery...

Despite these disasters, a small Jewish community took root in Greenville. Morris Weiss, one of the earliest Jews in Greenville, opened the first Jewish-owned business in town in 1864. Weiss was born in Prussia and first landed in New York City. He later went to New Orleans, and from there peddled his way up to Greenville. He finally saved enough money to open a store. In order to expand the success of his dry goods store, Weiss hired Nathan Goldstein, who eventually married his daughter, Emaline Weiss. Upon the death of Morris Weiss, Hannah Weiss joined Nathan Goldstein in running the business of her late husband. She effectively became the family matriarch, asserting her influence over the Witkowskys, Witts, Brills, Hirsches, and Moyses, all of whom married into her family. She was



influential in keeping the family close, with many of her children remaining in her home even after they were married. She was essential to business and community endeavors. Her efforts yielded not only a large, tightly knit family and a successful dry goods store, but also significant funding for the nascent Jewish congregation.

Hannah Weiss' son-in-law and eventual business partner, Nathan Goldstein, also displayed the ingenuity and resourcefulness that marked the Jewish population of Greenville. Despite his upbringing in the Jewish orphanage in New Orleans, Goldstein was an entrepreneur from an early age. By the time he was fourteen, he had set up a stand in the French Quarter in order to provide for his poor immigrant mother and his sister Sara. Upon arrival in

Greenville, Goldstein served as an important political figure in the community. When the town judge was found to be corrupt, Nathan Goldstein served on the committee to replace him. When Greenville was in a state of disarray from the Great Fire of 1878, he served as a member of the temporary operating government. He served as vice president of the local Jewish congregation and even donated \$10,000 to the new Greenville High School. A plaque in the gymnasium commemorates his generous gift. Unfortunately, his charitable nature had detrimental effects on his overall finances, and at the time of his death he had lost much of his fortune.

Jews enjoyed tremendous acceptance and opportunities in Greenville. Nathan Goldstein was not the only Jewish Greenvillian who was involved in civic affairs. Leopold Wilzinski served as the first elected mayor of Greenville in 1875. Jacob Alexander also served as mayor of Greenville in the late 19th century. Alexander Street in Greenville was named after him. (Goldstein Street was named for Nathan Goldstein). Theodore Pohl also held many local offices. In the late 19th century, Alexander, Goldstein and Pohl were omnipresent in community affairs. During the Yellow Fever outbreak of 1878, much of Greenville's population fled the city. Only three elected officials remained in the city during the outbreak, two of whom were Nathan Goldstein and Theodore Pohl....



The Jewish community of Greenville continued to grow during the first part of the 20th century. One correspondent in 1908 reported that 85 Jewish families lived in town. In 1937, 450 Jews lived in the city, and they made up a significant part of Greenville's merchant class. As early as 1877, one local Jew writing to the American Israelite newspaper in Cincinnati claimed that "the business of the town is almost wholly in the hands of our co-religionists." At the turn of the century, there were three large Jewish-owned department stores in town: Leyser & Co.; Hafter's; and Nelms & Blum. Perhaps the most notable Jewish store was opened by Sam Stein in 1908. Stein had come to New York from

Russia in 1905, and eventually settled in Greenville. He started as a traveling peddler selling merchandise to farmers throughout the Mississippi Delta. After a few years, he opened his own clothing store in downtown Greenville. From these humble beginnings in Greenville, Stein Mart has grown into a large, publicly-traded retail chain, with stores across the country.

Jews also worked directly in the cotton trade, some as factors and others as plantation owners. Many early members of the Greenville Jewish community came to own large farms. Other Greenville Jews joined the professional ranks as doctors and lawyers. David L. Cohn, the writer who famously observed, "The Mississippi Delta begins in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel [in Memphis] and ends on catfish row in Vicksburg" lived in Greenville.

Jews became part of the community and culture of Greenville. During the civil rights era, members of the community were torn between support for the "southern way of life" they had embraced, and the values of their Judaism. In 1963, when the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the national

organization of Reform Judaism, invited Dr. Martin Luther King to speak at its biennial convention, members of the Greenville congregation wrote to the Union protesting the invitation. Congregation president Bernard Goodman wrote that such outward support of civil rights would endanger the acceptance Jews had long enjoyed in Greenville. The congregation board voted to stay neutral on the issue of civil rights. This letter reflects the unique position of southern Jews, showing that on some issues they had more in common with southern whites than northern Jews.

In some cases, however, Jews were able to serve as an intermediary during the struggle for civil rights, and sometimes played a quiet role in accommodating social change. When local newspaper editor Hodding Carter angered Greenville segregationists with his cautious support for racial justice, Jewish businessmen continued to advertise in the paper despite calls for a boycott. This financial support gave Carter the freedom to challenge the status quo in Mississippi. Other examples involve personal relationships. Goldie Williams, an African American woman, was able to escape the often oppressive work of picking cotton when she was hired by Sidney Goodman, who owned a clothing store that prided itself on a policy of "treating people like people." Goldie Williams recalls receiving an unheard of "thank you" for the first time at Goodman's, as well as enjoying a workplace atmosphere of trust and mutual respect. The friendship between Sidney Goodman and Goldie Williams developed into a long term sharing of troubles and joys, and lasted more than four decades.

The Jewish community of Greenville reached its peak size in 1968, with 700 Jews. Since then, the Jewish population has declined sharply as economic opportunity has withered in the Mississippi Delta. In 2001, only about 120 Jews lived in the Greenville area. What was for a long time the largest Jewish community in Mississippi has now followed the demographic trend of so many other small town communities. Today, the Greenville community is aging with no new generation growing to replace it. Despite this demographic reality, the Jews of Greenville still work to preserve their religious and cultural traditions.

American Slave Narratives

Holt Collier, Mississippi

Collected by the Federal Writers Project, Works Progress Administration

<http://newdeal.feri.org/asn/asn03.htm>

Holt Collier from SOURCE MATERIAL FOR MISSISSIPPI HISTORY, Washington County, from microfilm; Compilation and Interview and Additional material; Historian, Lottie Armistead; Eunice Stockwell

Prominent Negroes.

Holt Collier – Was born in Greenville in 1848, died in Greenville August 1st, 1936, and he was through almost his entire life a remarkable colored citizen of Washington County. He was an ex-slave and a Confederate soldier. He did a great deal for the uplift of his race. He achieved great distinction as a hunter of big game, killing bear all over the country, some on grounds where Greenville homes

and public buildings now stand. He gained notice by being in the hunting party of President Theodore Roosevelt, when he came to Washington county in quest of this sport. Holt Collier in relating this colorful incident in his life said: "The President of the United States was anxious to see a live bear the first day of the hunt. I told him he would see that bear if I had to tie it and bring it to him." Collier made good his word. Before the day ended the President had seen the gay old bruin. Upon his return to Washington Mr. Roosevelt sent to Holt a rifle duplicating the one he had used on the hunt, and which Holt had so admired.

HOLT COLLIER

Too feeble to rise unaided from his stout oak rocking chair, Holt Collier, nonegenarian, ex-slave and Washington county's most colorful citizen, sits in his own little home on North Broadway.

For many years Holt's erect and sturdy figure was a familiar sight on Greenville streets. A stranger would have noticed his bearing, his dark face with iron gray mustache and Vandyke beard and the broad-brimmed felt hat he always wore. Now, the wide hat, similar to those worn by officers in the Confederate army, shades his failing eyes when he sits on the little porch of his home watching the passersby.

Holt Collier was born in Jefferson county in 1848; he lived there only a short while, however, because he was brought by his master, Howell Hinds, son of General Hinds, to Washington county when he was only a small boy. Holt's master, to whom he was devoted, traveled back and forth to the old home in Jefferson county; to New Orleans, to Louisville and to Cincinnati and Holt always accompanied him in the capacity of juvenile valet. Traveling at that time was done mostly by boat, and Holt recalls quite a number of the boats that plied the river in the halcyon days of the steamboat.

At the age of twelve, Holt was sent with his master's sons to Bardstown, Kentucky. All the boys were expected to attend school, but Holt's love of hunting caused him to "play hookey" while the others studied. He often hid his gun in the spring house, returned for it later and slipped away to the fields and forest to hunt instead of going to the school room. Though Mr. Hinds never succeeded in having the boy educated in books, he, however, trained Holt to be honorable, truthful and trustworthy, and this training was evident throughout his life.

Holt tells us that at the time when the Civil War began, he was living on Plum Ridge, the Hind's plantation, south of the present city of Greenville. Mr. Howell Hinds, later Colonel Hinds and always spoken of by Holt as "The Old Colonel", and his son, Tom, were making ready to join the Confederate forces. When Holt Collier, then only fourteen years of age, learned of his master's preparations for departing, he asked to go with them. To Holt's great disappointment, however, his master and Tom agreed that the little colored boy was too young to enter the army. "I begged like a dog, but they stuck to it - 'You are too young'", Holt relates.

In front of Old Greenville, seven steamboats were waiting to transport the volunteers from the surrounding country to Memphis; from there they were to be sent to training camps. During the afternoon the "Old Colonel" and Tom left for Old Greenville, prepared to join the men already gathered on the river bank. Night came; the dense forest and the cypress brakes between Plum Ridge and the little town of Greenville became very dark. Through this darkness, the young colored boy made his way toward the river and its flotilla of steamboats. Arriving at the village, he loitered at the store of a Jewish merchant, Mr. Rose, and at a propitious moment, he slipped aboard the "Vernon",

climbing up the back of the boat to the kitchen where he hid himself. While Holt was in hiding, a man entered the kitchen and beckoning him to come near, Holt won the man's sympathy and aid in carrying out his plan to follow his master to the army. Arrangements were made for Holt to occupy a small room adjoining the kitchen and the cook, whom Holt had seen on the "Vicksburg", proved friendly. "He hid me during the trip and told me when to get off at Memphis," Holt tells. The soldiers from the boat having gone ashore, the cook thought that the time was ripe for Holt to make his appearance. Leaving the shelter of the "Cook-house", he climbed up the high banks at the Memphis landing to find his master standing with a group of officers, among whom were General Bedford Forrest and General Breckenridge. No more was said of Holt's youth and he went into training at Camp Boone; it was in Tennessee. He served as a soldier and did not go as a body-servant to Colonel Hinds.

After drilling for a time at Camp Boone, he was sent with his company into Kentucky. His first taste of war came in a fight at a bridge over Green River and there he met his "Old Colonel" again. During the four years conflict, he served with the Texas Cowboys, Ross' Brigade and was under Colonel Dudley Jones at the close of the struggle. After the surrender, he returned to Washington County with his master and Tom Hinds.

About that time he began to achieve distinction as a hunter. He killed bear all over the county, some of which were killed where Greenville homes and public buildings now stand.

Quail matches were the fashion then and at various times Colonel Hinds pitted his man, Holt, against such sportsmen as Major Keep of Mayersville, Mississippi, Jeff Brown and Major Lawrence of Louisville. In a noted match with Mr. Lomax Anderson of Lake Village, Arkansas, Holt won for Colonel Hinds a purse of one thousand dollars in gold.

Having killed 2212 bear, after which he says, "I just quit counting", Holt and the famous pack of dogs, which he had trained, were known by hunters and sportsmen, not only in the Delta but in other states. When the great bear hunt for President Theodore Roosevelt was planned, it was quite natural that Mr. John M. Parker of Louisiana chose Holt to select the hunting grounds and lead the chase.

"One day Major Helm came to me", says Holt, "and said: 'If you can get things ready in a month and not let anybody know what you're doing, President Roosevelt will go hunting with us'. I got things ready; found a beautiful campin' place. I was boss of the hunt. Along came the President with a car-load of guards, but he left all but one of 'em in the car. Anyway he was safer with me than with all the policemen in Washington. The President was a pleasant man; when he was talking he'd stop every little while to ask other people's opinion. Sometimes he asked my opinion about something, and he talked to me about as much as he did to anybody else; he had a thousand questions to ask. We sat on a log to talk and in ten minutes, thirty-five people were sitting on the log. It was going to be a ten day hunt, but the President was impatient. 'I must see a live bear the first day,' he said. I told him he would if I had to tie one and bring it to him. Mr. Foote made fun of me. The President looked doubtful, but Mr. Percy and Major Helm said I could do it."

Holt tells that he got on the trail of a bear fairly early next morning. In following the dogs, he left the party far behind; at noon or shortly after, the bear headed for the lake where the chase had started. The rest of the party were to meet him there. "We got to the lake", he continued, "and the bear went right into the water. The party had returned to camp. I followed the bear into the lake with my Texas rope on my arm. I slicked up the rope with the blue mud from the bottom. I had one dog in the water with me; he tangled with the bear and they went under. I kicked the bear and he stuck his head up.

While he was shaking the water from his eyes, I dropped the rope over his head, moved back about ten feet or so, and tied it to a tree. The bear was old, but he was fat; he had gray hair on his paws and head, and he had two big black teeth. That bear killed several fine dogs for me."

The pack Holt was using was one for which he had been offered a thousand dollars, but he had kept them.

"I went to camp and brought 'em down to see the bear. I had tied it but wouldn't take it to the President like I'd said I would. When they all got there the President ran into the water, and I said to him, with my head down, 'Don't shoot him while he's tied.' Everybody tried to get him to do it but he couldn't. Some of the other gentlemen wanted to shoot the bear, but I knew the dogs would rush in and get killed before the bear died, so I told 'em if they gave me fifteen hundred dollars for the dogs they could have the bear. They didn't want him after that.

The President had seen his bear and everybody was getting ready to go back to camp. One of my best friends, Mr. John Parker, came up to me and said, 'Holt, I want that bear; how can I get him? I told him to follow me and I'd show him. He followed me into the water. I teased the bear out to the end of his rope and put my hand on his back; he couldn't get at me, but everybody thought I was crazy. I told Mr. Parker to take the knife out of my belt and stick the bear. I put my finger over his heart, where I wanted him to stab him.

When the knife went in, the bear jumped. Mr. Parker nearly pushed me on top of the bear, trying to get out of the lake and left me to pull the knife out of the bear he had stabbed.

Back in camp that night the President told me I was the best guide and hunter he'd ever seen. Mr. Foote didn't laugh at that either."

Upon his return to Washington, Mr. Roosevelt sent to Holt a rifle just like one he had used on his hunt and which Holt had admired.

This master hunter tells that sixty years ago this country was a hunter's paradise. It is fascinating to listen to his tales of gun and woods. He gave a list of animals in Washington county 60 years ago, as follows: bear, deer, raccoon, opossum, fox, wild hog, wild-cat, pole-cat, mink, weasel, otter, beaver, squirrel, rabbit, field rat, meadow mouse, chipmunk, panther, and wolf.

Birds he mentioned were: wild turkey, quail, woodcock, dove, snipe, plover, rail, wild geese, wild ducks of many kinds, pelican, swan, crane, heron of many kinds, flights of parakeets, wild pigeons, rice birds, starlings, blackbirds, cedar birds, mocking-birds, bluebirds, flickers, yellow-hammers, yellow-bill cockoos, kingfishers, catbirds, swallows, wood-peckers, martens, thrush, butcher-birds, wrens, jaybirds, and robins only in the winter. (They now nest here and spend the summer.)

"Memories of Greenville" by Mrs. Eilene Hazel

Presented November 23, 1986 to the WCHS

From The Journals of the
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
http://www.tecinfo.com/~wchipman/washco_hist/memories%20of%20greenville.html

I grew up in a wonderful time in the little town of Greenville. It was not a city then, it was a river town. It was so nice because when I was a little girl. You didn't buy beer at the grocery store. There weren't beer cans thrown out in the street. We didn't have a lot of litter bugs. If anyone mentioned dope, they were talking about somebody who wasn't too smart. It was a good time for children to grow up and have a lot of fun.

My father came to Greenville when he was about seven years of age. His father was a Yankee Irishman who settled in Alabama and had a saloon. When the saloon burned, my grandmother was very happy. They then moved to Greenville and my grandfather worked for an engineer/contractor who built rail lines. Railroad construction took my grandfather to many locations, such as Harrison, Arkansas, but the family always lived in Greenville.

My father went to school at Archer School in the south end of town. Archer School was located on a block near the Levee bounded by Johnson Street on the north, Percy on the south, Hinds Street on the east and Shelby on the west. That block was later known as Archer Park, where the Junior Auxiliary built their school. More recently, the Greenville Boys' Club was built on the south side of Archer Park. After the Archer School was torn down, the land was left to the public with the understanding that it could only be used for children's activities, so that is why the Junior Auxiliary and others got to use it for their youth activities.

When my father went to Archer School, E. E. Bass was the Superintendent of Schools, Charlie Lee Park was the coach, Ben Hatch was the principal, and Miss Carrie Stern and Miss Poole were among the teachers. Among my father's fellow students were Margaret Wortham (who later became Mrs. John Kirk, Sr.), Ann Thomas (who married Mr. Howard Dyer, Sr.), Kenneth Haxton, Sr., and his future wife, Elise Blum. When my uncles came along, Brodie Crump was with them in school.

Andrew N. Alexander, Sr. also attended Archer School. His son, Murry Alexander, has a picture of his father on the football team. Murry's father and my father played together on the Archer High School football team.

When my father finished school, he went to work for the railroad. My mother came from Van Wert, Ohio, to Mississippi when she was about seventeen. Her father's family originally came from Germany. When her grandfather and grandmother emigrated from Germany, he could not land in the United States because of the Civil War. They had to go and stay in Canada for a while. He later became a country doctor in Ohio. His son, my grandfather, was 3 years old when his parents came into this country. Why my grandfather and his brother decided to leave Ohio to come south and open a stave mill at Richey, Mississippi (near Delta City), I don't know. My grandmother was such a religious

woman that it worried her that they did not have a church there. After she arrived at Richey, my mother, together with a Mrs. Furr, started a Sunday School.

There was a branch railroad from the C&G Railroad that went out to Richey, Mississippi, on the Sunflower River.' It was called the "Richey Branch." Richey is where my father met my mother. There were quite a few stores and hotels, but no church. When my father and mother wanted to get married, that posed a problem. My mother came into Greenville on the Richey Branch line and bought the material for her wedding suit from Hafter's Department Store. After she made her wedding dress, all the families got on the train and rode to Leland. A preacher came on the train, and my mother and daddy were married on the train.

After their marriage, my father and mother moved to Greenville. After my mother died, we found the cash bill of sale from Ham's Furniture Store where she bought furniture when she started housekeeping. Dining room chairs were \$1.50.

I was born in Grandmother Shepherd's house on South Broadway. We lived near the light plant. The light plant was located on the east side of Broadway, the first thing after you crossed the C&G Railroad going south, across from Dennis Grocery. [This site still belongs to Mississippi Power & Light Company which acquired the local electric company.] Mr. Lynn ran the light company. Next to the electric generation plant was Roy Shepherd's house, Ted Shepherd's mother's and father's house and Mary Louise Pace's. Mr. Roy Shepherd was head of the gas company. Coal gas was manufactured across Broadway in the white building between the two railroad tracks which is now [1986] owned by Richard Eskridge and used as a warehouse. There was very little gas used in Greenville. People used coal, wood, anything they could get for fuel.

The house next to the light company was Grandmother Shepherd's house where I was born. Behind that house on Clay Street was Clarence Shepherd's house. The house where I was born was later occupied by Dorothy Woods and her husband and later, I think, by Kelton Smith.

Our family moved across Broadway Street next to the Dennis Grocery. Mr. Dennis was Inis McMillan's father. Inis' uncle ran the store. Behind the grocery store, facing the railroad, was Dennis-Shield's Ice Company. Inis' father ran the ice/coal company.

There were beautiful homes all up and down South Broadway, all the way from the present Broadway Loop to Alexander Street. There were also beautiful homes on Central Street, on Main Street and on Washington Avenue.

We didn't have cars and rode the streetcar. The streetcar system was a wondrous thing. It went down Broadway to where the Broadway Loop starts, came up to the corner of Broadway and Central where the Central Fire Station is now located, turned toward the levee, went north on to Poplar Street, up Washington Avenue to the Courthouse, then down Washington, over to Fairview and on to Greenway Park (Harty Park). You could ride the streetcar for a nickel.

Mr. Pender was the streetcar motorman. He never smiled; he said very little. He was a meek, mild, little man - polite to everyone. If a woman wanted to stop and get a spool of thread, he would stop the streetcar and hold it until she came back. I was also told about a prominent businessman who got on the streetcar every day. He offered a \$20.00 bill for his nickel fare. Mr. Pender could never change

that \$20.00 bill. One day he took the \$20.00 bill, stopped the streetcar, went in the bank and gave the man \$20.00 worth of nickels.

My mother had five children. We had moved up Broadway to one of Miss Kathleen Harty's houses, at the corner of Valiant Street and Broadway. Right next door to us was Mrs. Young's Boarding House. Mrs. Young was the mother of Georgie Belle Cottingham and Carl Young.

My grandmother had died before I was born. My grandfather lived with us. He was a very good building contractor. Our family finally bought an old house straight across Theobald Street from the boiler works (later owned by Greenville Marine) right next door to the railroad tracks. Every time the train passed it shook the house. My father started working for the Y&MVRR, working at night to make more money.

The only women who worked were those who taught school, telephone operators, and the ladies in the dry goods stores. Most women stayed home and took care of their children. My mother had Liza who came and did the washing and ironing. Once a month mother would walk down the alley, catch the streetcar on Broadway, go to town to pay the bills (lights, water, and gas), shop for material at Nelms & Blum or the Leyser Building, and catch the streetcar on its loop back. My mother never had or drove a car. She walked or rode the streetcar every place she wanted to go.

We didn't have TV. We didn't have cars to ride around. We entertained ourselves by playing games. Because we had a corner street light, we would have 30 kids playing on our banquette. We played in our own yards. There was also a miniature golf course, a see-saw, circuses, parades, and political rallies. Of course, we had the public library. I remember when the Boy Scouts moved the books to the present building.

The circus came in from Clarksdale on the Y&MV and went out on the C&G or came from Greenwood on the C&G and went out on the Y&MV to Clarksdale. As the man who worked on the switch engine, my father always got passes. We attended every circus that came to Greenville. We also had the advantage that the circus unloaded on Washington Avenue or on Broadway right by Dennis Grocery. The animals would wake us up. We would go to watch them unload. School would be let out early and all the children headed over to Washington Avenue for the circus parade.

There were two circus grounds. One was on the "south end" where the Broadway Loop is now. The other was on Washington Avenue at the place where Frank Ciolino's house was later located. We could walk to the circus if it was on Broadway. If it was on Washington Avenue, we rode the streetcar. It was almost like a fair. People put up booths all along the street, selling cookies, lemonade, cotton candy and balloons.

Parades included July 4th and Armistice Day, but no Christmas Parade. I can remember military parades with horses, Innocent Loyocano with his American Legion cap, but not much of a band. All parades started at the Courthouse, went down Washington Avenue to the levee, over to Main Street and back up Main to the starting point.

After the 1927 flood, the bricks on Washington Avenue were "turned" with WPA labor. The flood had damaged the bricks and the street was no longer level.

Political rallies were at the Washington County Courthouse. Often political rallies included free fish fries.

At Greenway Park (Harty Park) there was an old pavilion, which no longer exists. This was also a site of political rallies and dances. People in Greenville were not sure if dancing was a sin, so they didn't have as many as some other towns. There was an old slough in the back of Greenway Park which was turned into a wading pool. The wading pool was finally filled in.

Everyone knew everyone in Greenville. Church going was a social event.

We went to the Methodist Church. We attended Sunday School and church. On Christmas Eve, the children were given apples and oranges and a pageant was held. I was an angel in the Christmas Eve pageant.

Mr. Kretschmar was Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. When he talked, his head turned constantly. Judge Bell and his family were the first ones to stand up at the chord of a song. Mrs. Edmund Taylor and her family were leaders in the Methodist Church. Bessie J. Taylor, Frankie Harding's mother, was my Sunday School teacher.

Many of the buildings in Greenville at the time of my youth no longer exist. The gorgeous Presbyterian Church at the corner of Washington and Theobald was tom down after the church moved to its present location. The Office Supply Company building was built on the site of the old Presbyterian Church. Beautiful St. James' Episcopal Church was where Trustmark Bank is now. The First Methodist Church built in 1903 was torn down in 1949 and a new sanctuary built. Next to the First Methodist Church was a sanitorium. I was born in that sanitorium. The old King's Daughters Hospital was located at the corner of Arnold where the Bessie J. Taylor Home is now.

Miss Susie B. Trigg and the Berrys lived in a house with a big screen porch on Washington Avenue where the Firestone Store is now [1986] located.

The Baptist Church was located on the corner of Main and Hinds where the sanctuary of the present First Baptist Church is now. On the corner of Alexander and North Hinds was the white frame building of the Christian Church. Mrs. Norma O'Bannon was a leader in that church. That building no longer exists.

Only the St. Joseph Catholic Church and the Hebrew Union Temple are the same as when I was a child.

Some businesses and public buildings are the same as when I was a child, one is the Washington County Courthouse. The Goyer Company building still exists, but it doesn't look the same because it is painted white instead of brown. The old Elks Club at the corner of Washington and Hinds has been altered and is now painted green. The Greenville Bank and Trust acquired the old United States Post Office, but this building is going to be torn down. The Weinberg Building exists at this time [1986] but is to be torn down. The former First National Bank Building, St. Joseph's Catholic Church, the Hebrew Union Temple and Masonic Temple are the only major buildings left on Main Street.

Almost all of the lovely homes downtown on Washington Avenue and Main Street are gone - the Ham home on Main, the Edmund Taylor home, the Alexander home (at the corner of Washington and

Harvey where WABG's TV studio was built), the Thomas home (on the Trustmark National Bank site), and the Scott home (on the corner of Washington and Broadway, where Mollie Swartz' grandmother lived).

Near these lovely homes was a tent where Mr. Brown took photographs year round. There were no zoning laws in those days!

In addition to the residences and businesses I have mentioned, I understand they are going to tear down the Frankel House. The Campbell home and the Council home are gone. The Archer home on North Hinds at Alexander is one of the few downtown residences to survive.

On South Broadway, the Bell home, the Kate Archer home, the McMann home and the Sammy Anderson house are gone. The Percy home on the corner of Broadway and Percy was torn down in the 1960's. It was not a big house originally. It was rebuilt from a bungalow. The beautiful home where W. A. Percy's two aunts lived is still on the corner of Broadway and Percy Street.

Joe Weilenman tried to preserve the Moore house in the 300 Block of South Broadway by restoring it as an architect office, but it was destroyed by fire in 1977. Mrs. Nellie Griffin's house is in ruins. Nellie Griffin taught kindergarten at Central School.

When I went to school, there were three elementary schools for white students in Greenville. There was Court School on North Poplar, so called because the courthouse used to be located on this site. In 1949, the Court Street School was replaced with the Susie Trigg Elementary School (later renamed Jesse McBride Elementary School). There was Central School (which was torn down and replaced with the building which is now Darling School) and Starling School (which is now the Greenville Public School District Central Office building). Starling and Court Schools both went up to the sixth grade. Central School went to the eighth grade. The children who came in from Winterville by bus went to Court School. When children reached the seventh and eighth grade, they all went to Central School.

Buddy Branton could run out the back door of the Central School to his house when the bell rang; so could Margaret Wortham.

We walked to Central School. We left home with black bloomers and black stockings. Boys wore knee pants and black stockings. By the time we got down to Valliant Street, we took off the shoes, tied the strings together, stuck the socks in the toes of the shoes, and we waded Valliant Street, Percy Street, and Central Street.

My brothers could go right on up Theobald and go into the Central School building. I couldn't. I had to walk one block to Broadway, then all the way on Broadway to school. The boys stayed on their side of the school and the girls stayed on their side. You didn't cross the sidewalk. If the boys' marbles came on our side, they didn't come after them. We threw them back.

When it rained, the students could go down into the basement. The boys had a big room and the girls had a big room. If you were wet, they had grills where heat came up from the furnaces and the teachers just let you stand and dry out and then come in the room.

When I was in the eighth grade, the new E. E. Bass Junior High School was completed on South Main. Central School became an elementary school only after that.

Neighborhood grocery stores delivered groceries to customers. Grocery stores were not the only place to buy food. Turnip greens and vegetables were sold from wagons.

Citizens of Greenville told time by the whistles at Chicago Mill and the oil mills.

These are some of my memories of Greenville when I was a young girl.

Additional Resources:

<http://mlkblvd.wordpress.com/category/greenville-ms/>

Images and dispatches from streets, boulevards, drives, etc. named for Martin Luther King, Jr.

<http://www.jgwchpc.com/markers.htm>

Historical Highway Markers in Washington County, Mississippi

<http://www.jgwchpc.com/sites1.htm>

State Landmarks in Washington County, MS