

Falconer, Julie
April 3, 2001

START OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE

JENNIFER NARDONE: This is Jennifer Nardone interviewing Julie Falconer on April 4 (it was the 3rd), 2001, in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and I was hoping we could start just by having you tell me, oops--

JULIE FALCONER: Where the top of your pen is.

JN: Where the top of the my pen is, and, where your family's from and how you ended up in Chapel Hill and when you came, and just a little background.

JF: My mother was from Iowa, my dad from Pennsylvania, they were both first generation American. My father's father came from Naples, Italy, his mother came from Polish Germany. My mother's parents both came from Dublin, Ireland, and it's too long a story to relate how they ended up here, much of which had to do with the Catholic Church and some difficulties there. So, eventually, they met, got married, my dad--they started out in South Carolina, moved to Georgia, then moved to Chapel Hill in 1957.

JN: So you were a teenager when they came.

JF: I was.

JN: What year were you exactly?

JF: Do you have a calculator?

JN: Well, you graduated in '62--

JF: Thirteen. Thirteen.

JN: Okay. So you started in Chapel Hill when you were in junior high or so?

JF: Yes.

JN: Can you tell me a little bit about what your first impressions of Chapel Hill and the school and your schoolmates?

JF: Well, I don't think there was much to be impressed about. I mean, it was a one, freestanding building on Franklin Street. And we met in the basement, actually, because the building had other offices in it. It was the elementary--not the elementary school, but what today would be middle school, I guess. But it was junior high, what we call junior high then. And we only had two floors of the building, as I recall, then. So, I remember the basement and having to go in the outside from downstairs, into the basement to class. I don't remember much of anything about classmates. Nothing negative, nothing truly specific. Perhaps because that was first time in that school, and you'd think it'd be reverse. But I remember the teacher very well.

JN: Who was that?

JF: Actually he lost his license for teaching due to questionable sexual misconduct, so it's probably better not to mention his name. He still lives in Chapel Hill and I actually don't know what the outcome was, other than losing his license, and those would have been days when there probably wasn't a lot of investigation of any parents suspected. And there were actually several accusations, so I don't know how true the investigation was, and would not want to mention his name if--I have no idea what the outcome was other than he didn't teach again.

JN: This happened while you there?

JF: Actually it happened the after I went into the--my freshman year of high school. So I was actually, probably his last class or next to last class, Jennifer. It wasn't any more than two years later. Everybody heard about it.

JN: Wow. So nothing really struck you when you first came to Chapel Hill, about the school that was different from some of the other places you'd gone?

JF: No, I'd been in elementary school, in a very large elementary school in Columbia, South Carolina, so the only thing that really struck me was, this was very small. This town was extremely small. That was when Chapel Hill was still referred to as a village. A long time ago. There are people who don't even know that piece of Chapel Hill. You could go down Franklin Street and you knew every storeowner, and every businessman. It was small enough that you didn't have to pay for anything. You could put it on your dad's credit, just by trust and honor. The school was a block away from Franklin Street, so you were allowed to go up there for lunch, if you wanted to.

JN: Oh, you would leave school and go to Franklin Street for lunch?

JF: Sometimes.

JN: Do you remember the places you used to go?

JF: Sutton's on the corner. Primarily, that was everybody's hangout, and it was close enough for the time allotted, that you could make there, eat and get back to classes on time, so there weren't a lot of eating places. Hector's was still way down at the other end, and that was too far to go. Oh, drug store in the middle of the--of Franklin Street, that's still there. Oh dear. Made the best Cherry Cokes, in, probably all of North

Carolina. Oh doggoned. Why would I forget that? It'll come to me. But it's still there. Sutton's is long been gone, but this one's still there. And I think still has a counter.

JN: Oh yeah?

JF: Still has a soda counter.

JN: I'll have to look for it then. I'm sure I've been, I've probably been in there, and don't know the name either.

JF: It'll come to me.

JN: So--

JF: Sloan's!

JN: Sloan's.

JF: Sloan's.

JN: Oh, okay. So, Sloan's and Sutton's were the big places to go. This is still when Chapel Hill was almost completely still owned--the town was owned by the university.

JF: Oh yes. Owned and run by the university.

JN: Yes. But your parents were not here because of the university.

JF: No, my dad was in private business.

JN: So that must have been sort of, unusual for you. It seems maybe a lot of the--I don't, were most of the people you knew, sort of, affiliated somehow with the university?

JF: The majority of them were, but we belonged to Chapel of the Cross, which was also very university at the time, and probably still is. And so our integration into that crowd was easier than if there had been no contact. There very definitely were class

divisions. But I never really experienced being outside that, primarily because of the church contact.

JN: When you say there were definitely class divisions--can you say a little bit more about that?

JF: Well there was a university group. As it related to my age, children of university professors were the elite group, and the group to whom pandering was clearly done. There were those of us that were sons and daughters of business people. That's essentially what Chapel Hill was, business people and university. And then Carrboro was it's own division, very sadly. There was a line where--the carwash is still there. It used to be Elmer Pendergraft's gas station. And that was the dividing line. If you lived on the other side of that, you were generally the child of a tradesperson, and/or, black. And there was actually a lot of disassociation, primarily by the university group, with that group of people. I actually don't recall--they sort of kept to themselves. My parents brought us up not to notice any divisions, so that none of my brothers, one brother, and sisters or I actually ever fell to the--what's the word I want? Dictates, if you will, of the group. My mom did a lot of voluntary work throughout Chapel Hill and Carrboro for the cancer society, and we got to know everybody so that we got to know everybody. And other than being aware there were divisions because they sat in different places in school, they went to different places. Even outside the schoolyard, there was a brick wall on the front, at the street level, where ML Plaza, of course, now is. And people from Carrboro were at one end of the brick wall, and the university end was at the other end, and sometimes the business people and university mixed, but

pretty much, across the board, the Carrboro people were a separate group of people. And I actually don't know whether, in memory now, because many of them were my friends, but I don't recall talking about it, and I don't recall whether or not there were feelings about it at all. It wasn't a talked about issue. It wasn't a mainstream issue.

JN: To talk about sort of, class divisions between even the white students, or differences between even the white students.

JF: Exactly.

JN: It wasn't talked about. Where in Chapel Hill did you live? Can you give me sort of a general idea?

JF: Yes, in Greenwood.

JN: In Greenwood, okay. Did you walk to school?

JF: Sometimes. Sometimes.

JN: Was there a bus that you took as well?

JF: There was one bus in town. That's all, one great bus. Henry was the bus driver.

JN: Henry?

JF: Who, as a matter of fact, is still very much alive, and occasionally works at Merritt's filling station on Merritt Mill road.

JN: Oh wow. So you still see him?

JF: Actually, *he's* a man you ought to talk to because those were--until my senior year, Afro-Americans still had to go to the back of the bus.

JN: Right.

JF: And sit. So that he's really a resource for--

JN: Do you know his last name?

JF: I do not. But there's not a way to miss him. Everybody that's my age--I mean, if you walked into the station on Merritt Mill, all you'd have to do is ask for Henry. You don't even need a last name.

JN: Okay.

JF: It's actually been, maybe three years since I've seen him, so I'm assuming he's still living. And not far from Merritt's as a matter of fact. But I know anybody there could tell you.

JN: That's interesting.

JF: And I used to know his last name. I'm sorry. I don't remember now.

JN: That's okay. Well, that's probably the best way to find people is just go where they are and say, "Where's Henry?" So, when you were in high school, I've been looking at some of the Chapel Hill newspapers from that era, the early sixties, '59 through '62, and it was a very much talked about thing, this upcoming integration, how it was going to happen and it seemed to heavy on everyone's mind. And I'm wondering how you remember that? How you remember the leading up to the integration of Chapel Hill.

JF: Again, because I have parents that had no divisive bones in their body, we were raised to like and respect everybody we meet. So that I never had any personal feelings about it. It was a piece of history. I had black friends from Lincoln.

JN: Really?

JF: I had children who were friends of patients that my mother took care of. I had classmates who cautioned me against that.

JN: Having black friends?

JF: Having black friends. And the repercussions of that. There was a lot of fear about what was coming up because it was unknown. And a lot of the university crowd was worried about their structure being tainted, not knowing what changes it was going to bring. And you heard those things, but I was actually never a part of them. I just knew they were going on, and knew they--heard the discussions. It was my choice not to be a part. My family had black friends in our house for dinner, etcetera, which wasn't done, and so I'm sure I was probably talked about as probably my parents were. Although each parent was, my mother was woman of the year, and my father was man of the year, in those days. So that, I don't know some of that's mellowing with it, because they stood their ground, they were not people that shut the front door and shut the lights out when they had black friends in. And it, it was just a natural part of our life, so we didn't think anything about it. And we were taught not to talk about other people, and so we chose not to be a part of conversations about the negative aspects of what was coming up.

JN: So, was your family or yourself involved with any of the protests or sit-ins or anything? Was there an activism?

JF: No. No, we were not.

JN: It was just sort of, a supportive, antinegative--

JF: Well, as I said, and I don't know whether that was--I don't remember how much purpose there may or may not have been to it, in retrospect. That's a good question, Jennifer. Actually, my parents again, did not back off of their associations at all, and

even as things got hotter they didn't back off. I didn't back off of my friends. We'd go down Franklin Street with black friends, and I got criticized for that, as did others who did. I don't remember any angst about it. It was just they were my friends, and that's all that counted to me. So it wasn't done from the standpoint of "I'm gonna show you guys," and show my support by--so that, unfortunately, there wasn't any intent on my part to support it. I think it was no more than the natural relationships. I don't even remember if it dawned on me to--even my black friends never pushed, "we really need for you to support--," and I think Lincoln High helped in some senses because they had the best football team in the entire state, and the best band that ever lived. There still hasn't been a band to top Lincoln's band at the time, and so there was a comradery among kids that parents didn't always approve of, particularly on the university side, that's a natural for kids. I mean, music is breaker, and when we went to the games, I remember the first time I ever went to a football game, all the whites were on one side and all the blacks were on the other side. And it wasn't a Lincoln against Chapel Hill high game, it was some other city team, but the blacks that attended all grouped and sat on one side. And I remember that it wasn't real long before that changed. Because we had bonfires in those days, and you sang around the bonfires for games. And the mingling would take place, everybody would. Especially if any of them had instruments and anybody started a song, then everybody was together. The sad part was when you left, it went back, essentially to the way it was. While you were on the grounds, and on common ground, it was okay.

JN: So these were Chapel Hill high football games, that Lincoln high students were coming to?

JF: Yes.

JN: Or come to the bonfire, and support the team. Do you remember going to Lincoln high games as well?

JF: Yes.

JN: So, there was this sort of, connection between the sports.

JF: Well, again, I had friends there, so it was a very--.

JN: Oh, so it wasn't something Chapel Hill students did--.

JF: No it wasn't something that was routinely--there were a group of students, there were students who did support and who did know probably mostly boys. Some girls. Again, probably, as I think about it, probably people who were children of tradespeople, because they worked more, with blacks on an equal basis. The university, to the university people, the Afro-American population in Carrboro were primarily subservient and were held subservient roles. They were the maids, more than anything else. They didn't even have their own trades. That changed with time, obviously. It was usually sort of that middle group, and those of us that didn't differentiate in any way, that attended games and had a good time.

JN: So, do you think there was--do you think there was a bigger comradery, or stronger comradery between the kind of, lower class, well not lower class, but non-university kids and the Lincoln high kids, rather than the university kids and the Lincoln high kids?

JF: I think there was more association. In terms of comradery, I don't really know. I don't know if they socially joined them in activities. There was some of us that did, again because they were friends, and so it didn't dawn on us to do anything else. And I'd held leadership roles since I was in junior high, so it didn't dawn on me to separate out. It just didn't. Again, I knew it was going on, but it didn't. And I don't have a sense of memory--I'd be curious about other classmates, actually. I don't have a sense of great negativism. Even in the divisions, you simply knew who you were. And I suppose if it wanted to bother you because you weren't the son of the chancellor of the university, then it bothered you. I mean there are books written on these things. I mean fiction written on--Kazu, written off of material like this. I don't remember in all my high school years of association, divisions so strong that exclusion was the important thing. There was exclusion, but I don't ever remember it to the extend that it was problem causing. That doesn't mean that it wasn't on some levels, but it wasn't problem causing for me.

JN: You said you held leadership roles, were you in the student council, or--.

JF: I was in the student council, I was class president a couple of year, and various--.

JN: You were? Were you class president you senior year?

JF: My junior year. And vice president, I think, my senior year.

JN: And what other activities were you involved in at Chapel Hill high?

JF: I think everybody was involved in everything.

JN: Cause of the small class. I've heard that from the Lincoln students as well.

JF: It was actually very, everybody was very supportive of everybody else. Sports were a big thing, of course, and I had no, no inclination for sports whatsoever, other than to support. There were all the clubs that high schools have, there were language clubs and shop clubs and things of that nature. I tended to go toward the academic clubs. Actually, I wasn't much of a club member from that standpoint. I was on the debate team and involved in things going more toward the college route. I still remember that pretty well everyone was pretty well involved in lots of things.

JN: How many kids were in your graduating class--do you remember about?

JF: Let's see (pause). Oh my gosh--somewhere--(pause).

JN: Well, under fifty?

JF: No, somewhere between fifty and maybe seventy-five? I think.

JN: Oh, okay. Well, still, not very big.

JF: No, still very small.

JN: Do you remember every going inside Lincoln high or going over there for activities?

JF: Yes.

JN: Do you remember ever seeing Lincoln high students at Chapel Hill high?

JF: No.

(Both laugh)

JN: Was it mainly the sports that brought you to Lincoln high, or did you ever go over to see drama--

JF: No, they had some good extra-circular classes that were sponsored by the high school and held there. Career classes. They opened their band practiced to the community, which I loved. Absolutely loved.

JN: Wow. So you could go over there and listen to them rehearse?

JF: Yes. And you could watch their cheerleaders, and their majorettes.

JN: Their steppers.

JF: Yes, oh my gosh, I still have wonderful memories of that. They were incredible.

I'm not joking, I have not seen a band in the past thirty plus years to match Lincoln.

That was just one of the most incredible bands that I've ever seen and heard.

Phenomenal sound. As a matter of fact, they were the best thing about the Christmas parade.

JN: Oh really?

JF: I mean, the Christmas parade only went one block or so, maybe three floats, and I'm going to tell you, I don't care where you from in this town or area, you were out to hear Lincoln, whether they wanted to admit it or not. You went to hear Lincoln play, and to watch them strut. It was incredible, just incredible.

JN: Wow. So when you say extra-curricular classes, what do you mean by that? I'm curious.

JF: They had career oriented classes.

JN: Open to both.

JF: Open to anybody that wanted them.

JN: Open to anybody.

JF: They had open school days where anybody who wanted to go and see classrooms and look at their curriculum, and I had friends who told me about those things, and so I would go with them, just as part of their live. They had a lot of craft oriented--cooking types of classes that lots of schools do now, but I don't remember Chapel Hill high doing it, but Lincoln did.

JN: So you would go over there for that.

JF: Yes.

JN: Wow, that's interesting. Do you remember, especially I would guess your senior year, it seems like--I think it was fall of '62, which would have been right after you graduated, they started to integrate with about thirty students, mostly were under, were junior high and below. But there was a big discussion it seems like from what I've read, about whether or not to integrate the higher grades. I guess I'm wondering if there was a sense your senior year that this was going to be the last segregated class, or last all-white class, or that Chapel Hill high was--that this was the end of a certain era.

JF: Yes, there was. Again it was probably a mixture of emotions. There was enough going on around the country that I think there was some relief. I think there was, I remember some students really being fearful in my class, but relief was the predominant emotion, that didn't want to have to go through any aspect of that, and who saw it as a very negative thing. I never thought in terms of those days, of racism. Again because I wasn't raised that way and I had equal friends of both races, so I wasn't party to a lot of talk about "we don't want blacks in our school system." You

heard, actually, more adults than--I did, at any rate. There were town council meetings about it, and those of course, were broadcast around and I remember that was probably one of the first time I heard the word nigger, just thrown out all over the place. And I can remember still being physically sick from it, because my parents had taught me what a terrible term that was to use. As a matter of fact, I remember, I don't remember how old I was, probably ten or eleven or somewhere around there, and my parents had black friends and had my mother had a women in the house, who she had over for brunch. And there was a bowl of nuts out on the table, and I don't even know where I got it, but in those days--what's the big nut? Hazel--the nut, hazeltie or something, whatever it's called.

JN: Oh yeah, yeah. I know what you're talking about.

JF: It used to be called niggertoe. And I didn't even know what it meant, I just remember saying to my sisters something about, "would you move the niggertoe on the bowl," and I thought my mother was probably going to turn--I mean this woman was sitting at the table with us, who was a dear friend of hers. She actually laughed her head off, but when she was gone, my mother made it clear to me, I don't mean physically. She sat me down and explained what it meant, the derogatory side of the it, and said, "never under my roof, ever, do I want to hear," and that never left me. And in medicine, having come though medicine in the days when blacks were segregated on the floors, they were segregated in the emergency room. They were, in triage, prioritized last, didn't matter what was wrong. I really came to hate it. To despise hearing anybody call anybody else, wouldn't matter what the word was, but my feelings

came in later years, as I got into the field of medicine, less than at my actually high school years, where it was beginning, it was all around us, but, didn't affect me the same way in later years.

JN: Well, I definitely want to ask you about that, but we do, I just want to--do you remember how old you were when that happened with the nuts?

JF: I would have been, we were still in South Carolina, so I was between ten and twelve, somewhere around there.

JN: Well, I wanted to ask you anyway, what happened after you graduated from Chapel Hill high, where did you go and what did you major in?

JF: Went into nursing school at Watts in Durham. And then moved away after that.

JN: Where did you move?

JF: I went into the Navy.

JN: You went into the Navy? Wow. Did you go overseas, did you see combat? Well not combat, but the Vietnam War, were you in that, or involved in that?

JF: Yes. Let's just stay away from all that.

JN: Okay. Okay. How did you end coming back to Chapel Hill?

JF: Eventually everybody comes back. Actually my mom got sick, and I came back for that.

JN: So your parents stayed here.

JF: My parents stayed here their lifetimes. They both died in the area. They had actually moved to Hillsborough because they had reached the point where Chapel Hill had grown too big. They really loved it when it was a village. Adored it when it was a

village, and were very saddened in their later years when that wasn't the case, when you couldn't park your car anywhere, and you couldn't access anything, that was it for them. So they moved to Hillsborough, which was still, you know, still its own teeny tiny little place.

JN: How long have you been back in Chapel Hill?

JF: Probably fifteen years, fourteen or fifteen years.

JN: What do you think of the changes?

JF: I feel the same way my parents did.

JN: Really? It's too big?

JF: Yes, oh yes. It's a comparative thing. I love the state of North Carolina. I've been all over the world. I like this state. I have two sisters left in my family, that's all that left of the family. They came back, we're all back now. So there's not a--I gave thought to moving west because I have a good many friends out there, but changed my mind. I really do like the state. I like being close to Washington, I like being close to New York, I like the East Coast. So, I'll stay here.

JN: What do you think of sort of the black white relationship in Chapel Hill now compared to the sixties when you were here? There's a lot talk now about de facto segregation and de facto segregation in the schools, and that even though they have been civil rights gained, there really isn't integration in southern communities.

JF: Oh gee.

JN: I know that's a big one--

JF: And our name's published with this?

JN: Well, it's just a thought, just an observation. Maybe a better way to say it is do you see Chapel Hill really different from when you were here, or do you see a lot of the same patterns or do you think it really has changed?

JF: To tell you the truth, Jennifer, I'm not enough a part of this community. I lived in Durham, about fifteen years back I lived in Durham until about five years ago, that I made the move to Chapel Hill. I sold my house and moved over here for business reasons. Other than working the shelter, other than emergency preparedness with other churches, my primary Chapel Hill contact is church, not all the factors that go with belonging to a community. I don't go to Franklin Street because it makes me angry not to be able to park my car. I had it happen to me one time at ten o'clock in the morning and that was all I needed. So I don't go down there unless my life is going to be dependent upon it for some reason. I do watch the town council meetings. I'm a voter and I do want to know what's going on. As it relates to the integration piece, I have an awareness again, that's more related to the medical aspect of things because I deal with a lot of older people, frequently. They are the ones being hospitalized now, are sick. Most of my parents' peers are dead, but there are some of them left. And sadly enough, these many years later, they still will refer to an Afro-American Nurse's Aid II who's in their home to take care of them, as a nigger. So I don't have the city/global look, other than occurrences that may be in the newspaper or whatever. It seems to be a fairly well integrated, which I attribute to the university, and youth, and today students grew up with those changes. My group are some of the last that lived through the civil rights pieces. So my viewpoint is so focused to be related to individuals I know

that still have the same feelings, which is very sad to me. On the other hand, there's also a group of very young blacks out there, fighting for the wrong reasons, that I'm up against also in the work world. A group who's attitude is, "you owe it to me because," who had nothing to do with what their parents suffered through. Nothing to do with that. And if you want to use history as a reason to take it out on everybody else, and justify that--I suppose they consider it justification. So, those changes have come about, to where there's a really predominant, particularly in young blacks, when seen in the work world--I'm Duke faculty, where probably seventy percent of faculty, of employees at Duke are Afro-American, and I don't know if I even want to get into this. The bottom line is yes, I think there are lots of changes from that day, many for the better, some exactly the same, which I look on very sadly, and some inappropriate.

JN: Before we move on, I wanted to ask you this anyway. You just said you were Duke faculty.

JF: Yes.

JN: Now, I thought that you had own, you sort of had, your own school.

JF: I do.

JN: Can you tell what exactly you do now? All your jobs--it sounds like you have a lot.

JF: Why? It's not of any purpose.

JN: Just for context. You don't have to say, I'm just curious.

JF: Well, there are lots of things that I do. In terms of Duke, I still teach, I teach one class. I was there for fifteen years, as faculty.

JN: Wow. You teach nursing?

JF: No, I teach in the med school.

JN: In the med school? Wow.

JF: I'm a trauma expert.

JN: And you still practice nursing as well as--

JF: From the standpoint of active practice, I do--no. I'm a practitioner. I teach. I became rheumatoid twenty years ago, gradually lost function, so can't crack anybody's chest with hands that don't work. So I set up trauma centers for hospitals across the country that want them. I set up procedures, I lecture, I do--I create a lot of educational material to be used as--that's the part that's my own. I've also owned a childcare development center. I don't own it anymore, I gave it away to the senior mother, a child home school network system. Like a lot of people, there's a lot of things that interest me.

JN: Do you remember when you were at Chapel Hill, who some of your favorite teachers were?

JF: Sure.

JN: And why?

JF: My very favorite of all--the name just went right out of my head. English teacher, young, everybody else would remember her too. Very innovative. It'll come to me before time is up. Verses somewhat staid, the majority of teachers were somewhat staid but left impressions. I don't recall any that I didn't like. Mrs. Sommerfield taught math. I think she is now dead. Tall lady, with white hair then. Mrs. Rainy taught French, and--can you stop that a minute?

JN: Sure.

TAPE TURNED OFF.

TAPE TURNED BACK ON.

JF: I didn't want anybody hurt.

JN: Oh, no, that's okay, that's fine.

JF: I don't even--I'm sure she's not alive, but I don't know about family, so I wouldn't want anybody's family to read anything that anybody made fun of, but that's what we did, I'm sorry to say. But that's what high school kids do. I'm sure there are people that make fun of my attempts today. Lewis, Ms. Lewis, was, and this is just factual, it's not making fun. She was a short little woman who substituted and taught history and her favorite history character was Tom Jefferson. And so she loved talking about Thomas Jefferson. She was an extraordinarily well-endowed woman. At that point she had to be probably mid-50s or so. And she was well endowed that she could use her breasts as a counter. And so she would put her history book on top on her breasts and she would make marks in her history book.

JN: While she was standing up?

JF: While she was standing up, while she was teaching.

JN: Oh my god!

JF: We never could understand why she didn't tip. I'm dead serious, I mean just law of physics. Nobody understood why she didn't fall forward, because she was solid from under chin down to waist, but very aware of it, knew it was talked about, and knew how to humorously handle it better than any standup comic around. And actually was

a phenomenal teacher. It was just part of the joy, was watching her manipulate things with her chest.

JN: Do you remember ever talking about African American history or reading--

JF: I do not. I do not.

JN: Or, do you remember the teachers ever mentioning any of the issues going on, or any of the integration issues.

JF: No. I remember talk about slavery, but I don't remember if it was within the confines of American history and that was the limit. I don't mean sitting around talking about slavery in the halls in-between classes, but I remember slavery being discussed, and its place and its purpose. I don't ever remember integration being discussed. I don't ever remember any preparatory type of classes, seminars, anything for what was to come.

JN: So they didn't mention any of the current events that were going on at the time.

JF: Not in a formal--although I should qualify. Because I didn't hear them doesn't mean that they weren't in classes that I may not have been taking. By senior year time, I was well out of history for the most part, and classes. Chapel Hill considered itself ahead of the game educationally because it had pre-academic courses. And they actually came into being during my time. And of course were modified and perfected with time after that, and of course now its state recognized. But there were civil courses, civil history courses, etcetera. And they may well have been within the context of some of those. I took courses that went the science route, so that, except for English and literature which were favorites for me, so all I can say is that it did not

happen in a class I took, but that does not mean that it might not have happened in a formal class that might have been appropriate for it. But it was not discussed on a formal basis. It was talked about like kids talk about everything, but not formally discussed.

JN: Do you remember there being a sense of--because this is something we've sort of talked about in class a lot, this sense that Chapel Hill was a very special place, that it was a little better.

JF: Oh yes.

JN: Was there sort of, elitism in general about being in Chapel Hill?

JF: Absolutely. I still don't like it. It's still there.

JN: By the teachers as well, do you think?

JF: Actually, no, interestingly enough. I don't ever remember feeling like any students were treated any differently by any of the teachers we had. And I think most of our class would say essentially the same thing. We had a really good group of teachers. Now whether or not, because Chapel Hill considered themselves elitist, they hired better, I don't know. I don't know what the circumstances would have been around that. But these were teachers who stayed a long time, who really were knowledgeable in what they taught, with the exception--actually, the French teacher was knowledgeable, she just couldn't speak it. But she was knowledgeable, I will give her that. I don't remember there being--that sense of elitism came out in social things, like dances, things of that nature. I don't remember teachers pandering to any group of students, which is somewhat surprising because money came from the university

support, of course. And university parents outside of that. But I didn't have a sense of it, of there being teacher differentiation for it.

JN: Well, I wanted to ask you, you said your father was in private business, what did he do?

JF: He was in the insurance business.

JN: So did he work in Chapel Hill?

JF: Yes, he actually owned several agencies, but he was home based in Chapel Hill.

JN: Do you remember when you, because you've described Chapel Hill of being so much smaller, and there was this sense when you walked down Franklin that you knew everybody around you, do you remember there being any kind of tension between blacks and whites when you would go places? I know there was segregation, but--

JF: Well, there were very few blacks in Chapel Hill, you didn't cross the line. I mean, I'm dead serious, with the exception of, I mean the majority of blacks lived in Chapel, lived in Carrboro--

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE.

TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

JN: Now, I was just waiting for the tape to start in, don't laugh. Okay, so you're saying--don't laugh at me!

JF: Oh I'm laughing at the tape, that's what I'm really laughing at. Someone's going to hear you turn that thing on, and go, "did you have a hyena for a--"

JN: Hello? Hello? You were saying that most of the blacks lived in Carrboro and not in Chapel Hill. So you don't remember when you would go down to Chapel Hill, down to Franklin street on the weekends running into a lot of--did you ever go to Durham, or Raleigh? Was that a place that you would go frequently? I've heard people who lived in Chapel Hill then refer to Durham as the city.

JF: Yes.

JN: That's where you would go if you needed to go to Sears or something.

JF: That's right. That's right. But I don't recall, I don't recall often. My mom was an at home mom, and that's actually pretty accurate. There was a Toddle House. You're way too young to remember--it was a pie chain, homemade pie chain.

JN: T-o-d-d-l-e?

JF: T-o-d-d-l-e. And the actual building still stands in Durham, it's right past Forest Hills, but you sort of hit it on the head. Most people went for a specific reason. You went to Sears or you went to--Chapel Hill, actually, downtown had pretty nice shops, and places like Chapel Hill Tire, that are still around. Most people stuck to community business. You only went as a rule, outside the city, if it was something that Chapel Hill

didn't have at all. And that was considered a distance then. When we moved here there was nothing on 15-501. My dad bought land out there when nothing was on it. It was trees. It was nothing between here on 54, all the way. I did my psyche affiliation in school at Dorethea Dix, and I remember being frightened at night driving 54 because there were no white lines, and my rotation was wintertime, and if it was rainy and black there were no lights out, nothing. That was a horrible road to drive because it was swamp line on both sides. All of this development has been since high school. And it's a tremendous amount of development. And it was, beyond high school, about the time I graduated from nursing school it was still that way, so that was '65, and then I left, and I don't remember now how much or how fast it developed. So you didn't do a great deal of travelling. You went to the state fair.

JN: Where was that?

JF: You went to Raleigh. That was primarily what you went to Raleigh for. And that was a big trip. That was a closed school day. Schools closed for that.

JN: Really?

JF: Yes, you got the Friday--it was either the Friday that it opened. It was only open--it opened on Monday, I think, and went through Saturday, not a lot different than the schedule now, except that they're open more days now. But it was a school day out, it was as big as Christmas.

JN: And everybody went?

JF: Everybody went.

JN: So when you Chapel Hill and went to Durham for college, was that sort of, it was like, far away. I mean did you travel back home a lot?

JF: I didn't have a car--I would get the car sometimes weekends. As a matter of fact, our freshman year we weren't allowed to have a car, so that took care of that. I actually did travel home after my freshman year a lot. They discouraged kids from leaving campus a lot, because of course, you wouldn't go back. In retrospect, there was a lot of wisdom in that. So yes, it was entirely different, and we were affiliated classwise with the university, and that was--it was a whole different thing growing up with peer students, that were children of university people, then being at the university level where there were frat parties, and things that went on that--you were a different part of things than before.

JN: So when you were younger, and you were in Chapel Hill, do you remember things like frat parties, or dances or homecoming?

JF: Oh, for high school?

JN: I mean for UNC.

JF: Well, for UNC, we worked all the concessions.

JN: Oh, you did?

JF: Charlie House and I, who were--how'd that happen to us? Either because we were class officers or whatever. No, no, no, no, this was church. We were head of what was the Episcopal young people or whatever it was know as then, and all of the church groups had concession stands at the games. So your perk was when you weren't selling things, you could go in and watch the game but the rest of the time you were

making money, and a percentage of it went to your youth group for whatever your purposes were. So my memories of that were a lot of drunks, a lot of noise, a lot of beer cans being dropped down behind. The concessions were behind the bleachers, so that you had to watch yourself, because if you walked near a concession you got a bottle knocked down next to you or on your head. So most of my memories there were related to that. When I started going at the college level, my memory was that we dressed up. You wore suit and ties, and you wore heels.

JN: To games?

JF: To games. It was a dress up occasion, it was a big deal. If you dated, you dressed up.

JN: So would you come back over to campus and attend those games while you were in school?

JF: Yes.

JN: Wow. Well, while you were in high school, what--you talked about the football games and the sports. What other types of things would the students do for fun? For dates? I know there a movie theater--

JF: Well, I wasn't allowed to date until I was sixteen, so it didn't leave a lot of time.

JN: Right.

JF: We did a lot of group things. There was a lot of group dating. Churches had activities all the time, probably for protection of children, so that there was a lot of church activities together. There was a lot of Saturday activities. All of fall was devoted to concessions at the games on Saturdays, football games for school were

Friday nights. Everybody went to movie together, there was some roller-skating, bike riding. This was a beach group, everybody loved the beach, so there were weekend beach trips or one day beach trips down and back on a Saturday. Dating was mostly movies, planetarium was here, so that was one of the nicer things that you did. There were a lot of picnics. You know, there was--wintertime was wonderful, if we had snow. Those were the days when there weren't a lot of sleds, because this area didn't get a lot of snow. But Chapel Hill Country Club, which is now an institute for our church, had the biggest hill in town, and so, literally, almost the entire community would grab trash cans and paper bags and go down that hill all day long, and build fires into the night, and fix hotdogs. Just, I mean, everybody, you just stayed wet and you didn't care, cause it only happened maybe once a year.

JN: So you didn't have to be in the Country Club, or be with someone in the country club.

JF: No, no.

JN: You just went over there. Now, at those types of things, do you remember seeing black students?

JF: No, I did not.

JN: That was a white student activity.

JF: Other than sports, I really don't remember black--

JN: Even when you were just walking around.

JF: I don't remember a single black member of Chapel of the Cross, or of most of the Chapel Hill churches. I'm not going to say that didn't happen, but I don't remember.

And I remember, I do remember many comments were made to me, I don't know how many were behind my back, again because my mother did volunteer for the cancer society, she had a lot of black patients. And she would take us with her, and certainly in retrospect, it was to teach us some lessons. At the time, we went thinking we were really a big help. I mean we would help roll bandages or help clean some of the houses, or whatever. Whatever was need, while she was there. And, those people all became friends, and when some of them died from their cancer, my mother was always invited to their funeral. And if it was a family that we had gone frequently enough, the children were invited. And I can remember a lot of the shock and the comments, and I don't remember now, ironically enough, how it was known, except that were probably the only white people at the funeral. It's interesting, as I think about it now, that it certainly got back to peers, that we attended a black funeral, because it wasn't something that was done. And yet, my mother and my dad both were welcome anyplace they ever went, and as I said cultivated until their dying days many good black friends. But I do remember some of my friends coming to me and saying, not critically, more with curiosity aspects of "what was that like? Why did you go? Why would you go?" No understanding of--and it was just a part of life for us. And I remember giving probably fairly cynical answers at the time. It didn't seem to influence relationships, but I remember the responses to it.

JN: That's interesting. It sounds like you had a really unusual kind of experience with that.

JF: It didn't feel like it. I never felt like any of that.

JN: Going in and out of black people's house, and, well, when you would go to the funeral, they would probably have them at the black church.

JF: Oh, yeah.

JN: So you went there, and did you see a big difference?

JF: My goodness, yes, of course. To this day, of course, of course. That hasn't changed at all. All that's changed there is that there are a lot many more Afro-Americans in--I mean churches are integrated better, but there are still many Afro-American churches that choose to remain, and remain very fundamentalist, and very revivalist. And attending a funeral there today is not a bit different than years ago.

JN: Really? Wow.

JF: I've had one experience with a patient in all my years, and that was in Durham, and that was actually in 1998, where this man died of cancer, and he'd been a part of my practice, and he was in his 70s or so. And he was the first black man to hold a management position in a grocery store. And he know he was a token, he knew they had given to him because of civil rights, and in his dying days, he shared a lot of things with him, and sort of needed to relive his own history and recount. And he had sung with a gospel group and then a jazz/blues group, and had recorded actually with some famous backup players for big groups. And he played some of the tapes for me. And when he died, I attended his funeral, and I never gave a second thought. He had talked about his funeral, what was going to happen, etcetera. Had invited me to go. His daughter reinforced that, gave me directions, the whole business and encouraged me to go. And I was indeed that day the only white person there, and was not

received well. One man, actually probably protected my life, because there were some rumblings. It was a huge funeral in East Durham. I mean the man had known hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of people. It was in a huge church, and there was standing room outside, and they knew that was going to be the case, they had speakers outside for everything. And as I walked up, and I'm so used to integrating, I thought nothing, and I'm so stupid, I wasn't even picking up that the rumblings were there, and I walked in and couldn't see a place to sit. And before I knew it, somebody had my elbow, and it was a black man who was probably in his 40s or so, and he sat me next to him and he said, "you stay right here." And then I became somewhat aware, and then it became easy to see. I was being stared at, not as an oddity because I was the only white person there, but with anguish. I mean there was a lot of angry people there, as if, "how could you even possibly have the nerve." And I didn't even understand why. I didn't even know what there was in this particular group of people, that this angst was there. But that's the only time in my life I've had that happen, because I've had black friends all of my life. And it was not pleasant. As a matter of fact, I went home and pondered for hours and hours how horrible it had to have been for Afro-Americans to have felt that their lifetimes. It still didn't change my feelings about some of the younger ones today who I don't think have the claim on that, but I did have friends who even in nursing school and early years at Duke, had bathrooms in the basement. Black friends who weren't allowed to go to the bathroom anyplace else except the basement. And it was at that point, it was in South, so it was six floors down, and it didn't matter how bad they had to go, they went down to the

basement. And they ate in the basement. They were not allowed to eat in the cafeteria. I was twenty-one, twenty-two years old at the time, and I had friends who went through that, so I could sympathize with that, and we could talk about it. But going to that funeral and feeling what everyone else felt against me was the first time that I had an inkling of what so many of my friends actually went through, and why they didn't complain more. Well I do know why they didn't complain more. That wasn't allowed. It just wasn't allowed. It was talked about among themselves probably, but you didn't hear it otherwise.

JN: Were your brother and sisters younger than you?

JF: Yes.

JN: Do you remember when you did go to college and the integration in Chapel Hill kept stepping up and stepping up every year, do you remember hearing from your siblings anything, or just in the news, or from your parent about what had happened after you left Chapel Hill high? Or was that just sort of--

JF: It was talked about generally, but again, my sisters and my brother were raised the same way I was, still had a lot of black friends. It was actually a little easier. It was occurring. I remember discussions about the newness of it. And there was tension. I mean, tension was felt in school. It wasn't something that stopped them from their friendships, their relationships. It was just discussed. It was new enough--I mean Chapel Hill always considered itself so very liberal, and still to this day does, that there was probably far more undercurrent than anything overt, because this was still an elitist

group of people who would not have wanted to be on the history maps for having badly handled a situation.

JN: Right, right. Well, do you remember, this would have been after you went to Durham, but in the early sixties, there started to be the sit-ins at Sutton's and things like that that were happening. Do you remember hearing about that?

JF: I do, oh yes.

JN: Do you remember what your thoughts were? It sounds like you were probably for it, but--

JF: I was for it. I was openly in those days for it. It was still an interesting dichotomy, because black people as patients, medically, even segregated. They were not put with white patients on a floor. And again, they were treated differently, they were prioritized differently, so that, at that point, I began the activism, because that was unacceptable to me. When you were talking about how ill someone was, that became unacceptable to me to deal with. And I caused some angst in my--this was an all white school, we didn't have any black students either. I don't think they billed themselves as all white, but there was still enough leeway that you weren't forced to take, it was still before--why am I blanking on terms? Before forced issues for hire, and for schooling. So, I began to be much stronger than I ever was the earlier years. Again, I think Chapel Hill was just careful.

JN: Do you remember, was there just a lot of resistance to that in the medical profession, or more so do you think than in other arenas?

JF: Resistance to?

JN: Resistance to integration.

JF: Not by medical personal. I don't how much may have been administratively, that's where your money was. It was a private hospital, what is now Durham Regional. It was, as a matter of fact, along with Duke, the only private hospital in the area. UNC, of course, has always been state. So privately endowed money would have been from white elitists. And so I'm sure there was pressure on there, and that made it very easy for not putting black students in. People who go into the field of medicine on almost every level are not people who are going to discriminate. Why go into it? If you don't want to save a man's life, or put your mouth to his mouth for CPR, on a Hispanic or a black or whomever else, then don't go into a field where that's going to be the case. So the majority of people who deliver healthcare services are not biased people, and didn't. I remember being disgusted when I had my first ER rotation, that someone who that was white with a wart, at three o'clock in the morning, that just couldn't sleep, was seen before somebody that was stabbed, because of racial issues. And I remember making my fusses as a student, but of course, that carried no weight as a student.

JN: Do you remember when that started to change? Was that part of the sixties?

JF: Yes, well that was the 60s. Actually the entire time I was there, Duke got most of the Saturday night--Durham has always been a high crime area, and Saturday night, of course, was shotgun night, and the majority went to Duke because they had the facilities to handle it better. At Watts we didn't get as many blacks who were involved in those types of things as Duke did. We tended to get a lot of Oxford, Roxboro, long time black slave families who had no medical recourse but to brought in, and seldom

brought in unless there was nothing else that could be done but to bring them in. And came in, bless their souls, with their head between their knees feeling guilty because they were taking up time in a hospital, which also outraged me. I don't remember--I left, and so, I really don't remember the transition piece. It was still very much like that when I left, and that was a decision factor for me in staying, that was difficult for me in many ways. And no student in those days, well, by virtue of the fact that you were a student you had no power. So, bucking the system just got you kicked out under whatever pretenses they choose to use, and they were never the overt pretenses. And so my solution was you bit your tongue and you bide your time until you're in a position to do what you know you can do through your own power.

JN: That's really interesting. I don't think that's something that any of the other interviews that we've done, has talked about, is the medical aspect of segregation, hospitalization.

JF: A very sad piece.

JN: Well, is there anything else that you can think of that I haven't brought up, or that you want to say?

JF: I don't know because I'll tell you the truth, I still don't know what your focusing on. I mean whether or not it's the milieu or just the time or the city, the--I don't know.

JN: Well, I'll turn this off, then, if that's all right and we'll talk more about that.

END OF INTERVIEW.