Ms. Marshall Interview Transcript

My name is Marion Lavonne Marshall. I have been a resident of this community since 1966. However, my parents bought this property, built this house in 1959-60.

I'm a native Austinite, both my husband and I are native Austinites, and we're rarities. So people would look at us strangely, and we would tell them that we were born in Austin and we were products of the Austin Independent School District.

And again, I'll just say that my parents purchased and started building the house in ‘59, moved in in 1960. General and I, after we married, went to Statesboro, Georgia, and worked for nine years from 1957 to 1966, when we returned to Austin. At that time my father was deceased and my mother was working teaching home economics in Maynard, Texas, and she encouraged us to move into the house.

And she subsequently passed in ‘66. So this became our home and has been since 1966. Jeffrey was born in 1958, here in Austin. We went back to Georgia, came back, and unbeknownst to me, I've got to tell you this.

I was pregnant, and I'm saying, “I can't be.” And the doctor said, “yes, it is.”

Anyway, so the second one was born in 1959. And then we went back to Georgia, and then we thought that we were finished, rearing children. And then the third one showed up unexpectedly in 1963, but we haven't had any since then, so that was a blessing.

There are so many memories in this house. As I said, my mother was a home economics teacher. And of course, for this generation, you all don't know what home economics is. But back in the day, starting maybe in the ‘40s, it was decided that young people needed to know how to sew – women especially – so that they would have a job.

Now, I was told by my mother when I went to college, you need to consider education because if you don't do anything else, you can always teach. That wasn't true because I hated teaching.

Being in Austin made a difference. The hope was that my mother would be here and we would be living here. But that was not what we wanted because my mother wanted her independence.

And because she was a home economics teacher, she worked at Huston-Tillotson. My mother went back to college in 1942, and she graduated from Tillotson College in 1944. She was offered a job as soon as she graduated. So she was teaching home economics at Tillotson College, and I was in school at Blackshear, across the street. But I had a bad habit of getting

into trouble.

My mother always dressed me very well. She made all of my clothes. All of my dresses had bows, hats, big sashes. But invariably at least two or three times a year, I'd get into a fight. And by the time I was in the fifth grade, I decided I would walk from Blackshear to Tillotson, which was across the street. I was going to visit my mother, unexpectedly, and I'd been in a fight.

The bows that I had on my hair, one was gone and the other one was streaming somewhere. The sash on my dress had been torn and my hem was torn, but I decided that I would walk the campus to find my mother that day. So I walked from 11th Street all the way up the hill to about Ninth Street before I found my mother.

And of course, she was a very proper lady, and she was horrified when she saw me. And she said, “where have you been?”

And I said, “I went all over the campus looking for you.”

And she said, “I don't ever want you to come visiting me anymore looking like this. You are totally unpresentable.”

General and I, General was from Clarksville, and I lived in East Austin near Rosewood Park. But in 1947, he and I entered Kealing together. And I thought he was the silliest boy in the world. He was so doofus. And the thing that made him really resent me was the year that I decided to become a candidate for president of the student body.

Well, his cousin was also a candidate for president of the student body, but I thought that I was going to win because his cousin was lazy and most people knew it. But unbeknownst to me, and later on, when my friends reported to me the general had voted for his cousin, I was really put out and I decided I really did not like that boy at all.

Fast forward, we graduated from Keeling in ‘49 and we went to Anderson High School. Still didn't like him, but we were in the same homeroom. But by the time we became 10th graders, General had stepped up his game academically because he was sort of lazy when he was in middle school. But he discovered himself and he discovered that he loved mathematics in the ninth grade, and by the time he was in the 10th grade, he was allowed to be a tutor for geometry and for trigonometry when the coach, who was also geometry teacher, would go out of time and he would allow General to teach his classes.

Well, I was struggling in geometry. And it dawned on me that he had some potential to help me get out of geometry. So I let it be known to my friends that he had some possibilities.

And of course, they thought he was still dumb. But we started talking and then he started helping me with my geometry, and I passed with a B, so I decided he had more potential than I

thought initially. So in the 11th grade, we started dating and we basically dated for five and a half years. And when we graduated from high school, we decided that we were going to be true to each other, at least for a little while.

General was admitted to Morehouse, and the only way he could attend was to have very good grades. And he was admitted to Morehouse, and he said, “Spelman is across the street. Have you considered applying?”

And I thought about it, but I decided in those years I was not willing to be in a class all day with women. So I decided I didn't want to go to Spelman, that I would stay in Austin, because by staying in Austin, I was able to see and date other folk while General was in Atlanta.

But we kept up our relationship when he would come home for the summers. And then I think by the time we were ready to graduate, we decided that marriage was for us.

And so three months after we graduated, he from Morehouse and me from Huston-Tillotson at that time, we decided to get married in July. And then he decided that he was gonna start looking for teaching jobs, and he secured his first job in Statesboro, Georgia, which was about 200 miles south of Atlanta. Needless to say, because I was an only child, I was not fond of the idea of going to Georgia.

I really want to stay home with my mother. But she didn't think that was a very good idea, since I was married. So I had to go to Georgia and be with General. And we were there for nine years. And two of the children were born here. And the last one was born in Statesboro, Georgia, in 1963.

He [General Marshall] was very good in mathematics, loved it. And he thought everybody else should love it. And I hated to tell him everybody didn't love it. But years ago, when we moved here, John King, the president of Huston-Tillotson at that time, lived on the corner. And each time we would come for the summer, he would say, “General, if you ever get your masters, I have a job for you at Huston-Tillotson.”

So he enrolled at UT in 1963, in the master's program, and in 1966, he graduated.

The one unique thing about the day of getting his final approval for his graduation is that he had turned in his final paperwork and his application the day that John Whitman was on the tower, shooting. The blessing was that he turned in his paper an hour before Whitman started shooting. So he'd made it home. And then we found out about the shooting at that time. So that was the remarkable day for us.

Once he graduated, John King said, “I have a job for you. Come on over to the campus and we'll talk about it.”

Well, they spent a couple of hours talking, and he said, “You've got the job in math.”

But at least John was smart enough to say, “Well, LaVonne needs a job.”

Doctor King's response was, “Oh, we'll find something for her to do. We'll make it a package deal.”

Years later, I told my daughters, “Never take a package deal because it takes years to untie that package. And when you can finally stand on your own.”

So needless to say, I think in the first 12 years that I was hired at Huston-Tillotson, I was a part of the package deal, and I had all kinds of assignments. I was a recruiter. I was a student advisor. I was senior class advisor, I was sponsor of the yearbook. I was sponsor of the student newspaper. I was director of alumni affairs.

And then they finally decided that I could also, in my spare time, become the placement director, the career counselor. And that would give me enough to keep me busy. Needless to say, by the 12th year, I was tired of being a part of that package. So I started campaigning to be untied from that package.

Didn't get untied, though, until probably that 21st year before I could finally stand on my own. And in the last nine years that we were there, I finally had my own salary. I finally got a raise. A real raise. And, I would always tell my girls, “Remember, don't get tied up with your husband. Be able to stand on your own wherever you go.”

One of the things that I loved about being at Huston-Tillotson is that because I knew the students back in those days, if you had problems with the students, you could call their parents.

And that was legal before the Buckley Amendment when you couldn't call. When you went to college, you were considered an adult. And that meant that the parents couldn't be notified by the so-called authorities. But I could, because I had developed a relationship with a lot of the parents. And the last nine years when I became vice president for student affairs, the one thing that I could do when I had problems with students was to send them home.

I had a credit card with the with the Greyhound bus station, and if I went to your room and found out that you had committed some errors, we talked about it, and then I checked with the bus station and I would find out how soon we could get a bus and get you on the bus and to get you home.

And I think the farthest one that I ever had to send was to Jackson, Mississippi.

But General also had his stories, and one of them was that he was very time oriented. Needless to say, I was not. But when he had class, the bell rang, he closed the door. And if students

arrived after that, he would say, “Good morning (or good afternoon), you’re in time for the next class, so I'll see you in two days.”

And that was a part of his reputation. The one thing that he would always say to students, especially if they were late, he had to give them a little adage about the price for being late.

The other thing that he liked to say to students is if they went to the board to solve a problem, and he considered it a very simple problem and they were unable to do it, he would say, “You know, that's Mickey Mouse. You need to change your way of living.”

So when we he retired, one of his students bought him that clock and she bought him a Mickey Mouse watch. And after his death, I put it in the safe deposit box. And about two months ago, I got it out of the box and took it to the school so that they could put it on display.

There were a few who lived in the area because they had relatives who lived around here. At that time, students didn't consider walking a mile or two to class as being a problem. Sometimes they would get the bus, but we had a couple of students who lived on Maple, which is half a block away, but when we would come back to the neighborhood, this was predominantly African-American, fully African-American.

The makeup, the racial makeup of this neighborhood did not change until about 2018.

We had several neighbors who passed, but who had also taken out those reverse mortgages and their families could not repay them. So the lady, diagonally across the street, Blanche James was one of the first ones to have her house sold. And it went to a developer who renovated it.

The next person was on the next street, it was Mrs. Jackson. She had acquired the reverse mortgage. Her son couldn't repay it. So that house was sold about seven years ago. And then from that point on, people were moving out for various reasons. And this was a very low cost neighborhood. Our lots were unusually large.

We made sure that the lots were at least 50 across by 150 feet. So as developers came through, they realized, “Hey, this is a steal. We can put two houses on this facility, make twice as much money.”

About ten years ago, half a block away, the last family member passed. It was a lot and a half. They demolished the house and cleared the land of all trees. And before the neighborhood knew it, they were building not one, but two structures. There were two stories. In fact, when you leave here, you’ll be able to see them.

They bought the lot for around 120,000. They sold each house individually, initially for 600 each. Then the next year, across the street, another neighbor passed and her daughter sold her

property for 90,000, and they built it as a duplex.

And the initial asking price was 400 for each. But then they realized they had to come off of it a little bit. So the duplex was sold for 350 and the workmanship is not nearly as good, but they were able to make that kind of money.

Next door to us was the Snell home. Jimmy Snell was our city councilman. He was a district manager for Atlanta Life Insurance Company back in 1980. He ran for and was elected to the city council, and he was on the city council for at least ten years. During the years that their home was built up, as I said, our parents built this house ‘59-60. The Snells built their house in about ‘57-58.

So they had four children. We had three. So of course they were very good friends. And I guess the first trauma that we had in the neighborhood was bussing in 1971. The courts decided, well, I'll go back and tell you this.

While we were in Georgia with the three children, Jeffrey as a second grader and Karen as the first grader, were the first ones to integrate in Statesboro, which had a population of about 40,000.

They were recruited by the principal, and he promised us that they would be bussed across town, but they would be safe and that we'd have no problems. One of the fears for living in and working in Statesboro was that, especially for those who were natives, was that you might be fired if you integrated it or involved your kids that first year. But for us it was not a problem.

So they integrated in Statesboro in 1965. It worked well. We came to Austin in 1966. Guess what? Austin was integrating not from first grade up. They were integrating senior down. The senior classes down.

So the only schools that were starting to integrate was University Junior High, which was at UT at that time on Red River and MLK, and a few other high schools would allow one or two to enter.

But the federal courts decided that Austin was moving too slowly. So in August of 1971, they said that Anderson and Kealing had to be closed and the kids would have to be bussed across town. And of course, we were furious, because it meant that all of the kids from Anderson and Kealing were bussed.

But bussing was just one way. Our kids in this area went to Anderson, then another group of kids about four blocks over was sent to McCallum. And then there were those who went to Reagan and Johnson.

I must tell you this though. We brought our kids back and enrolled them in Blackshear in 1966. It

was still segregated. So when Jeffrey went into the school and he saw black faces after he'd been with all whites the year before, he said, “well, where are the white children?”

And I said, “Austin hasn't made it that far.”

So from the time we came back in ‘66 until 1971, they were segregated. So they weren't integrated until 1971, when they were bussed. And the first two years, really the first three years, it was a very traumatic time because for the first two years they were at Lamar Middle School while they were building the new Anderson on Mesa. The sad part was that we were not wanted at Anderson.

The parents didn't didn't want the integration. The students didn't want integration. And by that third year in ‘74, when Anderson was bussing, they were having problems every day. And the blessing was that the principal, Mr. Akins, was so concerned about keeping the black kids in school that he would make arrangements. If they were going to be participants in extra curricular programs, he would make arrangements for the buses to run late, to bring them home.

For the girls, our daughter wanted to be a cheerleader. And he said, “If you agree to become a cheerleader and you're selected, I will pick…” Oh, and they had to be at school at 7:30 in the morning. He had a tiny Chrysler, but there were five African-American girls who made it, and he would drive his little green Chrysler about four miles out of the way to get them to school on time so that they could participate, and then they could ride the bus home in the afternoon.

They had fights at least once a week. He would call my husband General Marshall, or he would call Jimmy Snell, because they had jobs that allowed them to be released to come and help with the issues. And so they were there so often people thought that they were on the staff. But the last year and that was ‘76, they were still having problems.

And our son Jeffrey decided he was going to be – now, he was a good student, made good grades. Once in one six weeks his grades declined, especially in math. And his father said, “What's going on?”

He said, “Well, the guys were saying that if I keep making good grades, they were going to beat me up.”

And General says, if you make grades like this again, “I'm going to beat you up.”

So he changed on that one. But one day, General was at school and Jeffrey came up and informed his father, “We decided we're going to strike. We're not going to classes this afternoon.”

And my husband said, “Okay.”

And then Jeffrey kept talking. “We're not going to class, daddy. We're going to boycott.”

And General said he looked at his watch and he said,”Son, wasn't that the five minute bell?”

Jeffrey spoke a third time and General looked at his watch and he said, “You know, if you're standing here when that final bell rings, you got problems with me tonight at home.”

Jeffrey disappeared, went to class, and convinced the rest of his cohorts that they needed to go to class, too, because his daddy wasn't putting up with that.

My husband was a fun person, but he was a disciplinarian. Every Sunday night, the three of them – and with their father sat around that table. Everybody had his or her math book, and they worked out all the problems in that chapter. And if you didn't work the problem, you couldn't go to bed.

So you were up until midnight if you were having problems with your classes in math. And if General thought that the teachers were not teaching as they should have, he would go and he would encounter them and let them know, “This is not the way to do this math. You're thinking you're teaching progressively, but this is not the way it is.”

He said, “I've been teaching math at that time for 25 years, so I know what's right. And whatever you are teaching, that's incorrect and you need to modify it or we can go to the superintendent to talk about it.”

So that was one of his little stories.

On this street, we had John King, who was college president, on the corner. Across the street was Mr. T.C. Calhoun. He was principal at Kealing. If you came down the street then you had Jimmy Snell here – city council, county commissioner.

Behind us was Mr. Scales, who had been a member of the Tuskegee Airmen and had shot down, I forgotten how many planes he'd shot down during his time in the war, and was presented with I think a purple purple heart, for his work.

Next to him was Mr. Jackson. He was the shop teacher, but he also was a coach for basketball. And then across the street, we had three teachers on this street. We had four teachers and a principal on Weber. So we really thought that we were innate – and when we applied for historic designation, we felt that we deserved it because it was a neighborhood where everybody knew everybody.

Now, the one thing that our children did not like, we had the neighbor down the street, Ms. James, who didn't work. So Ms. James was the neighborhood watch person. So if they were

riding bikes in the street, she'd say, “I'm going to tell your mama when she comes home.”

If they were down in this little ditch, before they filled it in, she'd say, “I'm going to tell your daddy when he comes home.”

And she kept a listing of all of their misbehaviors. So we got a listing each evening when we came home, if they had done something that they shouldn't have done. So they hated Ms. James. But the parents loved her. She was the best thing. And that was before we had neighborhood watch. She was it.

And that made all the difference. And as I said, you knew everybody and there was no fighting, none of that. It was just a neighborhood where we enjoyed everybody. The kids played together. And if somebody acting up at your house, you simply called the parent and said, “Guess what? Pat was over here using bad language today. And, you know, we don't put up with that.”

So Pat could not come back to visit our children because that was not what we dealt with. And his parents knew about it.

So that's what we called a neighborhood. And that was a blessing.

You had to succeed because it was expected of you to be successful. And all of the kids went to college. Now, some of them were a little slow about finishing college, but they went. For instance, Jeffrey decided he was going to go to UT, but I told him, “No, he was not going to go to UT. He was going to go to a HBCU.”

And I said, there are 111 of them in this country. And I would bring home books, directories. And I said, “You've got a choice, but you need to make up your mind.”

In ‘74, General decided that he was going to go get his doctorate. And Doctor King said, “If you go, we'll take the ride.”

You go stay on campus for two years, finish your work and we'll pay you for it. So General said, “That's great.”

But I also reminded him, I said, “You know, Jeff is going to graduate in two years and he'll be ready to go to college.”

So we understood that. Well, when he got to the stage where he was ready to write his dissertation, he said, “Our money is a little short. I don't think I can pay anybody to type my dissertation.”

Well, with my big mouth, I said, “Well, I'll type it.”

We're talking about a Selectric typewriter.

And he said, “It'll work well!”

He'd go to Houston on Sunday night. He’d come back Friday evening. Now, I have been in charge of the children all the week, having my issues with them and all of that. He’d come back in on Friday evenings and I'm trying to tell him about things that are going on. He said, “Oh, everything just looks fine. No problems.”

When I would have to travel, just before he started grad school, he and the kids, we would manage. And I said, “Okay, I'll cook meals and I'll put them in the freezer and you can take them out and you'll have them while I'm gone.”

I did not know until about two years after I was doing all this traveling and doing all this cooking.

That was another thing about good neighbors. My neighbor across the street was telling me, said, “I really get tired of all this cooking because I then have to leave town and come back and all of that.”

She said, “I don't know why you’re cooking because I see all those Churches chicken boxes in your trash, and I don't know what they're eating.”

Then I found out, the father became a child when I was gone. They would let the house just go. I would let him know what time the flight was getting in, and they would say, “Daddy will gather us and he’d say, ‘Your mother’s flight is due in at 6:30, so you need to wash the dishes. You need to do this, you need to vacuum, you need to dust. And I go and pick up.’”

So by the time I got home, the house was great. And I said, “Oh, you did a good job.”

Pats on the back, but all of that was not going on when I was in charge. So I say back to U of H, the last semester, he said, “Now you going to type the dissertation?”

I said, “Yes, I am.”

But remember, you can't can't use out or any of that. So if I made a mistake, I had to redo that page. So in June, he had a conference to attend in Boston. And I said, “Well, General, you know, I'm working on your dissertation.”

He said, “But the last time you did it, it was looking so good. Let's see where you are in the next week.”

I said, “Okay.”

And it was 150 pages, 50 pages of diagrams, figures. Anyway, two weeks later he said, “Things are looking so good and my advisor said it looks good. I think I can go to Boston and you can be here with the children. And what you can do is when you finish it, take it out to UT, make the copies, have it bound, then you all take it to Houston, turn it in and, it can be turned in the next morning and I'll still make the conference in Boston.”

And I said, “General, that sounds a little –”

“– You can do it. You got it. You know, you’re so close girl, it’s just this.”

I did that, except when I took the dissertation to be printed, the printer said all 50 pages of diagrams had to be redone because they were too light. So I was up all night. Redoing so I could take them back to UT, get it printed, bound, because we had to leave for U of H that Sunday afternoon to submit them to be turned in Monday morning.

And he was able to spend three glorious weeks in Boston at the conference. And he was just so happy. And he graduated on a Friday from U of H. Jeffrey had graduated the week before, and we left Houston Monday morning, headed to New Orleans, and we were able to take him to campus that Wednesday, drop him off, come back to Austin, and both of us went back to work that Thursday, so we wouldn’t miss the week.

But that's the story of the dissertation. But I did promise him if we ever got a divorce, I was cutting that diploma in half because half of it belonged to me.

When I was hired at Huston-Tillotson in 1966, with those 4 or 5 assignments, my salary was $200 a month. General was making $350. So we were living large. But at the same time, the transportation department decided it was going to buy the property along what is now 35. It was called East Avenue.

And they were tearing all of that out because they were going to start building 35 as a low ramp structure. On the east side, if you had a paved street, it better be San Bernard – one of the major thoroughfares in the black community at that time – 11th Street, 12th Street, until it got to maybe – it didn't come out this far, but they were thinking about it.

So you did a lot of walking and you had a lot of rocks, and you learned to throw rocks because you had so many. The economy. Let's see, when I was working at the laundry, I was making $0.90 an hour. And if you worked overtime, you got time and a half that was shaking sheets and shirts.

So we're talking very low income. I think General probably got his first raise, he probably got his first raise about ‘71. And then he probably got his next raise about ‘75. They weren't even thinking about me with the raise. It was low income. But you at least had some of the needs.

Like you had a grocery store, here and there small grocery stores.

Most of this, though, for East Austin, was from what's now 35 to Airport Boulevard. And north would be Airport Boulevard to the river. So that was your geographical layout. And most of the people making minimum wage.

Things did not start to change until your high tech started coming in. And that would be IBMs. And that would be like in the mid to late '70s and then it started improving in the '80s, but also by that time when the corporate structure was bringing in African-Americans from other cities, they weren't showing them houses in East Austin.

They were showing them houses in West Austin, North Austin, and then they became brazen enough to start taking them to Pflugerville, Round Rock, all in that direction. So as the black population declined, it rose in other areas. And you can see now when you go to Pflugerville, percentage wise, there are far more African-Americans in Pflugerville than in Austin.

But things started to change, economically, really in the mid to late '70s and moving on. But it was because they were coming in. They weren't located in East Austin. So East Austin didn't begin to see the benefits until the mid '80s, early '90s. And that's when you could see, I was doing a placement for students and you could see the job offers and the money changing in the mid '80s.

They didn't pave because then they were spending as much as they could in West Austin and North Austin. Paving didn't become, not in the '50s, not in the '60s. We're talking about when we came back and some paving areas have occurred in this area in probably in the last 10 or 15 years.

Across the railroad track and over on that side, when they started putting up, tearing down those little $3,000 houses and building up those $300,000 houses, that's when they started paving,

When I was growing up, all of the black people celebrated Juneteenth. The trash trucks would come by and they would say, "We're going to be off on Juneteenth."

Everybody else worked. Then one of the legislators from the Houston area, back in the mid '70s was saying, "Well, why should they have that as a holiday, and we don't get it?"

So only when the complaints came from some of the legislators that we were enjoying that time off. And of course, you know, we had our parks, the family always had a barbecue someplace to go.

So even if you are not at Rosewood, you had a smaller park. Out in Clarksville. You had your parades. In fact, back in the '50s and '60s, Anderson High School band marched down Congress Avenue from back in the – I got in the band in '59. They were marching down

Congress Avenue in the early ‘50s and they marched down Congress Avenue, Sixth Street, over to East Avenue to 12th Street and out to Downs Field. And our band director at that time was 60. And he walked every step. And we better not act like we were tired.

Holy Cross started at Holy Cross Church back in the ‘30s. Then it outgrew its space. And they built this structure up here, I want to say the late ‘50s. It was a four story tower.

Seton decided that Holy Cross was too good of a bargain not to buy. It had free parking. they had put in a couple of good programs like an apheresis machine, several other things that would attract patients. Well, the sisters of whatever, whatever, they were with Seton decided, “Let's buy that.”

So they started buying it. And the first thing they did was remove all of the newer pieces of equipment, all of the furnishings that were new. They were moving them into Seton. So – and I was a volunteer there. I started volunteering there in ‘73, and then they decided in ‘76 that they were going broke with Holy Cross because all they were getting were patients who were Medicare and all of that.

So they were going to have to close Holy Cross and move everything to Seton. So between ‘76 and ‘80, Holy Cross was closed. AISD bought the property. And then in the late ‘90s, built Campbell.

In fact, see the structure on this end, two years ago, it was a cancer center. And before that, the big facility, as I said, was where Campbell School is now. And it was a circular structure, but they closed it in ‘76.

Most of the people in this neighborhood now are renters or losers. And you will notice faces change over the years. Maybe they'll be there for a year. Maybe they'll be there for two.

Now, this house, the Snell’s house. Jimmy died in the early ‘80s. His wife became ill in 2005. They moved her out of the house in 2005. That house was empty until it was sold this spring.

The house next to him, that guy lives in New York, and he has rented that out since the White's died, and that was in the ‘80s. And then, of course, the two mansions have been there about six or seven years. The King House is still on the corner. It’s Calhoun House across the street, the daughter is still there.

The smaller two houses next to that one, one lady sold hers for $500,000 I think last fall. And the house next to them was sold about two years ago. Then the duplexes have been there about three, no, five years. The house next to the duplex, that guy has a new renter every other year.

One lady was so desperate and she never cut her grass, and I called the city. So I came home one night and she was cutting the lawn with clippers. Okay, then this guy over here, he bought that house, that was one of those, Blanche James lived then, and they had to sell it because she was in arrears.

She had gotten one of those reverse mortgages. So this guy redid this house in the front about three years ago. But then he built the house in the back so he could make his payments for the original house. And then the ladies on the corner have been there about three years.

See people thought listening to the commercials, they could get the money, pay off the bills, travel, do whatever, and they wouldn't have to repay it until they wanted to retrieve the mortgage.

But the children couldn't couldn't repay the mortgages. All of the children or grandchildren were in no financial position to retrieve them.

They started building it. We left here in ‘57. When we came back in ‘66, it was here. I mean, we would come during summers. But then, it was just lower deck only. They didn't build the upper deck until – Oh, that's the other thing I was going to tell you.

The transportation department said Austin was not going to grow, so we didn't need an upper deck. And even though we had the active railroad track crossing 35, it was going to be all right because Austin wasn't going to grow that much. And so we could maintain the lower deck. Only after six different families were killed did they decide to build the upper deck.

I think it's stupid. Utterly stupid, and all it's going to do is going to leave UT intact. It's going to come on the East Side, take out the cemetery, it’s going to take out businesses that have been here for a long time, and it's going to disrupt families.

So I just say, “Okay, they're going to disrupt like they did in the ‘60s with 35, and that they're talking about removing the upper deck, although they had to add it.” I think our Department of Transportation is stupid and they have no insight. So I'm not for Cap and Stitch. And now I'm upset with the city council because they’re talking about putting three structures on a lot.