

ON A BURNING DECK: AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT MIGRATION

TOM JONES

PREFACE

In the early decades of the 20th century, more than twenty-eight million men and women—black and white—began “The Great Migration” north from the Deep South and Appalachia, lured by high wages and the opportunity to make a better life for themselves and their families.¹ As author, James N. Gregory noted in *The Southern Diaspora, How the Great Migrations of Black and White Southerners Transformed America*:

African Americans moved north under intense public scrutiny, accompanied by newspaper coverage that heightened the significance of their move and affected social interactions Meanwhile, their white migrant counterparts remained all but invisible. Although vastly outnumbering black migrants, white southerners were simply another set of moving Americans finding their way anonymously in the thriving northern and western economies of the early part of the century.²

Among the white southerners that left their homes and moved north, literally hundreds of thousands migrated to Akron, Ohio, forever changing its culture, history and politics. Who were they? Aside from dry numerical classifications as former residents of West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, et al. or simply “hillbillies” (during the second phase of The Great Migration from the mid-1930s through the 1960s), the fact is that historians really have not had any idea at all. No letters home, diaries, notes or recordings have been discovered.

In Steve Love and David Giffels encyclopedic series for the *Akron Beacon Journal* and their subsequent publication of *Wheels of Fortune, The Story of Rubber in Akron* in 1999, there is not a single quote from one of these rubber workers who made Akron “the Rubber Capital of the World” during the initial boom years of the industry.

In Susan Allyn Johnson’s 2006 dissertation, “Industrial Voyagers: A Case Study of Appalachian Migration to Akron, Ohio, 1900-1940,” she writes: “Virtually absent from historical narratives are the experiences of the 1.3 million white southerners who left the South before the Great Depression.”³ “Furthermore,” she adds, “they were less likely . . . to write letters or keep the sort of personal journals that have served to document the experiences of sojourners of earlier eras.”⁴

Finally, in his 2011 work, *The Devil’s Milk*, author John Tully notes:

No rubber worker has left his or her memoirs, and those captains of industry who did write focused on invention and commerce, not the lives of the laborers.⁵

With this seemingly gaping lack of information on these early rubber workers, it is hardly surprising that there is also no body of historical literature documenting the impact of any of these individuals as they moved into positions of responsibility in local government. In fact, for all their contributions to the industrial growth of America in the 20th Century, the individual role of these people has been completely lost and forgotten.

That is, until now.

Based on over 50 hours of unpublished oral histories and hundreds of photographs in the author's possession, this contextual oral history offers the only complete first-hand account of one family of white southerners, that of my grandparents, Haskell and Florence Jones, who helped stoke the fires of northeast Ohio's boom years and left a lasting impact on local governance.

Tom Jones
New Braunfels, Texas
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ORIGINS

Haskell: My earliest memory? My dad was unloadin' a load of corn in the crib we had back of the house. And I am too close and the horse kicked at me. It didn't hit me. It hit the end of the singletree and the end of the singletree hit me in the stomach and hurt me.⁶ I went bawlin' in the house to my mother where Mom was nursin' my brother Ralph and she said, "Do you want to try this tittie again?" I was a crybaby, you know. I don't know whether I did or not. But I can remember her calmin' me down by tellin' me it was available. I'd been weaned, maybe six or eight months. That's about as far back as I can go. I was about two and a half. Somethin' like that maybe.

One kid I knew (a real smart-aleck)— They were talkin' about how far he could remember back. I don't know whether you ought to tape this or not. He said he could remember one time that his mother was in the garden settin' plants. It was cabbage or potato or somethin'. He said, "I was reachin' down and pullin' 'em up." Yeah, he could remember back, too, quite a little ways. The kid was reachin' back pullin' them plants up as his mother went down the row settin' 'em out. He was an ornery bastard. Yes, sir. His youngest brother said, "Well, I can remember when Pappy was born."

My mom, Willie James, went to school in Wingo and then she moved to Mayfield. I can't put my finger on the time they moved to Mayfield. After she finished school (grade school), she went to the academy, which was tantamount to a high school. It was to learn how to teach well.⁷

The first school Mom taught was at a place called Swan, which was in the southeast corner of our county. I can't tell ya' exactly where it was. But it had a post office in those days. It was a grocery store, probably, that had a post office. But it was a school they called "Swan."⁸

She got twelve dollars a month and slept in. Sixty cents a day. That's exactly what she got. Sixty cents. 'Course sixty cents was pretty big in those days. They only had six months of school when I went to school. They might've had five back when she was teachin'. I don't know.⁹

She'd go to your house one week and my house one week and his house one week. She told me she had to sleep with two kids because of the week she had to stay at this house, they only got two beds. The old folks in that bed and her and two little babies got to sleep in this bed, see. It was a little bit rough, but—Ahh, people in those days expected things to be rough. They didn't expect all the fringes and everything.

My dad, Edwin Jones, was the trustee of the schools in Graves County and she came down there to get a school. She taught at Jones School three years and she boarded with his mother three years. The school was named for another family of Jones. A man named Jones gave the acre of ground for the schoolhouse site on the corner of his farm. She married toward the last of November and the school was probably out New Year's. So she probably was still teachin', see. They continued to live there a year or two with my grandmother. All the rest of the kids were married and gone and my dad was the farmer on the place. My oldest sister was born at my grandmother's. But I never had a positive sworn statement as to where I was born.

I got my name from a Methodist preacher who preached at the school where my father went to church. Wright's Chapel. It was an English family—the Haskell's were. They moved on west and there's a lot of their names over there. There's a county in Texas named Haskell for him.¹⁰ There was an Indian college named Haskell College.¹¹

My dad was Edwin A and I was Haskell A. There was so damn many of the Joneses—more so of 'em than anybody else—they had to nickname 'em. They all had the same name. Tom and Will and such names as that. John and so-forth, you know. And Dad went by “A” [or E.A]. Hell, half— His own closest neighbors didn't know what his name was. He'd been called “A” all his life. He was named for an uncle who was wounded in the Civil War— His name was—Well, “A”. Just an “A”. That's all I know. So everywhere I had to go and give my name, I said Haskell A and they said, “What's the 'A'? You gotta' have that.” “Gotta' have that.” What the hell could I say? So, I adopted the Alan in order to quit answerin' questions.

Sarah Ellen Jones

Haskell: My Grandmother, Sarah Ellen Jones, went to Paducah, which was about twenty-five miles away, to shop during the Civil War. I don't know if her husband was with her or not. I'm assumin' that he was because he wasn't in the army. He hired somebody to go in his place—which was a regular racket.¹²

A lot of 'em did it. Some of those guys would hire three or four times. They'd hire someone to go in their place and they might go into the army and stay there a few weeks and desert. And maybe go on the other side and hire in for somebody over there, you know. Get three or four hundred dollars—whatever they got. Didn't make no difference. It was a lot of money in those days. Then they'd desert there and go somewhere else and go under a different name and enlist somewhere else. That was a common racket.

Anyway, she went to Paducah and bought groceries. She bought a cook stove. And shoes for her husband. The soldiers were in the area. Both sides. And she knew they would take the shoes. Maybe the groceries. So she tied the shoes under her skirt between her knees. And in those

days, no man would lift a lady's skirt unless she invited him to—which she wasn't going to do. So, she got home with the shoes.

My grandfather hid his horses in the woods. Every night, he'd take his horses and put 'em in the woods. And every time the word would get around, "They're comin' through," he'd take 'em and put 'em in the woods and hide 'em.¹³

Although the slave days was a little too beyond me, my grandmother had a slave girl.¹⁴ When she married, her mother-in-law gave my grandmother a girl about twelve or thirteen years old.¹⁵ House-girl. And I guess she kept her 'til slaves was freed. I never did know what her first name was. She never did talk much about it. She did tell me about it though. She never told me any day-by-day things about it.¹⁶

If she was twelve years old when grandma got married in 1861, she'd've been about sixteen when they were freed in '65. So she didn't have her too many years, you know. I don't think my grandmother was a slave owner who was proud of the situation. I don't think she was though she needed one, I'll tell ya.' You can't imagine how much guts she had. Raised six kids by herself. Husband died when the oldest one was nine. Twenty-eight years old. If he'd lived to been forty, she'd've had thirty-five kids. But she never complained.

She told me about her boys when they were growin' up, what they wore. They wore a shirt down to their knees. That's all. Nothin' else. Nothin' else. No underwear. No nothin'. Just made out of woven material. She wove it herself on a spinnin' wheel and all that stuff. Made her cloth and made these clothes. Sewed it by hand. Never had a sewin' machine. Did it all by hand. But the kids wore a shirt down to their knees. That's all they had in the summertime. Maybe in winter they might've had pants, you know. Summertime—barefooted, shirt down to their knees and worked in the garden, field, wherever. We don't understand that. That's over our head. We can't believe that.

She was tellin' me one time about one of the kids. They had a dirt fight. They was throwin' dirt at each other or somethin'. One of 'em got dirt in his eye and he was havin' a bad time. So the other one comes over and the guy's cryin'. He pulls his shirt up and he wipes his eyes with his shirttail to get the dirt out of his brother's eye. She told me about it. Laughed about it. Told me it was funny. I guess she saw it happen. He said, "Come here. I'll get the dirt out of your eye."

My dad's brother Tom cut my dad's foot off. Dad was eight and his brother was nine. Their father had died so they each thought they had to be the headman. They go out to the woodpile and Uncle Tom had the axe. You can imagine a nine year old tryin' to chop with an axe. Dad wanted that axe. He said, "Let me chop, too!" Uncle Tom was not giving him the axe so Dad put his foot down on a log where he was choppin'. His brother said, "Take your foot off of there or I'll cut it off!" He said, "Cut 'er off." And he cut 'er off. Everything but the little toe. Cut clear through the boot. Clear through the sole of his shoe. Must've been a good axe.

They put him in a buggy and hauled him about four or five miles for old doctor Merritt to sew his foot back on. Probably put turpentine on it as an antiseptic. Didn't have much else. Sewed it back on and they brought him home. He wore that foot 'til he was fifty-two years old.

Grandma Jones was a great, old lady, I'll tell you. She probably didn't have too much education. Maybe eighth grade. But she had a lot in her head, I'll tell you. She wasn't a dummy. Good, old Methodist woman. Read her Bible every day. A great, old lady. If any kid had got out of

line, she knocked him around or set him down—one or the other. She didn't bother with kids' gettin' out of line. They had to follow the straight and narrow. Grandchildren the same way. She used to give us hell if we was wrong.

She died at eighty-three years old. She never had an outhouse. My dad was only twenty years younger than his mother. Only twenty years younger. He lived with her 'til he married. And they lived in the woods. Hell, they had a hundred and sixty acres of timber when they settled this thing, you know. It was all growed up with great big, oak timber.

I don't know how she made it. I can't understand it. I had a rough time in my life, but nothing like she had. I know I never come close to what she had. Big farm. Nobody to farm it. Oldest kid's nine years old. How in the hell is she gonna' farm? A hundred and sixty acres of land. Not once did I ever hear my grandmother say, "We had it rough." Not once did she ever say that to me. And we were very close. Not once did she say, "We didn't have this. We didn't have that." She never complained.

EDUCATION

Haskell: I had kids, little girls five years old that walked two and a half miles to school when I went to school. Two and a half miles! With mud up to your shoe-tops. It was terrible. The situation was bad. But those old Scotchmen and Englishmen, they didn't know there was any different. That's the way they'd done it, see, a hundred years before.

Florence had one little old girl that went to school to her [Haskell's wife, Florence, would teach school from 1917-1920], she walked as far as from here to downtown, I'll tell you. And for the first three-quarters of a mile, she didn't even have anybody to walk with her. A little five-year old girl. A little girl. A little girl. She was small. With a book and a lunch basket. Satchel over her shoulder to carry the book in. Pencils and paper and whatnot. And carried a little lunch box in her hand. If the weather was particular bad, her dad or her mother used to bring her to school—but not very often, you know. Most days she walked. After she walked pretty near a half mile, then there's some more kids would wait on her and walk with her another mile and a half.

Florence: It was a long way to walk to get to school. About a couple miles. And there was no way to get there but to walk unless Dad hitched the horses to the wagon and took us in. We might as well've been walkin' 'cause there was no top on the wagon or anything. When they first began to have any buggies to amount to anything, they didn't have any tops to 'em. Most of us girls was out of grade school by the time they had many buggies. And sometimes the weather would be so bad we couldn't get away to school. But if we could get there at all, we never missed a day. There was that one room school. It filled just about full of kids of all sizes.

We went to school to a schoolhouse that was on the road that went from Mayfield to Dublin. And every once in awhile, we'd see a doctor or some kind of a person that would have a car and they'd be going along the road. Teacher could hardly hold the kids down when they'd hear one.

Haskell: There was one family of Sellers. There was a bunch of them. There was Will and Roy, Essie, Alta, Albert and I don't know if there was any more. Some of 'em were older than I was.

They had to walk a mile and a half with no roads through a lane that mud was knee-deep. Sometimes it would rain. They couldn't get home. The creek was up. If you had a field on one of these old dry creeks, you know, you put a log clear across the creek. You cut a new one and when it rotted, you put a new one in. Clear across from side to side. Well, they put a wire across the top up here so kids could walk this log. It's as high as that door from the dirt. So you had to walk on this log, holdin' on to a wire up here to get across to go walk home. Maybe it's pourin' down rain. What the hell can you do about it? You can't stop the rain. I went when it was pouring down rain many a day.

Boy, we had mud! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ooh! The mud. You can't believe. You've never seen mud. You don't know what mud is. You never did see good mud. We had the very best mud there was. I mean, it was really top mud. Umh! No overshoes. You shoes would soak through by the time you got home. Your feet would be wet. Your mom would take your stockin's off. Maybe she'd rinse 'em out, hang 'em before the fire so they'd be dry in the morning. You could put 'em on to go back to school.

We sat in rows. Girls sat on one side of the room and the boys on the other side of the room. Had two rows of seats. One on each side. And as the seat went back toward the back of the school, they got bigger. I think there was three sizes. Three different sizes and four seats each. About twelve seats, I'd guess, on each side. There was two rows and two kids on each seat. They were double desks—had two kids on 'em.

Florence: I'll never forget the first day I went to school. We had a man teacher and I was kind of timid and afraid of people anyway. We lived back there where we didn't see people that were strange too much. And I got inside of the door and there stood a great big, tall man in the door. I was kind of 'fraid to go in, but I got along okay.

The big girls and boys sat on the back seats. Then there was some that wasn't quite so big that the next size sat on. Then there was smaller ones that the first and second grades (probably third) sat on.

I used to get to sit with the big girls. Somehow, they took a notion that they liked me and if they was just comin' in or if we'd had recess and we's gettin' seated, there's a couple of 'em would take me and sit me in their seat between 'em. So I thought that was great.

WORK

Haskell: The terrain was fairly steep in that country. When I say, "fairly steep," it couldn't have been too steep with the average elevation was only five hundred feet and it was a thousand miles to the Gulf of Mexico. But the little hills—The water run pretty fast when it run off of those hills because most of the hills was steep. But erosion was awful bad.

It was a type of soil that would wash bad. Didn't have much sand in it and had a hard pan of gravel under all that soil. The water could only soak down so far and, after that, it just didn't go

through it. It was just like cement. It'd get soaked, you down, and then come a hard rain and—swoosh it right off like in California. Mud slides.

Some people would let their fields get away from 'em. Man would have a field cultivated down to plough depth, and one of those gulley-washin' hard rains would come. That whole hill would just disappear, swept clear off as deep as it was ploughed. Down to the gravel in some places. Maybe three, four hundred yards wide—Just ruin a field. It took years to build that back up and get that soil any good again.

Since I've left there, they begin to get some equipment they could do somethin' with. They'd bulldoze those hills down smooth and sewed 'em with some kind of grass or vine or vetch or somethin' of that kind that would keep it from washin'. They use it for pastureland or just don't cultivate it at all—just work around it and leave it alone, see. But it was awful bad back in those days. Terrible bad.

But I was the oldest. I started takin' care of horses when I was six, seven, eight years old. I fed 'em and cleaned 'em and cleaned the stalls and everything of that kind, you know. Worked 'em, too. We went in the field. We raised tobacco and we raised a strong, dark tobacco. The rest of 'em would use a hoe or whatever. I was the guy that did the horsin'. We had Morgan horses. Copperbottoms. And various runnin' stock. I don't know what. We didn't use a lot of mules. Dad didn't like mules. He hated 'em.

We had a mule that was fractious. You couldn't carry anything on him. You could ride him if you just sat up there and behaved yourself and didn't do any monkeyshines, you know. My hat blew off and dumb hired man—He reached out to pick up my hat and started to hand it to me. “Don't give me that hat! Don't give me that hat!” Mule threw me off and I hung myself in the chain. Chain was wrapped right around my ankle. He started to kick me but the chain was hung up on the hame, you know. He was swingin' me away from him and he couldn't get to me. I finally kicked my foot out of there. Then, I spent the next half hour cussin' the hired man out. Uhhh, that mule had me scared. I couldn't get lose.

One old horse we had was a gate opener. He'd open a gate himself. He could do it faster than you could. You couldn't keep him in a stall, hardly—unless you hid the key where he couldn't get to it. But I was ridin' him. Didn't have a bridle or anything on him. I just rode up and he pushed that bar over and reached to hook the gate with his nose and swung it open. Started through and the gate started to swing shut on him, you know. So he leaned away from it. There was a barbed wire wrapped around the post the gate fastened against. That barb was stickin' right straight out, see. And he'd dragged my foot between him and the post and cut that artery right in two. I don't know what we did with my foot.

Some time after that, after we'd torn that old gate down, we moved it out of the way and just leaned it against the fence, you know. But it still had three big nails in it that'd been in the piece the gate was swingin' on. I had a wild young horse and I had just got a foot in the stirrup and started up when he took off with me. He dragged my hand right through them nails. Right—Three of 'em against that horn. He cut that—Ooooh, boy! That time, I went to the house and my mom washed it and put some soot on it. I think soot and spider web. Put a bandage on it and that's all.

It was torn. Those nails tore it more than cut it. Oooh, it was deep. I got some scars on there now, you can see 'em. They went clear down to the bone almost. I was pretty lucky I didn't get killed.

I was about nine, ten years old. My dad bought a pair of mules at a sale. They were not young. Small mules. And I was workin' 'em. I turned a harrow over with 'em. It wasn't the mule's fault. It was mine. They had a hinge harrow. And I turned wrong and upset the dadgum harrow, you know. Spikes stickin' up like that. Scared Dad to death. Next Monday, he took the mules into town and sold 'em.

When I was a kid, there wasn't much farm machinery. We had a plow and a cultivator that you hitched the mule to and you went down between the rows and cultivated it, you know. Two mules or two horses to plow the ground up with a bigger plow. Then you cultivated it with a smaller one or a "double-shovel," they called it. At ten years old, my dad stuck me out there behind that pair of mules to look at their butts all day.

I'm supposed to do the farmin'. You can't believe the rough time I had as a kid. You can't believe it. Hell, I ain't a man. I'm a kid! A little kid! My dad goes to town. We'd get a hired man to help on the farm—and I'd try to keep up with the hired man. I'm a little sick kid. I had malaria and wasn't able to work, really. Go out and saw wood all day long with the big hired man, you know—big, strong, bully of a bastard. And my dad's gone all day. Go down to the courthouse and shoot the ox with a bunch of so-called politicians.

They had a coal-yard in town along the railroad there and we'd go in there and get a load of coal. You ain't never heard this kind of weight. You'd pay twelve or thirteen or fourteen cents a *bushel* for coal. A bushel weighed seventy-four pounds. The price varied—as oil does or any other commodity does, you know. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen cents. It would depend on the grade. John Shaffer. Good man. Sold fertilizer, coal and a few farming supplies of various kinds.

I went there one time when I was a kid to get a load of fertilizer. We were goin' to plant tobacco and we needed fertilizer. I had a tarp of some sort to put over it. And it was as dark and it r-r-r-r-rained! Mister, it rained. I had a raincoat on. It finally got my seat wet underneath. And it rained and rained and rained and rained. It never quit rainin' 'til I got home. It poured down there. It blew in my face. I was so wet that my underwear band was drippin' on my balls. You can't imagine how wet I was. It blew, it rained and it blew. But what am I gonna' do? There is no place to stop. There's no place except some farmer's house or somethin'—who didn't care whether it rained or not. He's inside. Umh! How I can remember that. With a load of fertilizer, tryin' to keep it dry. And that rain blowin' in your face. And I'm a kid! I ain't a man! I'm a kid!

MIGRATION

Detroit and Akron Mecca For Work Seekers

Detroit, Mich., and Akron, O., seem to be two of the busiest places in the United States at this time.

It is said that over a hundred thousand persons have gone to these two places to get work and that all who were capable and willing to work got a job.

Over 100 persons from Paducah and probably a hundred from Graves county, to say nothing of those from the surrounding counties in Western Kentucky, have gone to these places to work and most of them are there yet.

Another colony of ten or fifteen left Mayfield today for Akron, Ohio, seeking employment, which no doubt they will get, as some of our best young men are drifting away to these industrial cities.

Such a demand for labor has never been known before at any two cities as there has been within the past two years at Detroit and Akron.

The industries and manufacturing establishments of these two cities are paying out millions of dollars every month or so for labor.

—*The Daily Messenger*
Saturday, August 26, 1916

Coming Back Home

We notice in many of the state papers that large numbers of the boys that went to Detroit and Akron to work are returning home. Some got homesick. Some got sick. The work is too hard for some, and others are satisfied with the trip, while board and other expenses are beyond all reason. The roads have been kept hot both ways for months.

—*The Daily Messenger*
September 11, 1916

Haskell: I'd done a little, a few odd jobs. Dug clay. Worked with a hay baler. A few odd jobs like that. But mostly just farmed. The rehandling of tobacco for shipment and sale was seasonal. It's only lasted three, four months a year and then there wasn't anything to do if you worked in the tobacco, in the factories, you know, in the rehandling.

There wasn't any public work. There was very little, very, very little public work. A few stores in town and the storekeeper's friends and kids worked in them. But, women—There just was nothin' to do.

There was no work for young women. A few of them worked in millinery stores. They'd have a lady's millinery store where they sold hats. Every woman wore hats in those days. Dresses, corsets, whatever, you know. Underwear and so forth. They didn't sell that in the department store. They sold it in the millinery store. And any stockings and so forth. Women could get a job in that kind of a store. But, heck, they only got two stores in each town! And they got three hundred women! They can't get a job there.

There was two woolen mills there. But they were not considered the very best. If you didn't have to work in there, you didn't. We had the Merit Pant.¹⁷ We had the old Woolen Mills, which was a big outfit. A great, big outfit. They spun the thread, wove the cloth, cut it out, fitted it, sewed it together, finished it and sent it out to the stores, see. It was a big outfit. The Mayfield Woolen Mills. Some of our people owned some of it.

Women could work in the mill, but they were looked on as harlots if they worked in a mill. No matter how bad—If they were starvin' to death, if they worked in a mill, they weren't no good.

It was just one of those old fallacies. A lot of women worked in there. They *had* to. Some women would go to the mill and bring clothes home and they did sewin'—put in pockets or whatever they had. Now, they weren't too bad. They were “pieceworkers.” But the ones that stayed in the mill and cut and sewed and did whatever in there, boy, they were—hey were really ostracized. It was terrible.

There wasn't much—There was lots of people, but not much work. As the new machines began, more modern farming methods, you didn't need all this help, see. You didn't need four people on a little farm. One was enough. We had a small farm but not enough land for Ralph and I both. I had to get out of there. He was younger, so I left to come to Akron.

I've never been sorry the day I left there. Never!

“SINGING SOLDIERS”

Too, it is the man who can sing at his work, light hearted and carefree, who works best. Their labor then is not drudgery. When man sings at his work, it is a labor of love.

—“Which Shall it be Home or Hovel?”
The Goodyear Heights Realty Company

As one of our country's original boomtowns, Akron first found success during the early 1830s to the 1860s with the development of the Ohio and Erie canals—making Akron an international inland port.¹⁸ As trains replaced the canals, the city reinvented itself and boomed again. Thanks to a local abundance of high quality coal and easy access to the Great Lakes, it soon gained national renown as a manufacturing and trade center for such products as iron, mechanical mowers and reapers, flour, stoneware, gunpowder and matches—with the small local companies that would become Diamond Match and Quaker Oats still household names today. Soon, however, Akron would realize the biggest boom in its history. This time, through an extremely unlikely commodity for the Midwest—rubber.

While B.F. Goodrich would be Akron's largest rubber company in 1917, with fifty-nine buildings taking up some sixty-three acres and employing 20,000 workers, other major players had come along, as well.¹⁹ These included the Miller Rubber Manufacturing Company (founded in 1892, reincorporated in 1898 and later purchased by the B.F. Goodrich Company), the Diamond Rubber Company (founded in 1894 as The Sherbondy Rubber Co., renamed in 1896 and purchased by Goodrich in 1912), Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company (1898) and the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company (founded in 1900, though originally purchasing its tires and supplies from B.F. Goodrich).²⁰

To provide those factories with labor, Akron's population more than tripled between 1910 and 1920 to over 208,435—making it the fastest growing city in the entire nation.²¹ Of those, over 75,000 were employed in the rubber industry, working twenty-four hours a day, six days a week, pumping out thousands of tires in addition to hundreds of thousands of other rubber items.²² This was a number greater than the city's entire population had been just ten years before and more than had been employed in every plant in every industry in Akron's history to date.²³

The Factory Floor

Inside the colossal factories, sprawled over hundreds of acres, the conditions were even more appalling than many of the “constituents” or the boosters could have ever endured. Authors Howard and Ralph Wolf would later note in their groundbreaking work *Rubber: A Story of Glory and Greed* (1936):

It was still the era of dust and flying soapstone loading the lungs; of workers nodding drunkenly in the benzene vapors above cement tanks; of unventilated calender rooms [the machinery used to evenly coat cotton tire fabric with rubber] below the street level where men withered in the heat and the skin peeled from their bodies; of hell-hot pits where the toilers yet slipped about in the wet underfoot.

Mills had no hoods to carry poisonous fumes away and the result was lassitude and loss of appetite on the job, a splitting headache to carry home every day. 'Blue men' baffled physicians who had not yet penetrated the jealously-guarded compounding secrets of the gum mills to discover that aniline was in use. Lead poisoning doubled up compounding and mill room workers with agonizing colic and fuddled them mentally.²⁴

That was to say nothing of the massive equipment running at high speed in a web of whirling belts, pulleys and steam. Lacking such basic safety items as "fast acting brakes and clutches, guards and other safety devices," authors Wolf and Wolf continued, "It was no uncommon thing for a careless mountain boy to have a hand trapped by the treacherous rubber and be pulled, screaming, into the rolls up to his elbow or his shoulder, and, in a few cases, beyond."²⁵

As if the lack of the basic rudiments of safety weren't bad enough, there was no union to protect them.²⁶ And violence among the workers raised amid different cultures, languages and beliefs was just as much a threat to the workers' lives as the equipment and working conditions. This would only become all the more apparent as the companies began recruiting "hillbillies" from the South—an area with an ancestral "culture of honor" where cold-blooded murder was considered the appropriate response to a spoken insult (and not necessarily even considered a crime among one's brethren).²⁷ In fact, at B.F. Goodrich alone, the company counted nine homicides on the workplace floor during the period of 1918 to 1920—two more than the number they reported killed in industrial accidents during the exact same time period.²⁸

Housing

In 1916, the *Akron Beacon Journal* had editorialized that newcomers were "left alone till they either blundered into some solution for themselves, went to the street and the saloon for human companionship and comfort, or gave up the struggle and went back to their home town."²⁹ By 1920, the *Beacon* was lamenting, "Our housing conditions are damnable . . . They are a menace to growth, prosperity, sanity."³⁰

In a city where, as one national magazine of the time headlined, there was "Standing Room Only," many were forced to sleep three to a bed—if you could find a bed.³¹ And that was just one shift for that bed. In fact, "Laborers worked the factories in three shifts and slept in rooming houses the same way, often on soiled sheets . . . The man who oversleeps is dragged from under the covers by the roomer who has the next ticket," writer Edward Mott Woolley noted.³² Another commented that "a certain landlady was known to brag that . . . the sheets in her house were never cold."³³ As a result, it wasn't just the workers who were making money. The landlords profited handsomely, as well. As authors Wolf and Wolf were to later note, "One of the record cleanups of those years was made by a lad yanking down \$6 ½ a day in each of two gum shops while at home the wife was doing \$125 a week with boarders."³⁴ Not all were successful in finding sleeping quarters, however, as "hundreds of men have come to Akron intending to settle, but have left after a week or two spent in hopeless search for living quarters."³⁵

Unlike the auto industry of Detroit, which largely let workers fend for themselves, both Firestone and Goodyear initiated their own immense residential development projects to meet

their endless employment needs (and to ensure a workforce which didn't flee back to their home states or factories in other cities).³⁶ The result of their efforts would be respectively christened Firestone Park and Goodyear Heights, and encompassed literally hundreds of acres and thousands of homes, making Akron the country's first "company city."³⁷ Goodyear Heights alone encompassed some 450 acres divided into 1,937 lots, including a forty-six-acre park, athletic fields and playgrounds. It was so large, in fact, the city limits were extended to include it all.³⁸ "It is not charity," a publication of the Goodyear Heights Realty Company assured their proud workers. It instead was "above all, good business."³⁹ In doing so, the company promised a new, happier class of workers, "Singing soldiers!"⁴⁰

The Workforce

Day by day, the factories' monstrous appetite for "singing soldiers" was only growing. Due to conditions on both the factory floor and in acquiring suitable housing, recruiting (and maintaining) a workforce was no easy task for the personnel managers. "Indeed, one company reported hiring 642 new employees during one week of 1916, only to have another 652 quit."⁴¹ In 1918, the Miller Rubber Company "hired 10,742 new workers—out of which 9,433 quit within a year."⁴² A third company, which employed 18,000 men, was forced to employ 88,000 men over the course of a year. What's more, two-thirds of all employees who quit never bothered to notify their supervisor or foreman that they were leaving.⁴³ At a projected minimum cost of \$64 per employee, the rubber companies were losing \$4,000,000 per year simply because of labor turnover.⁴⁴ Goodyear alone had to hire 60,000 people in 1920 just to keep 33,000 on the payroll, costing the company nearly two million dollars.⁴⁵ This, despite the fact that the tire builders were among the highest paid laborers in the country.

That didn't mean that all Americans need apply, however. While women and even a substantial number of deaf-mutes workers found employment (with Akron earning yet another nickname, "Crossroads of the Deaf"), outright racism still barred entry of black workers to any skilled, higher-paying jobs—as well as the new housing developments.⁴⁶ This was not, as author Steve Love notes, unique to Akron. It was simply and unfortunately, "the tenor of the times."⁴⁷ As a result, the rubber shops cultivated a ready workforce in Southern white males—in the parlance of the times, "hillbillies," or, as they would become known in more polite circles, "Akron's largest ethnic group."⁴⁸

Readily available from neighboring southern states, southern white males were preferred over even locals by the rubber companies as "they were hard workers and often individualistic in outlook, reflecting their origins as fiercely independent small-owners of farmlands."⁴⁹ Best of all, it also made them less susceptible to unionization and meant they could be easily "returned" home when production slackened. It was that very mobility, however, that meant that they were resented by the locals who saw them as having no city pride and being interested only in taking their wages and returning home, leaving their passage a blight upon the landscape. As a later study of a similar population would show, they were actually looked upon as less desirable by the local white population than either blacks or foreign immigrants—with only "criminals and gangsters" being less desirable.⁵⁰ In fact, distaste for the "hillbilly" "outsiders" was so high that it led to recurring

variations on the joke: "Did you realize there are only 48 states now?" "No, how did that happen?" "All of Kentucky moved to Ohio and Ohio went to hell."⁵¹

Despite the prejudices of the locals, many of these same "hillbillies" chose to remain, working to change the way of life in Akron to the betterment of all. So many became a part of the community, in fact, that nearly half the residents of Akron in the 1970s were counted as either from Appalachia or had parents who originated there.⁵² One of those Kentucky "hillbillies" would be Haskell Jones, who arrived in Akron on Saturday, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, 1917, just three weeks before America's entrance into World War One.

Haskell: They had employment agents ridin' trains. They'd get on like at Columbus. Catch a trainload of us hillbillies with one of them dollar and a half suitcases and a straw-hat on in the wintertime. "Where ya' goin' son?" Nice-lookin', young man, you know, or middle-aged. "I'm goin' to 'Ay-kron'." "Have ya' got a job there?" "No, sir. I haven't got a job." "Well, I'll tell ya' what. I know of a Mister Hannah over at Firestone (he was an employment man)."⁵³ Here's my card. You take this over to Mister Hannah and tell him I sent you." 'Course, had his name on it, you know. That's the way he got paid. Said, "You tell him I sent you. I like the looks of you. I think you'd make a good man." You thought the guy was a prince. They did it for all the companies. They rode various trains. They figured out where the labor was comin' from, you know. Pennsylvania. West Virginia. Alabama. Georgia. Kentucky. Tennessee. That was the big influx into Akron.

I think I had six dollars. Not much. The railroad fare used to be sixteen dollars and forty-four cents from Mayfield to Akron. Took about twenty-four hours to get there. Let's see. A little more than that. We used to leave Mayfield after 6:00 in the evening. Six-fifty-four, I think. And we got into Akron about 10:00 at night the next day. We'd go to Louisville, layover awhile, and come on to Cincinnati and layover awhile. Trains didn't go too fast in those days.

First night I was in Akron, I slept with two other guys. Strangers. I didn't know either one of 'em. There wasn't any rooms. There was just not any you could get ahold of unless you was acquainted and knew how to look and where to look. On the train I got acquainted with two guys. We get off the train and we had already heard the news, "You can't get a room in Akron." We've been ridin' for twenty-four hours. It was 10:00 at night. So I suggested we get a cab and get the cabdriver to get us a room because a cabdriver usually knew where these things were. That's part of their business. He said, "I believe I can find you a bed." He apologized. "It ain't somethin' fancy, but it's clean and you can get to sleep." So we went and the guy said he only had one bed. I said, "That's good enough." The room wasn't as big as a shoebox. Two of us had to stand out in the hall while the other guy undressed and got into bed it was so small. The James Hotel on James Street. If you don't know where it is, don't feel bad about it 'cause it ain't there anymore. Little, lousy hotel. They called it a "hotel." It was nothin'. Flophouse. The three of us slept in that bed. Three total strangers. We didn't know one another from Adam.

MILLER RUBBER

Haskell: All you had to do was hit town in those days and they grabbed you. Rubber factories was going full blast and they was hiring every one of us hillbillies that come into town. Thousands. When I first came here, they couldn't get enough people. That was durin'—just before World War One, you know. World War One was fomentin' over in there. We hadn't gotten in it, but we were gonna' get in it next week.

Jobs were no object then. You had to fight people to keep 'em from hirin' you. That was a ruination of a lot of us guys. We didn't realize the importance of keepin' a job because you could get another one in a minute, you know. It was no problem.

I came here on a Saturday.⁵⁴ Monday, I went to the old Miller Rubber and got a job. We didn't make much money. Wages were pretty low. I think I was makin' fifty-six cents an hour. It was better than fifty cents a day, I'll tell you that. That's what I got around home. Went to work at 2:30 in the afternoon in the calender room. Dirtier than hell. Awful dirty. Awful dirty. Lampblack and soapstone.⁵⁵ Sometimes the air would be so dirty you couldn't see the lights over ya'. Where I worked it was particular noisy. I worked about two weeks and had the measles and almost died.

When I went back to work, why, I'd worked about another two or three weeks and a man got killed. It was only about twenty feet from me. He got pulled into the machine. Got his arm pulled in there and pulled his arm off. Some guy run a steel bar in between the rolls and cracked the machinery to get him out of there.⁵⁶ But the poor guy died. That's the first job I had. Don't want to see it again.

It was on a Saturday evening. On Monday they assigned that job to me. You know what that song says about “You can take this job and shove it.” That's what I told them 'cause I wasn't gonna' do that job. I said I wasn't gonna' work there. So, the foreman said, “You're gonna' tell us what you're gonna' do around here, are ya' son?” I said, “Nah, I'm gonna' tell ya' what I'm not gonna' do. And I'm not gonna' work on there.” And he says, “All right. Clean out your locker. You'll get paid at 3:00.” So, they literally fired me.

So I went over to Firestone and got another job and got examined and was back in an hour and a half later to get my pay. Firestone and Miller was only a block apart. That's how it worked in those days. You just walk out of one job and said I want another one and the man gave it to ya'.

“THE LITTLE DEPRESSION”

Anticipating a great peacetime rush for goods which were no longer restricted and undeterred by the loss of wartime government contracts, the rubber industry fully extended itself following the end of World War I.

Nearly a decade before the Great Depression hit, Akron (and the United States as a whole) first had to weather what would subsequently be called the “little depression.”⁵⁷ While many have heard about the “Roaring Twenties,” no one remembers the devastating economic downturn from which the country had to roar back to make those years possible. Whether the cause was a surge in the civilian workforce as troops returned home, overproduction, tighter monetary policies or

the lasting effects of the Spanish Flu, the result was the largest drop in industrial production during any recession since 1873, the greatest drop in wholesale prices since the American Revolution and the most extreme one year period of deflation in 140 years of United States economic history.⁵⁸ Industrial production fell by 30 percent and automobile production declined by 60 percent.⁵⁹ The effect on the tire industry and its workers would be devastating.

Almost overnight, consumers stopped buying, the orders ceased. And the layoffs in the rubber industry began. Eighty-three percent of the city's manufacturing workforce had been employed in the rubber industry in 1919 reaching a record high of 73,490 rubber workers in April 1920 (out of a total adult population in the city of 152,050.⁶⁰ By March of the following year, nearly 54,000 workers had been discharged from Akron's factories.⁶¹ This represented an astonishing 46 percent of all adult, head-of-household names listed in the City Directory for the combined area of Akron, Kenmore, Barberton and Cuyahoga Falls in 1920.⁶² By the time the next City Directory was printed, over 31,000 of them would no longer be counted among Akron's population.⁶³ Haskell and his wife would be among the missing.

EPILOGUE

Once the economy recovered, Haskell and his wife Florence (as well as their extended families) would eventually return to Akron. Before that could happen, however, he would struggle to find work, first working in a clay pit, then riding the rails West—only to find himself in the middle of a manhunt for an escaped murderer. Once he found temporary employment in Paducah, Kentucky, the family would move again. There, for the next two years, Haskell would work on a streetcar carrying bootleggers, revenueurs, prostitutes and conmen along the riverfront—experiencing “the social evil” firsthand. When they did return to Akron, Haskell would be an eyewitness on the shop floor as the country's largest industrial strike began.

In time, he would follow in both his grandfather's and father's footsteps, serving as the Chief of Police and City Councilman for Tallmadge, Ohio, before running for Mayor. For his contributions to the community, he would be recognized as both “Citizen of the Year” in Tallmadge and an honorary Kentucky Colonel.

Of the hundreds of thousands of “hillbillies” who came to work in the rubber industry during its biggest boom years, he would be the only one to leave a lasting record of his journey—and he was very much aware of that. As he once said, “You know, when your old grandfather dies, a lot of history is gonna' go down the drain. I don't know whether you can use it or not, but I hope you can. Someday.”

Tom Jones is the author of On A Burning Deck, An Oral History of The Great Migration (from which this is excerpted) and Waldo Maccabees, a novelization of the ministry of Christ as viewed through the eyes of his dog.

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS USED

ABJ	<i>Akron Beacon Journal</i> , Akron, Ohio
ACD	<i>Official Akron City Directory Supplemented by Directories of Barberton, Kenmore and Cuyahoga Falls</i>
BLEW	"The City That Blew Itself Up," <i>The American Mercury</i> , February 11 th , 1926.
BRAIN	Brainerd, Elizabeth and Mark V. Siegler, "The Economic Effects of the 1918 Influenza Epidemic," June 2002.
CEN	<i>A Centennial History of Akron, 1825-1925</i>
GRIS	Karl H. Grismer, <i>Akron and Summit County</i>
HOME	<i>Which Shall it be Home or Hovel?</i> Akron: Goodyear Heights Realty Company, 1918.
JOH	Susan Allyn Johnson. "Industrial Voyagers: A Case Study of Appalachian Migration to Akron, Ohio, 1900-1940." Dissertation. Ohio State University, 2006.
MDM	<i>The Daily Messenger</i> , Mayfield, Kentucky
MILLS	Hubert Howard Mills, <i>"The History of Education Of Graves County"</i>
ORE	Maurice O'Reilly, <i>The Goodyear Story</i>
SKR	Quentin R. Skrabec, Jr. <i>Rubber. An American Industrial History</i> . Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, 2014
TULL	John Tully, <i>The Devil's Milk</i>
WHE	Steve Love and David Giffels, <i>Wheels of Fortune, The Story of Rubber in Akron</i>
WOLF	Howard and Ralph Wolf, <i>Rubber, A Story of Glory and Greed</i>
WOOL	Edward Mott Wooley, "Akron: Standing Room Only!"

PREFACE

¹ James N. Gregory, *The Southern Diaspora, How the Great Migrations of Black and White Southerners Transformed America* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 2005), 4.

² Gregory, *ibid*, 78. "In fact, white out-migrants outnumbered blacks during every decade and usually by a very large margin. In the Great Migration era of the early twentieth century, when African Americans moved north for the first time in large numbers and established much-noticed communities in the major cities, less-noticed white southerners actually outnumbered them roughly

two to one.” James N. Gregory, *The Southern Diaspora, How the Great Migrations of Black and White Southerners Transformed America* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 2005), 15.

³ JOH, pg. 18.

⁴ JOH, pg. 8.

⁵ TULL, 52.

ORIGINS

⁶ A horizontal wooden or metal bar between the wagon and the horse used to balance the pull of the horse’s alternate shoulders as it walks.

⁷ “An attempt was made in 1870 by the legislature to provide professional training for teachers by the adoption of the County Institute system. Institutes were held annually for a period of five days. All teachers and those who wished to be examined for a certificate to teach were require to attend and pay a fee to be used meeting the expense of the institute.” MILLS 24.

⁸ Now lost to history in all but the most obscure reference works, Swan was the site of a U.S. Post Office as early as 1851. *Table of Post Offices in The United States on the First Day of January, 1851, Arranged in Alphabetical Order, and Exhibiting the States, Territories, and Counties in Which They are Situated, with the Names of the Post Masters; also an Appendix Containing a List of the Post Offices, Arranged by States and Counties, to which is Added a List of the Offices Established, Changed, or Discontinued to May 31.* (Washington: W. & J.C. Greer, Printers, 1851), 366, 600; Although the Mayfield *Daily Messenger* would occasionally reference the community well into the early 1900’s, it was apparently of such little importance that its existence was not even recognized on *An Atlas of Graves County, Kentucky From Actual Surveys Under the Direction of B.N. Griffing.* (Philadelphia, PA: D.J. Lake & Co., 1880); *The Daily Messenger* offers conflicting spellings of the little town’s name, alternately spelling it “Swan” or “Swann”—often in the same article. “Young Lady Dies Near Swan.” MDM, Vol. IX, No. 102, Tuesday, May 4, 1909, 1.

⁹ From 1893 until 1904, the term for a common school was five months. It changed to 6 months in 1904. MILLS 70, 74.

¹⁰ The county was actually named for Charles R. Haskell, a casualty of the Goliad Massacre in 1836 in the fight for Texas Independence. “Haskell County,” Texas State Historical Association, <https://tshaonline.org/handbook/online/articles/hch10>. Accessed April 17, 2017.

¹¹ Founded as the United States Indian Industrial Training School in 1884, the name was changed in 1887 to honor U.S. Representative Dudley Chase Haskell. “School of Business, History of Haskell’s Business Department.” <http://www.haskell.edu/academics/business/history/history-hinu-business/> Accessed April 17, 2017.

¹² Known as “commutation,” it allowed for an individual to pay \$300 for a substitute to go in their place and avoid service for three years in each of four drafts. This was roughly equal to the annual wages of an individual employed in manufacturing. Timothy J. Perri, “The Economics of US Civil War Conscription.” Appalachian State University, www.appstate.edu/~perritj/CWC.pdf. Accessed March 11, 2012.

¹³ Reparations for horses stolen by Union troops were still being addressed some 35 years later as one local resident finally received notice that he would be paid \$175 for his horse, bridle and saddle in late 1902. “James Barber To Be Paid for His Horse After 35 Long Years,” MDM, Vol. 3, No. 292, Monday, August 11, 1902, 1.

¹⁴ “Although Graves County was not a large slaveholding county, the county’s sympathies seem to have been most firmly rooted in Southern family ties.” “Graves County’s Confederate Monument.” *Graves County Kentucky, History & Families.* Graves County Genealogical Society (Paducah: Turner Publishing Company, 2001), 57.

¹⁵ The mother-in-law, Mary Kesee, is recorded as living with Haskell’s grandparent’s, Robert C. and Martha James, in the 1880 Census. 1880; Census Place: Wingo, Graves, Kentucky; Roll: 416; Family History Film: 1254416; Page 360A; Enumeration District: 095; Image: 0122. <http://search.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/sse.dll?db=1880usfedcen&h=11697438&ti=0&indiv=try&gss=pt>.

¹⁶ Although his grandmother may have admitted to one slave, there is evidence in the 1860 Slave Schedules that her husband, William Buntin Jones, owned eleven slaves in Montgomery County, Tennessee, about the time they married. Ancestry.com. 1860 U.S. Federal Census - Slave Schedules [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2010. Original data: United States of America, Bureau of the Census. *Eighth Census of the United States, 1860*. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1860. M653, 1,438 rolls.

¹⁷ "The block-long Merit Manufacturing Company Building at Fifth and South Street was the site for over seventy years of one of Mayfield's most important industries. The original Merit Pant Company was organized on October 1, 1899 and began business in an upper story room. In 1900 the company was incorporated and the two-story brick factory on Fifth Street built. A stone plaque above the entranceway to the factory recognizes D.R. Merritt as president and Z.T. Long as vice-president of the company. The company manufactured such products as 'American Gentlemen Trousers', 'Pony Boy Suits', and 'Merit Hi-School Suits'. Merit pants were known all over the nation. In 1923 it was estimated that 7,500 merchants sold Merit pants and one million men wore them. The Merit Company continued to operate until the late 1970s." National Register of Historic Places Inventory—Nomination Form, completed July 31, 1984. <http://pdfhost.focus.nps.gov/docs/NRHP/Text/84001477.pdf> Accessed May 12, 2012.

¹⁸ SKR 27.

¹⁹ SKR 113, 116.

²⁰ Ralph C. Busbey. "Rubber," A Centennial History of Akron 1825-1925, Summit County Historical Society, 1925, 313-345. Accessed December 12, 2014. http://www.akronhistory.org/busbey_rubber.htm.

²¹ CEN 113 & 119; Clarice Finley Lewis, *A History of Firestone Park* (Firestone Park Citizens Council 20th Anniversary 1966-1986. n.p., n.d.), 16.

²² CEN, 344; WOOL, 13.

²³ GRIS, 349.

²⁴ WOLF, 499-500.

²⁵ WOLF, 362.

²⁶ Although abortive attempts had been made to organize the rubber workers by the AFL and the IWW (or "Wobblies"), their efforts would not bear fruit for another 20 years. Bruce M. Meyer, *The Once and Future Union, The Rise and Fall of the United Rubber Workers, 1935-1995* (The University of Akron Press, 2002).

²⁷ Malcolm Gladwell "Harlan, Kentucky," *Outliers, The Story of Success* (New York: Little, Brown and Company, 2008), 170.

²⁸ "Disabling Sickness Among Employees of a Rubber Manufacturing Establishment in 1918, 1919, and 1920." *Public Health Reports*, Vol. 37, No. 50, December 15, 1922, 3085; One historian calculated that Akron's murder rate increased by 457 percent between 1914 and 1920. Even if you took the city's growth rate of 202 percent between 1910 and 1920 into consideration, the toll was still staggering. John Hevener, "Appalachians in Akron, 1914-1945: The Transfer of Southern Folk Culture," TMs [photocopy], p. 6, Box 17, John Hevener Papers, Southern Appalachian Archives, Special Collections, Berea College. As cited in JOH, 106.

²⁹ ABJ, March 23, 1916. As cited in JOH 98.

³⁰ ABJ, April 27th, 1920. As cited in JOH, 103.

³¹ WOOL

³² Steve Love and David Giffels, "Building Communities Goodyear, Firestone Offer Homes, Strong Bonds," ABJ, March 30, 1997.

³³ BLEW, 176.

³⁴ WOLF, 438.

³⁵ WOOL

³⁶ Greg Grandin. *Fordlandia, The Rise and Fall of Henry Ford's Forgotten Jungle City*. Metropolitan Books, Henry Holt and Company LLC: New York, 2009, 272.

³⁷ SKR, 121.

³⁸ *The Work of the Labor Division*. Goodyear Tire & Rubber, Co. (Akron: 1920) 63-64.

³⁹ HOME, 3; This despite the fact the architect of the plan was simultaneously telling the business world that it was “practical welfare work . . . primarily designed to create a proper organization, loyal to his company’s interests” “Houses in Akron, Ohio.” *The Intelligencer*, June 9, 1917, Volume XI, Number 8. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, 12.

⁴⁰ HOME, 4.

⁴¹ JOH, 99.

⁴² JOH, 103.

⁴³ Alfred Winslow Jones, *Life, Liberty, and Property: A Story of Conflict and a Measurement of Conflicting Rights* (New York: J.B. Lippincott Co., 1941), 62-63. Cited in JOH 66.

⁴⁴ Allen Sinsheimer. “Giving Permanency to Keeping Men at Their Jobs,” *Automobile*, March 8, 1917, 524-8. As reported in *Business Digest*, Vol. 3, pg. 394; In today’s dollars, calculated by Production Worker Compensation, that would be valued at \$295,000,000. <http://www.measuringworth.com/uscompare/> Accessed September 3, 2011.

⁴⁵ SKR, 120.

⁴⁶ WHE, 125; ORE, 44; TULL, 145; Even at the height of World War II War Production, the majority of blacks hired in the rubber shops were for janitorial positions. H.B. “Doc” Kerr, “On The Home Front. Rural Route Mail Service Adds One Rubber Ball To Scrap Pile; Negroes Aid Industry.” *ABJ*, 103rd Year, No. 220, Monday, July 13, 1942, 3; The first African American tire worker was actually hired in 1955. TULL, 146.

⁴⁷ Personal communication with Steve Love, May 30, 2017.

⁴⁸ TULL, 144.

⁴⁹ TULL, 146.

⁵⁰ Arthur Kornhauser, *Detroit as People See It: A Survey of Attitudes in an Industrial City* (Detroit: Wayne University Press, 1952),

⁵¹ Clyde B. McCoy and Virginia McCoy Watkins. “Stereotypes of Appalachian Migrants.” *The Invisible Minority: Urban Appalachians*, eds. William W. Philliber and Clyde B. McCoy, 20-31. Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1981. As cited in JOH, 15-16.

⁵² Dan M. McKee and Phillip J. Obermiller, *From Mountain to Metropolis: Urban Appalachians in Ohio* (Cincinnati: Ohio Urban Appalachian Awareness Project, 1978), 1. As cited in JOH, 17.

ARRIVAL

⁵³ This would appear to be Francis G. Hannah (wife Bessie) who lived at 136 Crescent Drive in Akron. He is first listed in the Akron City Directories as in 1920 as working at Firestone and again in 1922. In 1926 he is recorded as a department manager.

MILLER RUBBER

⁵⁴ Saturday, March 17th, 1917. St. Patrick's Day.

⁵⁵ "Carbon black, obtained by the incomplete combustion of natural gas . . . has increased, immensely, the life expectancy of tires To color these gray or white casings black, the manufacturers took to adding small quantities of carbon black. At about the same time in 1912, however, several observers . . . discovered that this coloring stuff was not only a reinforcing medium, but the best one that ever had come the tire maker's way. Gradually amounts used were increased, and today [1936] twenty per cent by volume of carbon black goes into the long-wearing treads to aid in resisting the abrasion of road upon tire." WOLF, 355. "In addition to the rubber there are . . . other materials common to every rubber article If tires, for instance, were to be made of pure rubber with only enough sulphur for vulcanization and nothing else, they would run no more than a few hundred miles Carbon black . . . is doubly valuable, for it is cheaper than the rubber it replaces and at the same time it increases tremendously the strength of the compound in which it is used." WOLF, 359.

⁵⁶ From the description of the use of lampblack, the steel rolls and the resulting fatality, this would appear to be a roller mill, the second stage in the processing of rubber after it has been received and washed. Here, the crude rubber was mixed on a series of steel rollers along with shovelfuls of sulphur, lampblack and other dry powders to produce seven-foot rolls of usable stock. WOLF, 361-362.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER

⁵⁷ "Air Seiberling Fight in Court," *ABJ*, June 1, 1940, 1.

⁵⁸ Victor Zarnowitz, *Business Cycles*, University of Chicago Press, 1996. As cited on Wikipedia, Depression of 1920-1921, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Depression_of_1920%E2%80%931921#cite_note-Vernon-1. Accessed on February 1, 2012; The Annual Consumer Price Index for the United States, 1774-2010, <http://measuringworth.com/usapi/> As cited on Wikipedia, Depression of 1920-1921, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Depression_of_1920%E2%80%931921#cite_note-Vernon-1. Accessed on February 1, 2012; J.R. Vernon, "The 1920-21 Deflation: The Role of Aggregate Supply. *Economic Inquiry*, Vol. 29, 1991. As cited on Wikipedia, Depression of 1920-1921, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Depression_of_1920%E2%80%931921#cite_note-Vernon-1. Accessed on February 1, 2012; BRAIN.

⁵⁹ Anthony Patrick O'Brien (1997). "Depression of 1920-1921". In David Glasner, Thomas F. Cooley. *Business cycles and depressions: an encyclopedia*. New York: Garland Publishing. pp. 151-153. As cited on Wikipedia, Depression of 1920-1921, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Depression_of_1920%E2%80%931921#cite_note-Vernon-1. Accessed on February 1, 2012.

⁶⁰ JOH, 119; U.S. Census Bureau. U.S. Census of Population and Housing. Volume 3. Population, 1920. Composition and characteristics of the population by states. Ohio, Table 8. Age for cities of 10,000 or more, 772.

⁶¹ JOH, 118.

⁶² 117,262 individual names were listed in the directory. "Akron and Summit County During the Last Decade," *Akron Official City Directory Supplemented by Directories of Kenmore, Barberton and Cuyahoga Falls*, 1920.

⁶³ A total of 85,705 were enumerated in the 1922 Directory. *ACD*, 1922.