

Interview by Hammond Black
14 Nov 1986

good representations from both blacks and whites. After eating, Zebedee hogged the conversation, riding right over whatever anyone else was saying. I thought he made a spectacle of himself. He felt the church was failing by not providing housing and food for the poor. I kept in contact with him through Hubert Locke, who didn't have much good to say about him.

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HUBERT LOCKE AND OTHER BLACKS

I first met Hubert through the Wayne State connection. I was at Conant for a lectureship and there I met G. P. Holt for the first time. He also spoke. Hubert was on the Wayne State fellowship in trying to buy the house. I had a good relationship with him. He evidently has fallen on hard times after leaving Detroit. He's away from the church. It is possible that he's lost his humility. He had a low opinion of many of his brethren. When Inkster came to Hamilton for help he said "When will my people learn to get up off their knees, stop this foolishness and do some things for themselves!" He also told me that black people are suspicious of each other. If one gets his head up above the crowd, they want to take a potshot at him, bring him down to size.

Conant G.

Inkster

John Kolb is dead. He came to Detroit and came to church and I saw him within the first week. He was tall and skinny and I didn't think he would amount to much but he developed beautifully. I guess he started the Trumbull congregation. I know he got very upset with Will Ed Warren because he took one of his members. Kolb lived by Pershing High School and I was

Trumbull

invited to his house. He became fearful of his neighborhood and said he was going to have to keep a gun in his closet.

Jimmy Stewart was at Ford Avenue when I was at Hamilton. He used to come visit me in the office and talk for hours. He was ambitious. He felt he was ^{not} getting anyplace. He was unhappy.

Ford Ave

I never got to know G. E. Stewart nor get to hear his speak. But I knew several people who did hear him and were impressed.

Homer Black was a good friend of mine. We got along fine. One day I went to Michigan Christian and Brother Keeble was sitting on a bench in the hall with Homer Black. After two Blacks exchanged greetings Brother Keeble reflected that it was getting pretty Black around there. I saw Homer in the hospital just before he died.

*Interview by Harmon Black
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I went to the Cora Avenue for 4 or 5 years and never saw anyone from Holford Street. Never any contact between the two groups. I never could find it on the map.

Holford