

Add: to Indianapolis

Indiana
file

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1.

Mrs. Stelling: Following is an item or so on the Indianapolis period which I think should be included. You asked me in your memo "where" I lived - places etc. but you didn't ask "how" I lived - so here's how: I did mention that I mopped the floors at the Club's Colored Gym. In addition to this job which was a regular job for which I received wages, I took other jobs such as a "house boy" at the old Claypool Hotel. I was assigned by the head "house-man" to scrub carpets in the rooms and suites of this nine-story bldg. Once the rooms etc on these nine floors were done - the assignment was remade anew and began all over again. My co-worker - house-man on this job was none other than my old high school class mate, George W. Gore. The two of us worked an 8-10 hr. shift as I recall. Our faces were always & constantly blistered as a result. But we stuck it out.

On other jobs I shoveled coal and ashes at the Club's athletic club in order to keep hot water around the clock for two swimming pools, year round, in that club. On one other occasion I did a "one-night" porter stand at some other club (name now forgotten). My job was to empty, clean and polish all the

brass spittoons (sp?) in the place. I just
couldn't take it!!! I worked that one
night and never went back.

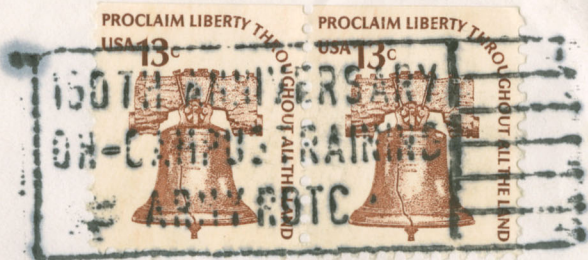
Then I was a dish washer at the old
Stegemeier Restaurant just across the street
from the Claypool, as I faintly recall. I
worked from 7 PM to 7 AM - 12 hours daily.
But the hours I could have taken, but I
wading ankle-deep in garbage, slop,
rotting food, stench, rats who came in
boldly and helped themselves from this
accumulation of horror piled up in garbage
cans which were vermin-infested was
the end. One saving-grace was the fact that
the dish-washing machine was electrically
empowered - it moved, loaded down with
the heavily weighted baskets of un-eaten food.
The machines shuffled (or moved) from left
to right, electrically propelled, as they were,
the lippy dish water overflowing the tanks
and/or tracks of the machines which resulted
in the ankle-deep slop already mentioned.

I think I should say something about the
Stegemeiers. They were of German extraction,
to be sure and were, in a sense, sensitive to
the lack of high level "working conditions." I re-
member a handsome young man there. His
name was Oula. His job was to prepare

and run the fantasy. Cula Ralpa was his first name I was of Italian ~~extractions~~ descent. I mention the German & Italian roots only to point up the fact that the mid-west, back in the 1920s must have been significant, to European "travelers" in the U.S.A. not to say "new-comers" in the U.S.A.

I should have mentioned under this topic my very close & dear artist friend Wilbert Holloway. He had gone to John Herron Art School & was my same age. Most talented! He and I took a studio in the early 20's on Indiana Ave in Chicago. The exact dates I don't recall (maybe before or after the studio Hardrick & I took) no matter! ~~Holloway~~ soon departed for Pittsburgh. He took up, as I recall the joint assignment of Cartoonist and Organizer? and/or handler of all pictorial material for the "Pittsburg Courier" - to this very day one of the leading papers in the country! He died 1965 of a heart attack. He was ever jovial, warm and generous - yet, as we all were, beset by financial problems. Holloway, as I always called

King turned out political cartoons for the "Courier" during his earlier years with that paper. Later he developed a weekly comic strip which had wide national appeal. The strip was a factor in helping increase the circulation of the "Courier" on a national basis, as well as locally.



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