

When Lewis Diuguid's mother implored him as a black journalist to give a more accurate and valid picture of black men, neither suspected that he would do this through a vivid memoir of his remarkable father. This social and historical memoir takes you into the long and good life of "Doc" Diuguid, scientist, inventor, manufacturer, citizen, mentor and untiring fighter for justice. He passed on to his son his talent for observing and recording detail so there is a sense of rich life on every page. Doc was a teacher of his values: integrity, responsibility, care, accuracy, compassion and appreciation of life. Readers of all ages may be inspired by Doc as I have been.

Peggy McIntosh, Ph.D.,

Founder of the National SEED Project (Seeking Educational Equity & Diversity), Former Associate Director Wellesley Centers for Women

Lewis Diuguid once again shares the painful, sharp details of how racism shapes family, community and U.S. society. This time, this award-winning journalist takes us on the incredible journeys of his father Dr. Lincoln I. Diuguid, illuminating a beautiful life of resistance, dignity, and deep, undying commitment to support, love and nurture the black men in his life. Despite the impactful narratives that guide readers through historical connections to today's anti-black violence and ever-present onslaught of systemic racial hatred, Lewis Diuguid's smooth, fast-flowing writing makes this book an easy read. Diuguid takes readers across time and space, sharing intimate details of his own family stories, immortalizing a man we should all be familiar with, and in the process, reminding of the permanence of race and racism in the U.S. *Our Fathers* forces readers to rethink history, challenges what we think we know about the U.S., and ultimately reminds us that our very salvation as a country lies with how we look back in order to move forward.

Christopher B. Knaus, Ph.D.,

Professor, University of Washington-Tacoma

Throughout his life, Dr. Lincoln I. Diuguid fostered respectable and uncompromising life-standards. I met Doc for the first time at a Science Center of St. Louis celebration for Doc in 2000. I was reluctant to approach such an esteemed gentleman. But he immediately put me at ease. He virtually exuded a caring, characteristic attitude, which enabled him to be so influential to neighborhood kids. That aura is what *Our Fathers: Making Black Men* is about. The depth of Doc's ability to communicate

with others, and then insist that they learned life's values was a remarkable quality that needs to be replicated today.

Diane M. Kappen, Ph.D.,
Social Psychology, Johnson County Community College

Brother Lincoln Diuguid was a true Omega man in every sense of the word. He lived life firmly squared on the principles of manhood, scholarship, perseverance and uplift.

Glenn E. Rice,
*30th Eighth District Representative,
Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Inc. 2008–2010*

Lewis Diuguid's latest book challenges America and provocatively sears the soul. But like life itself, the book demands a respect for unshadowed realities and untainted truths that exist beyond preconceived notions or prejudices. *Our Fathers: Making Black Men* is a must read!

Carol Charismas,
Kansas City Educator

Reading the story of Doc Diuguid is an opportunity to learn about what it really means to be a black man in America. The reality of having to be twice as good as whites and that failure is not an option held true for him as a black businessman. Those same truisms remain, despite our achievements. This story provides lessons for those wishing to link the long struggles of the past to those we face today.

Ernest L. Perry Jr., Ph.D.,
*Associate Dean for Graduate Studies Missouri
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OUR FATHERS

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Making Black Men

Lewis W. Diuguid



Universal Publishers
Boca Raton

Our Fathers: Making Black Men

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FOREWORD

As you crack open the cover of *Our Fathers: Making Black Men*—after reading the book jacket—you must be wondering: “How can the stories and experiences of an African American man born in the early 1900s be relevant for me, today?” Sadly, I can assure you that Doc Diuguid’s stories are very relevant, even today. While much has changed in the last 100 years or so, one constant is *trauma*. Trauma impacts us now in many ways, as it always has.

We are globally traumatized by the terrorist attacks in Paris and ISIS threats around the globe. We are traumatized as a nation by the 9/11 terrorist attacks, the shootings at Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Conn., and a list of many more too painfully long to include here. We are traumatized by the killings of young black males around the country, including Oscar Grant in Oakland, Calif.; Trayvon Martin in Sanford, Fla.; Eric Gardner in Staten Island, N.Y.; Mike Brown in Ferguson, Mo.; LaQuan McDonald in Chicago; Tamir Rice in Cleveland, Ohio; Freddie Gray in Baltimore; Philando Castile in Minneapolis and again, too many to recount here, and the number keeps growing. The subsequent protests and unrest after the police killings of black men and boys also traumatized and polarized us to a point of action and the creation of activist groups like Black Lives Matter in St. Louis, which was also the birthplace of Du-Good Chemical 70 years ago. The Black Lives Matter organization and movement works to bring awareness to and address the issues of the black community. Seventy years ago, Doc Diuguid opened Du-Good Chemical and as a small businessman worked for

more than 60 years to help address the issues of St. Louis' black community one young person at a time who came to his door looking for a job.

While all the killings I referenced took place in recent years, the trauma they create is not unlike the trauma that shook communities in the early 1900s. In 1917, the year of Doc's birth, one of the bloodiest race riots of the 20th century traumatized both the black and white communities of East St. Louis, Ill., while destroying the black community. Whites were angered by black workers being hired in factories to replace striking white workers. The whites rioted, killed many blacks, burned homes and businesses, devastating the black community. In 1921 a similar incident took place in Tulsa, Okla., completely destroying a very successful black community that had been known as Black Wall Street. Perhaps even better known is the 1923 trauma/riot called the Rosewood Massacre, that effectively ripped the middle-class black town of Rosewood, Fla., off the map. After the massacre only nine citizens of the town, the general store and one home remained.

All of these incidents traumatized and polarized local communities as well as people across the country. Jim Crow and segregation were the law of the South in the 1900s, keeping tensions high and trauma a part of daily life for people of color. Doc was born into this trauma. He knew trauma well. It greeted him at birth and never left his side. Trauma was his constant companion, but not his friend. For Doc, trauma became a motivator. He always knew he had to fight for everything, thanks to the lessons taught by his constant companion—trauma. It pressed him to be driven, competitive, determined. Trauma was also what he faced in the final years of his life, cutting tragically short what should have been many years past 100.

During one of my many visits with Doc, late in his life, I mentioned that I was also the "baby" of my family. Upon hearing the word "baby" Doc launched into a passionate rant about being the youngest in his family meant he had to fight for everything—from fighting to get even a little bit of attention from his parents, grandparents or other family elders, to fighting to get a few scraps at the dinner table. Those early battles prepared him for the battlefield of higher education, the sciences and business as a black man.

Doc's battlefield was wide—like mine and many fair complexed blacks—the attacks came from all sides. Being a fair-skinned, highly educated black man, he had to take on the known and expected battles with whites. They were always challenged by the fact that he was usually the first African American in his field and in his professional encounters with whites. But he had challenges with other blacks as well. Because of his fair complexion,

he felt he was always fighting for trust and acceptance by blacks. Unfortunately, he had to fight for acceptance on all fronts. This was something we discussed often because he knew that this was a dual battle that I fought, as well, made only more challenging because I am a woman. He always encouraged me to demand respect and recognition as an intelligent African American/Native American woman. He told me it was a battle I should become accustomed to because it would always be with me. My own life experiences—from childhood until today—support this and his many other important lessons.

I admired and appreciated Doc for his accomplishments, wisdom and the great lessons he shared with me. What I admired most was his self-confidence. Whether we were discussing science, golf, history or current events, he was confident in his knowledge, confident in his ability, confident in himself! You might even say he was cocky! (And you would be right!) Whenever we had the opportunity for these private lessons the thing that struck me the most was his absolute belief in himself!

Trauma experts today say that one of the most important keys to overcoming trauma is a long-standing, strong belief in one's self—no matter the circumstance. Experts in trauma also believe that trauma survivors having a realistic grasp on the world around them and the things that life can throw at them is also vital. According to the experts, another key to recovering from trauma is hard work. A strong work ethic is vital to trauma survival. All of these trauma survival keys describe Doc Diuguid to a "T." He knew that he was exceptionally brilliant and that he was usually the "brightest bulb" in the room. He also knew that life in 20th century America was not kind or friendly to a person of color—especially a black man. Yet, he never let that stop him from striving and achieving anything he set his mind on. It also pushed him to help others overcome trauma and succeed.

Doc Diuguid believed that helping others reach their dreams, their potential was required in this life. He never believed in giving anyone a handout. But he was always ready and willing to give someone a hand up. From his own life experiences he knew that the young black men in his community needed the greatest hand up, although many of the young people he guided and mentored were women of color, also.

After Mike Brown was killed in Ferguson, just miles from Doc's nursing home, I often wondered how the influence of someone like Doc and the other black business owners from his old St Louis neighborhood would affect communities like them all over America.

I know the answer for this generation's trauma is not that simple. In 21st century America we are dealing with trauma that is every bit as severe as the traumas of the early 1900s. Despite the efforts and sacrifices of the great civil rights leaders and movement of the mid-1900s, we are dealing with 21st century Jim Crow and the more devastating segregation twins—race and poverty. But unlike in Doc's time, the issues and causes today are more cloaked. It is not always clear who is waging the battle. What is clear is that the only way to win this war is to find a way to get beyond the issues of race, bigotry and discrimination.

No, the answers are not certain or simple! But as we face the complexities of 21st century biases we can certainly use the wisdom of brilliant, determined, successful black men. We would benefit from the examples of how such a person, along with a strong community of black businesses, was able to speak into the lives of so many black men and women.

Enjoy *Our Fathers: Making Black Men* and learn from Doc, as I have.

Bette Tate-Beaver

Executive Director

National Association for

Multicultural Education (NAME)

INTRODUCTION

BLACK FAMILY IMPERATIVE

The last of four lines lit up on the old shared phone system at work. It was an afternoon of deadlines, and every one of the half-dozen newspaper people was working getting stories done or ads locked down for the weekend paper. How that call of all calls got through was a miracle. I answered the phone. My mother was on the other end. That was unusual, too. The first thought any of my siblings and me would have had about a midday call from Mom was, “Oh no! Who died? Did something happen to Dad?” He was 15 years older than Mom, and she always chastised him about taking too many risks.

It was 1988 on a warm, sunny afternoon. I calmed down a bit so I could hear what she really had to say instead of worrying about what might come through the receiver. Mom’s rare phone calls are a Depression-era thing. “Every penny counts,” and “The meter is always running on long-distance calls.” Also, “If it can’t be put in a letter, it isn’t worth telling,” Mom would say. Something serious must be amiss for her to want to talk with me at the newspaper. I looked out the narrow, floor-to-ceiling window in my office when I said hello. I could see the Truman Farm Home. It wouldn’t take much to flip a rock from The Kansas City Star’s Grandview, Mo., bureau and hit the two-story, green-and-white clapboard house with a shingled roof.

At the turn of the last century, Harry S. Truman, the 33rd president of the United States farmed the surrounding acreage as a young man, including the land that accommodated The Star and all of the existing commercial buildings. Mom always liked Truman. He was Missouri’s only president,

a straight-shooting, brutally honest person just like her. Wouldn't you know that both were born in May with all of the endearing qualities of Taurus the Bull. Truman took bold stands such as integrating the U.S. Armed Services in 1948 when doing so was deemed political suicide. Mom was just 16 years old then. She grew up as Nancy Ruth Greenlee in a traditional nuclear family of seven children—two boys and five girls. She went to college to become an educator. That's where she and Dad met and were later married. Each knew that Truman took courageous stands on behalf of all American, which no black person in Missouri or elsewhere back then would forget.

Looking out the window at Truman's home set off daydreams of being in St. Louis, sitting at Mom's kitchen table, listening to her homespun, common-sense wisdom crafted in the form of stories that only a journalist could tell or admire. Mom had wanted to be a journalist, but that avenue was mostly closed to black women when she came of age as an adult. So she helped make such a journey possible for me.

After exchanging hellos and other niceties, Mom jumped to the point of her call. Yes, the long-distance meter was running—and it mattered most when the charge was on her end.

"It really scares me what's happening to black men and boys," she said, nearly 30 years before the police shooting in Ferguson, Mo., of Michael Brown and the start of the Black Lives Matter movement, calling attention to unwarranted killings of African American males by white cops. "All you see on the news is how they're getting into trouble."

I couldn't argue. Crack cocaine had become *the* drug in many inner-city neighborhoods. It was highly addictive, cheap and once on it, people did the most profoundly foul and deadly things. It was a poor person's narcotic. Stories filled the press of crack-cocaine-fueled shootings in schools, gangster-style killings, drive-by shootings, car-jackings, and parents abandoning their children or living with them in dangerous dope houses with violent people. Authorities and the media responded with the war on drugs, adding more police on the streets, zero tolerance law enforcement policies, longer prison sentences, the construction of more prisons and ramping up the schools-to-prison pipeline disproportionately affecting black males. It was far different from the political, social and news media response to the opioid and heroin epidemic in 2016, in America's white and mostly suburban and rural communities. For it, authorities talked about treatment programs to prevent overdoses and fatalities and ways to help people overcome their addiction. U.S. Sen. Claire McCaskill of Missouri held hearings in the state. I know firsthand

of the nationwide sentiment because I wrote sensitive, compelling editorials for *The Kansas City Star*, urging a compassionate response and help for those who suffered opioid or heroin addiction. In radical contrast, the news media stories and commentary on the crack cocaine crisis included black women working as prostitutes to get money to get high. This was how the radio, television, newspaper, magazine and other media called themselves “covering” the black community. The negative news only helped perpetuate the problem and cause many young blacks to live down to the negative stereotypes and self-fulfilling prophesy whites had of blacks. Black women also felt unfazed about raising children alone. Black boys and men didn’t think anything about having multiple children with multiple women. That often made the news, too.

Because I worked for a newspaper, Mom wanted me to do something to change that. “You need to write more positive stories about black men and boys,” she said. She worried about her grandsons—my sister’s three kids—and all of the other black boys in America who didn’t have positive role-models in their lives. She worried about her granddaughters—my two girls and my older brother’s two daughters—and all of the other black girls who wouldn’t know what real black men were like. She feared these girls would be taken in by thugs, perpetrating as strong, protective men when they were nothing more than very scared, very insecure, untrained, uneducated and undisciplined boys with no hope or future for themselves let alone anyone else.

Mom’s call didn’t last long. She had to go. But over the years I’ve thought a lot about what Mom said. Her words and wisdom identifying a massive societal problem—an American problem—has lived beyond Mom developing Alzheimer’s Disease not long after that call and dying an untimely death at age 62 in July 1994.

For that reason, this book is dedicated to answering Mom’s call to write about black men in a way that people can see what she saw and respond in a way that existed when her generation and mine were going through childhood and the rebellious teenage years. Real black men in black businesses helped to raise and shape us into adults. They are missing today. But it is not just in the black community. In doing the research for this book, friends of all colors recounted similar tales of mom-and-pop businesses helping to guide and ensure the development of young people. Across America, these businesses have vanished, as if scooped up in some spaceship and taken to another planet, never to be replaced. They have been gone for so long that they are mostly forgotten as the hidden element missing in the lives of today’s youths. Somehow, that positive element has to be recaptured so the massive problems

facing today's young people can be fixed. The media play a role, but so do the schools, businesses, churches, law enforcement, the courts, penal system and most importantly, the community.

My sister, Renee Tolson, and my life partner and inspiration, Bette Tate-Beaver, worked with me to help make this book possible. Elizabeth Garcia, a former co-worker at The Star helped with the editing. The goal of this very important book is that by describing what's missing in America in the upbringing of our children, we can help to regenerate that cornerstone of character development in our youths' lives and never lose it in the future.

CHAPTER 1

LEFT FOR DEAD

The guard at Barnes-Jewish Hospital escorted my sister, Renee, and me to the basement of the building. Our younger brother, Vincent, followed on Sunday, Aug. 6, 2006. Vincent had been through the security drill at the hospital. But it was our first time getting security clearance there. Hospitals must be very cautious when people go into the intensive care unit as victims of violent crimes. It is for the victims' protection and the hospital staff as well. Trauma units at hospitals nationwide learned the hard way what sometimes happens when they don't take the stringent security precautions. It inconveniences family members and loved ones, but the extra protection is worth every bit of the costs. Our world has turned malignantly violent, and security is the only cure for this cancer.

Our drivers' licenses were checked, we were photographed and issued special security identification cards that we had to wear at all times. A slow trek back down the basement corridors and to an even slower moving elevator followed to the intensive care unit. Innocuous paintings, historical medical sketches and other artwork lined the hallways. They were visual background noise. Nothing stood out. Getting to ICU—without running as we had wanted to—was all that mattered. It was what brought Renee and me 250 miles from Kansas City to our hometown.

After the elevators and more hallways, we only had to clear electronically locked double doors. The medical staff directed us to the right room. The noise of the surroundings dampened, and the hospital lights seemed to blur. That always happens when my blood pressure suddenly jumps from the

fight-or-flight stress of the unexpected that lies ahead. I know Renee felt it, too. Vince had already experienced it. He was the one who called us Saturday afternoon, and we knew we had to come. It was a trip that none of us wanted to make. Other human beings, some in hospital garb and some hooked to machines, filled the other bays of ICU. The patients were men and women of different ages. All had suffered; many from the violent hand of others.

Behind a curtain substituting as a wall in a crowded multipartitioned space that hummed, beeped and flashed with expensive medical equipment was a helpless, still-breathing 89-year-old body curled in a fetal position. Two probes protruded from his skull. Tubes ran to bags that were filling up with a constant drip of fluid under his bed. It was hard to watch. But none of us flinched. None of us cried. That was how the man before us had raised us. The most powerful, most intelligent, most awe-inspiring person in our lives lay at the mercy of the modern medicine, which he often ridiculed and despised. Lincoln Isaiah Diuguid had made it out of brain surgery. Doctors had drained away fluid that had accumulated from his head wounds. But Dad was far from being out of the woods, far from being the picture of good health.

Nearly everyone called him “Doc” except his wife, Nancy, and children, David, Renee, Vincent and me, Lewis. In these pages, he will be immortalized as “Doc.” The thing that Doc had always done at the chemical company he had built and run with his family since 1947, the thing that shaped each of us and hundreds of otherwise throwaway ghetto kids into the stellar adults we are today was what landed Doc on the cold, concrete floor of Du-Good Chemical Laboratories & Manufacturers. The violence he experienced was among the hidden costs of Hurricane Katrina.

The unprecedented storm blew into the Gulf Coast region of the United States on Aug. 25-29, 2005, hitting Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. It killed 1,833 people, did \$125 billion damage and caused hundreds of thousands of people to flee their homes. Katrina was the costliest storm in U.S. history, and it permanently displaced many people in that region; a large percentage were black and poor. They became the evacuees that the administration of President George W. Bush handled badly. But the United States always has. That is the nation’s history, and millions of people continue to suffer needlessly because of it. Flushed from the Gulf Coast area among them were scores of criminals who had seared the streets of New Orleans with violence and crime. They now were displaced, too. They were spread like a toxin throughout the country, wiping out everything that had

grown naturally before the coming poison. The finest of New Orleans' worst resettled their underworld behavior everywhere that the Bush administration dropped them.

Nancy R. Diuguid, Doc's wife, used to admonish Doc repeatedly. "You're too trusting, taking in every stranger on the street. The minute you turn your back one of those bozos will knock you in the head."

Doc would always blow her off. "I'm a good judge of character, and you mind your own damn business."

But Nancy died on July 19, 1994. She had Alzheimer's disease. On Sunday, July 17, 1994, she walked away from the family home in the 3600 block of Lafayette Avenue. Her body was found three days later in the Mississippi River near Jefferson Barracks, Mo. She was only 62 years old. When Alzheimer's disease took her followed by the unimaginable death, Doc, who was 15 years older than she was, lost his best friend, intellectual equal and favorite sparring partner. Afterward no one was around to provide the cautionary voice anymore. Just as Doc had always done, he took a young man who was a homeless Katrina evacuee into Du-Good Chemical. The fence out front of the lab needed a new coat of chocolate brown paint. Doc needed help, and the man needed a job.

The fit had worked so naturally over the 59 years Doc, his father and brothers had converted the turn-of-the-century large animal hospital into a laboratory and chemical company. Alfonso, one of Doc's older brothers, was a master tradesman. He knew plumbing, sheet metal work, roofing and carpentry. A lot of the trades he learned while in prison. Alfonso had done time during Prohibition, running bootleg whiskey in Virginia with Jerry Falwell's family. That was how the Falwells made their millions. But they used to hire a lot of black drivers to get the liquor from the stills to underworld distributors, saloons and finally the customers. Many drivers would start out on different roads. The moonshiners figured that several of them were bound to get through. The best drivers made it. Many others were shot or arrested. Doc's brother was one who got nabbed and had to do hard time even though Prohibition only lasted from 1920 until 1933 when it was lifted as a way of getting the country through the Great Depression.

Doc remembered that people would bring ailing horses, mules and cattle through the double doors of the large stone archway that fronted onto South Jefferson Avenue. It was the receiving entrance of Dr. William F. Heyde's large animal hospital. It was where one of two veterinarians in the flanking offices up front would examine the large animals, do the initial work and

then escort the four-legged patients out the side door into the alley, which was paved with 19th century bricks. Upstairs in the red-brick building constructed in 1895, which later became the lab, were cages for smaller animals that the veterinarian tended to. After Doc finished his post-doctorate studies in organic chemistry at Cornell University, the Lynchburg, Va., family pooled their money and resources to make the new business possible. In 1947, that wonderful Diuguid bricks-and-mortar dream was just 52 years old. The building at 1215 S. Jefferson Ave. was constructed in 1895, the year that famous abolitionist, newspaper publisher and fiery oratory Frederick Douglass died. Doc, the grandson of slaves, was named after President Abraham Lincoln, the famous emancipator, credited with freeing the slaves following the brutal Civil War. Du-Good Chemical would embody Doc's dream of being his own boss in his own company, giving him the freedom that Maya Angelou later would write about in her famous poem, "Still I Rise," as "the dream and the hope of the slave."

The Diuguid family stood together through many adversities. One day, Doc was on a ladder painting the front of his building when a union painter walked up and started to hassle the young chemist about doing the work himself. Doc advised the man to mind his own business, but the man persisted, threatening to pull the heavy, double, wooden ladder from under Doc. Doc was prepared to jump from the ladder on top of the assailant's head when his father, Lewis Diuguid, stepped from the building with a pistol at his side in his large right hand. He asked the man, "Are you looking for trouble?" The man said no and quickly left, allowing Doc to finish painting the building. Doc shared that story with some of the boys who later worked at his company, showing that families stick together—no matter what.

The unforeseen, however, did happen back in the manufacturing area, where Doc for decades had made his own paint. Doc had his back to the Hurricane Katrina evacuee while adding ingredients to the paint. The mixer that Doc had crafted decades ago was turning. It hummed, rocked and whirred filling the old manufacturing plant with its own noise of activity. Such sounds breathe life back into the old cavernous surroundings. It is music in the symphony of the industrial development of the nation—only this was the rare diamond, which was black owned and African-American made. Many layers of colors from years of other paints coated the metal trash-can size container and the paddles that stirred within it. Only once had workers cleaned that thing. It required cutting through multiple layers of paint. They were like rings on a 300-year-old oak tree. The 15-gallon container stood on bricks

between two of the many posts that supported the 20-foot high ceiling in the broad shouldered and long torsoed manufacturing area. The concrete floors stretched 60 feet by 30 feet. Forty-year-old electric motors were bolted to a rustic 8-inch-wide, 2-inch-thick board that was 8 feet long and nailed to the two painted posts. Different colors had been fingered-painted over the years on the board from Doc testing various hues for how they looked and for smoothness and consistency.

Doc often talked over the chugging noise and rhythmic rocking of the equipment as the motor hummed and the two paddles slogged the paint. Stories of great scientists and other people doing noteworthy things flowed like the smoothest brush strokes coating old, never-before-covered surfaces. The true tales of human accomplishments were meant to wash over all rough-hewn young listeners coating them with the possibilities of what they now were capable of doing, too. One coat was never enough—just as with paint over an old, untreated fence board. Refinishing kids who were hard cut by life took many layers of trying work and many stories of greatness for the sealant of a new life to finally sink in. Doc's PhD may have been in organic chemistry, but for the street kids captivated by his tutelage, his doctorate was in reshaping them from raw—often dangerous to themselves and others toughs—into well-refined, caring and taxpaying citizens. It had worked effectively on hundreds of kids. Only a few exceptions walked away undeterred from their errant paths.

The Katrina evacuee was among them. Doc turned his back to add ingredients to the paint and talked as he always had, following his habit of lecturing as he had during almost 40 years of teaching chemistry and physical science at Harris-Stowe State University. That was when the man he had taken in, the man he was planning to pay for the job of painting the fence, picked up a heavy item from one of the long manufacturing tables and struck Doc on the head. One blow was not enough to drop old Doc, who was built like iron. Doc struggled to get up unaware that he had been assaulted. The man struck him again. Still not down, the man struck Doc a third time, leaving him unconscious and to die in a pool of his own blood. The Katrina evacuee took Doc's wallet and fled leaving the door of the chemical company ajar.

Fortunately a neighbor happened by. He saw that the door was open, which never fit Doc's nearly 60-year-old habits at the company. The man wandered in hollering: "Doc! Are you there? Is everything all right?" He heard the paint stirring, but no one was around. He found Doc, on the floor bleeding. He helped him up, called 9-1-1 and Vince. After a lot of convincing, paramedics,

the police, firefighters and others got Doc to go to the hospital. He had lost a lot of blood, and his head was massively swollen.

Vincent alerted the family, including David, Doc's eldest son, a physician in New York and an associate professor of Columbia University Department of Medicine. Surgery followed, and although a thousand miles away, David kept close tabs on the progress. Renee and I raced from our Kansas City area homes on the other side of the state to St. Louis the following day, finding Doc in ICU.

A nurse opened up the curtain in the semidark room and started checking the equipment. She said some reassuring words. The fluid from the head trauma Doc had suffered was putting pressure on Doc's brain. But the surgery enabled the drainage to occur just as the doctors wanted. Only time would tell whether Doc would return to good health without seizures or lost function.

While the nurse was in the room, Doc suddenly came to. She offered him a little water, which he gingerly drank. Some food also remained from his last meal. Doc normally had a robust appetite, but the meal remained untouched. The medication was doing its job, keeping Doc pain-free. We said hello, but Doc was out of it and slid back into a semi-sleep. However, he seemed to awaken and start talking. It was as if he were reliving the moments before he was assaulted only instead of the Katrina evacuee who hit him, Doc was talking to me as if I were still working for Du-Good Chemical.

"Stir the paint, Lewie," Doc said. "I told you to stir the paint!" He was quite emphatic and agitated as if no time had lapsed in the decades since I had worked under his tutelage.

Doc must have repeated the paint-stirring directive a dozen times while thrashing about in the hospital bed and pulling off his covers. The nurse was afraid he would fall out of bed so she lashed his wrists to the side of the bed with restraints for his safety. His massively large hands stretched outward grabbing for the person in his mind or for the paint paddles. Vincent had gone by then. Renee and I tried to make Doc think we were stirring the paint. But he couldn't hear us and wouldn't believe it if he could. After about 10 minutes and the nurse upping the dose of intravenous sedatives, Doc settled back into a restful sleep.

His elevated heart rate caused more fluid to flow from the probes in his skull through the clear tubes and into the bags below. The little hospital gown was hardly enough to keep anyone warm in that cold room, on that cold floor and in the cold hospital on that warm summer day. The linoleum floors functioned like the plastic panels of a refrigerator, reflecting back the coolness

onto the bodies within. The sheet that covered Doc was hardly enough. We asked the nurse for a blanket and to turn the heat up. She did both. Doc, Renee and I settled in for a long encampment. Dad was asleep; the rest of us were worried sick.

A doctor came by to visit. He was nice enough, but none of what he said made sense. I got him to talk with David. They communicated in the same physicians' parlance. David translated for us. The surgery went as well as expected. We just had to wait now.

Renee and I traded turns walking the halls to burn nervous energy and all of the coffee we consumed on the drive. I hate that long, Interstate 70 drive on the four-lane divided highway. I always have. The spreading development of urban sprawl with the replication of fast-food restaurants, budget motels and indifferent filling stations marking the end of one suburb and the beginning of another—seem to knit Missouri's two big cities closer together. Renee and I have often joked that one day the outward expansions of both major cities and their suburbs will meet in Columbia, where we went to college at the University of Missouri, totally squeezing out the farms and the wilderness along I-70. We're not there yet. We were just stuck in the hospital—a far cry from where we had been.

Du-Good Chemical Laboratories & Manufacturers is all that's left of once thriving black businesses in the 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue. The stalwart, red-brick, horseshoe-shaped main building is visible in the six lanes of traffic flowing in either direction on the north-south St. Louis artery. Three arched windows adorn the second floor. The middle window is slightly larger and wider than the two that flank it. Beneath those two windows are the arched front doors. They sit astride a big display window with a white stone arch built atop decorative glass bricks, which admit light to the inside but do not permit people on the street to see the goings-on inside. Du-Good Chemical helped erase the building's past as a large animal hospital like acid rain on limestone grave markers.

The main laboratory is on the second floor. That was where Dr. Diuguid spent most of his time. The north door is the main entrance and office for Du-Good Chemical. The other door opened onto what had been a chiropractor's clinic and then a beauty shop that existed off-and-on in the building when tenants could be found. Just beyond the office door and inside the plant was a filing area, the kitchen, bathroom and the big manufacturing room. It seems to stretch forever inside. The two-story front part of the building drops down in the big room with its 15- to 20-foot-high ceilings. This manufacturing

area contains long tables for production and vats varying from to five to 500 gallons to satisfy the once-thriving production needs. Huge, wooden, turn-of-the-century sliding doors with grated glass windows open onto the alley. Big trucks rumble through the narrow, brick paved alley, shaking the buildings. The trucks barely miss the frayed and drooping electric lines atop the 30-foot-tall creosote poles. The utility lines seem to swing through the alley like arcing circus acts traveling along endless trapezes. A sloped ramp from the brick alley into Du-Good Chemical enabled shipments of all sorts to enter the concrete floor of the building. Boxes of glass and plastic containers arrived by tractor-trailer trucks. So did chemicals in 55-gallon, steel drums, feeding the plant's production capacity. The material all had a place, either in the big room, or workers would haul the stuff on two wheel dollies through the furnace room just on the other side of the huge double doors and beneath the second laboratory to the warehouse space in the back. That part of the complex paralleled the street and connected to the other side of the horseshoe structure. In the open middle was the yard area, where the company truck was always parked.

Using an old wheelbarrow, Du-Good workers hauled clinkers they pulled from the turn-of-the-century coal furnace. The coal was delivered by truck from the alley, too. Workers put the clinkers from the furnace on the ground in the area the truck occupied and broke up the sharp-edged, rocklike residue with a sledgehammer in a years-long process of building a road from the six-foot-high fence that paralleled the street to the warehouse section of the building. Those were Doc's orders. Nothing got wasted or thrown out.

The vehicles of Du-Good Chemical were always well-aged, red and decorated with signs that told of the company and its products. But the trucks were always discards from other businesses. They were all-purpose, work autos given a second chance at life and purpose at Du-Good Chemical. The first truck was a 1938 Dodge Humpback Panel Delivery Truck with huge fenders and running boards. An ancient picture of it parked outside of the company stayed hidden for years inside an old roll-top oak desk, which the previous owner had left just outside of the main office and behind the front display window. The second vehicle was a 1952 Dodge panel truck, which looked a lot like many sport utility vehicles today except without any side windows and amenities. The floorboards were made of wood planks except for metal in the driver's and passenger seat area. The truck had no upholstery. It contained choke and throttle knobs on the hard metal dashboard, which had to be used just to get the old vehicle started. The windshield wipers

were activated by a knob that sat atop the dash, and a starter pole above the accelerator had to be stomped simultaneously with the gas after the key was turned in the hopes that the old vehicle fired by its 6-volt battery would kick on. The steering wheel was so big in circumference that it felt more like the paddle wheel on a steamboat. But power steering back then was only what the driver was able to provide to muscle vehicles of that vintage in and out of tight spaces. The Dodge also had large, professionally done white lettering on its sides and back doors to advertise Du-Good Chemical and the products that the company manufactured. "Quality through Research" and the logo "DG" were emblazoned on the vehicle. A white, used 1968 Chevy van came after the Dodge and a 1987 Chevy van followed that as the last.

The last stretch of the horseshoe shaped building was where building materials were stored for repairs on Du-Good Chemical and other properties that Doc owned. Among them were boards retrieved for a couple of bucks from buildings that were constantly being torn down in the inner city. The long shed also held bricks from this red-brick town. They were nabbed and stored for construction and reconstruction purposes. In addition, the concrete floor contained sand retrieved from the dredged Mississippi River. Piles of it rested and always got used for many repair projects to keep the Du-Good enterprise going.

The dogs shared the company parking area with the company trucks. The dogs' job was to protect the property, allowing no one admittance. They barked constantly, adding to the neighborhood cacophony of dog noise. Doc always said, "I keep cats to keep the rats out and dogs to keep the thugs out." In this old river city, he needed both. Doc liked to joke, too. He would tell people that his dogs didn't eat meat. People would scratch their heads and say they'd never heard of a dog that didn't eat meat. Doc would laugh and say his didn't because he didn't give them any. People hearing that would laugh, too.

The repairs and construction were ongoing and constant on the old property. Doc, and mainly his highly skilled brother, Alfonso, and father made up the construction crew, converting the turn-of-the-century, large animal hospital into the first black-owned-and-run laboratory and manufacturing company west of the Mississippi River. The Diuguid men refashioned wood, which had constituted the animal stalls, into cabinets, lab tables and drawers of varying sizes. They put in electricity, gas and water plumbing for the labs and manufacturing areas where none had existed. A pipe vice bolted and welded to a pillar in the manufacturing area stayed in constant use gripping steel pipe that ranged from three-eighths inch to 4 inches in diameter.

The Diuguids took out wood-burning stoves upgraded the heating system. Doc made linseed oil-based paint. The Diuguid men applied coats of paint inside the building and outside, which they wanted to last 100 years.

Du-Good Chemical was the first building on the block to go black. Inflexible, restrictive deed covenants strictly enforced by city laws and area business people prevented any property from being sold to blacks. African Americans were called Negroes and colored people then. Those were the polite terms. Niggers, darkies, coons, burheads, spooks, spades and spear chuckers were more common refrains whites used to dehumanize blacks. Such terms made blacks seem less desirable and less human to the white majority. Keep in mind it was only 51 years after the Plessy vs. Ferguson Supreme Court case made segregation the law of the land and less than a century after the end of the Civil War and slavery, and the Supreme Court's Dred Scott ruling of 1857. Justice Roger Taney wrote: Blacks "had for more than a century been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political revelations, and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

Doc's family felt that racism in St. Louis, where the Dred Scott case originated. Doc also remembered it being in Lynchburg, where his father a few years earlier had to testify in a court case. His father easily could pass for white. The prosecutor in the case assumed that Lewis Diuguid, born in 1880 the son of a slave, was white and addressed him as Mr. Diuguid, which was a no-no in Virginia. It wasn't until after the trial that other whites informed the prosecutor of his error. He was livid. Blacks in town, however, laughed about the incident for years.

The Diuguids always knew that white people had a way of overcoming their prejudices when they need the money that blacks possessed. In St. Louis, times were hard in 1947, and Dr. Heyde, the owner of the large animal hospital, wanted out of the business. He was getting old, and cars had taken over where horses, wagons and buggies used to dominate. Treating dogs and cats didn't pay or provide the satisfaction needed to sustain the once thriving business. Trends in business constantly change. What may have been a growing concern and a money-making dream one day evaporates the next like ether on a sweltering summer day in a laboratory Petri dish as some new innovation muscles forward becoming the money-making, trendy thing that everyone demands.

The whites-only, hard line phalanx also had seen its day. In 1948, one year after Du-Good Chemical got its footing and three years following the end

of World War II—President Harry S. Truman, a Missouri native, signed an executive order integrating the U.S. Armed Forces. That would have been unthinkable less than 50 years earlier. But the sun was setting on that part of America's past.

Racism in the United States was having to yield ground yet again as it had with the end of slavery following the Civil War. As it had with Reconstruction and blacks allegedly receiving all of the freedoms of whites in the United States because of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution. Under those amendments, blacks could start schools for their children, so their offspring could get the education that laws prevented them from receiving. They could found colleges, allowing their children to move into a higher tier, helping to contribute more to making this country great. They could hold elected office and help to endure the best function of our democracy. And they could move anywhere in the nation and be welcomed as Americans. But that changed with the end of Reconstruction in 1877 when Republican Rutherford B. Hayes was elected president and made a deal with the Solid South to withdraw U.S. troops. It was three years after Doc's mother, Bettie, was born and three years before his father birth—each the offspring of slaves. They felt the punishing effects of being black in a time when whites were turning their backs anew on Africans in America.

White supremacist groups such as the Ku Klux Klan enjoyed a resurgence at the same time that the Industrial Age in the North was beginning to blossom. The Civil War was fast becoming a distant memory. Blacks had to make it on their own or not at all. Towns also decided that it was fashionable in the late 1800s to withdraw the welcome mat that they had extended to blacks. Many Negroes found themselves unwanted and targeted for hatred and scorn. That quickly turned to violence with whites evicting, lynching and killing blacks and taking over their property. Towns that had been tolerant overnight become "sundown towns," where blacks were only welcomed during the day as laborers. Doc often recalled seeing signs well into the latter half of the 20th century going in and out of hamlets, saying "Don't let the sun set on you, nigger." Blacks had to be gone at night or face horrible retribution from angry white mobs.

The green of dollar bills always has been the color of choice, helping people overcome their worst prejudices. The Diuguids showed up in 1947 with \$60,000 in cash for the property at 1215 South Jefferson Ave. In 2013 dollars, that would amount to \$617,673.30. It was an absolutely unheard of feat in 1947, and certainly would be incomprehensible now. But that was the power

of family, and Doc never forgot it always sending annual dividends of his company's earnings to his brothers and sisters who had invested so much in his dream. Dr. Heyde, the veterinarian who wanted out, relented and sold the property. William Sherwood Diuguid, a Howard University law school graduate and one of Doc's older brothers, made sure the deal was legal. Du-Good Chemical became the first stake in the ground, changing the south side of St. Louis from all white to eventually all black.

A steep hill flowed down from Park Avenue past the Du-Good complex and continued on to Chouteau Avenue. A masculine viaduct lifted Jefferson Avenue over the century-old railroad yard. On most days, especially during rush hour, traffic crawled over the bridge, frustrating drivers on their way to and from work. The red taillights seemed to blur into one long serpent snaking over the curving road. Coming in the opposite direction in the evening traffic headed toward the 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue. The headlights of vehicles, flame like white-hot fires in the rush home. Trains would park in the acres of yards waiting to be pulled by locomotives to destinations all over the country. They are large, powerful, menacing, historic and unforgiving as they rumbled, clacked, screeched and bumped along parallel ribbons of shiny steel tracks. The trains carried people and cargo to places where smiles and joy waited for the bounty. Steam engines that once powered the transportation and commerce of the country were replaced by diesel locomotives. Times and technology constantly change. Keeping up is the rule when change is the only thing anyone can expect.

A century ago, tall, decorative, gravel-textured and tapered, concrete-and-steel pillars topped with huge globes were the gas streetlights lining South Jefferson Avenue and the rest of one of America's oldest cities. Eventually each was filled with wires and a electric bulbs as the technology changed. Cars made of steel and other metals sometimes veered into those unmovable streetlights, and came out the worse from the collisions. Dashboards with their sculpted decorative metal interiors were unforgiving to passengers who then had no seat belts or airbags for protection. The breakaway light poles and interior vehicle safety devices were decades away. People back then took their chances as they did with smoking. Nearly everybody puffed on tobacco products. Folks got by never knowing any better.

Darkness in the evenings wasn't helped much by the streetlights back then. The lamps rested near the curbs like the many fireboxes that sat atop cast iron pillars. People without telephones could use the fireboxes to summon help by breaking the little glass in the top of the rectangular box and

pulling the lever inside. The lights with the fire alarm boxes rested near the curbs of the 12-foot wide South Jefferson Avenue sidewalks. The concrete walkways were cracked and well-worn in more than a few places. The sidewalk on Jefferson Avenue was three times the normal width of those in the surrounding residential neighborhoods. The sidewalks were like those that bordered the streets downtown, indicating that they for years had been heavily traveled by people shopping in the area and going to and from work. In the winter when it snowed, the foot traffic was so intense that if Doc didn't have his kids or some of the boys get out immediately and shovel the wide sidewalk, the snow in a matter of a couple of hours would be hopelessly packed down, making shoveling it up impossible. Yet, Doc always had the kids get out there and try. They never argued with Doc after struggling to shovel up the snow after pedestrian traffic had trampled it into lumpy, impossible to remove ice. The sidewalk was nearly impossible to walk on, too, when the snow was packed down. That always made Doc nervous because he worried that someone might fall and hurt himself.

Cars still parked on both sides of Jefferson Avenue as traffic patterns permitted. The fast flow of cars was heaviest in the mornings going north to jobs mostly downtown. So cars parked on the west side of the Jefferson. The evening rush hour mandated that cars park on the east side of Jefferson Avenue giving traffic three full lanes of unimpeded flow for cars, trucks and buses to reach their destinations. Doc liked to park his car in front of Du-Good Chemical on the west side of the street. It made a statement. First there was a rusted out, 1940s Ford that he drove to St. Louis from Cornell University. Then he bought a 1955 black Lincoln Mercury new with a loan. Afterward, Doc only paid cash for his cars, buying a powder blue 1962 Pontiac Catalina, a gold 1968 Pontiac Catalina, which got stolen when it was parked in front of Du-Good Chemical while Doc was working there. He replaced it with a green 1972 Dodge Coronet. It was Doc's first automatic. For months, he would stomp his left foot on the floorboard of the car thinking he had to shift gears. A used 1981 Ford LTD followed that and his last vehicle was a used 1986 Ford Crown Victoria/LTD. The cars and trucks changed over the years, but Doc proved he was at the company to stay, and everyone knew it when they saw his vehicles parked outside or behind the 6-foot high wooden fence, shielding the loading area.

A four-story apartment building abutted the wood-and-brick storage part of the south side of Du-Good Chemical. On the first floor of the apartment building on the corner of Rutger Street and South Jefferson Avenue was a

dry cleaners and tailors' shop, Wide-A-Wake Cleaners at 1225 S. Jefferson Ave. On the north side of Du-Good Chemical was an alley. Across the brick alley, which was deeply rutted from heavy vehicles using it, sat several one-story structures. A shoe-shine parlor, Carter's Shoe Shine Parlor at 1213 S. Jefferson Ave., was in one part of the building. The other housed various businesses—mostly vacant and those that did try to make it didn't last long. Those low-rise units were connected to an apartment building. Kemp Egg & Poultry Store, 1209 S. Jefferson Ave., occupied the first floor of that structure.

All of the people in the red-brick houses, apartment buildings, schools, businesses and churches that filled the neighborhood were white. No blacks were ever to frequent Buder Park two blocks west of South Jefferson Avenue or Chouteau Elementary School across the street from the park, or the Catholic Church at California and Rutger avenues. Lafayette Park, historic and stately in its early origins of the city about a half-mile south and east of the lab, was off limits, too. Rich people from the city's early days lived there. Whites only was the way the area was established, and that was the way it was to stay. But Doc and his family changed that. The racial covenant in the deed restriction on the animal hospital crumbled when the Diuguids paid cash for the property. Doc often said, "Money talks. The realtor said, "Besides, no one will know what these fellas are because they don't look colored." But people have a way of finding out.

The neighborhood started to change slowly and then quickly as whites moved out and blacks moved in. St. Louis like many northern cities became a stopping point for many blacks leaving the South for factory jobs in the North. The Great Migration continued more than a half-century trend. When black people came north from Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, they needed housing. They needed schools, and they needed jobs. These folks stood out. They were darker than most blacks in the city, and their hair generally was shorter and kinkier. They had a hungry look of need about them, and many adults and children were ready to fight in a heart-beat.

Poverty breeds a kind of cancerous anger and aggression. But everyone seemed to know and get along with Doc, who was also from the South. In addition, they knew him from his longtime company. But they also knew Doc from advertisements that he placed in St. Louis' many black newspapers, including the *Argus*, the *Sentinel* and the *American*. Doc also had a following from the hundreds of students he had had as a chemistry and physical science teacher at Stowe, Harris, Harris-Stowe College and Washington University. For the homeless and alcoholics on the street he always had a buck

or two—regardless of whether they did any work for him. To every passer-by, Doc offered a kind word.

But he was a curiosity, too. Doc looked white, but he talked decidedly black when he encountered black people. But he also used every ounce of his college education and Phi Beta Kappa status when greeted by whites. His multilingual talents were a wonder to behold, and every black who worked and rubbed shoulders with this self-described, hill-billy from Lynchburg, Va., learned to do that kind of code switching, too.

Often people who would see Doc with his four children—the first three born a year apart in the mid-1950s—would scratch their heads and wonder. His wife was a brown-skin black woman born and raised in St. Louis. She was an educator, too. She'd send the children to work with Doc. Their idea of when their kids should go to work at the company was when they could hold their bladders, their bowels and a broom. Each started work about age 3, and there was no shirking hard work from then on. They lived in the hard-scrabble, unforgiving, square frame of the Ds—discipline, duty, determination and diligence, which their parents created.

People who didn't know Doc that well would see this seemingly white man with three and later four light-skinned, definitely black children. They'd see him lead them to Du-Good Chemical. Some black and white people would stop Doc on the wide sidewalk, before he could key his way into the arched entryway of the company. They would rudely ask, "What are you?"—as if they were entitled to an answer. It was a question people might ask an alien from another planet. But people of all colors lacked the vocabulary to talk sensitively and appropriately about race.

The Civil Rights Movement was in its early years in the late 1950s and early '60s. Segregation prevented colored people from mingling with whites unless work mandated it. So people just bluntly asked Doc what he was. Doc remained consistent, having heard that question all of his life. He would stomp his foot on the concrete sidewalk and emphatically but nicely tell people, "I'm an American." It was a difficult concept for people to swallow. The rule in the United States was that anyone with one drop of black blood was considered black. Doc would proudly volunteer during the cover of hard work that he was part Cherokee; part Ibo, a tribe in Africa; and part Scottish. But that would come out only when people bothered to get to know him.

St. Louis was supposed to be that better place—a city where a black man or woman could shed the prejudice yoke of the South and feel accepted like anyone else. They could feel embraced for the merit of their work and prosper.

It was to have been that place where black people could have their piece of the American pie and realize their American dream. Doc's brother, William Sherwood Diuguid, who studied law under Charles Houston at Howard University, found St. Louis to be more open and inviting than other places. He established a law practice in town and went into a drugstore business with friends. His stories of the town being progressive attracted Doc after two years of post-doctorate studies at Cornell University. Frustration had been building in Doc. His breakthrough work in developing a plasticizing agent from aviation fuel was stolen from him resulting in multibillion-dollar gains for oil companies. Doc often lamented, "I didn't even get my name on the patent. All I barely got was a handshake and pat on the back." Other groundbreaking discoveries of his followed in which he saved major corporations from certain product-deficiency-forged doom. Companies that normally would compete to attract a person of his caliber were standoffish or offered him jobs provided that he either disown his family and any connection to being black or go to work and home having no contact with white workers in the factories. The price they were asking for a mere job was too high. Doc was unwilling to pay it. Doc always said, "If you're passing for white, you're failing as black." He declined the job offers, opting instead to go to St. Louis to establish a breakthrough microanalytical, independent, research chemical company with a manufacturing arm. The youngest of nine children had a dream of greatness. The world was changing for black people, and he felt that he had a better shot than most of making it big.

The 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue changed rapidly after Du-Good Chemical became established. Word got around that the area was no longer all white. The sidewalks stone curbs and brick buildings were the same. The mortar hadn't shifted or crumbled. But something was decidedly different. The inflexible, whites-only, color-coding had been breeched, prompting white business owners and white families to worry whether their property values would fall and how long they had to hold out before the door closed completely on getting out. Real estate predators also hurriedly infiltrated the area, and the block busting began with a vengeance. People were encouraged to sell their businesses and homes at a loss feeling lucky that they got some money out of what they had owned. Black business people and families were then sold the same property marked back up at full or greater value. It was a big-money game that realtors played for profit.

People's unforgiving prejudices toward blacks ended up costing them a fortune. It cost St. Louis and other cities throughout the country dearly. Property

was sold to black families and black businesses. But no loans or training were provided to enable the new business and homeowners to maintain the places. Disrepair was inevitable. With it came a self-fulfilling prophesy verifying the prejudices by the conditions that bigotry helped create. For several years black people and business owners forged a social infrastructure that helped create a sense of community and an incubator for the development of young people. The 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue was one of those places. They existed in the thousands in every city and small town in America. They were part of the uncelebrated, unappreciated village that helped to raise boys to men, girls to women and each to taxpaying, civically engaged citizens. When these businesses disappeared from the face of America so did the guidance they provided as well as the back up and support for families reinforcing the values and virtues of everyday life.

Sam Fowler's Wide-A-Wake Cleaners, 1225 S. Jefferson Ave., occupied the first floor of the apartment building at Rutger and South Jefferson. Du-Good Chemical stretched from there to the alley. Carter's Shoe Shine Parlor at 1213 South Jefferson Ave. was on the other side of the alley. It was run by Henry Carter, but everybody called him Shorty. An attached four-story apartment building towered above with a gray-painted, wooden stairway connecting back porches to each unit. Jeff's grocery was tucked into the first floor fronting on Hickory and South Jefferson. Across from the lab was Rev. C.L. Nance's church, The Second Corinthian Baptist Church. It was a brick apartment building, too. But it was painted white and had the storefront look of a place of revival. Behind the church in the 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue was Earl McDaniel's garage. It was a one-story brick building that had two sets of garage doors that opened onto the alley between Hickory and Caroline. If Rutger Street had continued eastward, it would have run into the alley. Many people in the neighborhood took their cars and trucks to Earl's garage for repairs. Doc did, too.

The people who owned the businesses also lived within walking distance of them. Driving to work didn't make sense except on the coldest, snowiest days. Even then walking was the way to be seen so that shoppers would know that the places they wanted to visit were open. Doc sometimes rode his bicycle when he needed the added speed. These black men in their leather-bottomed shoes slapping the uneven brick sidewalk of the old city would wave to their neighbors and talk with people on the street. When it rained, puddles of water would pool with mud in their path making navigating the walk and talking a challenge. Big trees by the curbs provided an abundance of

shade. They were oaks, hickories and maples—made to last. They added a cool soft beauty to the hard, hot city of brick, stone, concrete and tar. Preschool-age children bundled mightily against the cold winters or wearing stripped pullover shirts, shorts and no shoes or socks often played on the sidewalk and in the street as the men walked to work. The kids skipped happily together and played sidewalk games, never giving a care about the world they'd have to someday face. The white world most days couldn't stand the blackness of them or their neighborhood's humanity.

The America in the blocks surrounding South Jefferson Avenue was not unlike white America. It's just that few in the mainstream bothered to look. It's where dogs barked and children skinned their knees. Sticks in playful little hands rattled fences like machine gun fire. Here is where mothers, grandmothers and aunts hung from windows and kept a watchful eye over all who walked and played before them. It's where mothers cried, people died and fathers went to work. Parishioners couldn't dupe themselves into skipping church if they saw the reverend hiking to the chapel, and those folks who were employed in the businesses knew not to take the day off.

Bunches of older men born in the 1800s also would gather at Samuel Fowler's Wide-A-Wake Cleaners and Carter's Shoe Shine Parlor. The black men of the neighborhood would hang out, talk, read the newspaper and drink a Coke or two. Shorty and Sam kept soda machines in their shops for that purpose. It was a way for enterprising black men to make a little change from the fellows who would otherwise sit around endlessly taking up space and a lot of air time talking. Smoking seemed like a pre-requisite. Everyone smoked, and cigarette machines and ash trays of all shapes, colors and sizes in Shorty's and Sam's easily accommodated those urges, too.

Neither place was much to look at. The walls looked as if they had not been painted in years. Smoke stains from wood burning stoves and coal-fired furnaces filled the interior. An elevated area in the front window of Sam's Cleaners was where most people sat. It had to have been where mannequins dressed with the latest fashions or other goods were once set up for display in the two big windows for passers-by on the street. Shorty had a few tables and chairs set up around an old pot-belly, wood-burning stove. Nothing matched. His place more than any of the others loudly and deeply hummed with the many stories of old men.

It was in Du-Good Chemical Laboratories & Manufacturers that something very different happened. Boys who walked the street aimlessly sometimes rang the doorbell. Others would see Doc painting on his building

or working out front on his car. Doc would stop and talk with them. He'd instantly become the father that a lot of the kids never had. But it didn't end there. The boys who'd walk, bike or roller skate by the lab often would get drawn into whatever work Doc was doing. He'd ask them about school, their teachers, what they were learning and their grades. He wanted to know everything. He would question them intensely, carefully listen to their answers and then expose the illogic in whatever they'd reveal that sounded off-kilter.

Strangely instead of the kids getting fed up with the constant probing and picking into their lives and never returning, they would always come back, yearning to tell more, be questioned more and to work more for this strange man whose curiosity about them they couldn't satisfy and who inspired them to be curious, to ask questions and to think for the first time. Doc made them start to believe in themselves and what they had to offer beyond the unforgiving dead-end of the streets. He would take the urchins off of South Jefferson Avenue into his lab and build them into men. Many ended up going to college, which was a galaxy beyond the expectations where they were raised in homes where their parents never finished grade school. Many of these urchins of the street ended up in science careers because of Doc.

CHAPTER 2

BLACK FAMILY—ALPHA TO OMEGA

Butch was one of the kids from the street who helped Doc dig the cellar for his house using only a hand shovel, pick and wheelbarrow. They even mixed the concrete by hand and poured it in the finished area—one wheelbarrow at a time. Butch, sweating mightily, pointed to Doc's then two preschool-age sons and said: "I don't envy you. This is the kind of work and unforgiving direction you'll have to take for the rest of your lives!" Doc and his wife, Nancy, laughed. Nancy often told that story and told how Doc bragged mightily about Butch being one heck of a hard, dependable worker. Butch tuck-pointed the back wall of the company in the warehouse area when neither of Doc's nephews—one who became a nuclear physicist and the other a psychiatrist—had the staying power in St. Louis' summer heat to get the job done.

Doc also liked to tell about a young man named Ray Grant whom Doc encountered in an area liquor store. He talked Ray Grant into quitting that job to continue college. Ray Grant had left school figuring he could make more money working behind the counter in the liquor store. Doc saw that Ray Grant had something "on the ball," and the same assessment came from teachers who knew the young man's work. Ray Grant had to be convinced that school would be his long-term salvation compared to the liquor store, which paid well, but was dead-end work—possibly in more ways than one. Ray Grant knew Doc had a point, although the money from the liquor store was hard to give up.

The man explained his circumstances, his family and his obligations. Doc, however, would not relent. He told the man that the money might be good for now, but what if someone came in with a gun, held up the place and shot the student? The young man said he knew the risks and knew that the money in part was high to compensate him for that danger. Doc explained that the man would be on his feet all day dealing with nothing but drunks and people trying to forget their problems through self-medication. The man said he knew that, too, and actually had fun talking with the customers of the store. Doc said that would only last so long. When that's over, the job will be tedium, and those drunks will be a pain in the student's backside. Science and math offered so much more, Doc said. The man remained unconvinced. Doc also said that the money with the liquor store would not last. The job may not be as secure as the student thought. Doc kept at the young man. Finally the young man could see that Doc made valid points. He went back into college and stayed until he got his degree. The man eventually earned his PhD and then through Doc's help, he got a job with Monsanto. It is difficult for people to see the big picture. The money is easy, and people need it. But there are people in the world like the men in the 1200 block of South Jefferson Avenue who have seen the panoramic view, and they help explain it to others.

Doc also shared with the man the story of his father, a brakeman for the Norfolk & Western Railway Co. He had convinced Doc and his brothers that what looks like big money now will eventually disappear. Doc and his brothers hated their dad for not getting them jobs on the railroad as other men did for their sons. Doc's father, like the black Pullman porters, had been exposed on the trains to white, middle- and upper-class riders and their sensibilities.

Doc recalled that because of his father's job, he and his siblings were able to ride the trains anywhere in the country at no charge. They had to sit in the segregated cars, but it was a sacrifice they made for the ability to travel freely. Once, one of Doc's siblings encountered Mary McLeod Bethune, a famous black newspaper publisher and civil rights worker who used the pages of her newspaper to fight the lynchings of black people at that time in this country's history. She had been asked to visit with President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. When she boarded the train, the porters tried to escort her to the colored section. She cursed them and refused, saying she was going to Washington, D.C., on the invitation of the president and would not settle for a second-class seat. The porters relented and escorted her to the white section of the train. Doc enjoyed telling that story to the boys who worked for his company to let them know they had to stand up for their rights.

Doc and his siblings took advantage of the free rides they could get on the trains. That made the idea of working for the railroad that much more desirable. But each realized at the insistence of their father that a college education was the way to higher wages and a white-collar job with dignity instead of the back-breaking work on the railroad, where being treated inhumanely went hand in hand with being black. Doc asked Ray Grant, “What do you want to do, work for drunks all of your life?” That question was the clincher. But Doc also told Ray Grant the story of his own family and college. Against the protests of his friends, Doc’s dad insisted that all of his sons and daughters—nine in total—get a college education. In the early 20th century, sons were supposed to work feeding badly needed money into the family home especially during the Great Depression. They were Richard, born 1899; James, 1902; Alfonso, 1907; DeWitt, 1908; William Sherwood, 1910; Hubert, 1915; and Lincoln, 1917. Lewis Diuguid’s daughters, Sherley, born 1905 and Elwyza, born 1912, were, according to people at that time, supposed to get married. College seemed an extravagance that many families—let alone those that were black—could not afford. But getting a college education was the only way for the Diuguids. Doc said Ray Grant as a liquor store clerk couldn’t ignore his logic. Ray Grant eventually went back to college, earned his PhD, was hired by one of the area’s biggest chemical companies and ended up retiring after a long, fulfilling career as a chemist.

Education was the only path in life, as far as Doc’s father, Lewis Walter Diuguid, was concerned. He wanted it for himself and he wanted it for his children. He had gotten on a different road—one that most former slaves and the children of slaves like him couldn’t help but tread. Lewis Diuguid often was mistaken for a white man, although he never hid his heritage, being part Ibo, Native American and Scottish. Diuguid, after all is a Scottish name, although following the pattern of slaves taking the name of their masters, the family name should have been Thornhill, but Lewis Diuguid’s mother didn’t care for that family at all so she took the name of the Diuguids in Virginia, who lived on the plantation across the road. Lewis Diuguid’s sister was among about 14,000 blacks who each year before the Civil Rights Movement, dropped out of the black community and passed into white society. Doc recalled riding with his father and sister Elwyza to Atlanta to visit that aunt. Doc remembered that his Papa told him and Elwyza to stay in the car while he went inside to see his sister. Doc also said he had an Uncle William in Brooklyn who was passing. Uncle William had married a black woman. Then, without divorcing her, Uncle William married a white woman while

passing. Neither wife knew of the other's existence. When Uncle William died, he was buried in the white folks' cemetery, until people found out that he had a black family in another part of town. Doc surmised that Uncle William wasn't looking to remaining in the white folks' graveyard.

Doc, like most black folks, couldn't blame others who passed. They were able to shed a lot of heartache, misery and pain and in return enjoy the privileges that went with being white in America. Doc also recalled professors' comments when he announced that he was studying to be a chemist: "It will only make you unhappy because you won't be able to find a job anywhere in America." Doc said they were right. He got turned down repeatedly by some of the biggest chemical companies in the country despite his credentials, post-doctorate work and discoveries. Doc's Papa still knew that education was the only path to a better, more successful, less prejudiced life. Initially Lewis Diuguid dropped out of school and landed a job as a brakeman on the Norfolk & Western Railway. He walked to work in the rail yards from his home in Lynchburg, Va. He always took long deep contemplative steps. His thin, muscled 6-foot 5-inch frame demanded it as did his powerful underappreciated intellect. The job paid decent money—especially for a black man. But in the late 1800s, it was dangerous work—the kind that whites left for colored men to do. It went beyond the heat or cold, the rain and the snow that railroad workers caught from working outdoors. It was dangerous because the brakemen were responsible for slowing down the cars of the train. They had to stand on top of the tall rolling wood-and-steel structures and turn a large wheel at just the right speed, applying just the right pressure to slow down the train cars. If they spun it too fast they would get thrown from the top of the cars to sudden death. If they turned the wheel too slowly, the car would crash into others, also pitching the brakeman off. If he was lucky, he only lost his job because of the damage done to the train. Diuguid did slip up once and got thrown from the top of a boxcar for it. He herniated himself as a result—an injury he carried with him the rest of his life. But eventually, air brakes were added to trains. That caused the job of brakeman to become fairly easy and far less dangerous. When that happened, those jobs shifted from blacks to whites almost instantly. Diuguid managed to hang on to his position until he retired in the 1940s, carrying a pistol with him every day that he went to work. He knew well people's hatred for blacks, and he'd tolerate none of it. Others knew that, and gave him a wide berth.

Diuguid was a tough man of unforgiving thrift. But he also enjoyed telling stories. One was of a cousin, Henderson Fields, who was thought to be the

strongest man in Virginia. He easily could lift a set of boxcar wheels in his teeth. Diuguid also told of Henderson Fields, a black man, going to have a drink after work in a white bar. People in the tavern took great offense. One man insisted on throwing out Henderson Fields. The bartender warned him not to trouble that black man. The caution was not heeded. Henderson Fields picked up one of the men and used that man's body like a club to beat the others unconscious. He then finished his drink. Doc said Henderson Fields worked in the mines alone. He saw the other men as children who just got in his way. He was credited with easily doing the work of five men. An industrial accident, however, left Fields, the most powerful man in Virginia, on crutches. Even then he still amazed people by carrying a 200-pound load of coal for his stove in his teeth.

Doc also often repeated the story of Thomas Fuller. Doc grew up hearing the story and thought it was one of his Papa's tall tales. But books such as *The Black Presence in the Era of the American Revolution, 1770-1800*, the *Negro History Bulletin* and a 1959 issue of *Jet* magazine verified the story, which had been handed down by blacks like Diuguid since slavery. At age 14, Fuller was kidnapped from Africa and sold into slavery near Alexandria, Va. He couldn't read or write but became known as "the Virginia Calculator" for his ability to solve difficult math problems in his head. His owner, Elizabeth Cox, would lend Fuller to other white people, who would do such things as have him walk the boundaries of their land to compute the acreage for government records. Fuller performed the complex calculations for plantation owners' bookkeeping and construction needs. But his problem-solving often wasn't instantaneous. Whites would tell him their problems and give him the mathematical variables, and he would go about doing his normal chores. A day or so later he would give people the correct answer. William Hartshorne and Samuel Coates of Pennsylvania doubted Fuller's ability. They challenged him to calculate the seconds in 1½ years. Fuller correctly said 47,304,000 seconds. Then they asked for the number of seconds in the life of a man who had lived 70 years, 17 days and 12 hours. Fuller responded, 2,210,500,800. The men, who had done the problem on paper, yelled that the Virginia Calculator was wrong. Fuller, however, replied, "Massa, you forget de leap year."

The scene reminded Doc of a story his father used to tell about the black men who worked for the Barnum & Bailey Circus. They were among the last to get on the trains when the circus left town and the first to get off to begin unloading the tents, animals and equipment. Doc said his Grandmother McCoy, who lived with his family, would take him when he was a