

Interview with **Albert Wilson**

Date: November 1, 1988

Interviewer: Judy Richardson

Camera Rolls: 2066-2069

Sound Rolls: 230-231

Team: A

Interview gathered as part of *Eyes on the Prize II: America at the Racial Crossroads, 1965-mid 1980s*. Produced by Blackside, Inc. Housed at the Washington University Film and Media Archive, Henry Hampton Collection.

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Interview with Albert Wilson, conducted by Blackside, Inc. on November 1, 1988 for *Eyes on the Prize II: America at the Racial Crossroads, 1965-mid 1980s*. Washington University Libraries, Film and Media Archive, Henry Hampton Collection.

Note: These transcripts contain material that did not appear in the final program. Only text appearing in ***bold italics*** was used in the final version of *Eyes on the Prize II*.

[camera roll #2066]

[sound roll #230]

[wild sound]

00:00:14:00

Interviewer:

We want people to understand exactly what it was like [inaudible].

Albert Wilson:

So, I will go back to that Sunday night.

Interviewer:

Mm-hmm.

Albert Wilson:

Saturday night, Sunday morning.

00:00:22:00

Interviewer:

[unintelligible]—that's right. That's it.

[cut]

00:00:24:00

Camera crew member #1:

Mark it.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark one.

[slate]

00:00:26:00

Interviewer:

OK. Going back to, like, late '60s, just before the rebellion. What, how did police treat young Blacks at that time?

00:00:36:00

Albert Wilson:

At that time, young Blacks were treated with discipline. They disciplined, the poli—the police department disciplined, used more discipline and force than I've seen.

Interviewer:

It's cool. It's okay.

00:00:53:00

Albert Wilson:

In quite a long time. At that time, we had what we called the Big Four, the stress units, and they were made to, there were made to be visible there, to be noticed at all times, their presence was very, very noticeable. And for Blacks, this was, it was like a threat. It was like mother and father being there at all times, and that's why, that's kind of the way I looked at, looked at the police department then, as a big brother, [background noise] mother, father.

00:01:31:00

Interviewer:

Cut please.

Albert Wilson:

Cut, because I went.

Interviewer:

OK—

Camera crew member #1:

No.

Interviewer:

—no, not you. It's the, it's the [laughs]

Camera crew member #1:

[inaudible]

[beep]

[cut]

00:01:37:00

Camera crew member #1:

Mark.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark two.

[slate]

00:01:39:00

Interviewer:

OK, going back to 1967, what was it like for young Blacks in terms of the way the police treated you?

Albert Wilson:

Well, we were treated—

Interviewer:

Sorry, if you could, say the police.

00:01:49:00

Albert Wilson:

The police treated us, they've treated us fairly. They weren't, they weren't hard, but they were very strict. They enforced the law very forcefully. I mean, we were made to, we knew what to do. We knew when we were wrong, and when they, we saw them, we straightened up our act.

00:02:09:00

Interviewer:

And what about the Big Four?

00:02:11:00

Albert Wilson:

The Big Four was just like mama and daddy. When you saw them coming, they were always around some corner, around a corner, anywhere, and they were there. One thing about it, they were there when they were needed. It didn't take fifteen minutes to see them, because they were always patrolling the area constantly. And so, that's, that was, that's what we looked for. We didn't look for the police cars. We looked for the big four, and they kept us in line.

00:02:44:00

Interviewer:

Were you afraid of the police?

00:02:45:00

Albert Wilson:

Not actually. Yeah, we were kinda. We were afraid of them. Not that they would harm us or anything, but that we might do something wrong and be caught at it. If you were supposed to, if you were supposed to be in a certain place, and you weren't there, you might, you would possibly think that Big Four would be somewhere to take you home, or in some cases they did take you home, if you were in the wrong place at the wrong time, and as a child even.

00:03:19:00

Interviewer:

OK. Going into the, to the rebellion, can you give me a sense of what it was like [background noise] from the beginning, from the time you first remember it?

Albert Wilson:

It was—

Interviewer:

Say the rebellion.

00:03:33:00

Albert Wilson:

The rebellion was—now, well, it was, it was, it's unexplainable. It's was like a big party. [laughs] Everyone was there, and I happened to be there also. It, you know, I woke up, and it was there. And so, everybody joined in. And we had—

00:03:55:00

Interviewer:

How did you first hear? I mean, how did you first know there was a rebellion?

Albert Wilson:

I got up in it—

Interviewer:

[unintelligible]

Albert Wilson:

—I got up in all of the stores were open on Sunday. Stores didn't open on Sunday—

Interviewer:

Sorry. If you could, say, The way I first—

00:04:10:00

Albert Wilson:

OK. The way I first realized that our five and dime was, didn't open on Sundays. It was open. Our gas station, which didn't open on Sunday, was open. And the store owners weren't there. It was my neighbors, and my friends, and in one instance, with the five and dime being opened from the side, it was me. I was there. And that led me to know, and it just, it progressed, and then there were, first there were one or two people here. Then, there were three and four, five and six, and then it was just, just a massive group of people from everywhere.

00:04:50:00

Interviewer:

Did you get a sense that there was a carnival, or what?

00:04:53:00

Albert Wilson:

It was, yes. It was kind of like a carnival, or a parade, or a party, or, because everybody that was there was laughing, had a smile on their face. No one was crying or worried, but if you saw me running down the street, you saw me running with a smile on my face. Now, running for what and to what, I saw people running from stores with televisions, but with a smile on their face. Everybody was happy. That's about it. Everybody was happy that day. As it progressed on into the evening hours, that happiness kinda turned into sadness, though. The fires started to break out. Homes began to burn, began to burn, and the fires began to catch from my house, to my neighbor's house. The paint factory went up, [laughs] and the explosions were heard. Finally, the state troopers moved in with the tanks, the bayonets, the rifles. I, I was probably at that time, my first, I first witnessed someone being killed with a bayonet actually being stabbed, my neighbor actually being stabbed coming home from a party Saturday night, Sunday morning, coming home. And he was a drinker, and he was drunk, and he was disorderly, and he refused to listen. And he was attacked with a bayonet by one of the law enforcement officers.

00:06:18:00

Interviewer:

Can you say that again, and just give me a sense of why he was attacked with a bayonet?

Albert Wilson:

He—

Camera crew member #1:

Can you move a little forward—

Albert Wilson:

Yeah.

Camera crew member #1

—over just a few inches? There.

Interviewer:

Little bit more. Little bit closer to me.

Albert Wilson:

He was attacked—OK.

Camera crew member #1:

One second. OK.

00:06:34:00

Interviewer:

OK.

Albert Wilson:

OK. My neighbor was attacked due to the fact that he—I don't think he really realized.

Interviewer:

Say, My neighbor was attacked by the—

00:06:44:00

Albert Wilson:

By one of the—

00:06:45:00

Interviewer:

Let me be quiet, and then, I saw my neighbor—

Albert Wilson:

I saw my neighbor.

Interviewer:

Yeah, fine.

00:06:50:00

Albert Wilson:

I saw my neighbor being stabbed by one of the law enforcement teams there—I believe it was the state troopers—because he had come home that morning with a hangover. He had been out to a party, which he did on weekends. I don't think he knew what was going on. What had, what had happened, he was one of the people who didn't know this had happened. There were quite a few people who got up and didn't know that this was going on. It just so happened that we got up early on Sunday mornings to go play, but the, the playground was in our front yard this time.

00:07:25:00

Interviewer:

Can you say one more time that you saw your neighbor being bayoneted, and give me what happened?

00:07:31:00

Albert Wilson:

OK. I, I saw my neighbor being stabbed with a bayonet by a state trooper after he was asked to go on his porch. He was only five or ten feet from his porch, but he was asked to get off the street in front of his house, city sidewalk, and to go onto his own property. And he refused, and at this point he was warned, and forewarned, and he was stabbed with a bayonet. He fell to the ground. I'm not sure if he died, I do remember it took hours for an ambulance

to get there to pick him up. But I do remember my mother going in to call that ambulance, and I do remember my other neighbors bringing the blankets out for him, and I'm not quite sure if the gentleman died or not.

00:08:17:00

Interviewer:

Now, I want you to go back to the day when you were in the five and dime, and how you decided to go in there. I know your mother wanted you to stay home. Talk about that.

Albert Wilson:

Right, right. My mother—

00:08:32:00

Male:

I'm sorry [inaudible] one second, I have to [unintelligible]—

Interviewer:

Sure. OK, fine.

[beep]

[cut]

[camera roll #2067]

00:08:33:00

Camera crew member #1:

Marker.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark.

[slate]

00:08:36:00

Interviewer:

OK. Paint a picture for me of that day, and what it was like, and the chickens fell, and the whole thing as if we don't have any pictures, and you're gonna tell it to us.

00:08:46:00

Albert Wilson:

OK. Well, Sunday morning, and Sun—early Sunday morning. It was seven thirty Sunday morning. Which was the usual time for most of the kids in the neighborhood to get out and begin congregating in front of our houses, or planning our daily routine, or whatever. To come out and find that we didn't have a routine that day. The routine had been altered. The plan had been altered. There was no smell of chicken frying, which was usually the case on Sunday mornings. You could always smell breakfast, like mom's frying dinner. She's making dinner. She's cooking dinner, chicken, and you could smell the greens and the cornbread. None of this was there that Sunday, because no one had time, and everyone that would usually be in the house was on the porch. I don't think there was anyone inside their homes that day. As I remember, my family, my entire family was on the front porch, looking in a westerly direction towards the scene of the, of the riot there, at the corner five and dime there, because that's the first thing we saw, was the five and dime bars come down. And being—all the kids being warned to stay. Stay at home, stay on the porch. I was forewarned myself to stay at home, Don't go. And for some reason I went into the house. I remember going in the house and being the only one in the house, which is one of the reasons why I said, Well, nobody's watching me. Nobody can see me, so, I'm going out [laughs] the back door. And I asked a couple of friends. Come on, let's go. You know, let's go up here and see what's going on. I think they went about twenty feet with me and decided to change their mind and go back, and I kept going. And I went, I went the long way to keep from being seen by parents on the front porch, so I went through the alley to the other side of the street, and back down 12th Street, where I was [clears throat] confronted by a group of neighbors. [clears throat] And I asked what was going on, and they said they were going in the store. And they said, Come on. Let's go. I went in also. At that time, [phone rings] why I went in, I don't know.

00:11:01:00

Interviewer:

Cut.

Albert Wilson:

Forgot all about that. [clears throat]

[beep]

[phone rings]

[cut]

[wild sound]

00:11:06:00

Albert Wilson:

[inaudible] this all happened before [inaudible] five and dime, so I have to keep that [inaudible].

Camera crew member #2:

Coming up at scene fifteen, take four.

Interviewer:

OK. That's it. Yeah.

Albert Wilson:

So, all these things happened before I went into the five, the, the five—

Interviewer:

Yes, I know. I'm saying—

Albert Wilson:

—while I was going into the five and dime was the last thing that I did.

[picture resumes]

Interviewer:

—exactly. That's it. I want what you're doing as you move toward it.

Camera crew member #1:

Check speed. OK. Mark.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark four.

[slate]

00:11:31:00

Interviewer:

OK. If you can, start with leaving out of your back door, and the sense that you're sneaking, so your neighbors and your mother doesn't see you, and just start from there.

00:11:38:00

Albert Wilson:

All right, I—well I snuck out of the back door after being, after being asked not to go off the front porch or out of the house. I went into the house just to find that there's no one there, you know? No one in there. Everyone's outside.

00:11:50:00

Interviewer:

Wait a minute, just a second. We can actually take it, because we're gonna take the beginning part.

[cut]

[wild sound]

Albert Wilson:

OK.

Interviewer:

So, you can actually take it from going out the back door.

Albert Wilson:

OK. [clears throat]

Interviewer:

And sneaking through the alley—

Albert Wilson:

OK. [coughs].

Interviewer:

—so your neighbors in your neighborhood didn't see.

Albert Wilson:

Didn't see.

Interviewer:

Yeah.

Albert Wilson:

OK. I snuck out of the back door.

Interviewer:

Mm-hmm.

Albert Wilson:

And I went through the alley in the opposite direction.

Interviewer:

OK, now, [unintelligible] we get to start rolling. OK. We're ready to roll.

Albert Wilson:

OK.

Interviewer:

OK. We're ready to roll.

Camera crew member #1:

Speed. Oh, no. We're cut.

00:12:14:00

Interviewer:

Oh, I'm sorry. OK.

[cut]

[camera roll #2068]

[sound roll #237]

00:12:15:00

Camera crew member #1:

Marker.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark five.

[slate]

00:12:18:00

Interviewer:

OK. If you could start leaving out the back door, going through the alley, so folks wouldn't see you.

00:12:23:00

Albert Wilson:

Yeah. I did. I snuck out of the back door. I went through the alley, very inconspicuously, in the opposite direction of the houses. Around the next street to 12th Street.

00:12:36:00

Interviewer:

I'm sorry. If you could, say, I did this, so that my neighbor's not looking.

Albert Wilson:

And I did this—

Interviewer:

I'm sorry. Maybe you can start from leaving out the back door.

00:12:43:00

Albert Wilson:

—OK. After I, I went out the back door, and I snuck through the alley in the opposite direction so that none of the neighbors would see me going here, because they were all outside, and they would sure stop me. So, I went the other way to end up on 12th Street, where quite a few stores had been broken into. I think there was only one, there was one restaurant, Howard's Restaurant was open. Black-owned restaurant, and everyone was in there. All the prostitutes and early-morning pimps were in there discussing the matter of how this occurred and everything. And everybody, everyone congregated right there. I saw my neighbors there. And I moved further on down the street to the jewelry shop, the loan, the savings and loan, the jewelry shop, where I saw huge men carrying safes out, and this was all hilarious to us, because we never thought those things could be moved. They sat in the middle of the store. No one ever thought they would be able to pick them up, but they did. And I entered a couple of the places to see what was going on. Not to take anything out of there, though. But I went up there. I watched them. The places caught on fire, actually, while I was in there. And I think I was actually trapped in one place for a while with a fire. I think there was a, a loan office, and I was trapped in there for a while. I had to come down a ladder or, it was part of a wall that was left, and I got out of there. And I went home, and I went back around the back, and came back out, and went back up on 12th Street, again where I saw my neighbors again. And this time, we were going towards the five and dime. And I was kinda skeptical about going, because I knew that I could be seen from that corner, so I had to go around another corner and come through the side, which is the side—they opened the side of the store, and I went in. To get in there and find that clocks were being taken off the walls. And things that you had always wished you could have from that store, you could get. OK, so, I went to the back to see what was going on back there. And at that time, I saw a roll of carpet back there. And, this roll of carpet, I looked at, and there were my neighbors hiding down behind this carpet, and why they were hiding was, I didn't know. They told me to come lay down there and hide there. Get—come here, Albert, and stay here. At that time, I told them no. I'm going out. You know, I'm going back out. I remember standing up to go towards the door. I remember seeing the, the officer standing there with a gun pointed towards me, and I remember his exact words. I didn't, I didn't listen to him. I went to turn around and lay back down, and at that time, I don't know what happened. I kind of blacked out. I don't remember. I don't ever remember being hit by a bullet. I can tell you that. I dunno if anybody understands that being shot like that, and not being able to explain the feeling. Does it hurt? I don't know. I couldn't tell you. How did I feel? I dunno. I felt like I was asleep. I don't remember. I vaguely remember being taken out of that store. I don't remember too much after that. I remember waking up in the hospital with no one there. I remember a nurse who asked me if I knew who I was. Do I know? She asked me, did I know where I came from, where I was at? Sure, I know. I was in the five and ten cents store. I had told them my address. Told her the church that I belonged to. She asked me things of home-oriented relationships, like do you, do you know who your mother is? Sure I do. Do you know your phone number? That's how they contacted my mother, I believe, because she asked me if I remembered my address.

And I told her yes. And at that time, they told them to send a telegram, because they were probably looking for me. And it was right. They had been looking for me, not knowing where I was. And I remember the heaviness in my legs, and a burning sensation, and I asked her why were my legs on fire. And then they never, they didn't tell me I couldn't walk, I wasn't gonna walk. They said, You were shot in the spine, inside, and the bullet damaged your spine. OK, well, that was fine with me. I was never in any pain. I, I was just there, in a daze. And the other thing that was, any important to me, was the weight. The weight of my legs, I felt something leave, a spirit or a soul. It actually got up and left the lower portion of my body, and I felt that. I don't know if people believe that, or if they understand that, but I explained that to the doctor. Said, Well, I felt something, you know? He asked me how do I feel, I said, I felt something leave. And he asked me to try to move my toes and anything, and I don't remember if I did or not. I was in my, they had me in iron shoes or something that I had never seen before. And I think I, I must've slept for days. It just seemed like I slept for days. However, I remember waking up to see my mother, my neighbors, my sisters, and my brothers. This is in intensive care. I don't think they thought I was going to live. And they let—where they usually just let one or two people into an intensive care unit, here I had six or seven people around, you know, crying, and, and, and rubbing my head, and I could hear them asking the doctor, was he gonna live? And at that time, I remember the doctor telling them, Yes, I think he might live. It's a fifty-fifty chance, but he won't walk. That's the first inkling that I had that I wouldn't walk. I, I didn't know that. I remember being transferred from intensive care to the wards, where I, I was in, still in pretty serious condition at that time. I remember having dreams at that time of being right back there on 12th, at the right—it seems like I never left. I actually went back. I left that hospital room. I dunno how that happens. I was there. I never left. I never left. That's the strange thing, and I don't tell too many people this, because they're saying something wrong with this kid, you know, but it's the truth. Things that happened there while I was in this condition, critical condition, actually happened, and I, I told my mother about these things, and she said, Well yeah, it did happen. I dunno how you know. But I remember warning my mother to come, and I remember going home, what seemed like I went home. I know I never left that room, but and getting there, talking with my mother, and asking her to come and see me, and she would come. I think the doctor said [laughs] that was all in my imagination, in my mind, possibly due to the drugs that they were, had me on, and very—

00:20:04:00

[cut]

00:20:05:00

Interviewer:

Could you cut please.

[cut]

[wild sound]

Interviewer:

Yeah. This is going beyond the time that, that we'll be able to do it.

Albert Wilson:

Yeah.

Interviewer:

Yeah, OK.

Albert Wilson:

[inaudible]

[beep]

[cut]

00:20:10:00

Camera crew member #1:

Marker.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark six.

[slate]

00:20:13:00

Interviewer:

If you could begin by talking about going into the five and dime, the sense of carnival, and of not knowing what danger you're in.

00:20:20:00

Albert Wilson:

Well, *going into the five and ten cents store, we didn't know what danger we were in.* It was just like a carnival. It was, we didn't see the actual danger that we were in, although it

was right there staring us in our face. Anytime you see a law enforcement age—officer, standing around with guns or on rooftops, and you don't acknowledge this, you can't be aware of it. It was a big party, as I said, and when I went into that store, that, that was just, why I went in there was beyond me, and when I went in there, it—I had no sense of the, the danger that I was in, that it, I wasn't scared. I was not, I didn't become fearful of it until I was asked by the law officer that I saw, he told all of us. All you motherfuckers, Black motherfuckers, come out from back there. And I was the only one who stood up. I was asked not to by the neighbors. I saw that, my neighbors, very clearly, who told me not to go out. Not to stand up. I remember telling them I'm going out. And at that point, I stood up to go towards the door. I did go to the door, to the archway of the door, and I saw the gentlemen standing there, with the gun pointed towards me, and I remember turning around to go back where my neighbors were, because they told me to stay there. I knew that there was no other way out of there, because they had looked. And all of the back doors were barred, and so that, I guess that we were kinda pinned in. We were pinned in there, actually. After being asked to come out, I just turned around and went back, and laid down against some bolt end rolls of carpeting, at which time I guess I had been shot at that time, from what I've heard, I, that's what—I had been shot then, but I didn't know it. So, the sense of fear never, never got, never sank in. It never was there. It was, it was a big party. A lot of colors, a lot of different noises that we'd never heard before. People that you'd never seen.

00:22:33:00

Interviewer:

Cut please.

[cut]

[camera roll #2069]

00:22:37:00

Camera crew member #1:

Mark.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark seven.

[slate]

00:22:38:00

Interviewer:

OK. What is it like, then, going into the five and ten, and seeing your neighbors behind the carpet? The sense of carnival, and not knowing the danger.

Albert Wilson:

It's like a—

Interviewer:

If you could, say Going in.

00:22:51:00

Albert Wilson:

Going into the store was like a party that we would have every Saturday night, at your house, my house, someone else's house, only in the sense that there were certain people invited. Just certain neighbors were there and myself. And going in there was, I wasn't afraid. There wasn't a sense of fear. There wasn't a sense of gaining anything. It was fun. It was a sense of fun. Exploring, and doing something that you'd never done before. I felt kind of grown. I felt like, you know, I'm here, and no one—the rest of the kids are home, but I'm here, so I'm doing what every, what all the grown-ups are doing. That's really how I felt. I remember being, I was the only kid in the store. Everyone else was grown. And I remember going, being asked to come in the back by them, because someone outside shouted, The police are coming. Everyone ran to the back. I was asked to run to the back. I ran to the back, hid behind some bolt ends of carpeting. I remember getting up to come to the door, which is what I did. I did get up and come to the door to see the, the officer standing there with the gun, who had asked us to come out, you know, and I turned around, and I remember hearing someone in the back saying, No. Come back, Albert. Come back. And as I turned to go back to hide with them, I remember just seeing a flash, and going, turning around, and going to lay down on the carpet, to wake up and find myself in the hospital after that, because it's, I don't remember. That's all I remember. As if I, as if I went to sleep. And I woke up, I guess it was the next day maybe, in Detroit General Hospital. And I think that's about all I remember there.

00:24:49:00

Interviewer:

And you found out that you were paralyzed.

00:24:51:00

Albert Wilson:

I did. I found out, I guess, it was about two days later, actually, that I was paralyzed. I did not know. I knew that there was something wrong. [background noise] I wasn't able to get up. But why I couldn't get up was never told to me until I—excuse—until I—

00:25:12:00

Interviewer:

Yeah. OK. I think probably, yeah—

[cut]

[wild sound]

Interviewer:

—I think we've probably got, let me just double-check something before [unintelligible].

Albert Wilson:

When I get through with her—

Interviewer:

OK, so, picking it up—

Camera crew member #2:

This is scene fifteen, take eight.

00:25:25:00

Interviewer:

—and hearing the police, and what he says.

[cut]

00:25:30:00

Camera crew member #1:

Marker.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark eight.

[slate]

00:25:32:00

Interviewer:

All right. So, you were in the store, and you hear the police. What, what happens?

00:25:36:00

Albert Wilson:

Right. I'm in the store, and I'm behind a partition where they would keep the unused merchandise, with the rest of my neighbors. And I'm back there with them, and I hear this officer say, You Black motherfuckers come out from back there. And I, me being, I guess, naive, young, and stupid, not knowing what danger I was really in, I get up to go, and obey him. And I get to the door, and at the time when I hear my neighbors say, No, don't go out there. Come back here and lay down with us. And so, I'm gonna obey them anyway, more than, rather than obey him. So I went, I turned to go back, and at that time, I don't know. It seems as if I saw a flash of light, and I went to lay down on a bolt end of carpeting, to wake up a couple of days later, to find out that I couldn't walk. And I found that out through my mother, listening, hearing the doctor tell my mother, We don't think he'll ever walk again.

00:26:34:00

Interviewer:

Cut.

Camera crew member #1:

He's good.

Interviewer:

Yeah.

[cut]

00:26:36:00

Camera crew member #1:

Marker.

Camera crew member #2:

Mark nine.

[slate]

00:26:39:00

Interviewer:

OK, so you're, you're in the store, and you hear the officer. What happens?

00:26:45:00

Albert Wilson:

Right. I'm in the store, five and dime, and I'm behind a partition where the store owners would keep their unused merchandise until it's used, with the rest of my neighbors, and friends from the block, from my street. And I hear someone from the front say, You Black motherfuckers come out from back there. And immediately, I get up to come out towards the door—

00:27:08:00

Interviewer:

Sorry. You can start and mention that it's a police officer.

Albert Wilson:

OK.

Interviewer:

Just start it again.

00:27:13:00

Albert Wilson:

OK. OK, I'm in the store, and I'm behind a partition with my neighbors and my friends from my block. And I, I, we're all back there, actually, at this time, we hear someone say, The police are coming. And everyone begins to look for a way out, but the bars are on the door, so there's no way out. So everyone finds a place to hide, and I was told to find a place to

hide, too. *And I hear this officer say, police officer say, All of you Black motherfuckers come out from back there. Well, I immediately get up and come to the door, as you know, head for the door, the archway of the door, to do what he says. When I'm told by, hear a voice, my, one of my neighbors, I knew it was her voice, and she told me, Don't go out there. Come back, come back. And at that time, I went to turn to go back and get there next to her, behind this bolt end of carpeting, and I, I just remember seeing a flash of light at that time, and going back there to lay down on a bolt end, to wake up, I guess, a couple of days later, and to hear a doctor telling my mother that the bullet had injured my spine, and I probably wouldn't walk again.* But at that point, she said, they had told her that I would live, you know? But I wouldn't walk. So, I knew that I was paralyzed then, and that I couldn't walk, and what this was, you know?

00:28:31:00

Interviewer:

Cut. You're through.

Albert Wilson:

[laughs]

Interviewer:

You had this [unintelligible]—

[cut]

[end of interview]

00:28:38:00

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