
Touring Lincolnvile: A Celebration of Historic
Black Business

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92 Washington Street Writing

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92 Washington Street Writing:

People walked in and out, day by day, with nothing in mind except a piece of wood. There were many pieces of wood here, all with different purposes. A piece of wood that you could sit on, that could hold the entire weight of a body. A piece of wood that entire families gather around, hold enough food to feed a village or keep yourself steady as you write down a grocery list. There's even a piece of wood that hides your most prized possessions from the rest of the world. That keeps all your secrets locked within its drawers. All these pieces of wood were once beautiful healthy trees. These trees were cut down and used to make these useful pieces. These pieces were molded, displayed, and sold inside the walls of brick and stucco. After each person picked out their piece of wood they took it back to their homes that lined Washington Street. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco

Above the floor filled with wood, there was a floor filled with people. People of all shapes and sizes. These people came in and out but most stayed till the night. People danced and dined, but some also did more on this floor, but mostly they danced and dined. Their feet stomped and paraded around the floors, so much so the wood could hear it down below. But they stopped the stomping of their feet to dine, the wood could finally relax. After dinner, the people got a second wind and got back up again and began to dance. They danced and danced till their feet, and the wood could take no more. Once the people were finished dancing they said their goodbyes and went on their own ways. They all left and went back to their homes that lined the streets. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

Eventually, the floor that was filled with wood left. I guess the people on Washington Street saw no value in these pieces of wood anymore. The floor was empty for a while until one day it was finally filled with seats again. But different seats this time. And there were only seats. All these seats were put there by Fred A. Sutton. He had a specific layout in mind. There were no tables, benches, or dressers, like in the shop that inhabited this floor earlier, but there were seats. This floor was a lot noisier than it used to be. People still came in and out but they stayed for much longer this time and watched a big screen. They didn't take anything home like they did when the floor was filled with wood. They simply came to this floor to sit and watch. Watch a big screen that had motion pictures running across it. Thousands of different images ran across the screen. Some big, some small. Some kind, or scary, or confusing, or intriguing. But no matter what images came across the screen once the screen went black the festivities were done. The people knew it was time and so they left and went back to their homes that line the streets. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

As time went on, those that lived on Washington Street stopped coming for the movies and came only for the Dances. Fred had no choice but to pack up the theatre and leave so the floor could be filled with something else, possibly another dance floor. No more motion pictures or seats. The floor was empty and bare, that is until many years later when Thomas G. Freeland decided that floor was just right for him. Old seats left and new seats went in so the floors were no longer bare. People began to show up again passing through but not staying long, just long enough to be checked out by Thomas. People came to Thomas for reasons upon reasons. Some patients came in with fevers, welts, coughs, or stomach aches. Thankfully, Thomas was able to give them the help they needed. He used tools of many kinds to decipher what was wrong

with each and every patient. After finding out what was wrong with each patient he was able to find the exact remedy to cure them. He sent them home in no time, he made sure that they didn't wait too long in the cold building. They all left and went to their homes on Washington Street. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

Eventually, just like in the past, the floors became bare again and awaited new owners. And, just like always, someone was always ready to come in and fill these empty floors. This time it was Hyman and Gittel Tarlinsky who filled the floors. They filled them to the brim with food, food of all kinds. Foods of every shape, size, smell, and taste. Tomatoes, grapes, strawberries, potatoes, corn, beef, chicken, pork. Any food you can think of this floor had it. Hyman and Gittel waited for people to flood in. They just were waiting for someone to buy their food and take it all back home with them. And so, with time, people came in and out picking out just the right amount of food for their families. And once that food was bought they went right back to their homes on Washington Street. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

The walls listened to the sounds of the people talking about what tree was the strongest and prettiest, what piece would look best where, and for what purpose. How each piece was carved to have smooth edges instead of ones that could pierce your finger. As the heavy pieces were dragged along the floor to their new homes the walls heard the floors cry. The walls heard everything that went on inside this building. Buildings upon buildings, come made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

The walls heard the coughs of the weak. The sighs of those who were tired. The cries of those in pain. The walls heard every procedure and every test. It heard the horror stories and the miracles. The walls experienced every emotion that came out of these offices. The walls heard everything that went on inside this building. Buildings upon buildings, come made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

The walls heard the stomps of the happy and healthy. It heard the music that filled the halls. How they danced till it could hear their hearts pounding over the music. It heard the clammer of multiple conversations as the food was being served. It heard the clinking of the silverware and the chimes of the glasses. The walls heard everything that went on inside this building. Buildings upon buildings, come made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

The walls watched as the images ran across the screen. It heard the roar of guns as action movies played on. It heard laughs as the actor told a joke. It heard every snuffle and tear that fell. The walls heard everything that went on inside this building. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

The walls were witness to these memories. The walls had seen all the people who went in and out of these doors. It heard every person who wandered their way into this building, and every conversation along the way. It watched and listened as some stayed longer than others. But no matter the time or day, The walls heard everything that went on inside this building. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.

Brick by Brick the walls are built. Built three stories high, with nothing but bricks and, well, stucco. That's all 92 Washington Street was in 1908, bricks and stucco. The Masonry Vernacular buildings were finally done. There was nothing like a fresh new building right on Washington Street. The building on 92 Washington Street was nothing special. It looked just like other buildings in St. Augustine, specifically the Solla-Carcaba Factory. But just because it looked like the rest doesn't mean it wasn't beautiful. The arches above the windows were spectacular. Again, made of nothing but brick and stucco. But the balcony was the best of all. It had an amazing view of Washington Street. Buildings upon buildings, some made from nothing but bricks and stucco.