

WPA Alabama Writers Project  
EX SLAVES TALES  
Lee County, #3

Ready for filming: 4-19-77

Filmed: 5-5-1977

AW

EX-SLAVE----RISSEY WILLIAMS

I was told to go and see Rissie but it is very little she knows, being just a baby during slavery time so could tell the few things she could remember hearing.

She was born the second year of the war on Widow Mouse's place four miles from Opelika, Ala. making her seventy-four years old. Her mother and father were Annie and Adam Woodson, they had ten children that lived, Nancy Collier, Annie Clayton, Felix, Henrietta Floyd, Martha Calyne, Will, Joe Henry, Emmie Dowdell, Katie Swanson and Rissey.

She was owned by Tassie Maddox, her grandmother was part Indian, would run away all the time and at night would go off to a cave and stay all night, "Master couldn't do nothing wid her".

She said there were so many kids they had to sleep three and four deep for they only had one planked room and one shed cook room, the beds they did have were home made and corded or roped for slats; and of course cooked on the fireplace and on a three legged skillet with no sides, over coals, to cook hoe-cakes, then for frying or broiling they had another three legged skillet with sides to hold the grease. Rissey has a black iron pot with the sides chipped off that she is using now as a wash pot to boil clothes in that they have had long, long before the war.

They spun and wove their own cloth, made homespun, solid colors, had some calico. They wore undershirts, no panties, and no shoes. The wedding dress was mostly swiss or lawn.

She married at the court house, an old plank building then, and married in her sister's blue lawn dress, she had two children that lived to be grown, Nashack and sister, Exa Scott. She is living with her daughter now.

Klein  
Lee Co

Speakin' uv clothin', ever thing thet we wore back then wuz made by hand. Many er night my ma use ter set and spin wid er spindle. I have set and done the cardin' fer her so she could git her task done. In der summer we would wear underwear thet wuz made uv cotton, in der win'er our underweare wuz made uv flannel. Der shoes wuz made uv cow hide thet had been tanned right there on the place. Dem wuz der hardest shoes I've ever seen. Some times dey would wear out fore they wuz any ways soft, and den sometimes after dey wuz wore out you couldn' hardly bin em. Some uv der hands would go bare-footed until der fall and den wear der shoes. Slippers wuz 'nt worn then. Der fust pair uv slippers I ever member havin wuz de ones I bought fer my weddin'. Dey didn' cos' but er doller and sebenty-five cent. My weddin suit didn' cos' but eight dollers, and er straw hat ter match it cos' sebenty-five cent.

As I said once before "asser young and ole wissers wuz mighty good fo'kes on er count uv dey never whipped any uv their hands. If dere wuz one dat would give trouble dey would git rid uv him. De overseers had ter be kind to de hands er else he wuz out uv a job. De chillun wuz mighty nic' to ever time dey went to town er to der store dey would brang us young uns some candy er somethin. Joinin our farm wuz er farm whar de servants fared like dogs. Dey wuz allways beatin on some uv dem.

Ever body worked hard durin dat time, dat wuz all we thought we wuz sposed ter do, but Abe Lincon (Lincoln) taught us better den dat. Some say dat Abe wuzn't iter'sted (interested) so much in freein de slaves as he wuz in savin der union. Don' make no diff'ence ef he wuzn't iter'sted in de black fokes he sho done a great thang by tryin ter save der union. Some uv ther slave holders would double ther perportion uv work so as ter git ter whip em when night come. I heard my ma say after slavery thet dey jest whipped de slaves so much ter keep dem cowered down and. cause dey might have fought fer freedom much sooner then it did come.

Caleb come frum New Orleans, Louisianner. He say dat manny er day ship loades uv slaves wuz unloaded dere and sold ter de one awfferin de most money fer dem. Dey had big chains and shackeles on dem ter keep dem frum gittin away. Some time dey would have ter go a long ways ter git ter der farm; dey would go dis distanse in er wagon er on hoss back.

Talk er bout leearnin ter reed and rite why ef we so much as spoke uv leearnin to reed and rite we wuz scolded like de debil (devil). If we wuz cau't lookin in er book we wuz treeted same as ef we had killed somebody. A servant bett'nt be cau't lookin in er book; didn' make no diff'ence ef yer wuzn't doin nothin but lookin at de pictu'es.

Speekin uv church; we went ter church. We went ter de same-church as the white fo'kes did; hadlythin gwuz wuz. Had thet gofokes would go along and reed de bible fer de preecher, and ter keep dem frum ta'king uv things thet might help dem ter git free. Dey would sing songs like "steal away", "been toilin at the hill so long", and "old time religion".

Ever once in er while slaves would run away ter de north. Most time dey wuz cau't and bou't back. Some times dey would git desperate and would commit suicide fore dey would stand ter be bou't back. One time thet I know uva slave thet had 'scaped and when dey tried ter ketch him he jumped in er creek and drown hisse'f. He wuz bou't frum over in Geo'gia. He hadn' been in Alabama long fore him and two more tried ter 'scape; two uv em wuz cau't and bou't back but dis edder one went ter der lan' uv sweet dreams.

After the days work wuz done and all had eat the servants had ter go ter bed. Most slaves worked on satu'day jest like dey did on monday; thet wuz frum kin ter kant, or frum sun ter sun. Mr. Young never worked his slaves til dark on satu'day. He always let em quit round four 'clock. We would spend dis time washin and bathin ter git ready fer church on sunday. Speekin uv holidays; ther hands celebrated ever holi-

do any fishin' cause we younguns had to tend gaps ter keep der cattle off uv der crops. The grown ups had ter go ter der field.

Life wuz kiner (kind of) happy durin slavery cause we had never knowed anything bout any oder (other) sort uv life or freedom. All we knowed wuz work from one end uv the year ter de odder, ceptin on holidays. Then we'd have ter go ter church or set around der fire and lis'en ter der older fo'kes tell storys. The grown ups would go ter a danse or do sumpin else fer indertainment. Course we younguns got a heap uv pleasure out uv them fairy tales thet wuz told ter us by der older ones. I know ma and them use ter tell some uv the awfulest tales some times I would be fraid ter go from one part uv the house ter de odder wid out somebody wid me. We young uns would have ter play some sort uv a game fer indertainment. There wuz a hole lot uv games and riddles ter be played back then; it have been so long since I played any uv them thet I have most near fergot the biggest portion uv them. I do remember a song er two and a few riddles thet ole Caleb use ter tel us. The song went sumpin like dis;

Satu'day night and sunday too

Had er yeller gal on my mind

Monday mornin break uv day

White fo'kes had me gwine.

The riddles wuz like dis;

Slick as er mole black as er coal

Got er great long tail like er thunder hole.

(skillet)

Crooked as er rainbow teeth like er cat

Guess al uv yer life but yer cant guess thet.

(black berry bush)

Grows in der winter dies in der spring

Lives wid der root stickin strait up.

(icicle)

There wuz anodder song thet Caleb would sing; it goes like dis.

Whar yer gwine buzzard, whar yer gwine crow

Gwine down ter der rivver ter do jest so.

There wuz a whole lot more ter dat song but I done fergot it.

Anodder song thet comes ter my mind is;

Hawk and der buzzard went down ter der jaw

When der hawk got back he had er broken jaw

Lady's pocketbook on der judges banch

Hadn had no use fer a pocketbook since.

Some times I visit ole Mingo White and me and him talks over der days dat me and him wuz boys. We gits ter ta'king and fore yer know it ole Mingo is cryin' like a baby. Cordin' ter what he saya he is lucky ter be er livin'. Dis is one thang I never likes ter talk about. When slavery wuz goin on it wuz alright fer me cause I never hard, but it jest wuzn't right ter treat human bein's thet way. It aint how i' fared, but how ther majorty uv them did fare. If we hadn't er had ter work and slave fer nothin we might have had somethin ter show fer what we did do, and wouldn't have to live frum piller ter post now.

George Chambers

SHOES FULLOF TACKS.

"Uncle George" was hoeing in his little garden when I went to his house and said he was glad to sit down and talk to me for he was tired and hot. Uncle George is very feeble and can't hold out long at the time.

"Yes'am, I'se gittin' er'long now, I'se eighty-three," he said. "I was born seven miles below Salem, Ala. on March 25, 1854. My maw and paw was Violet and Abraham Chambers. Dey b'longed ter Mr. Abraham Chambers ub Motts Mill, south er us. I had one sister Mary and one brother George to live. My Gran'pa belonged to Mr. Tommie Ward, eight miles from us.

"I was big enough to hoe cotton and de garden. I drive cows and calves in slavery time and fotch water.

"Massa's house was a fine big white one, wid a long hall and four big rooms. Hit was weather-boarded but uses houses was a one-room log cabin wid de bed alongside de wall. Ever'-body cooked on de fireplaces den, wan't no stoves.

"My ole Mistess sot a big pan out in de yard wid pot-licker and ash-cake and us got 'roun' hit and et and hit was "who shall, and who shan't, who got dare fust." Us was called shirt-tale fellows and dey was made at home and hung below our knees, outer orsanburg. Us had shoemakers too what killed cows and tanned de leather and when de seven months crop was laid by, de shoemaker made a pair shoes around. Fust I ever had was just as full of tacks and pegs as could be, but I had to have dem shoes, I was so skeered somebody'd show git 'em ef you left dem out, so I slept wid dem.

"Patrollers'd show git you iffен you was bad, but I could always run lak a rabbit.

"Marse Johnnie Rullerford died two years 'fore de war started, but us lived wid Miss Lucy still. They had one boy to go to war. T'other chillun was, Elizabeth, Candy, Ida, Mattie, Hun, and Johnnie. Us had a colored man for overseer and a mighty nice feller but a hour by sun us was in de field.

"Learn to read? Honey, you better read and write dem cotton rows. Us went to Concord to church in de evening, and Brother Scott Wade was de preacher.

"Whoopee, didn' us have good Sa'dd'y night frolics and jubliees. Some clap and some play de fiddle, and, man, dey danced most all night. Cornshucking was 'nother big frolic. Pile corn high as a small house nad have a jug of licker at each corner, and didn't dey pull dat pile of corn down and holler "Gallanip-er-horsefly and whoop it, whoo-ooo, whoo-oo," and couldn't dey holler hit.

"Young Massa had a big wedding 'fore us left. Iffen any of de slaves'd die, dey would have a big settin' up party and sing and pray and nounce benedictions, bury dem and go on.

"De little niggers all had big times. Dey played marbles, and, "Almost home so dey say, so dey say;" "Swing Charlie." Iffen dey got sick dey used goat seed, a piece of gourd, buck-eye, oil, turpentine, and lobelia. Iffen dey was very sick got Dr. Floyd.

"De Yankees come and us heard de big guns way in Columbus, Ga. and seed de fire on Sunday night. I was on de swamp wid 'leven head of horses and some of Mistress' fine things from de house. Us worked two or three years 'fore

dey told us we was free. Den dey giv' us a little money or so much crop and us stayed on.

"I married Frances Williams. A officer married us, Bill Adams. Slavery was bad times, you got a whippin' ever change. My conscious was condemned, iffен I go on way I'se going, I'd be lost, so I j'ined the church."

Washington Copy,

10/7/37.

L. H.

LEE COUNTY

District 3

Klein

This old negro is a fine, faithful honest old fellow, has worked hard till six months ago and is not able to work at all now.

Jeff was born March 16, 1862 in Macon Co. between Loachapoka Ala. and Tuskegee, Ala. His Master and Mistress were Lewis and Jane Allen, his brothers and sisters were Frank, Frederick, Marie, Sherman, William, Harriett and Alice, his Aunt and Uncle Nancy and Dennis Stodemine lived on the place too. The houses they lived in on the quarters were in one long row, below the big house and on the other side were the barns, cribs and shop. There was a large wooden bowl in the yard that they called all the little niggers up late in the afternoon and fed them in it, pouring bread and milk into the bowl and they stood around and ate it with wooden spoons.

He remembers his mistress wearing long train dresses and he and Dave would always fuss over who was going to hold her train off the dirt this time

"The Master and Mistress were Miss Carrie and Mr. James Allen, they had two chillun." Jeff was one of those shirt-tail fellows. The overseer kept lots of hogs and cows and was Jeff's and Dave's job to pull the bars down and my the fusses they would have over that too. If any of the slaves went off the plantation they had to have passes or the patrollers would catch them and whip them a sight, thinking they had run away.

His father used to haul corn at night to the soldiers and such things as used to call haints, I'se never seed nor heard anything at night that I couldn't account for!

The raid came twice and he and his sister staid in the woods all night the first time but the second time they didn't go anywhere. He heard that they hung old Mester up by his two thumbs to make him tell where his money was but he wouldn't talk, then they made Harriett cook their supper. The second trip they hung Mester up by the neck to try to make him tell and he still would not talk, so they said, "Wont you take supper with us, and Mester said, No, so then they said, let him down I spec his damn neck is pretty sore."

We left in a few years and went to Bullock Co. Georgia. "I married Julia Youngblood and had one son, but he went north when young and I haven't heard from him in years. I jined church cause I was a sinner and wanted to be better."

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We left in a few years and went to Bullock Co. Georgia. "I married Julia Youngblood and had one son, but he went north when young and I haven't heard from him in years. I jined church cause I was a sinner and wanted to be better."

When it was time to go to the war he remembered his father and hands throwing up levels to shoot but if had to. "Mr. Joe left and went to the war so he said he was going to bring a Yankee skin home with him, and say I saw him coming from fishing bringing an eel behind him so I flew in the house hollering that Mr. Joe was bringing that Yankee skin with him. When the Yankees did come they just came in sight or nine miles of our place. We staid on about two years after freedom and later on I married Lovelace White, I wore a blue coat in a wool suit and I have twenty some odd dollars for the coat too, we had five children, Paul Lee, Delphus, Lovelace and Paulah, then fifteen grandchildren.

Olden times are different better in a way for we was fed good. I was a member of the Methodist church and don't believe in Religion like I used to but believe in Jesus and in spirit and Christianity.

Possibly this old man's parents thought he could be famous after he got to be a big boy and called him general after Gen. Lee Bullard, that is all the name he would give me saying that is all of it.

He was born at Clayburne Parrish, La. near Shreveport, Nov. 18, 1861, they then moved to Danway, about eight miles from Opelika, Ala. between West Point Ga. and La Fayette Ala. His mother's name was Ursie and father's was Wesley, they had eight living children that he knew of, Caline, Julie, Mike, Elic, Howard, Will, Jessie and Lee.

The quarters were about fifty yards from the big house and were mostly of logs, few plank or weatherboarded houses; all the cooking was done on the fire and they cooked hoe-cakes on the griddles, and they were three legged skillets with no sides to it and "I sho can remember the them waffles we had when chillun, best I'se ever had" The beds were homemade with the sides fitting into holes in the walls, using the walls as the head of the bed and having corded or roped slats.

"When I was a boy they tried to make me brave so moster used to make me hold stray cats while some body cut dey heads off and it sho was a turrible job" All the little boys wore long shirts, kinder like dresses only about half ways below the knees and were called shirt-tail boys, had no pants and after the war they had pants and waists all made together and fastened all way down the back, and they used the same clothes on Sunday too. In winter we had some wool and other wus home-spun.

Our Moster and Mistress was Mary and Jim Monk, I liked him better den I did her, she wus kinder strict. They chillun wus Loyd, Lula, Mattie, Jimmie, Nathan, Mell, Riessie, Annie, Sudie and Sallie. Moster's house wus a large planked house with the kitchen off frum the house. We did not have any close neighbors but wus one poor white family lived up at Wilson Log, but dey never did bother us and we didn't have many slaves either. Moster wus young and at one time he bought, don't know how much land at ten and fifteen cents an acre. Mr Tetter wus our overseer and he wus tough, he would get us niggers up fore light and have to wait to see how to go to work and then whip and beat us, one time he cut one and stuck him with his knife.

Old Moster never did sell any of his niggers, always gave them to his chillun. We could go to the white folks church and if ever went anywhere at all or off the plantation we had to have a pass or the pat-rollers would ketch us and whip us a sight. Once the Ku Klux Klan came there and tried to seeer us niggers, so he drunk a whole bucket of water at the time and us found out later that he had some kind of thing inside his mask that would hold the water, they whipped some of us too and you better not stay out later than ten o'clock at night either.

When it was time to go to the war he remembered his father and hands throwing up levels to shoot behind if had to. "Mr. Joe left and went to the war so he said he wus going to bring a Yankee skin home with him, one day I saw him coming from fishing dragging an eel behind him so I flew in the house hollering that Mr. Joe wus bringing that Yankee skin with him. When the Yankees did come they just came in eight or nine miles of our place. We staid on about two years after freedom and later on I married Loveless White, I wore a blue coat to a wool suit and I give twenty some odd dollars for the coat too, we had five chillun Manda Lee, Dolphus, Napoleon and Beulah, then fifteen grandchullen.

Olden times are doubtless better in a way for we wus fed good. I an a member of the Methodist Church and I don't believe in Religion like I used to but believe in being born by spirit and Christianity.

SARA BENTON  
LEE COUNTY

*Sarah Benton*

Preston Klein

*Lives in Opelika*

Sara Benton lives in Opelika, Ala., now and used to own lots of property in west end of town and is a very careless lazy kind, now has lost all she had and is living in the very worse kind of place, the porches are all holes, top and botton, don't see how she has kept from falling.

She was born at Fredonia Ala., and was twelve years old when the war broke out, her Mother, Martha and Father, Wesley Cox, had four children to live, John, Cornelia, Monroe and Sara; their home was up close to the big house and not down at the quarters for her Mother was the cook and their house was a log cabin, plank floors and had four-poster beds with roped slats.

My grand-paw lived in La Fayette and was owned by the Rays. All our fireplaces was big and yer know us cooked on de fireplaces cause wusn't no stoves in dem times and us et mostly pot-licker, milk en bread, sometimes us had er little meat, hit sho made big strong niggers do.

My daddy was er shoemaker and my Mother done the weaving, our dresses was home-spun and wool-mixed and gingham, I married in er gingham dress, sum-times us had er white dress.

Us had sum good white folks ef you done your wurk good and dián' giv em no truble but ef you dián' course dey whipped yu. Mr. Ben and Miss Sara had six chillun; Charlie, Margaret, Sara, Maria, Jeff en Ben, and dem was mischifus little ole boys too. Dey lived in er big plank house but our overseer lived in er log house lak us, only bigger, Mr. Pat Moore and my daddy driv ole Mistess, de carriage house was up close to de big house.

Our overseer got us up by light and blowed er horn en I seed him whup er slave one day, wid er Bull-Whip. When us ud go off er ter church, us walked er rid in our steer-wagon an us slaves went ter de white church en set in de gallery, your white preacher read de Bible and sung dat good ole song "Jesus lover er my soul", en den us had baptising by de white preacher at Hill's Pond and my, dián' dem niggers shout and holler and sing nother good ole song, "Dark wus de night, cold wus de groun', which de Lord laid his haid."

Dem ole patrollers was sho mean, walked 'bout at night en whup you ef yer dián' have er pass frum de Marster and ef could ketch yer dey sho cut yer up. All us had good dances en frolics on Saddy nights, Mr. Pat Moore used ter watch too, us had ter wurk on Saddy days jest de same as any other day, nother good frolic us had wus on Xmas and hav parties en dances and my, de times uf dem cornshuckings, nother sach hollering and drinking, as yer ever seed.

I never will fergit dat hanson cake whut my mother cooked when Mr. Sam married.

When dem Yankees cum thru hollering and shouting You'se freed and shooting cannons, hit sceered us nearly ter death and dey dián' do no harm but us hid heap er Master's things in de slave houses.

Us staid on tho er while and atter that I married Abb Benton and had seven chillun and all er dem is dead now, I lives wid my neice en hit is sho er hard go, she ain't good to me neither.

I had er pither er Abraham Lincoln once and he sho wus er fine looking man, I recon he think he wus helpin us niggers but us wus doin' mighty well fore freedom, I'se always tried ter live right and dat's why I jined de church.

*hit was too cold, en I nebber went ter bed hongry whilst I was er slave.*

*"Aunt Hattie, didn't you do anything but work, didn't you have any pleasure?"*

*"Law, Missy, we had no good times dan dey has now. Ef de fiel wus was up, we sho'd*

*wuk Saddy ebenis, en we could hab er banjo dance nearly ebary Saddy night. Lots of times,*

*Ole Mistia en her company come ter our dances en looked on, en when er brack nigger got out*

*come en 'is steps, de men would throw him dimes, en dey would all laugh fit ter kill."*

In the suburbs of Opelika lives Hattie Clayton, a Negro woman nearly 90 years old, born in slavery; yet remarkably well preserved and able to recall clearly much of her life "befo de war", as she expresses it. She lives with one of her numerous grand-daughters and insists upon doing such portion of the housework as her physical strength permits, and further insists that the portion done by others, be according to her direction. Indolence, in Aunt Hattie's sight, is almost an unpardonable sin, and she keeps the others on the move as long as anything about the housekeeping needs ~~attention~~ looking after.

I found her, late in the afternoon, sitting in a big rocker on the porch, knitting steadily with a speed that fairly made the needles click. As the typist would say, Aunt Hattie uses the "touch system" in her knitting, only glancing at the work to turn a corner, or whatever it is the oldtime knitters do when they change places with one of the needles. When she found that my mission was not to sell something, but to learn something of her early experiences in slavery times, the old woman was cordiality itself, and readily talked about those days.

"Yassum, Missy, I knows all erbout fo de war, cause I was ~~har~~ right dar en seed hit all. My Ole Mistis wuz de Widder Day, en I neber seed Ole Marster, kase he wux dead fo Ole Mistis bought me. Ole Mistis bought me when I wuz eight year old, en she said de folks she bot me fum, come fum Georgy; but I don't ~~remember~~ nobody, cep Ole Mistis; ef I had er mammy en er pappy, I don't member dem. Us little chilluns didn't go to de fiel, tell we wuz big nuff ter keep up er row, en de oberseer, Joe Harris, made us wuk hard; but he wan't mean ter us, ef we wuked. We started ter work at daylight, en dey brung our brekfus ter def fiel en we et hit at sun up. We et dinner in de fiel too, but we quit at sindown en et supper at de house. Ole Mistis wuz good ter her niggers; she didn't let de oberseer work us in de rain ner when hit wuz too cold, en I neber went ter bed hongry whilst I wuz er slave."

"Aunt Hattie, didn't you do anything but work, didn't you have any pleasure"?

"Law, Missy, we had mo good times dan dey has now. Ef de fiel wuk wuz up, us didn't wuk Saddy ebenin, en we could hab er banjo dance nearly ebery Saddy night. Lots ertimes, Ole Mistis en her company come ter our dances en looked on, en when er brash nigger boy cut some cu'is steps, de men would trow him dimes, en dey would all laugh fit ter kill."

" De grown niggers could get passes en go to church Sundy en Sundy night, en sometimes dey tuk us little <sup>wuz</sup> ~~en~~, ef we been behave all de pas week, en I sho liked dat; cause I alluz did lak singin en I knowed all de church songs, lak 'Ole Ship er Zion' en "Happy Land", but I knowed dem songs long fo I eber went to church. Ole Mistis tuk all de little chilluns what wan't big ernough to go to church, en read de Bible ter um out in de back yard under er big tree - I members some ob de readin yet, what Ole Mistis read to us chillun. I learnt de songs fum de udders what sung em when dey got back fum church, en de fiel hands alluz singin whilst dey wuz wukin."

" We neber had no trouble tell de yankees come, en dey skeered us nearly to death, We'd been hearin dey wuz comin, en dey didn't come; we heard ergin dey wuz comin, en dey didn't come; so we quit bein skeered. Den, all ter once, dey drapped down right outen de sky en wuz all ober de place fo we seed um. Us little chilluns run en hid in de fence corners, en behine some quilts hangin on de fence, en dem yankees rid dey hosses right up in Ole Mistis yard, whar she didn't low no hosses to come, en dey wuz mad cause Ole Mistis done hid all de meat, en all de flour, en all de meal down in de swamp, en hid de silver summuz, I dunno whar, en dey cussed right fo Ole Mistis, en rid dey hosses all ober her flower-yard. Dey tied Unker Luke, Ole Mistis head nigger, to er tree en whipped him wid er bridle cause he wuddent tell whar Ole Mistis hid tings; but Unker Luke didn't open he mout - jes let em whip. Ole Mistis, en all of us cried whilst de yankees whippin Unker Luke, en she sho did bless em out. Dey wuz so mad, dey sot de barn erfire, en dey set da crib erfire, en dey sot de ginhouse erfire en burnt em plum up, en den dey sot de big house erfire en burnt hit up wid evey ting Ole Mistis had in de world - when she fotch enyting outen de house, dey flung hit back, eben her little chilluns picturs what wuz dead. Us chilluns wuz skeered so, we runned clear off, en I got lost all night en didn't get back tell nex day, en dere wan't nobody ~~stax~~ dar, en I wuz hongry. Dem yankees done burnt up all de cabins en all de niggers wuz gone."

" Well, what became of you, Aunt Hattie? How did you make out? "

" I went on down de big road tell I come to a oman's house what de yankees didn't burn, en she gin me sumpn ter eat en let me liv wid her. She knowed Ole Mistis, en sont her word whar I wuz, but I reckon Ole Mistis neber got de word. I lived wid dat lady tell I got maied to my husbun, en us moved to Fayette en den ter Opelika en I'se been here eber sence.

" I neber did see Ole Mistis no mo, but I went back dar one time atter I wuz maied ter see her, en de place wuz all growed up wid weeds en bushes, en de shade trees cut down en de fences all gone. I didn't know de place en de folks what libin in de little house dey built close ter de spring, dey didn't know nuthin erbout Ole Mistis, ner whar she gone; den I come back erway fum dere en I don't want ter go dere no mo. I'se er gittin erlong vey well here; but dese triflin chillun, lazy chilluns worries me er lot. Dey don't want me ter do nuthin but sit down in er cheer all day, en I wan't brung up ter do nothin dat er way."

"Don't hurry off, Missy, I 'joyed talkin to you, come back ergin."

After leaving the gate, I ~~glanced~~ glanced back and saw Annt Hattie's knitting-needles, which she had allowed to rest during the latter part of our conversation, get into action again, at a speed soon to make up for time lost on a visitor.

(END)

DE YANKS DRAPPEDOUTEN DE SKY.

"Aunt" Hattie Clayton said, "I'se gittin' erroun' de ninety notch, honey, an' I reckon de Kingdom ain't fur away."

She lives in a tiny cabin not far from Opelika. Her shoulders are bent; her hair gray, but she still does a large amount of housework. She likes to sit on the tumbledown front porch on summer afternoons, plying her knitting needles and stretching her aged legs in the warm sunlight.

"'Twuz a long time ago, honey," she observed when talk of slavery days was brought up, "but I 'members as ef 'twuz yestidy. My ol' mistus wuz de Widdar Day. She owned a plantation clos't to La/ayette an' she was mighty good to us niggers.

"Ol' Mistus boughten me when I was jus' a little tyke, so I don't 'member 'bout my pappy an' mammy.

"Honey, I 'members dat us little chilluns didn't go to de fiel's twel us was big 'nuff to keep up a row. De oberseer, Marse Joe Harris, made us work, but he wa's good to us. Ol' Mistus, she wouldn't let us wuk whin it wuz rainin' an' cold."

Asked about pleasures of the old plantation life, she chuckled and recalled:

"I kin heah de banjers yit. Law me, us had a good time in dem days. Us danced most eb'ry Battidy night an' us made de rafters shake wid us feet. Lots o' times Ole Misus would come to de dances an' look on. An' whin er brash nigger boy cut a cute bunch uv steps, de menfolks would give 'im a dime or so.

"Honey, us went t' de church on a Sundays. I allus did lak singin' and I loved de ol' songs lak, 'Ol' Ship of Zion, an' 'Happy

Land.' Ol' Mistus useter take all de little scamps dat was too little for church an' read de Book to dem under de big oak tree in de front yabd."

"Aunt Hattie," she was asked, "do you remember anything about the War between the States?"

"You mean de Yankees, honey?"

"Yes, the Yankees."

Her coal black face clouded.

"Dey skeered us nearly to death," she began. "Dey drap right outen de sky. Ol' Mistus Jeep hearin' dey was comin,' but dey didn't nebber show up. Den, all ter once, dey was swarmin' all ober de place wid deir blue coats a-shinin' an' deir horses a-rarin'.

"Us chilluns run en hid in de fence corners en' behin' quilts dat was hangin' on de line. An' honey, dem Yankees rid deir horses rat onto Ol' Mistus flower beds. Dey hunted de silver, too, but us done hid dat.

"I 'members dey wuz mad. Dey sot de house a-fire an' tuk all de vittals dey could fin.' I run away an' got los', an' whin I come back all de folks was gone."

Aunt Hattie said she "wint down de big road an' come to a lady's house where she remained until she married.

"Us moved to La/ayette an' den to Opelika," she concluded, "an' I bin' here eber since."

She lives with one of her numerous granddaughters now. She finds her great happiness in 'de promise' and the moments when she can sit in the shade and dip her mind back into memory.

Sara Colquitt

Lee County

Photo

I was told about Sara Colquitt and in going out the first time, I found her real sick, in no shape to be disturbed so I made a second trip and found her up in a chair resting and we pulled her out on the front porch for a picture. She lives with her daughter and she keeps her nice and clean, while the daughter is in the field working, she keeps another real small old woman, ninety to look after her mother, it's most like, "the blind leading the blind."

Sara was born in Richmond Va., but doesn't remember the dates, but says she is over a hundred years old. When she lived in Virginia she was sold there once, and was married and had two children during slavery time. Her Mistress and Master there was Mr. Bill Slaughter and Miss Mary Slaughter and they had two children, Robert and Brat. My brothers and sisters was; Henry Tate, Sam, Jennie and Teener. "Our houses was log cabins wid one room, dirt floors in two long rows, de beds was nailed to de wall wid two legs at de foot, had shuck and pine-straw mattresses.

Miss Mary was good ter us but us had ter wurk hard and late, frum fore day light. I wurked in de field ev'y day and would take my littlest baby and tie hit up to a tree limb while I hoed and worked, to keep ants and bugs frum getting on hit. All us niggers was fed frum de big kitchen and sometimes us would steal more food den us was giv', but us wusn't hongry none.

I wis one er de spinners too and wus giv' six cuts to do on a reel at de time, and do hit at nights lots er time too. I'd help cook at the house when de real cook wus sick or had a heap er company. Us cooked on er great big fireplace wid arms hanging over de coals, ter hang pots on to bile and us had three legged skillet ter fry in, dat set over caals, den us cooked sho nuff bread, ash-cakes, de best things you ever et, nothing lak hit dese days.

Our clothes was home spun orsanburgs, would dye sum er dem, solid, sum wus checked.

I wus brung ter Ala. and sold frum de block er gin fer \$1000 to Mr. Sam Rainey of Camp Hill, Ala. I still wurked in de field and would cook fer de white folks and helped in de house too on special occasions. Our overseer wus Mr. Green Ross and he wus a bad un too, mean, my goodness, whup you in er minute, put you in de buck and tie your feet, whup you er sight.

He waked de slaves wid er horn, blowing hit fore day and us worked till dark. All de little niggers was called ter be fed at de house in wooden bowls fore us cum frum de field and put to bed by dark. I'd come by de spring-house and get de milk and bring ter the house, cold fer dinner.

My two chillun was named Lou and Eli. Us could have all de fun us wanted on Saddy nights and us sho had it, cutting moon-shines and dancing all night long sometimes, some would pat and sing "Keys not er running, Keys not er running," and us sho did more'n dance too. Our Mistress would cum down sometime, early ter watch us dance.

Next ter our dances, wus de cornshucking, we had our fun dare too. Master would have corn hauled up to de cribs and piled high as er house, den he would invite de hands around to cum and help shuck hit, had two leaders or generals and have tow sides den see which side would win fust and holler and sing, I dis-remembers the hollers jest now, my mind is sorter missing at times, Master would pass de jug er-round too, dey sho could work, dat pile would "vamish" too.

Us used de whitefolks church in de morning, I jined church den cause I tried ter live right and wid de Lord.

When de Yankees cum through Dadeville, Ala, us heard hit and Master hid his money and lots er his fine things in de colored folks houses and dey never found dem neither.

Let me see who I married, I might nigh fergot who hit wus, I did marry;

(over)

but hit wus Prince Hganett. I jest tell you I hope dey don't have no more sech, as slavery, fer hit wus terrible."

Sara was a nice friendly old woman, but she can not see as had cat- aracts on both eyes.

I was told about Sara Colquhoun and in going out to see her I was a second trip and found her real sick. In no shape to be disturbed so I made a second trip and found her up in a chair, resting and we pulled her out on the porch for a picture. The liver with her daughter and she keeps her nice and clean, while the daughter is in the field working. She keeps another real small old woman, nigh to look after her mother, is a most life, "the blind feeding the blind."

Sara was born in Richmond Va., but doesn't remember the date, but says she is over a hundred years old. When she lived in Virginia she was sold there, once and was married and had five children during slavery time. Her mistress and master there was Mr. Bill Blount and Miss Mary Blount and they had two children, Robert and Mary. Sara was a sister and sister was Henry. Our house was log cabin and one room, dirt floors in two long rows, the beds was nailed to the wall with two legs at each foot, had shuck and pine straw mattresses.

Miss Mary was good for us but she had her work hard and late, from fore day light, I worked in the field ev'ry day and would take my little baby and tie him up to a tree limb while I hoed and worked, to keep him and some- times he would crawl over the fence and get into the neighbor's corn. I was one of the spinners too and was giv' him out to be on a reel at de time, and he sit at night lots of time too. I'd help cook at the house when de real cook was sick or had a heap of company. He cooked on a great big fireplace with arms hanging over de coals, for many pots on de fire and we had three large kettles for try in, but set over coals, and we cooked de milk bread, ear-cakes, de best things you ever eat, nothing like hit same days.

Our clothes was home spun granowags, would be some or less, solid, some was checked.

I was brung for Ala. and sold from de block or in for \$1000 to Mr. Sam Rainey of Camp Hill, Ala. I still worked in de field and would cook for de white folks and helped in de house too on special occasions. Our overseer was Mr. Green Horn and he was a bad un, too mean, at goodness, but you'd be kinder, but you'd be over and the your foot, when you'd be right. He asked de slaves wid or love, living hit love say, and he worked till dark. All de little niggers was called for to be in de house in de morn' on de pots for de milk and get de milk and bring for de house, cold for dinner.

Two children was named for me, Eli. A couple have all de fun on wanted on Sunday nights and on de red it, cutting mode-skins and dancing all night long, sometimes, some would get and sing "Kays" but er running, kays not er running, and he did more, a dance too. Our mistress would own some chickens, early for which he danced.

Next for our dances, was de corn-dancing, we had our own dance too. Master would have corn danced up to de crib and piled high as er house, for he would invite de hands around to eat and help knock hit, and two leaders or partners and have two sides on de which side would win first and roller and sing, I dis-remember the rollers, but now, my mind is better missing at times, Master would have de jug er-round too, dey who could work, but his would "venish" too.

He used de white-kite camp in de morning, I think church den cause I tried for five right and wid de Lord.

When de Yankers cam through Asheville, Ala. he heard hit and Master did his money and lots of his line things in de colored folks houses and dey never found dem neither.

Let me see who I married, I might right forget who hit was, I did marry;

## She Just Can Remember

Her Husband's Name

(Photo)

Sara Colquitt, who used to till the fields in slavery days, now has a handmaiden of her own. Sara does not know the date of her birth in Richmond, Virginia, but she says it was more than a century ago (1937). The "girl," whom her daughter has employed to take care of the nearly blind and helpless centenarian, is well past eighty herself, yet she keeps her charge neat and clean and the cabin in which they live tidy. Sara's daughter works in the fields nearby at Opelika, Ala., to keep the family going.

"Mr. Bill Slaughter and Miss Mary Slaughter was our marster and mistess and dey had two chilluns, Marsa Robert and Marsa Brat," Sara said. "I had four brothers and sisters, Tate, Sam, Jennie, and Teener. Us lived in log cabins wid dirt floors and dey was built in two long rows. Us beds was nailed to de wall at one end and us used corn shucks and pine straw for mattresses.

"Miss Mary was good to us, but us had to work hard and late. I worked in de fields every day from 'fore daylight to almost plumb dark. I usta take my littlest baby wid me. I had two chilluns, and tie hit up to a tree limb to keep off de ants and bugs whilst I hoed and worked de furrow. All us niggers was fed from de big kitchen and wasn't hongry, but sometimes us would steal more food dan was give us anyhow.

"I was one of de spinners, too, and had to do six cuts to de reel at de time and do hit at night plenty times. Us clothes was homespun orsanburgs, what us would dye, sometimes solid and sometimes ~~checked~~ checked.

"'sides working de fields and spinning, sometimes I'd hope wid de cooking up at de Big House when de real cook was sick or us had a passel of company. Us cooked on a great, big fireplace what had arms

hanging out over de coals to hang ~~up~~ pots on to bile. Den us had three-legged skilletts what set right over de coals for frying and sech like. Us cooked sho' 'nuff bread in dem days, ash cakes, de best thing you ever et. Dey ain't nothing like dat dese~~at~~ days.

"I was sold oncet before I left Virginia. Den I was brung down to Alabama and sold from de block for \$1,000 to Mr. Sam "ainey, ~~of~~ Camp Hill, Ala. I still worked in de fields, but I would cook for de white folks and hope around de Big House on special 'casions. Our overseer was Mr. Green Ross, and he was a bad one, too. Mean, my goodness, he'd whup you in a minute. He'd put you in de buck, tie your feet and den~~x~~ set out to whup you right.

"He would get us slaves up 'fore day blowing on his big horn and us would work' twell plumb dark. All de little niggers'd get up, too, and go up to de Big House to be fed from wooden bowls. Den dey'd be called ag'in 'fore us come from de fields and put to bed by dark. I useta stop by de spring house to get de milk, it was good cold too, and tote it up to de Big House for dinner.

"I had two chilluns. Dey was named Lou and Eli, and dey was took care of like de rest. Us useta have some good times. Us could have all de fun us wanted on Sa'dday nights, and us sho' had it, cutting monkey-shines and dancing all night long sometimes. Some would pat and sing, 'Keys not arunning, Keys not arunning," and us sho' did more'n dance, I'm telling you. Sometimes our Mistess would come down early to watch us dance.

"Next to our dances, de most fun was corn-shucking. Marsa would have de corn hauled up to de cribs and piled as a house. Den he would invite de hands 'round to come and hope shuck hit. Us had two leaders or generals and choose up two sides. Den us see which side would win first and holler and sing. I ~~forgets~~ disremembers the hollers jest now. My mind is sorter missing. Marsa would pass de jug 'round, too. Den dey sho' could work and dat pile'd just vanish.

"Us used de white folks' church in de morning. I j'ined de church den, 'cause I always tried to live right and wid de Lord.

"When de Yankees come through Madenville, Ala., us heard 'bout hit and Marsa hid his money and lots of his fine things in de colored folks's houses. Dey never found 'em neither.

"Lemme see who I married? I mighty nigh forgot who it was I did marry. Now, I knows. Hit was Prince Hodnett.

"No'm, I don't want no more slavery. I ~~sure~~ hope dey don't have no more such, 'cause hit was terrible.\*

"Yes'm, I'd be proud to have my <sup>pitcher</sup> ~~pitcher~~ took."

So pridefully Sara's chair was dragged out on the porch by her maid, and the ~~pitcher was taken~~ "pitcher was took."

CARRIE DAVIS

LEE COUNTY

Lee Co  
Dist #3

As I went in, Carrie was washing and I spoke to her and asked if she had a little time to spare me, "Yes'm, I show is and I hopes you is come to help me too; they all seem to have that idea, that I am part of the welfare.

They are always willing to tell what they know and tickled at having their "pitcher tuck." She lived with her daughter and things were very clean and nice.

Carrie is living at Smiths Station, Ala. now, but was born in Harris Co, Ga. and was about ten or twelve when freedom came. Her mother and father, Martha and Nathan Parry had seven children, Amy, Ida, Knoxie, Jim, Abraham, Franklin and Carrie.

Us lived in the Parry quarters, dey was log, wid split logs, put up edge ways and daubed with mud inside and out. Dey was 'bout one hundred yards from the big house, where Mr. Billy and Miss Nancy Parry lived, they had Clara Maria, Malinda, Sara, Elic Jim and Bill. They was real good to us too. Us et at the big house, course hit was cooked on de fireplace but us had meat and greens, not much biscuit, den us had collards and cabbage. De men folks hunted lots, too and caught rabbits, possums, coons and fished sometimes. Our beds was homemade and de sides was scantlings wid legs nailed on, den had slats nailed on top er hit to put our shuck and straw mattersses on.

We lef' our grand-parents in Virginia. I was used fer a housegirl and to help keep de yards and bring in water. Us wore mostly slips, woven in homemade looms and hit was orsanburg and homespun, Sunday and Monday de same, our shoes was made at er tan yard and dey was brogens and hard as rocks.

Some er our white neighbors was poor and had no slaves and would help us work. Our overseer couldn't punish us but worked dem hard and late, waked us up wid a trumpet. De carriage driver was Charles Parry.

The Master on de next plantation was mean, whether de slaves done something or not, he had certain days ter whip all dem, wid strops, wid holes in hit dat raised blisters, den dey took a hand saw and cut de blisters and bathed dem in salt water. Atter they got thru dey served de helper ter a big dinner. Our Mistress has put salve on a heap er the backs so dey could get they's shirt off, had stuck, they'd come to our place fer water and Mistress would see them.

Dey used ter tell us ef us didn't work dey was going to sell us to help feed the rest, and bless your soul us niggers would go to work too. Master used to lock his prisoners up in de crib as punishment. I'se seed many a nigger put on de block and sold for \$500 and \$600.

Us couldn't go off wid out a pass, and you better not, let dem ketch you wid a book. Us walked to de white church and set in the back. Mr. Davey Snell would preach and baptise you and have foot-washings and sometimes dey would get so happy till dey shouted and sometimes next day they would shout in de fields and git a whipping. Ef you got out widout a pass they sot the hounds on you, and patrollers would tear you up too ef you staid out too late.

Us had sech good times Saddy nights, frolic, dance and have cornshuckings, they was a nother good time, most uv em would be tight and sing and holler, "Sheep's in cotton patch, got em out Monday, Had er been a white man, got em out Sunday," Kid Kimbrough was our leader, would sing Dixie too.

Xmas morning us had a better breakfast and call us up to de house and give us rations. When any er the slaves got married dey went up to de white-folks house and jumped over de broom, now you'se married. Ef Master wanted ter mix his stock er slaves wid a fine strong stock on nother plantation, dey would do us like horses. When us married us could have a big supper.

All us chillun had a big time, played "Pretty Pauline," in rings, "Turn Charlie", jumping rope and sech like. I never did see nor believe in ghosts.

When us got sick Mistess give us horse-mint, life-ever-lasting, golden-



Alabama.

Lee County,

Jack Kytte

*Shaw*

Plantation Punishment.

Carrie Davis said: "Honey, dere was a lot of cruel things done in slavery times."

She was washing when I arrived at her shanty near Smith's Station, Ala. She asked me: "Has you come to help me?" I said: "No, Carrie; I want you to tell me about slavery."

She shook her gray head, recalled: "Dem was good an' bad times, Mistus; good an' bad. I had a purty good marster; but de marster on de plantation dat A'jined our'n was mighty mean. He was a bad man, no matter if de slaves behaved or not.

"Honey, I 'members dat he had certain days to whip all de slaves wid strops. De strops had holes in 'em so dat dey raised big blisters. Den dey took a hand saw, cut de blisters an' washed 'em in salt water. Our Ol' Mistus has put salve on a-heap of backs so dey could git deir shirts off. De shirts'd stick, you see. De slaves would come to our house fer water an' Mistus would see dem. "

She was asked about her life as a slave.

"I was borned in Harris County, Georgia," she said, "an' was 'bout ten or twelve when freedom come. My mammy an' pappy was Martha an' Nathan Perry an' had seben chilluns. Besides me, dere was Amy, Ida, Knoxie, Jim, Abraham an' Franklin.

"Us lived in de Perry quarters. De cabins was made of split logs, put up edgeways and daubed with mud inside an' out.

Dey was 'bout a hundred yards from de big house, whar Marster Billy an' Mistus Nancy Perry lived. Deir chilluns was Clara Maria, ~~Mikha~~ Malinda, Sara, Alec, Jim an' Bill. Dey was real good to us, too. Us et at de big house. Course de food was cooked on de fireplace, but us had meat an' greens; not much biscuit. Us had collards an' cabbage, too.

"Sometimes us would have wild game, 'caze de men hunted lots an' caught rabbits, 'possums an' coons. Dey also kitched a lot of fish.

"No'm, our beds warn't so good. Dey was homemade an' de sides was scantlings wid legs nailed on; den hat slats nailed on top of it to put our shuch an' straw mattresses on.

"My grand-parents was from Virginy. When I ~~was~~ was a slave I was used as a house-girl an' to help keep de yards an' bring in water. Us wore mostly slips, woven in homemade looms; an' dey was orsanburg an' homespun. We wore 'em Sunday an' Monday de same. Us shoes was made at a tan yard an' dey was brogans as hard as rocks.

"I 'members dat some of our white neighbors was poor an' didn't have no slaves. Dey would help us work. De overseer couldn't whip dem, but he would make dem work hard an' late. I 'members, too, dat de overseer waked us up wid a trumpet.

"Dey usta tell us dat if us didn't work dey was going to sell us to help feed de rest; an', bless yo' soul, us niggers'd go to work, too. Marster wasn't mean an' would lock de slaves in de crib fer punishment. When slaves was sold, I seed many a nigger put on de block for five an' six hundred dollars.

"Us couldn't leave de plantation widout a pass; an' you better not let 'em kotch you wid a book. Us walked to de white church an' set in de back. Mr. Davey Snell would preach an' baptize, an' dey had foot-washin's. Sometimes de niggers'd git so happy dey would shout. Den dey would keep shoutin' in de fields next day an' git a whipping.

"If a nigger got out widout a pass, dey sot de hounds on you; and de patrollers'd tear you up, too, if you stayed out too late.

"Us had sech good times on Sattidy nights; frolic, dance an' cornshuekin's. Most of 'em would be drinkin' an' sing an' holler:

'Sheep's in de cotton patch;

Got 'im out Monday.

Had it been a white man;

Go& 'im out Sunday."

"Kid Kimbrough was our leâder, an' he could sing 'Dixie', too.

"Christmas mornin' us'd have a better breakfast an' dey would give us rations at de big house. When any of de slaves got married dey went up to de white folks house an' jumped over de broom. Dat was de ceremony at de weddin'. An' if marster wanted to mix his stock of slaves wid a strong stock on 'nother plantation, dey would do de mens an' women jest lak horses. I 'members dat when two niggers married, dey got a big supper.

"All us chälluns had a big time; played Pretty

Pauline, Turn Charlie an' sech-lak. No'm I never did see ner b'lieve in ghosts.

"When us got sick Mistus'd give us horse-mint, life-everlasting, goldenrod an' holly teas, hissum; an' den us wore asafetida an' pop-hall seed.

"When de Yankees come, dey handcuffed our folks an' took 'em off. Marster had his meat, corn, fodder an' sech hauled in de swamp near a near plantation. Dem Yankees went as straight to it as if dey had seen us put it dere. Dey burned it all up an' took some niggers from de ither farm.

"When freedom come, I 'members dat marster told us dat us was free, but dat we could stay on if we laked. Most of us stayed on wid him fer a spell. Now an' den de Ku Klux Klan'd come around an' beat on a nigger.

"I married Charlie Gibson an' had two chillun, twelve grand-chilluns an' nine great-grandchilluns.

"Honey, I's heerd Abraham Lincoln's name, but don't know nothin' 'bout him. Ivgot tired livin' 'mong wicked peoples; an' I wanted to be saved. Dat's why I jined de church an' still tries to do right."

##

Alabama

Preston Klein,  
Lee County,  
Jack Kytte, Editor.

*Dist # 3*

PLANTATION PUNISHMENT.

Carrie Davis said "Honey, dere was a lot of cruel things done in slavery times."

She was washing when I arrived at her shanty near Smith's Station, Alabama. She asked, as so many of the old Negroes do, "Has you come to help me?" I said: "No, Carrie; I want you to tell me about slavery."

She shook her gray head, recalled: "Dem was good an' bad times, Mistus; good an' bad. I had a purty good marster; but de marster on de plantation dat j'ined our'n was mighty mean. He was a bad man, no matter if de slaves behaved or not.

"Honey, I 'members dat he had regular days to whup all de slaves wid strops. De strops had holes in 'em so dat dey raised big blisters. Den dey took a hand saw, cut de blisters and washed 'em in salt water. Our Ol' Mistus has put salve on aheap of backs so dey could git deir shirts off. De shirts'd stick, you see. De slaves would come to our house for water an' Mistus would see 'em.

Asked <sup>for</sup> about her life as a slave, she said: "I was borned in Harris County, Georgia, an' was 'bout ten or twelve when freedom come. My mammy an' pappy was Martha an' Nathan Perry and had seben chillun. Besides me, dere was Amy, Ida, Knoxie, Jim, Abraham, an' Franklin.

"Us lived in de Perry quarters. De cabins was made of split logs, put up edgeways and daubed wid mud inside an' out. Dey was 'bout a hundred yards from de big house, whar Marster Billy an' Mistus Nancy Perry lived. Deir chillun was Clara Maria, Malinda, Sara, Alec, Jim, an' Bill. Dey was real good to us, too. Us et at de big house. Course de food was cooked on de fireplace, but us had meat and greens <sup>and</sup> *but* not much biscuits. Us had collards an' cabbage, too.

"Sometimes us would have wild game, 'ca'se de men hunted lots

an' koted rabbits, 'possums and coon. <sup>So</sup> Dey also koted a lot of fish.

"No'm, our beds warn't so good. Dey was homemade and de sides was scantlings wid legs nailed on. Den slats was nailed on top of it to put our shuck-and-straw mattresses on.

"My grand-parents was from Virginny. When I was a slave I was used as a house-girl and to help keep de yards <sup>clean</sup> and bring in water. Us wore mostly slips, wove in homemade looms; an' dey was orsanburg an' homespun. We wore 'em Sunday and Monday de same. Us shoes was made at a tanyard and dey was brogans as hard as rocks.

"I 'members dat some of our white neighbors was poor and didn't have no slaves. Dey would help us work. De overseer couldn't whip dem, but he would made dem work hard and late. I 'members, too, dat de overseer waked us up wid a trumpet.

"Dey useta tell us dat if us didn't work dey was going to sell us to help feed de rest; and bless yo' soul, us niggers'd go to work, too. Marster wasn't mean, <sup>he</sup> and would lock de slaves in de crib fer punishment. When slaves was sold, I seed many a nigger put on de block for five and six hundred dollars.

"Us couldn't leave de plantation widout a pass; and you better not let 'em kotch you wid a book. Us walked to de white church an' set in de back. Mr. Dawey Snell preach and baptize, and dey had foot-washin's. Sometimes de niggers'd git so happy dey would shout. Den dey would keep shoutin' in de fields next day and git a whipping.

"If a nigger got out widout a pass, dey sot de hounds on you; and de patrollers'd tear you up, too, if you stayed out too late.

"Us had sech good times on Sattidy nights; frolic, dance an' corn-shuckin's. Most of 'em would be drinkin' and sing and holler!

'Sheep's in de cotton patch;

Got 'im out Monday.

Had it been a white man;

Got 'im out Sunday.'

"Kid Kimbrough was out leader, and he could sing 'Dixie,' too.

"Christmas mornin' us'd have a better breakfast and dey would give us rations at de big house. When any of de slaves got married dey went up to de white folks' house an' jumped over de broom. Dat was de ceremony at de weddin'. And if marster wanted to mix his stock of slaves wid a strong stock on 'nother plantation, dey would do de mens an' women jest lak horses. I 'members dat when two niggers married, dey got a big supper.

"All us chilluns had a big time; played 'Pretty Pauline,' 'Turn, Charlie,' an' sech-lak.

"No'm I never did see nor b'lieve in ghosts.

"When us got sick Mistus'd give horse-mint, life-everlasting, goldenrod, an' holly teas, yessum. And us wore asafoetida and pop-ball seed.

"When de Yankees come, dey handcuffed our folks and took 'em off. Marster had his meat, corn, fodder, and sech hauled in de swamp near de plantation. Dem Yankees went as straight to it as if dey had seed us put it dere. Dey burned it all up and took some niggers from de other farm.

"When freedom come, I 'members dat marster told us dat us was free, but dat we could stay on if we lacked. Most of us stayed on wid him for a spell. Now and den de Ku Klux Klan'd come around and beat on a nigger.

"I married Charlie Gibson and had two chillun, twelve grand-chilluns and nine great-grandchilluns.

"Honey, I's heard Abraham Lincoln's name, but don't know nothin' 'bout him. I got tired livin' 'mong wicked peoples; and I wanted to be saved. Dat's why I j'ined de church and still tries to de right."

Washington Copy,

7/20/37.

L. H.

EX-SLAVE---LOU FLOURNEY

Lou Flourney has been, in days gone by, a faithful old soul, she was a short stout, light colored woman with a tall skinny husband, both working at the depot cafe and they passed just as regular as clock work never missing a day nor the minute most, but she is a "good old wagon done broke down", now. She was lying down most of the time during my interview.

She was born three miles from La Fayette Alabama, on the Driver plantation but does not remember when, so can't tell just how old but was a little girl old enough to remember some things that happened. Her mother and father were Classey and Bithey Driver, they had several other children, Wiley, Mandy, Clara, Laura, losing several as babies.

Their home in the quarters was very comfortable, as far as that went in those days, it was a log cabin with a shed room for the kitchen, having to use the fireplace as stoves, so few stoves in that time, "We cooked greens, meat, home raised, corn bread, snot and all making our own meal and flour, and had plenty of dried fruits. We all used the big garden up at Mosters but could have all we needed.

Our rooms were comfortable and warm and we had plenty of bed clothes. The beds were homemade, screwed together at the joints, corded across making the slats for the mattress to rest on and some were woven across with hickory strips, most of the beds were four posters some plain and some were what they called spool beds, us chillun had a stool to get in with, they were so tall!

"I was a good big little girl so they put me up at the house to nurse the Moster's little boy, Jim Driver. Our clothes were made out of thick home woven homespun but we had no undies underneath, so they was not so very hot; now for Sunday we had a pretty calico dress and the big chillun had some shoes but not many and of course they were made at home too, and were so hard they sho did hurt your feet".

We lived in the fust house in the quarters for my mother, she was the cook at the big house and my grandma had to do the spinning and weaving. We had plenty of good warm clothes for cold weather and plenty of food to eat too!

We had the best moster, our Mistress was dead, Mr Berry, our Moster did not have a very big plantation and he tended to everything hisself; his house was a log house too but bigger than ours. We didn't have many neighbors some rich ones and a very few poor ones, but den they never did bother us, nor us dem, but when the chillun would come home the poorer white folks would come to our house and help my mother cut out clothes for them and weave and spin.

Our Moster was good but you had to work doo, my oldest brother slept up at the house and would come down by day light and call all us niggers or kneek so hard us thought a storm had come, us would put in a good days work too, worked till bout dark, and we was so tired didn't frolic much, sometimewould gather at a house in the quarters on Saturday night but all us kidswus put to bed and if we didn't behave dey told us that Raw Head and Bloody Bones would get us but we never did know whut dat was.

If at anytime Moster wanted to send any of thehands off hehad to have a pass or when we did occasionally go off to church, if not the patrollers would give you a whipping, thinkingyou was slipping off. We could go to church in the wagon sometimes but mostly walk. Dey was mighty good to us bout reading the Bible and when Xmas come dey would give us little niggers some trash and give the older hands rations

He took good care of his niggers and when dey got sick hewould

have the Dr. and often give us castor oil and tea made from all kinds of leaves and roots, for colds.

We heard the Yankees was coming so Master sent off his most valuable things, hid the horses, but they did take off some of them and hid what money he had, so when the Yankees did come they made my mother cook up nearly a barrel of flour and five or six hams and took off lots of hams, syrup, all the eggs we had and dey didn't hurt us no way more than dat, but we heard they did lots of harm to some, guess tho they wouldn't feed um. We just couldn't believe it when Master called us all up and told us we was just as free as he was, and he wanted to do whut was right so we staid on two or three years with him.

I married Gus Flournoy in a white swiss dress, but had no wedding, we staid on long time den on Mr. Driver'sson's plantation. I had twelve children but just got five living, Authur, Flora, Gus, Nathan and Lou.

Abraham Lincoln was a gentleman to de colored people, and Jefferson Davis will do if can't do no better and Booker T. Washington will do tolerable well.

I joined church when I got big cause I wanted the blessings and have health and to save my soul, I wanted to try to get to heaven too. I am a Methodist and belong to St. Luke, in Opelika, Alabama.

Lou lives with Authur and wife now in Opelika, Alabama, on North tenth street.

EX-SLAVE-----BERT FREDERICK

Opelika  
Klein

This little old negro is so nice and polite, has had his back broken and cannot stand erect, though in sitting, as in his picture, you see he is very straight. His hair, beard and mustache are all perfectly white. He was hoeing his garden when I went to interview him and would have to lean on his hoe to stand up at all.

Bert was twelve years old about time they were freed and says he is eighty-odd now, but as to exactness can't tell. He was first owned by Dr. Rich Vernon in Chambers Co. Ala., then sold to Mr. Bill Frederick.

As all little boys then, he was a shirt tail fellow, wearing just long shirts till he was twelve. His job in those days was to drive the cows and sheep to pasture and see that no eagles caught the lambs, come running if he saw one around. "Us had a pen to ketch wild turkeys in too." "Salnor put fire to my dressing table one day and I never did have no more use fer her, she wus mean."

His mother was Harriett Lumpkin and lived below Opelika, Ala., he had three sisters, Mary Dowdell, Anne Carlisle and Emma Boyd but are all dead.

"When the Yankees came old moster told the niggers to hitch up all de wagons and load all the provisions on them and put in the swamps, had about forty acres of swamp lands. Fore long I seed a long string of black and white horses and lots er mules with sacks on dey backs following dem and these wus whut dey had taken frum de white folks.

Us used to sit round and listen to moster sing all de good old songs and he could sing dis one so pretty; "Wants my friends to go wid me, New Jerusalem, Wonder ef I'll ever get to Heaven, New Jerusalem."

WANTS MY FRIENDS TO GO WID ME  
(Photo)

Bert Frederick

Wants my friends to go wid me, New Jerusalem;  
Wonder ef I'll ever git to heaven, New Jerusalem!  
Nappy-headed, humble little Bert Frederick sang the old song  
in a voice that trembled and broke on the high notes. His black  
face beamed when he had finished, and "de old times" came flooding  
back into his mind.

"Honey, Ol' Master usta sing dat good song to us niggers; an'  
he allus could sing it go purty."

Uncle Frederick, like all the other gray-bearded Negroes of  
the Old South, is occupied mostly these days with getting ready to  
meet "de Sweet Jesus." As well as he can remember, he was around  
12 years old when "de hawn of freedom sounded."

He shook his white head when the interviewer asked his age, a  
slow smile spreading over his face.

"Honey chile, you's axed me a riddle. I disremember 'bout dat.  
De bes' I kin tell you is dat I is eighty-odd-but as to 'zackness, I  
can't tell."

Some years ago, Uncle Frederick suffered a broken back in an  
accident. Since then he has been unable to stand erect, but can  
straighten his back when seated. Therefore, he politely asked to  
sit down when he was asked to pose for a picture.

His first master, he says, was Dr. Rich Vernon, who lived in  
Chambers County. Afterward, he was sold to William Frederick.

He chuckled as he recalled the old days.

"I was a shirt-tail nigger," he laughed. "Dat is, I wore jes'

a long shirt 'twel I was a big scamp more dan twelve year old. Honey, I was a sight to look at!"

"Whut did I do about de plantation? Well, I driv de cows an' sheep to pasture an' seed dat no eagles katched de lambs. Us had big eagles 'roun' den, an' us had to be keerful wid de small stock. Ef us warn't, ol' eagle ud swoop down an' tote off a whole lamb.

"Us had a time in dem days. I 'members dat us had a pen to ketch wild turkeys in. An' us katched a few of dem, too."

Uncle Frederick's mother was Harriett Lumpkin, who lived below Opelika. He had three sisters, Mary Dowdell, Anne Carlisle and Emma Boyd; but all are dead.

"When de Yankees come to Alabama," he recalled, "Ol' Master tol' de niggers to hitch up all de wagons an' load all de food an' sech on 'em. Us had 'bout forty acres of swamp land, so us hid de stuff dere.

"'Fore long I seed a long string of black an' white horses, wid mules behin' dem. Dey had packs on dey back. In de packs was grub de Yankees had tuk off'en de white peoples."

"Did you enjoy the old slavery days, Uncle?"

"Yes, chile, dey was good days. Some of de white peoples was bad to de niggers, but my Ol' Master warn't dat kind. Dat de reason he would let all de niggers sit aroun' whilst he was singin'; an' he could sing."

Uncle Frederick putters about his tiny home in Opelika, managing to grow a profusion of flowers and vegetables despite his bent back. He was hoeing in his garden when the interviewer came upon him, but he eagerly laid down the hoe when told what was sought.

"Uncle, I want to talk with you about the old times."

"Lordy me, ohile," he beamed, his eyes twinkling, "you done  
foun' de raght nigger!"

Wash. Copy  
R.L.D.  
6-7-37

EX-SLAVE-----JIM GILLARD

At Pentleton, S.C., Jim Gillard was born and was bought for \$350 when only 3 months old. He was eleven years old when the war started and says it is all still fresh in his mind today. There were eight children born to James and Hannah Gillard, they were Henry, Julius, Sara, Julia, Katie, Mariah and Jim, one he could not think of.

Jim said he remembered catching partridges when a boy and taking them to the train and selling to Mr. Charlie Crowder for ten cents a piece.

They first lived about three miles from Rome Ga., then refuged to Atlanta, Georgia, then to Columbus, Ga., then to Salem, Ala. and was there when war ended. As most of the houses, they were hewn logs, slab floors, having two rooms and shed cook room. Their beds were like tables, with four legs nailed on to sides them corded over top with ropes to tighten with a big key, then the shuck mattresses on top of that

"Old Master used to kill many as thirty hogs at er time and us cooked on the big fireplace, us had meat and bread and home made light bread and greens. My mother was de cook, at the big house. Us was carried to Sunday School every Sunday at three o'clock in de evening and had it at nine in de morning for de white folks, and de mistress taught us too. The little niggers et outer tin plates and us boys would hunt every time us could slip off.

Our orsenberg clothes was dyed brown wid walnut leaves and hazelnut bush, and on Sunday we had striped gingham pants and shoes, my father was de shoemaker and had a government tan-yard, would make old hard brogans for \$8.00 a pair.

Mr. Steven and Miss Lizzie Beth Wilson lived in a big log house, den moved into a plank house and dey had nine chillun, Anne, Steven, William, Liza, Humie, Eddie, Laura, Mary and Lizzie.

My father wusn't no overseer but he looked atter de hands. Miss Lizzie Beth talked bout de Bible and had prayer-meeting wid us niggers.

When dey would be a funeral, we'd sing, marching before the body fore we'd get to the grave, "Hark come the tune a doleful sound, My years a tender cry- A living man come view the ground where you may shortly lie."

Our Saddy night frolics was fine and us would dance till most day sometimes, Master's brother would fiddle fer us, and at Xmas times us would have six days to frolic. Nother big time use'd have and dat was cornshuckings and day would whoop and holler and sing most all night, cause had plenty er licker de Boss give um, had long tables dat kept piled up wid corn and deye'd set round and shuck corn till hit was all done.

My Aunt married up at old Master's house and dey giv her a big dance and had de fiddle, dey jus jumped over de broom, den atter slavery was over she had to remarry.

De little niggers did have a big time but I sho remembers one time de waspes stinging me while us was playing marbles and my head looked like hit was a watermelon. I acted as houseboy in dem times.

When the slaves got ailing Master had Dr. Word and Dr. Dunwoody to come to see us.

Yankees come to Spring Villa bout eight miles from Opelika, Ala. tween Opelika and Salem jes a few come on to Salem and de Yankees said to some mens, "Halt, and dey wouldn't, so dey throwed dey guns on dem, two white ladies threw a white flag and dey didn't shoot but dey carried Mr. John Edwards to Spring Villa and made a cross on his wrist den turned him loose cause his wife was real sick. Us niggers buried a cigar box wid de jewelry in hit under a certain pine tree till dey went on.

In years to come I married Jane Davis fust time, den Carrie Cooper second time, we had two chillun and one grand-child, Emanuel Trotter, ten years old." He is in the picture with Jim.

"Abraham Lincoln died a warrior for this country. I joined church cause I'd go to church to hear de sermon and de gulf wus too deep, if man dies out of de Ark he is not saved but lost so I wanted to be saved."

Lee County

Jack Kytte

Sold At Three ~~ix~~ Months for \$350.

Jim Gillard was eleven years old when the War between the States began. Thus, the memories of the conflict are fresh; with the retreat from Rome, Ga., to Salem, Ala., as a refugee transcending the others.

Jim was born on a plantation at Pentleton, S.C., and was sold for \$350 when he was only three months old. He was one of eight children belonging to James and Hannah Gillard.

"Atter bein' sold, I fust lived 'bout three miles from Rome, Ga.," Jim recalled. "Den, when de Yankees come into Georgy us refugeed fust to Atlanta, den to Columbus an' later to Salem. Us was at Salem when de war ended."

Jim remembers catching partridges as a boy, taking them to the train and selling them to Charlie Crowder for ten cents each.

"Game was plentiful in dem days," he said, "an' I never had any trouble catchin' dem birds.

"No'm, our houses wasn't nothin' to brag about. Dey was built of hewn logs an' had slab floors, havin' two rooms and a shed cook room. Us beds was lak tables, wid four legs nailed on to de sides an' den corded over de top wid ropes dat was tightened wid a big key. Us had shuck mattresses to sleep on.

"Us cooked on a great big fireplace. I 'members dat dere was plenty of meat in de winter, 'caze Ol' Marster used to kill as many as thirty hogs at a time. Us had meat an' bread an' home-made

light bread an' greens.

"My mammy was de cook at de big house, an' de white folks was mity kind to her. I 'members us was carried to Sunday Schook every Sunday at 3 o'clock in de evenin'. Ol' Mistus'd teach us de lesson. De white chilluns had deir Sunday School at 9 o'clock in de mornin'."

"I allus went to Sunday School, but on de week days us little niggers would slip off an' go huntin' when we could."

Jim recalls that "de little niggers" ate from tin plates on the plantation ; but declared he didn't mind that because the food was always good.

"Yes'm, us had purty good clothes. Dey was dyed brown wid walnut leaves an' hazelnut bush, an' on Sunday us had striped gingham pants an' shoes. My father was de shoemaker an' had a gov'mint tan yard whar he would make ol' hard brogans fer \$8 a pair.

"My marster an' Mistus was Steven an' 'Lizbeth Wilson. Dey fust lived in a big log house, but den moved into a planked house. Dey had nine chillun; Ann, Steven, William, Liza, Humie, Eddie, Laura, Mary an' Lizzie.

"I 'members lots 'bout Mistus 'Lizabeth, 'caze she uster read de Bible to us niggers. She would talk to us 'bout de Good Book an' have prayer meetin' wid us.

"My dad uster look atter de fiel' hands. No'm, he war'nt no overseer, but Ol' Marster allus had lots a confidence in him.

"I 'members dat when dey would be a funeral, us'd sing; marchin' Befo' de body 'fore us'd get to de grave an' singin', "Hark come de tune a doleful sound, my years a tender cry; a livin' man

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"Us frolics on Sattidy night was fine an' us'd dance twel mos' day. Marster's brother would fiddle for us, an' at Christmas time us would have six days to frolic. Us also had a big time at de cornshuckin's, an' us'd whoop an' holler an' sing mos' all night. Maxxax De big niggers had plenty of liquor de boss gim give 'um. High tables was filled up wid corn an' de niggers would shuch twel it was all done.

"My aunt married up at de big house an' dey give her a big dance. Dey had de fiddle and had a great big time. Dey jes' jumped over de broom to marry, so atter slavery ~~anix~~ dey had to git married agin.

"I acted as houseboy in slavery times. An' all de little niggers did have lots of fun.

"When de slaves got aillin', I 'members dat Marster had Dr. Word an' Dr. Dunwoody to come to see us.

"I 'members, too, how de Yankees come to Spring Villa, 'bout eight miles frum Opelika, an' said to some mens, "Halt." De mens wouldn't stop so de Yankees throwed dey guns on dem. Two white ladies threw a white flag an' dey wouldn't shoot, but dey carried Mr. John Edwards to Spring Villa an' made a cross on his wrist; den turned him loose 'caze his wife was rale sick.

"When de Yankees come, us niggers buried a cigar box wid de jewelry in it under a certain pine tree twel dey went on.

"Atter de big war, I married Jane Davis fust time; den Garrie Cooper. Us had two chillun an' one gran'chile, Emanuel Trotter, ten year' old.

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Jim was born on a plantation at Pendleton, S. C., and was sold for \$350 when he was only three months old. He was one of eight children belonging to James and Hannah Gillard.

"Atter bein' sold, I fust lived 'bout three miles from Rome, Ga.," Jim recalled. "Den, when de Yankees come into Georgy us refuged fust to Atlanta, den to Columbus an' later to Salem. Us was at Salem when de war ended."

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Washington Copy,

6/28/37.

L. H.

Martin GRAHAM

LEE COUNTY

"Uncle Martin" came to my office, as someone told him I wanted to see the ex-slaves, so he came to see what I wanted. "Mistess I heered you wanted ter see me. I did Uncle Martin, and we are just going to have a big time talking about slavery time."

He is still a very capable old fellow and does little jobs around when they can be gotten.

Uncle Martin was born in South Carolina. He says, ten years fore the fust war, and that he is eighty-seven years old.

Major Hare give my mother and four boys to Dr. Murphy and us cum to Savannah Ga. in de stage and omnibus den us refegeed ter Salem Alabama. My mother, Liza Graham, wus de mother er six chillun that lived ter be grown, but I don't know nothin 'bout sum er dem now, I wus one er the oldest, Martin, George Boone, Ike, Silas, Newt, and I done fergot my sister's name, my daddy wus Jesse Graham.

Our houses wus mud and sum er dem had a shed room but mostly wus a one room mud and log cabin wid a wide and big dirt and stick chimney, dey wus in two long rows back er Dr. Murphy's big fine house dat wus weatherboarded. Our beds wus nailed ter the side er the house wid one leg but dey'en wus fine high four poster beds and roped 'cross to tighten up.

Us cooked on de fireplace in three legged spiders set over hot coals, dey cooked light-bread, ash-cakes cooked in collard leaves and den us would drink butter milk and eat clabber.

Our overseer wus mean and he sho worked you to death, got us up way fore day by blowing a horn and you better fall outer there too. I used ter help pick cotton and look atter the horses and cows, ef you didn't bring up your amount er that cotton you better take to de woods 'cause he sho gwine ter tear you up, I'd fail sometimes and I could run lak er rabbit and he never did ketch me.

Dennis Murphy used ter drive Mistess 'round all de time in her carriage he thought he wus mighty fine. I'se seed slaves put on de block and sold and would get three and four and five hunded a piece fer dem and more'n dat ef they wus extra big and strong and ef de woman bore er heap er chillun she wus valuble.

Mistess would try to teach us little niggers sometimes, but us wusn't very interested.

The grown folks used ter have big times on Saddy nights, us chillun wus put ter bed early, but dey danced till day sometimes, somebody ud play de fiddle and de tamberine, sho sounded lak dey wus feeling good, would waltz, cake-waltz and one-step and sech.

Yes'm dey sho did have some hot times at the cornshuckings, when corn got ready to shuck, Moster would have hit all hanled up near de crib and would invite other slaves over, pass de licker jug 'round several times and get em all happy and my, couldn't dey get dat corn shucked. Dey always had a leader or general that led all the hollers but I dis-remembers any er dem. Sometimes would be er thousand bushels er corn, it had to be put in de crib den.

On certain other days all de slaves would meet and have a log rolling, clearing up new ground, then Moster would have a big dinner fixed and serve ter 'em.

Some er de folks used to sceer us niggers ter death wid the tale 'bout "Raw Head and Bloody Bones", ef us didn't mind dem but since I been grown I ain't never seed no haints, don't 'blike in no sech. De devil gwine ter git some er dem tho.

One day, wus nuther sech a stirring 'round and some one called loud as could "Dr---! Whuts de matter," he said, and den dey told him de Yankees wus

coming from Opelika, and dey did too.

Dey burnt up de smoke-houses and barns, poured syrup in de streets and hit run down lak water. Dey took our best stock off wid dem. When freedom cum, Master said, "Aunt Liza you all is free now, can go wherever you wants to," but us staid on till I was grown.

I married Tilda Nelms and she wus de mother er ten chillun, but Ike and Ella is all I knows 'bout now. Us had er good wedding den, er big supper.

Us used ter have big meetings in Salem and delegates would cum from fur off and us would make beds down in de church sometimes. You could hear dem shout and sing and pray fer a mile. I jined church while us wus in Salem.

LEE COUNTY

Ella Harris lives six miles from Opelika and when I went to her house I found everything so nice and clean I remarked, "Ella you look like you have just had Spring Cleaning," and she said "No'm, Ise got to do that thing, cause eve'ything is dirty now," but everything was spotlessly clean, her apron and dress were spotless too.

She was a small girl when freedom came and as most children, in those times, did not notice what was going on around them, very much.

Ella was born in Chambers Co., on the Pressley Place and lived there with her Mother and Father, Caroline, and Abraham Pressley, till she married, there were seven children: Mary, Martha, Jacob, Marion, Jesse, Susan and Ella.

Marse Pressley was er mighty good man to all his niggers and he had er heap 'ubom too, but long as yer do yer work and act ter yer concious, tain't no need fer trouble, don't yer know it? Ole Marse had er heap er niggers fer he was er big planter.

I spec dare is er lot er dem old log slavery houses us used ter live in up thar yet, fer things was hand hewed and outer heart pine, in dem days and dey lastes. My Mother was er spinner and er weaver in slavery time, and dey had er sot number, er day, to do too and sum times had extra doings to fix at night, many er night I'se seed my Mother set up and card and spin reels and weave till way into de night, course us chillun had been fed our bread and milk up in de Pressley yards long fore night so as ter git us outer de way fore dark and when us looked droopy dey giv us Jerusalem Oak tea and Garlic fer worms and dat's 'bout all de medacine us ever took, course cept castor oil and terpine.

Ella said she remembered well when the Yankees came through, her Mother had to help cook them their dinner, and "atter dey et," they had an old sick horse and left it behind and took one of their fat mules instead.

The slaves didn' have no church er dey own but us used Moster's white church cept us had our service in de evening and day'un in de mornings. Well atter while I married Abraham Harris, Mistess, I had leben chillun and hit sho took sum'pun ter feed um too. Lemme see ef I kin call all dem niggers: Celina, Abraham, Jessie, George, John Wiley, Carrie, Jacob, Robert, Josephine, Augusta and Ida Bell.

Ella is short and fat, most as broad as she is high.

6:15  
10:15  
6:20  
3-6-24

JANE HOLLOWAY

LEE COUNTY

"Jane, do you remember me?" "I dont know honey, I'se been sick so long wid the Flus, I can't remember much er nothin." After giving me the once over she said, "Course I does, your Daddy sho was good to my boys, Watt worked fer him so long."

I went to this little woman's house and found her on the bed, she had been sick several weeks and things were not very clean nor sanitary, her children were working away from home and she lives there with a twelve year old grand-son, not very much attention did she get, you may know. Jane is a very small and frail person.

She was born in North Alabama and her Mother and Father were Carrie and Traylor Holloway, she had one brother, Maryland.

"Us lived in a mud and log house, one room and er large fireplace. Us had er good time den, ef us jest had er knowd hit, 'cause us sho was fed good. Dey had long old wooden troughs, dey poured our milk and bread in and us et it wid wooden spoons and when dey called, 'Chillun, chillun, bread', us burnt de wind, 'cause us wus always hongry."

We had high tester-beds, our houses wus 'bout a mile frum the big house, hit wus big and had four rooms, planked up. Mr. Billy Traylor wus mighty good ter his niggers, he dián't have so many slaves, he jest had er small plantation. Our overseer wus good too, he had to whip some er dem sometimes, but dey wouldn't work, brung hit all on demselves.

When de Yankees come, de men cum a running screaming dat de Yankees wus coming and dey á id, on horseback, took all our provisions in the smokehouse, eve'y thing in the way er victuals and our stock too.

I jined church when I wus ten years old, 'cause I wus trying to live right and do whut de Bible said. De white-folks had morning services and let us niggers have hit in de evening.

Preston Klein,  
Opelika, Ala.

Dey Brung Whuppin's  
on Deyselfes

(Photo)

*See list  
Dist 3*

Jane Holloway was ill. For weeks she had been in bed, and the untidy condition of her cabin brought profuse apologies when I entered.

"Jane, do you remember me?" I asked.

"I don't know, honey. I been sick so long wid de fluse I can't 'member much of anything," she answered peering up at me from her pillow. Suddenly she smiled, Shucks. Co'se I 'members you, honey. Your daddy sho' was good to my boys. Watt worked for him so long. Res' yourself in dat cheer and I'll tell you all about myself and slavery times what I can recollect.

"I'se all alone now 'ceppen for my grandson. He ain't but twelve and he can't hope much. But I guess I got no right to complain I guess I done got me plenty outa life.

"I was borned up in North Alabama. My mammy was Carrie Holloway and my pappy was Traylor Holloway. I had a brother Maryland. Dere nebber was but de two of us. Us lived in a mud and log house, jes' one room but it sho' had a big fireplace. Us had a good old time den, effen us jes' had knowed it, 'caze us was always fed good. Dey had long wooden troughs what dey poured our bread and milk in and us eat it wid a wooden spoon. When dey yell, "Chillun, chillun, ~~bread,~~ bread," you bet <sup>we</sup> jes' burnt de wind getting dere, 'caze us was always hongry.

"We had high tester beds in all de houses, what was 'bout a mile from de Big House. It had four rooms and was all planked up. Mr. Billy Taylor was mighty good to his niggers. He didn't have so many slaves, he jes' had a little plantation. Our oberseer was good, too. He had to whip some of dem sometimes, but dey wouldn't work. Dey bring it all on deyselves.

"When de Yankees come enduring de war, de men come arunning and a screaming dat de Yankees coming. And dey did, <sup>come</sup> on horseback and took all our provisions <sup>what was</sup> in de smokehouse. Dey <sup>took</sup> everything we had in de way of victuals and stock, too.

"I jined de church when I was ten years old, 'caze I was trying to live right and do what de Bible said. De white folks had deir services in de morning and in de evening would let us niggers have ourn."

Jane forgot her misery long enough to come out to the p̄rch of her comparatively comfortable cabin and she was "plumb proud" to have her "pitcher took."

EVERETT INGRAM

LEE COUNTY

Lee Co Dist #3  
Ex Slave

As I sat talking to an old man over in East Opelika, I thought I saw a familiar figure coming toward us, and it was, for Everett Ingram has been here for many, many years and I have known him for sometime.

Everett was a good size boy at freedom time and remembers lots of things he's seen, and lots he's been told. He was born in Russell County in May. His Father and Mother, Prince and Fanny Ingram came from Russell County and had eight children, Jerry, Clara, Rubin, Jep, Lula, Eugene, Lucy and Everett. Our home in the settlement was a one room log house, made outer logs and mud wid mud and stick chimneys and hit had er plank floor in hit and a boxed up bed wid one leg at the foot, it wus filled up wid shucks and straw, de head wus a side er de wall.

My grandpa, Prince Walden and Lucy his wife, come frum Russell Co. too, and b'longed to the Covington's, den sold to Dr. Walden at Uchie. When dey come to Uchie, the country wus filled wid Indians and dey used ter drink licker wid my gran'pa. Grand-ma runed away and went to Columbus Ga. 'cause she wus sceered er de Indians and when enrout de, to Columbus, my Mother wus born, in de woods.

Dey cooked ash-cake on leaves and de chillun et potlicker and bread and greens, outer wooden trays with wooden spoons, under trees in the big yards and sit on sacks spread out. Each family had dey's own bowl and us et er plenty too. In cold weather mammy kept all de chillun in de house by de fire.

Moster had us a two room house, cause my Mother wus de cook and weaver. Dey made dey own silk den too and raised de silk worms, cause us used ter get mulberry leaves to feed de silk worms wid. Us used Indigo, and cook it and use fer dying our cloth. We'd wear same kind er clothes fer ever day and Sunday and didn't have no shoes till us wus big chillun.

Ole Moster, Mr. Bill Ingram and Miss Lucy, lived in er big weather-

boarded house wid er wide hall and er chimney at each end and de kitchen wus off frum de house.

Our overseer used ter whip my Mother and Daddy 'cause dey used ter fight. he used ter take my mother to de carriage house ter whip her. Moster wus in de war den and when he come home, de overseer ud take my Mother by de hand to de house and tell Moster 'bout having ter whip her and he'd just shake his head. He wus mighty good ter all er us.

My grand-father wus put in the speculator drove and put on a block and sold and grand-ma raised so many chillun dey got er heap fer her, some where near one thousand dollars.

Mistess read de Bible ter us and my Mother wus converted under the white preacher and he baptised her too. De colored folks used de white church and set in the back.

And dey show had good times er dancing on Sadday nights and would dance till Sunday morning sometimes too. And when corn needed shucking, hit wus hauled up near de crib and a pretty moon-light night Moster passed round de jug er licker and t'won't long till dey all got happy and had whut dey called a general, dat led all de hollers and songs; dey show got dat corn shucked too.

Grandma wus a great doctor, used ter give us terpentine and castor oil and Jerusalem oak fer worms and all kinds er teas. She wus a midwife too.

De Yankees cum thru de yard in May and told um 'You'se free', dey hung my Mother up in de smoke-house by her thumbs, tips er her toes jest touching cause she wouldn't agree ter give up her older chillun, she never did neither.

Daddy stole both de older chillun tho and went off. De Yankees took provisions and stock, hauled dem off, and took de bellus off out er de shop. News got to Uchie and eve'ybody hid out, Moster did too. Dey hunted de money whut wus hid in de colored folks beds, nearly two-thousand dollars, de jewelry wus dare too. They found some money at the big house and said, "Dis money ain't worth nuthin, not a d\_\_\_\_, but dey took hit jest de same,

I married Hattie Graves. Den I jined church cause I felt I wus converted.

Alabama

Preston Klein, Opelika

~~Lee County~~

Jack Kytte, Editor

My Grandma Raised Plenty Chilluns.

Uncle Everett Ingram mused: "Honey chile, my gran'mammy was de beatenest woman to have chilluns dat you ever seen. I has hyared dat she raised so many of dem dat she brung a mighty heap on de block; somewhere near a thousan' dollars."

Uncle Everett is a familiar figure in East Opelika, where he has lived for years. He was "a right good-sized scamp at freedom time" and remembers much of what he has seen and heard. He was born in Russell County, the son of Prince and Fanny Ingram. They had seven other children; Jerry, Clara, Rubin, Jep, Lula, Eugene and Lucy.

Everett says of his life:

"Our house in de slave settlement was made of logs an' had one room. It had a mud an' stick chimney, a plank floor an' a boxed-up bed wid one leg at de foot. De mattress was stuffed wid shucks an' straw.

"My gran'pappy, Prince Walden, an' Lucy, his wife, come from Ruusell County, too, an' belonged to de Covingtons. Later dey was sold to Dr. Walden, at Uchie. When dey come to Uchie de county was full of Indians. My gran' pappy usta drink likker wid 'em; but gran'ma, she was skeered an' runned away to Columbus, Georgy. On her way dere, my mammy was borned in de woods.

"I 'members dat when I was a strip of a boy, dey cooked ash-cake on leaves an' de chilluns et pot-licker an' bread an' greens outen wooden trays wid wooden spoons. Dey would sit under de trees an' eat. Each family had dey own <sup>h</sup>owl, an' us et a-plenty, too. In cold ~~winter~~ weather mammy kept all de chilluns in de house by de fire.

"M<sup>a</sup>ster had us a two-room house, 'caze my mammy was de cook an' weaver. Dey made dey own silk den, too, an' raised de silk worms. Us <sup>u</sup>sta get mulberry leaves to feed de silk worms wid. Us used indigo, which us cooked an' used fer ~~the~~ dye. Us would wear any kind of clothes on everyday an' Sunday; an' didn't have no shoes 'til us was big chilluns.

"Ol' M<sup>a</sup>ster an' Ol' Mistus, Mr. Bill an' Miss Luck Ingram, lived in a big weather-boarded house wid a wide hall an' a chimney at each end. De kitchen was off from de rest of de house.

"I 'members dat de overseer <sup>u</sup>sta whip mammy an' pappy, 'caze dey fight so much. He <sup>u</sup>sta take my mammy to de carriage to whip her. M<sup>a</sup>ster was in de war den. When he come home, de overseer tuk mammy by de han' to de house an' tell M<sup>a</sup>ster 'bout havin' to whip her. He'd jest shake his head, sad-lak. He was mighty good to all of us.

"My gran'pappy was put in de speculator drove, put on de block an' sold.

~~There~~ "I 'members dat Mistus read de Bible to us an'

my mammy was converted/~~by~~<sup>by</sup> de white preacher. He baptized her. De colored folks used de white church an' set in de back.

"An' honey, dey shorely did have good times dancin' on Sattidy nights; an' sometimes dey would dance 'til Sunday mornin'. When de corn needed shuckin', it was hauled up near de crib, an' on a purty moonlighted night ~~M~~<sup>a</sup>oster would pass 'round de likker. It wouldn't be long 'til dey was all happy an' had what dey called a general. De general led all de hollers an' songs. Dey shorely did get dat corn shucked fast, too.

"Gran'mammy was a great doctor; usta give us turpentine an' castor oil an' Jerusalem oak fer worms. She'd give us all kinds of teas, too. I 'members dat gran'mammy was also a midwife.

"De Yankees comed through de yard in May an' tol' us: 'You's free.' De Yankees wasn't so good. Dey hung my mammy up in de smokehouse by her thumbs; tips of her toes jest touchin' de floor, 'caze she wouldn't 'gree to give up her older chilluns. She never did, neither.

"Daddy stole both de older chilluns, dough, an' went off. De Yankees stole provisions an' stock an' hauled 'em off. De news got to Uchie an' everybody hid out; ~~M~~<sup>a</sup>oster wid 'em. Dey hunted de money whut was hid in de colored folks beds; nearly \$2,000. De jewelry was dere, too. Dey ~~f~~<sup>f</sup>oun' some money at de big house an' said: 'Dis money ain't worth a damn;' but dey tuk it jest de same.

"I married Hattie Graves. Den I jined de church an' was saved.

Lee co. # 3.

EX-SLAVE-----EMMA JONES

In my rambles hunting ex-slaves, I found Emma Jones, who is very deaf so we alarmed the settlement trying to get the information I needed and finally had an audience before I got through.

She is eighty-three and was born up in the Chattahoochee Valley between West Point and Columbus, Ga., in 1849 in May. Emma belonged to Wiley Jones and wife Malba Jones, her father and mother were Bob and Phillis Jones <sup>who had</sup> lived in Monroe Co. Ga., some of the other children were Elic, <sup>also</sup> Jerry and Josephine, and Jefferson, losing three baby girls.

They lived in a two room log cabin with little furniture, the beds were high tiester beds and mattresses about as they use now only more shucks, and she thought the food cooked then was way sight better than these times, it was cooked on the fireplace, large open fireplace, made of rocks, having hooks fastened into the side to swing the pots to and cooked hoe-cakes on a three legged skillet standing over coals and had a large oven to bake bread and cake in, nothing like it nowadays.

"Our Master had a big garden and we used to get the vegetables we used from up there. Dey wus so good to us. Sometimes the men folks would hunt possums and rabbits and wild turkeys, but can't remember ever having a possum supper."

"You know some chillun teeth hard and our mamma put a string of cop-pers around our necks to help us teeth on."

After we got up to be big girls we wore cotton dresses and draws in the hot weather and when it got cold we had homemade and home spun homespun dresses and when it got cold we had to wear long draws, shirts, shoes, and home knit stockings, my mother spun the thread too. Their dress up dresses for Sunday were of calico or gingham and she married in a white swiss dress.

Our Moster and Mistress were so good to us, I was house girl then

and when Miss Sara married I went with her to nurse her children; besides Miss Sara, there was Mr. Billy, Mr. Crick, Miss Lucy, and Miss Emma, they had two Uncles and an Aunt there too, Mr. Jim Jones, Mr. George Jones and Miss Martha Jones; they all lived in the prettiest big white house, two stories and the prettiest big rock fireplaces.

Moster looked after his own place and it was just very seldom he whipped any of them and then it was because they would not work and he got us up early too, and they had to work till about dark and got us up by blowing a horn. Sometimes he would let us have frolics and a dance on Saturday night but we could not go off it was just around in the settlement. We could go off to church a few times but the mistress would read the Bible to us and one time I remember a baptizing I went to and saw them shouting, the preacher was old man Thornton Shoalt and when the folks would come out of the water they would be pretty happy and would holler and shout and sing, One Odd Trouble will soon be over--and all will meet in Glory."

Her mother helped spin cotton for the soldiers clothes and she said when the raid came through she helped hide all the valuable things and rations and hands too and they were so long coming that they like to have eaten up the rations they had hid out with them, but when they did come they made her mother cook for them and her father feed their horses.

She and her brother got a bad whipping one day for one of these Aunts quilts caught fire and they blamed her and her brother for it and she never did have any more use for her either.

Miss Sara married Dr. Lum Davis during that time and had a big wedding of lots of good things to eat and they let the colored folks stand around and look on.

When the Moster had found that they had been freed, he called all together and told them they were all free and were their own free agents. The next year her family moved to Motts Mill near Columbus, Ga.

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When the Mester had found that they had been freed, he called all together and told them they were all free and were their own free agents.

The next year her family moved to Motts Mill near Columbus, Ga.

Emma had heard lots of the Ku Klux Klan but they never bothered them.

There were no schools in those days for the negroes. She married later and had only one child, Lottia Frederick and is living with her now on North 10th St, Opelika, Ala. and has two grandchildren living in West Point Ga. all working out.

Her membership is at Cussetta, Ala. with the Baptist Church at Mount Nebo.

EMMA TELLS HOW TO  
MAKE THEM "TEETHE EASY."

Emma Jones, eighty-three years old, was born in the Chattahoochee Valley between West Point and Columbus Georgia. She is very alert though quite deaf.

"White folks," she began, "I belonged to Marse Wiley Jones and his wife, Mistis Melba.

"I lived in a little two-room log cabin with high tiester beds and mattresses filled with cawn shucks. Our food den was a-way better dan de stuff we eats today. It was cooked on a fireplace made outen rocks wid big hooks fastened into de side to swing <sup>de</sup> pots aroun' on. Us cooked hoe-cakes on a three-legged skillet dat sot ober hot coals an' us had a big oven for to bake meat an' cawn bread.in. Dere ain't nothin' lak it nowdays, no'm.

"Ole Massa had a big garden an' we useta git de vega'bles we et f'um his garden. De folks was plenty good to us. Sometimes de mens would hunt 'possums an' rabbits an' wild turkeys, We sho' loved dem 'possums smothered in 'taters.

"An<sup>s</sup> talkin' 'bout medicines. Let me tell you a sho' 'nough cure for a baby dats havin' a hard time teethin'. Jus' putt a string of coppers 'roun' he neck an' he won't have no trouble at all. Us useta do dat to de little white chilluns an' de black uns to; 'specially in hot weather when dey jus' seem to have de misery.

"Atter us got to be big gals, us wo' cotton dresses an' drawses in hot weather, an' when it git col' we had to wear long drawses an' homespun wool dresses an' home-knitted socks and shoes dat <sup>de</sup> cobbler made in his shop. You know, white folks, we useta make near 'bout eve'ything dat was needed to run a body raght on our plantation. Us had eve'ything. On Sunday us wo' gingham an' calico dresses an' I ma'ied in a Swiss dress.

"I worked as a house gal an' when Miss Sarah ma'ied I went with her to nuss her chilluns. Besides Miss Sarah dere was Mista Billy, Mista Crick, Miss Lucy and Miss Emma. Dey had two uncles an' a Aunt of dere's lived dere too.

"We had a happy fambly. At night some of de house niggers would gather 'roun' de fire, an' mistis would read us de scriptures, an' de white chilluns git tired an' slip out de do' but us little niggers couldn't 'ford to do dat; us hadda stay dere whether us liked it or not. Sometimes de massa let de niggers dance an' frolic on Saturday nights, but we warn't 'lowed to go offen de plantation, none ceptin' de ones dat had a wife or husban' on anudder plantation; den dey could only stay for a short time. Sometimes us could go off to church, an' I remembers a babtizin' in de creek. Some of dem niggers most got demselves drowned. Dey warn't used to so much water an' dey would come up outen de creek a spittin' an' a-caughin' lak de debil had a holt of 'em. Dere was so much shoutin' I 'spose ever'body fo'ten miles aroun' could hear dem niggers a-carrin' on in de creek.

"Durin' de war, my nanny helped spin cotton for de soldiers' clothes, an' when de Yankees come through, us hid all de valuables in de woods, aUs had to feed dem an' dere hosses too. Dey et up near 'bout everything we had on de place.

"Dere warn't no schools in dem days for us colored folks. Us learned f'um de scriptures, an' by listenin' to de white folks talk."

Wash. Copy,

6/4/37.

L. H.

AMANDA JIMMERSON

LEE COUNTY

*Slave*

"Aunt Mandy" Jimmerson is one of the oldest persons in Lee Co. Up until a year ago she was very active, but since she has had a stroke of paralysis, she has not been able to walk alone.

When I took Aunt Mandy's picture we had to have her carried to the porch. She is a very abrupt person and not very particular how she talks. Her room was very untidy, her person also. No one to wait on her tho but little grand-children and one grown daughter, but she is not right mentally.

Aunt Mandy was born in the Chattahoochee Valley, Lee County in 1853. She was twelve years old when freedom came. Her father and mother Amos and Caline Williams lived in a small one room log cabin and says it was just like all other houses then and their beds were just like other folks and 'they at whut others et.' This shows how abrupt she is. When I would ask her more about them she would say, "O, I dunno."

Her Mother was the mother of a large number of children but having only four living, Fronie, Cindy, George and Amanda. I saw Nellie, she being much younger than Aunt Amanda, also much more intelegent; but not knowing Aunt Amanda's condition that morning, I didn't question Nellie about her.

Aunt Mandy was owned by Ann and Will Williams, their children were Tom, Bud, Dina, Martha, and William.

The Williams lived in a large weather-boarded house, about one-quarter of a mile from the negro "quarters".

She said her Master was good to them but they sure did have to work hard and not play, it was from early dawn till after dark.

Aunt Mandy staid on with her Master for several years after slavery, he told them they were free as he was and gave them a few provisions to start a crop on and they worked as share croppers.

She married John Jimmerson and was the mother of thirteen children but three was all she could remember anything about, they were Cleesie, Nellie, and John. Nellie is the afflicted one and is sitting on the steps in the picture. She has perfectly white hair and it in curls.

Alabama

Lee County,

Jack Kytle

Dist # 3

It Ain't De Same.

Lucindy Lawrence Jurdon bustled feverishly about her tiny Lee County cabin when she learned her picture was "goin' to be tuk." She got out her old spinning wheel; sat down before it and beamed. Her daughter ~~came~~<sup>come</sup> in from the field, exclaimed: "Ma, I done tol' you dis lady was comin' to see you; an' you wouldn't believe me."

After she had posed, she seated herself to tell about slavery days. Her oldest grandson was sick in the next room with pneumonia; the cabin was stuffy and bare.

Lucindy said:

"Honey, I was borned in Macon, Georgy, on de twenty-eighth day of some month or other; I can't 'member which. But de year was 1858.

"My pappy an' mammy, Emanuel and Patsy Lawrence, come from Jasper County, Georgy. I had a sister named Jennie an' a brother named Phillip, but I was de oldest.

"Ol' Marster had 'bout three or four hundred acres on his plantation. His name was Marster LeRoy Lawrence, and he shorely was good to all us niggers. His daddy was Mr. Billy Lawrence; an' de marster had four chilluns.

"Us lived in a two-room log house wid a lean-to next it. Us was well off in dem times, but us didn't have sense ~~enough~~<sup>enough</sup> to know it. I 'members dat us always had plenty of good ~~vittles~~<sup>vittles</sup>. (~~Vic-~~  
~~tuals)~~

"Honey, us had meat broiled on hot rocks, roasted 'taters, ash-cake an' ~~de~~ sech. On Sunday us had ash-cake cooked in collard leaves; an' beef was served us when de killin' time come. Marster always gived de niggers plenty to eat.

"I can sit here an' picture dat house of marster's; a big, six-room house wid wide plank weather-boarding. Beside de house was a big garden, and it had palings 'round it.

"My mammy was a fine weaver and did de work for both white an' colored. Dis is her spinning wheel, an' it can still be used. I use it sometimes now. Us made our own cloth an' our stockings, too.

"No'm, us never did learn nothing. If us tried to read or write dey would whack our forefingers off. Us lived forty miles from de town an' it would take more dan two days to git to town. De women folks had to fix lunches every time dey went.

"My grandmammy had sixteen chillens. I 'members dat when us courted us went to walk an' hunted chestnuts. Us would string dem an' put 'em fround our necks an' smile at our fellers.

"On Sattidy nights dey would have dances an' dance all night long. Somebody would clap hands, beat pans, blow quills or pick de banjer strings. When us had cornshuckin's, dey would pile de corn up, ring 'round it an' shuck, drink likker an' holler: 'Boss man, boss man, please gimme my time; Boss man, boss man, fer I'm most broke down.'

"I 'members dat one ol' sick man was freed 'fore freedom come. Dey let him go whar he wanted to, so he dug a hole in

de ground an' used it fer a room. He put rafters inside to help hold it up an' it slanted down at de back."

Lucindy mused a moment, concluded: "Dem was good days, honey; mighty good. But us shorely is in a bad fix now an' needs help mighty bad. It jest ain't de same no more."

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LUCINDY LAWRENCE JURDON

LEE COUNTY

Lee Co. Dist # 5

After going through plowed ground and woods, I came in sight of Lucindy Jurdon's house; as I rounded the house, and when in the back yard, I called Lucindy; three little children were playing and said, "Grand-ma here's a white lady wants to see you." When she came to the door, she said, "Lawdy, honey, what you want? And you see what a fix you've caught me in." "That's alright Lucindy, I've come to talk to you a while, and I heard you still had your old spinning wheel. I want to see it and then take your picture with it."

After finding the pieces for it, talking fast as she could all the time, so excited over having her picture taken. The daughter came in from the field and said, "I told you this lady was coming to see you and you didn't believe me".

I sat in the hall and talked to her, it was very dirty and not much in the house either. The oldest grandson was sick, in the front room, with pneumonia, they said. I don't see how any of them stay well at all.

Lucindy was born in Macon Georgia, on the 28th day, but she could not tell the month and in 1858.

The mother and father Emanuel and Patsy Lawrence, came from La Fayette, Ga., Jasper County. She was older than Jennie and Philip.

Old ~~Moster~~ had 'bout three or four hundred acres in his plantation. Mr. Leroy Lawrence, he show wus good to us niggers too. His father wus Mr. Billy. Moster had four chillun.

Us lived in a two room log house wid er lean-to, ter hit. Dey wus well off in dem times and did't know it tho, show did have plenty er good victuals. Us had broiled meat, on hot rocks, roasted tatters, ash-cake and course on Sunday, us had ash-cake cooked in collard leaves and beef when dey killed, Moster would always give de colored folks some too.

Moster lived in a big six-room house, wid wide plank weather-boarding Us used outer the big garden and hit had pailings round it.

My mother wus a fine weaver and did the work for both white and colored, this is her old spinning wheel and hit can still be used, I do some times now. Us made our own cloth and own stockings too.

Ef us tried to learn to read or write, dey would cut your forefinger off. Us lived forty miles frum de town and hit would take over two days to go to town, so de women folks had ter fix lunches ev'y time dey went.

My grand-mother had sixteen chillun. When us courted us want to walk and hunted chestnuts and would string dem, and he would put dem 'round your neck, den you would smile.

On Saddy nights dey would have dances and dance all night, somebody would clapp, beat pans and blow quills or pick de strings. When us had cornshuckings, dey would pile all de corn up, ring round hit and shuck, drink and holler, "Boss Man, Boss Man, please give me my time, Boss Man, Boss Man for I'm most broke down."

One old sick man wus freed fore freedom and allowed to go where he wanted to, so he dug a room in de ground and put rafters inside, to help hold it up and hit slanted to de back to nothing.

Our folks staid on fer several years. I married at same place and had to jump over the broom and back.

Honey us show is in a bad fix now though and needs help mighty bad.

Opelika  
Klein

I felt like it was really an imposition to worry this old negro by talking for she was sick and could not even move herself but she was such an old one hated to let her pass by, she was willing and let us roll her on the back porch for her picture, it certainly did jostle her too for the floor was patched and so rough. I had heard she was one hundred and thirty-five but she is one hundred and thirteen according to the records in the Hoffman Bible, in Waverly, Ala.

She was born in Virginia in 1824 and belonged to John Umford, then sold to Bill Maddox, when she came from Va. they traveled in wagons and slept in tents at night and every morning were made to clean and dress up, then were put on the block and bid on; whites were there from everywhere, "the face of the earth was covered wid umto bid on us niggers, I wus thirteen den and I can remember four wars, now.

My mother and father wus Charlie and Rody Heath and I had two borthers and two sisters. Did you say our houses, dey wus more lak horse stables; logs with mud and sticks dobed in the cracks, had no floors, only red dirt, the chimneys wus sticks and mud but never did ketch fire, course wusn't no furniture but trunk like box for de dresser with a piece of looking glass to look in and de bed, hit wus two sides put in holes in de wall and de wall wus de head and had one leg at de foot on to the cross piece, it wus corded and roped cross and the shuck mattress put on top er dat. Us cooked on big fireplaces wid long hooks out overde fire to hang pots on to bile, den us fried on three legged skillets over de fire and cooked ash-cakes on the hearth with hickory leaves on the bottom next to the hearth, den the bread den some more leaves and den ashes put on top of dat and hit sho did cook good too, taint no sech good cooking now as den.

About four o'clock every evening all the little niggers wus called up in the big yard where de cook had put milk in a long wooden trough and then crumbled ash-cake in that for breakfast, den us had pot-licker in dat trough for dinner, us et the bread and milk with shells and uslots of times would use our hands, but hit wus good.

Old moster hunted a heap but us never did get none of hit. Us had plenty of clothes, sech as wus, dey wus spun and wove at home and wus called homespun, some wus checked and some solid; us had a calico dress for Sunday and home made shoes, hard brogans, "Jackson Ties", with brass caps on de toe and sho would rub blisters on your feet.

Old Moster and Mistress wus Bill and Lizzie Maddox, they lived up in a big weather boarded house and had four or five rooms down stairs and had some up stairs too. Dey had several hundred acres in dis farm and plantation and every morning by light she and the cook wus called to come to the house, Anne had to draw water and put over the house, help as house girl; then when that task wus done I had to go to the field, now as to all the other hands they blew a horn to acuse them in the early mornings, sometimes fore day. Moster wus good to hig hands do, he never lowed dem to be whipped, he jast scolded um. Ef we did go any whars we jast put our foots on de ground and went, had no other way to get dere, and you sho better be back fore sundown too, ef you knew whut wus good fer you. I seed some slaves working roads in chains one time with chains and big ball hanging on behind, it wus fer punishment fer dey's meanness.

The slaves were never allowed to read nor write, Anne said "You better not let them ketch you wid a piece of paper in your hands." They wore their hair plaited or wrapped as they call it, in little pigtails, wrapped in cord and on Sunday mornings they were allowed to comb out their hair with the "cards, or Jim Crows", used for carding cotton.

I wus made to carry Moster's chillun to school and go for them. Old Mistress read us de Bible and us niggers went to the white folks church

and sat in de back and de white folks up in front.

O, dem patrollers wus bad, I sho would run from dem things. And cornshuckings, dey would do sum mighty hollering, had corn hauled up and lined in front of de cribs ready to throw in, moster give um plenty er licker too. Us had the funniest thing to us little niggers, hit wus a goat dat could walk de fence jest like us could.

When de Yankees come, gran-dady wus at prayer-meeting and moster come running down dere and told dem to come quick and hitch up de mules and wagons, the Yankees wus coming and haul all de meat and provisions off to the big swamps and woods, den some of us niggers slept on de bags of momey and jewelry, by dat time us saw dem coming, lights and torches all round but dey didn't do us no harm, sho did some places do.

T'want long fore moster called all us niggers up to de house and told us we wus as free as he wus and us could go or stay on wid him, I staid till I wus grown, married Doc Maddox, us had five chillun, Walter, Failer, Siney, Zora and Johnnie; I don't know how many grandchillum I'se got.

I'se heard a heap er talk bout Abraham Lincoln and I had a pitcher of him but I don't know nuthin bout him.

I jined church in Gold Hill, Ala, jest felt good and don't know how I did feel, felt I jus wanted to jine church, I shouted three days wouldn't eat, couldn't even drink water."

Anne lives now about eight miles from Opelika, Ala. with her youngest child, Zora, and I am afraid will not be here very much longer is very feeble.