

WPA Alabama Writers Project
EX SLAVE TALES
Barbour County, #3

Ready To film: 4-15-1977

Filmed: 5-4-1977

J. G. Tr

NATHAN BEAUCHAMP, HALF BREED.

(Photo)

I walked up a little path boarded with small stones, an atmosphere of solitude surrounding me. In the sky, large, white cumulous clouds like great bolls of cotton, floated leisurely northward. Far down the road a ranshackle buckboard disappeared over a slight hill; directly in front the path ran at twenty yards into the dilapidated steps of a Negro cabin, while an old colored man in a vegetable garden to the left to the cabin broke the stillness with the intermittent metallic sounds of his spade digging into thirsty soil. I knew at a glance that this was Nathan Beauchamp.

"Hello, Uncle Nathan," I called.

"Morin', white folks," he answered, as he discontinued his spading and raised his hand in a friendly gesture.

I walked over to where Uncle Nathan was standing and stopped in the little furrows of brown earth. Already a thick coat of dust had formed on my shoes.

"Uncle Nathan," I said, "I'd like to have a brief chat with you about slavery days, if you can spare a few minutes from your garden here?"

"Yassuh, boss," he said, punctuating his reply with a spat of tobacco that was soon nothing but a dark mark in the parched ground, "glad to be of any 'assistance."

We moved to the shade of a large oak where we sat down together on a sturdy, home-made bench.

"Well, white folks," he went on after taking a long turn at the dipper hanging on the tree which shades a well. "I'll tell you a story of my mummy an' pappy. Nathan Beauchamp, my pappy, belonged to Massa

Green Beacham at White Oak Springs, near Eufaula.

Massa Green was a member of de legislature when de capital was at Tuscaloosa. He had many a acre of land an' hund'eds of slaves. Pappy use to dribe de wagon in to Eufaula to git supplies an' on de way he would meet up wid an Injun gal a-carryin' big baskets dat she was a goin' to sell dere. He would ask her iffen she wanted to ride, an' she always say yes. So one day pappy came to de massa and tell him dat dere was an Injun gal on de St. Francis Indian Village dat he wanted fo' a wife, an' de boss say all right so pappy married de Indian gal. Her name was Mimi. So I is half nigger an half Injun. My mammy died 'bout five year attter freedom, but I can remembere dat she had long black hair, and I remembere de way de sun sparkle on her teeth when she smile. Attter she married pappy, she still carried her pretty baskets to Eufaula to sell. Sometime she walk all de way dere and back, twenty fo' miles. I been libin' here in Eufaula fifty year or so' white fo'ks, an' I owns my little cabin an' de lan' around it. T'ain't much, but its enough to keep me a-gain', dis wid de little ato' I owns."

Manh. Copy,

5/14/37.

L. H.

HE BELONGED TO BOB TOombs
OF GEORGIA.
(Photo)

"Missy," said Alonza Fantroy Toombs, "I'ee de proudest nigger in de worl', cause I was a slave belonging to Marse Robert Toombs of Georgia, de grandest man dat ever lived, next to Jesus Christ. He was de bes' stump speaker in de State, an' he had no' frien's dan a graveyard has ghosts. He was sho a kin' man, an' dere warn't no one livin' who loved his wife an' home no' dan Marse Bob. [Missy." Uncle Lon continued, "he was near 'bout de greatest' man dat eber come outen de South. He were a good business man; he were straight as dey make 'em, an' he sho enjoy playin' a good joke on someone. I useta see him a-walkin' down de road in de early mornin' an' I knowed it were him f'us a long distance, cause he was so tall. I guess you knowed all 'bout his s-servin' in de State legislature an' in de United States Congress an' s-bein' a gen'l in de war an' him bein' de secretary of State in de 'federacy.

"I was born on Marse Bob's plantation in de Double Trade Quarters. My pappy's name was Sam Fantroy Toombs an' my maw was Isabella Toombs. In de slavery times I was too young to work in de fiel's, so my job was to hunt an' fish an' feed de stock in de evenin'. My pappy was a preacher an' Marse Bob learnt him to read and write, an' would let him go f'us plantation to plantation on de Sabbath Day a-preachin' de gospel. He was Marse Bob's carriage driver.

"Yass'n, white folke, Marse Bob was a good provider, too. Us niggers et at home on Sundays, an' us had fried chicken, pot pie, bacon, beef, pork, an' hot coffee. On de udder days, our meals was fixed for us so dat de time us got for res' could be spent dat way. On Saddy us stopped work at noon an' would come wid our vessels to

"When we seed dat, we fell on our po' knees, skeered mos' to def an' we axed de Great Marster to help two po' ol' niggers an' help 'em quick.

"De fust thin' we knowed dem Ku Kluxes had de gen'man from de no'th out of his hidin' place 'hind our house an' a-settin' on one of dem hosses. Dey nebber spoke wid him. Dey jes' tuk him off somewhar, we nebber knowed whar, but he di'n't come back no mo'.

"Li'l Missy, we heard arterwards dat dis gen'lman from de no'th wuz no qual'ty a-tall. Dat he was de wu'st leadah of all de debilment bein' done; one of dem carpet-baggin' men.

"Nex' day arter de Ku Kluxes cotehed dis man, his wife lef' Columbus in a hurry, sayin' she couldn't sociate wid de Columbus ladies 'caze dey was so po'. Dey was po'! Dey is no denyin' that. We was all po' caze the Yankees done ruint Columbus. But, li'l Missy, dey's a big dif'ence in bein' po' an' qual'ty an' bein' jes po' white trash.

"What did I do then? Well, li'l Missy, we lef' Columbus arter whut happen'd an' we walked to Eufaula, whar twas safe to be. For forty yeahs I w'uked for de city and Anna, she tuk in Washin'. Endurin' dat time we was gettin' along pretty likely, when one day Gabriel blew his horn for Anna, and Gabe was lef' alone.

"My ol' woman's gone. Li'l Missy, mos' ev'y one I knowed is daid. Dis heah cabin ain' home to me no mo'. H₂ts lonely ev'y whar. Maybe I'd orter be thinkin' 'bout Cannan, but hits ol' times crowds dis ol' darkey's heart. Li'l Missy, may be whin I gits to whar Anna is hit will be ol' times all ovah ag'in."

Wash. Copy
6/3/37
T.E.B.

*Barbours County*Gabe Was Kidnapped
By Carpetbaggers

Old Gabe had been long in this world - close to one hundred years. He had experienced much but one incident had out-lasting all the others - even the stroke that made him older and more feeble. That experience had caused Gabe and his "ole woman" to stray far from the fold and to walk all the way back to its shelter.

That was back in Reconstruction days, when he was not "bandy in his knees" and long before Anna left him alone in his cabin with just memories of earlier and happier days.

Gabe was "birthed in Cusseta, Georgia," the son of two faithful old slaves, Hetty and Gabe Hines, and they "all 'longed to Marsa William Shipp an' Miss Ma'y. He told his story thus:

"Endurin' of de Wah, I was big enuff to be water totter on de plantation. No, Li'l Missy, I doan 'zactly know how old I is 'ceptin' by de squeakin' an' achin' of my bones. I 'members lots 'bout doze days. Dem was happy times, Li'l Missy. Arter we all was freed, I went to Silver Run to live and dar I mahied Anna. She lef' me nine yeahs ago an' that broke the happiness. I miss her ev'whar, jes' keep a-missin' her though nine yeahs hev gone. sence dey tuk her from de cabin an' lef' her up thar on de hill. Dere's nights when de mis'ry in dese ol' bones jist gits past standin' an' on sich nights she come ter me and help me wid de linnymint jes' as she useter do. But she caint stay long when she come.

"I wuz a-tellin' 'bout Silver Run. Arter we was mahied and was gittin' use to bein' free niggahs, an' happy in our cabin, one night a gen'ulman from de no'th was to see us an' he tol' us if

we'd go wid him he'd pay us big wages an' gin us a fine house to boot.

"Fer two nights we sot dere by dat chimbly a-thinkin' a sight to do or to don't and ponderin' this way and t'other one. Den we 'cided to go. We lef ev'y thing dar 'ceptin' whut we tied up in a bandana han'chief, and we tied that onto a stick for de gen'ulman frum de no'th wouldn't let us take no baggage. We was goin' to Columbus, Georgia but we didn't know dat.

"Li'l Missy, when we got dar, whar he was a-takin' us, we foun' the big wages to be fifty cents a month, and dat fine house tu'ned out to be mo' like a stable. Instid of our cabin and gyarden and chickens and our trees, we had a turrible place, right out under the hot sun wid watah miles away down a hill. And he wan't no gent'man from de no'th.

"Missy, I nebber will be able to tell myself whut made us do hit no mo' den I'll ebber be able to tell how skeered I wuz one night when de wind howled an' de lightnin' was sprayin' ober de place an' de rain was so turrible hit was a-sobbin' in de fiah. We knowed de debbil was ridin' de win' dat night.

"We was a-sittin' dar befo' de fire w' me an' my ol' woman, when we heard a stompin' like a million horses had stopped outside de do'. We tipped to de do' an' peeked out an' li'l Missy whut we seed was so turrible our eyes jes' mos' popped out our haid. Dere was a million hosses all kivered in white, wid dey eyes pokin' out and a-settin' on de hosses was men kivered in white too, tall as giants, an' dey eyes was a-pokin' out too. Dere was a leader an' he heldt a bu'nin' cross in his hand.

git flour, sugar, lard an' udder supplies. My mawmy's pots an' pans was so bright dat dey looked like silver, an' she was one of de bes' cooks in de lan'. She useta cook fine milk yeast bread an' cracklin' bread. All us slaves on Marse Bob's place was cared for lak de white folks. We had de white folks doctor to treat us when we was sick. We had good clothes, good food an' we was treated fair. Dere warn't no mean peoples on our plantation.

"White lady, I remembers Marse Bob's snake house ~~was~~ of all. It had eve'rthing in it f'om 'possum to deer, an' de wine cellar! Don't say nothin'! Dat was de place I longed to roam. But Marse Bob, he drink too much. Dat was his only fault. He hit de bottle too hard. I couldn't understand it neither, caze he lef' off smokin' in later years when he thought it warn't good for him, but he keppe drinkin'!

"I been ma'ied twice, Mistic, De fust time to Ida Walker. She died at childbirth; de little fella died too. Den I ma'ied Alice James, an' she's been gone nigh on to twenty year now. My pappy, Rev. Sam Fantroy ma'ied me both times.

"Atter de S'render, nary a slave lef' Marse Bob. He gib eve'y nigger over twenty one a mule, some lan' an' a house to start off wid. Yassus, Mistic, I kin read an' write; my pappy learnt me how. I'm eighty-six year old now an' still goin' strong, ceptin' 'bout six years ago I had a stroke. But I come out all right. I lives here wid my sister an' she's good to me. De only thing lef' for me to do is to wish dat when I cross dat river I can slip back to de ole place to see some of my frein's."

Wash. Copy.

6/2/57.

L. H.

Copied From Birmingham Age-Herald, .

Frank Willis Barnett's Tribute to an Ex-Slave
and Sexton of the First Baptist Church for 50
years, of Eufaula Ala.

Dan Walker, ^{cup}

And who was this negro, whose death was mourned by white and black? For nearly a half century he was sexton of the First Baptist church of Eufaula. Pastors came and went but Dan held his job. Pastors were criticised but Dan escaped. He was known as Dan the faithful.

Growing up in a home of refinement he caught the atmosphere which pervaded the old "ante-bellum" homes, and there was an innate courtesy about him that upheld the best traditions of as chivalric a race as ever trod this American soil of ours. He had caught the cue of the best type of Southern gentleman.

Daniel Walker was a good citizen, I never heard aught against his character and never knew of his having gotten into any trouble with white or black. His life was of service, lived modestly and industriously, for he was a hard worker and provided well for his family, and educated his children and played his part as a man.

He was a devoted Christian. His was not the blatant type of Christianity. There was nothing loud-mouthed about his religious professions. He loved God and walked in the paths of his Master. Those who knew Daniel Walker, the sexton, felt that he "had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of the wicked". He was the ideal church janitor. He did his work without fuss and was reverential in his manner. I never knew a man who was better fitted for his job, and it was a life-long one.

It was eminently fitting that when he died he should be buried from

Dan Walker.

the church which had been his pride to keep in order for nearly a half century. The members, as well as the community realized its appropriateness, and so the body of the faithful servitor was tenderly borne in a casket covered with flowers down the aisle by the deacons and the sons of deacons of the church, four of them being men whose parents the faithful "Dan" served before they were born.

I wish some of the New Englanders who have ever misunderstood the bond of sympathy existing between the darkeys of the old school and their masters, and their master's sons, could have dropped in and seen the white congregation on one side of the church mingling their tears with these of the colored people across the aisle, as fitting words of tribute fell from the lips of the young man whose forbears belonged to the F.F.V.'s of Virginia. I am not going at this late date to try and defend slavery, but the whole wonderful way in which the white people of Eufaula turned out to honor the memory of Daniel Walker recalls the fact that before the war there was so much good fellowship between the whites and negroes in the churches, and the white ministers took a warm interest in the religious welfare of the slaves. The church buildings were always constructed so that both races could worship together. They were baptized by the same minister, they sat down together at the same communion table; they heard the same sermon, sang the same songs, were converted at the same meetings, and were baptized at the same time. Knowing this to be true, I set down here the story of how after the lapse of more than fifty years, a picture from the past was re-acted in Eufaula, and no one thought it strange."

(Frank Willis Barnett)
In Age Herald, by Request)

Gertha Course

Project # 3610

Federal Writers Project WPA Page # 1.

Noteworthy Occurances Among Negroes During Reconstruction. "One of Eufaula's Heroes".

(Photo)

Ransom Lynn, Slave.

The first of this story is given by Mrs, Ed Dantzler, daughter of William Bray, and the last part by Mrs. Ed Long, daughter of Chauncey Rhodes, both now residing in Eufaula.

It was at the bloody battle of Appomattox, in the thickest of the fight, where the dead and the dying were; that William Bray felt some one pulling him by the arm and turning saw a young negro holding ^{the} dying boy, it was young lieutenant Lynn of Virginia and Ransom was his "Body Servant" that had been with him throughout the war. He was in the Cavalry. Bray helped carry ^{the wounded boy} him off the field and for days nursed him with the help of Ransom, but he died ~~in his arms,~~ and William Bray said he had never seen greater grief and devotion than that of the slave, Ransom, for his young master. Lieut. Lynn knew he was dying and gave Ransom to William Bray. ^{Bray} He had a leave of absence and he brought him home to Eufaula to his wife. They built him a home and he married ^{the negro girl} "Mandy". ^{and is} He had several children, Sam Lynn, his son still residing ^{now} in Eufaula, a fisherman by trade. For years ^{Ransom} he worked for the Brays and was their carriage driver. Several years after the war they sold their horses and carriage and he became carriage driver then for Chauncey Rhodes.

Ransom was a lover of horses and little boys, and all the little boys in the neighborhood were his friends.

Jamie was the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Rhodes. He ~~was a lad of~~ ^{five year old} five. One day Ransom was plowing one of the horses in the garden. The large stable had a loft above filled with hay. He said he smelt smoke and looking up, to his horror, saw a flame coming from the top, and Jamie and another little playmate, Donald Robinson, dancing and clapping their hands with glee. The

Noteworthy Occurences Among Negroes During
Reconstruction.

negro rushed madly to the steps but it was a roaring inferno. He then climbed up the side of the building and rescued the two little boys. ^{explained that} Jamie ~~said~~, "He made a cunning little fire and ^{had run} ran up in the loft to see it burn." The negro had no time to call for help in his desperate effort to save the little boys. He saved the lives of both but they were badly burned. It was a year before Jamie could walk. Ransom was ~~left~~ a cripple for life. His feet were so terribly burned, he could never work again. But Mr. Rhodes took care of him until his son became a man and then Jamie cared for him until his death. His loyalty to Lieut. Lynn as a slave was splendid and as an ex-slave, he was a hero.

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Washington Copy,

8/12/37.

L. H.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT OF ALABAMA, 505 COURTHOUSE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA., WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT ADMINISTRATION OFFICE, WPA.

Myrtle Miles.....State Director
G. L. Clark.....Editor
E. F. Harper.....Associate Editor
Mary Jo Clinton..Art Editor

This is a volunteer activity for the purpose of increasing our facility and efficiency as writers. Project workers all over the state are invited to submit material for publication.

HELP WANTED

It is the aim, always, of the staff of 'Bama Scripts to improve the publication in every way possible. To do that we need your help, in the way of constructive criticism. This is not a bid for pats on the editorial back. We want to know what change you feel would make our journal better.

Most of you may have heard the story of the colored preacher who, at the end of his pastoral year, called for a vote from his flock on the matter of preaching for the coming year. Here was his way of phrasing the question: "Bredren, has Ah been a good shepherd to dis flock dis las' pas' yeah?" He had not been popular so there was no response. "Den, bredren, does yo' want me foh yo' pastoh for an-uddah yeah?" The silence continued so he paused, then announced: "Silence gibbs consent, so Ah's yo' pastoh foh de nex' yeah!"

Likewise, as long as you remain silent, we will continue on the assumption that you are pleased with the present 'Bama Scripts. It's the pig which does the squealing gets the corn you know.

This is not the state director's magazine, or the editorial staff's magazine, it is our magazine. The staff is only the cooks. You readers are the ones who eat the porridge, so don't forget to tell us when the flavor is not right.

THE ALABAMA GUIDE

A bill has been introduced in the State Legislature providing for a loan to permit publication of our Alabama Guide at state expense. The loan would be repaid through sale of copies of the Guide.

GREETINGS

With this number John Proctor Mills, research editor of the Montgomery project and a poet of distinction, joins our contributors as does the Mobile project supervisor and authority on early history, Francois Ludgere Diard. Welcome, Mr. Mills and Mr. Diard!

Are you working on your mss. for the STORY competition? The editor is struggling with his, and doing very poorly, thank you.

MOBILE'S FAMOUS AZALEA TRAIL

By Francois Ludgere Diard

On Sunday, February 14, 1937, Mobile's ninth annual Azalea Trail was officially opened by Miss Cornelia McDuffie, queen of the Mardi Gras. She cut the pink ribbon spanning St Joseph Street at St. Francis, admitting a cavalcade of 200 automobiles led by a motorcycle escort. The Azalea Trail has become a nationally known flower festival.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

"MAN'S FAIREST HOPE"

By Dr. Leslie Lee Gwaltney
(Reviewed by G. L. Clark)

Some books, like some men, are late in receiving just recognition. "Man's Fairest Hope" is such a book.

Dr. Gwaltney, the author, is widely known as minister, editor and young people's leader. After years of distinguished service as pastor of various Baptist

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(Continued next page)

"Aunt Georgia", Ex-Slave.

There is something impressive about the presence of persons of quality of real merit; be it the king on his throne, the priest in his functions or the judge on the bench, but around none of these is that atmosphere more evident than around one of the old-time slaves whose early associations were in intimate contact with the flower of the white race in the South. Particularly is this true of those Negroes who were brought up as house servants in those mansions where culture and good breeding were in such thorough evidence. It was but natural that manners and customs of the refined white people should be acquired and absorbed as their own by those slaves so fortunate as to be chosen for duties in a sphere so intimately associated with the family life, nor is it to be wondered that the few remaining members of that race should carry throughout lives now nearing the century mark, the impressions and lessons of that truly "golden era,"

Typical of that era and its customs, we find "Aunt" Georgia Flournoy, now in her ninetieth year, alert in mind and fairly active - only her snow-white hair testifying to her advanced age. "Aunt Georgia," as she is affectionately called by a legion of friends, lives on Orange Street in Eufaula, and readily gave me this account of her early life and surroundings: "Honey, my Old Marster was Americus Mitchell, and I was born at 'Elmoreland', near Gelnville. My mother died when I was born, and my Old Mistis, Mary Mitchell, raised me in de 'big house' (and it is a big house - Elmoreland is one of the finest examples of antebellum homes in Alabama), and I was named after ~~her~~ Old Marster's sister, Miss Georgia Mitchell. I was raised a house girl and slept in Miss Georgia's room and wore good clean clothes all de time, cause I was a nurse maid and did not associate wid de common niggers. I nussed de white babies, en lubbed em much as dey own folks did. When freedom come I stayed right on wid Old Mistis, tell Old Marster died en she moved to Eufaula to live with her son, "Marse Merry."

I asked Aunt Georgia if she remembered much about the war:

"Honey, dey say 'de Yankees is comin, de Yankees is comin' en us sho was scared"

(It was General Grierson marching from Mobile to Eufaula) We driv all de horses, en cows en hogs to de swamp on de north creek (Chewalla) en dey took de feather beds down dar too en hid em under bresh (brush) en leaves. My Mistis tied her trinkets (jewels) in sacks en put em in

"JESUS HAS MYCHILLUN COUNTED."

(Photo)

Eufaula

I walked along a dusty road under the blazing sun. In the shade of a willow tree a Negro man was seated with his legs drawn up and his arms crossed upon his knees. His head rested face downward upon his arms, *and* as he had the aspect of one in deep slumber. Beside him munching on a few straggly weeds, a cantankerous mule took little notice of his surroundings.

"Can you tell me where Aunt Molly Ammond lives?" I asked in a loud voice. The Negro stirred slowly, finally raising his head, and displaying three rabbit teeth, he accompanied his answer with a slight gesture of his hand.

"Yassuh, dar her house raght across de road; de house wid de climb'n' roses on hit."

"Thank you," I said.

"Yassuh," was the drawled response, and the Negro quickly resumed his former posture.

Aunt Molly Ammonds is as gentle as a little child. Her voice is soft and each phrase measured to the slow functionings of her aged mind.

"Honey," she said, "you ain't gwinter believe dis, but I is de mammy of thirty chilluns. Jesus got 'em counted an' so is me. I ^{was} ~~wuz~~ bawn in a log cabin dat had a loft, an' it ^{was} ~~wuz~~ on Marse Lee Cato's plantation five miles wes' of Eufaula. My pappy's name wuz Tobe Cato an' my mammy's ^{was} ~~wuz~~ Sophia. I had one sister, Marthy, an' two brothers, Bonh ^G and Toge. My pappy made all de furniture dat went in our house an' it were might good furniture too. Us useta cook on de ^{stove} ~~fire~~ place. Us would cook ash cakes. Dey wuz made outen meal, water and a little pinch of lard; on Sundays dey wuz made outen flour, buttermilk an' lard. Mammy would rake all de ashes out de ^{stove} ~~fire~~ place, den kivver de cake wid

de hot ashes an' let it cool till it ^{was} done.

"Yas Missy," she continued, ^{if} I recollects dat I wuz 'bout twelve or fo'teen when de s'render come, kaze a little after dat I ma'ied Pastor Ammonds. We walked ober to Georgetown an' it ^{was} de fust time I eber had shoes, and I got den fum ole Massa. I remember ^{dat} I ma'ied in a striped calico dress."

"Aunt Molly," I said, "you're getting a little ahead of your story, tell me something about your plantation life before the war."

"Well, honey, Massa Lee's place was 'bout three miles long an' two miles wide, and we raised cotton, cawn, 'taters and all sorts of vegetables. We had a mean oberseer dat always wanted to whup us, but massa wouldn't 'llow no whuppin'. Sometimes de massa would ride over de place on a hoss, an' when he come up on de oberseer a-fussin' at a nigger, Massa say, 'Don't talk rough to dat nigger when he doin' de bes' he can.'"

"My pappy had a little garden of his own back of his cabin, an' he raised some chickens for us to eat, an' we had eigs nearly ev'y mornin'."

"De only work I done on de plantation ^{was} to muss some little niggers when dere many an' pappy wuz in de fiel's. I warn't hard."

"Nawuh! I ain't never seed no slave in chains. Massa Lee wuz a good man. He had a church built called de brush house, dat had a flo' and some seats, an' a top made outen pine boughs, an' massa's pa, Mr. Gato, would preach eve'y Sunday. We sung songs lak 'I Heered De Voice Of Jesus Say,' an' 'I'se Gwine Home to Die no Mo'. We ^{was} all babtized in de creek, but none of us ^{was} taught to read or write.

"No-suh, I ain't never seed no slave run away. Us ^{was} treated fine. Our folks ^{was} quality. We had plenty som'n t'eat, but den slaves hadda work powerful hard though. Atter dey come home fum de

fiel's dey ^{was} so tired dat dey go raght to sleep, except when de massa had barbecues. Christmas ^{was} de big time; dere ^{was} several days to res' an' make merryin' an' lots of dem no count niggers got drunk.

"When de slaves ^{was} sick, Massa Lee would send to Mufaula to fetch Dr. Thornton to give us some medicine. We had de bes' treatment ever.

"Yassuh, white folks, dem days is long ago. All my chilluns done died or wandared away an' my ole man been dead goin' on twenty years. I been here a long time by myself."

"Aunt Molly," I interrupted. "There's one thing I've always been wanting to ask one of you ex-slaves, and that is: what you thought of people like Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis and Booker T. Washington."

A puzzled expression came over the face of the old Negro. "White folks," she said after a moments deliberation, "I don't believes I is had de pleasure of meetin' dem gent'mens."

Wash. Copy,

5/25/37.

L. H.

Sketch of "Aunt" Josephine Cummings, Ex-Slave.

She claims to be the oldest negro in Eufaula, (but you cant tell). Says she is ninety four. Was born in North Georgia, on a plantation above Atlanta. Lives now in Eufaula with a great-granddaughter. Belonged to "Marse Rogers".

She said, "After surrender, Marse Rogers moved to dis country, (meanigg Alabama) and bought a plantation twix Marse Josiah Flourney's and General Toney's. Said his plantation jined theirs." She said she was a nurse-maid all of her life, never was a "field nigger". I asked her id she saw any soldiers. Said she saw atthousands", said she and her Mistis and her Mistis baby hid in de swamps three days while Sherman and his army were passing, Marse Rogers was in "Virginny" and when they got bach home, there was nothing left but a well, every thing had been burned, home, smoke house, everything. She said this well was a "dry well" where they kept butter and milk and meats in the Summer to keep things cool. Said those three days her little brother hid in this well, while the soldiers were passing. She said, "Fore God, Missey, when we got dat little nigger out ob dat well, he had almost turned white".

Aunt Josephine is still "nurse maid". She rocks her great-great-great-grandchildren.

Gertie Conner

Sketch of "Aunt" Georgia Flourney, Ex-Slave.

"Aunt" Georgia, about ninety years old, owned by Americus Mitchell. Was born at "Elmoreland" near Glennville. Lives now at Eufaula, Ala, Orange Street. I asked her, "Aunt" Georgia, do you remember your mother?" "No, honey my mother died when I was born and my Mistis Mary Mitchell raised me in de "big house" (and it is a big house, ^{It is one of the finest examples of antebellum homes in Ala} Elmoreland.) I was named atta her sister Miss Georgia Mitchell. I slept in her room, I was a "house nigger", neber went to a nigger church till I was grown and married, didn't 'sociate with niggers, cause I was a nurse maid, and I nursed her last baby, Molly. I stayed right on after freedom, I neber left my Mistis. Stayed dar til old ^{Marse} ~~Marse~~ died and my Mistis moved to Eufaula to live with her son, "Marse Herry".

I asked Aunt Georgia if she remembered much about the War. She said, "Honey, dey say de yankees is coming, dey yankees is coming, us sho was scared. (It was the Federal General Grieson marching from Mobile to Eufaula). All de cows and horses and hogs we driv to ^{de} swamp down on de north creek, (Chewalla) and dey took de fether beds down there too and hid em under "brash and leaves. (These swamps were good hiding places). My Mistis tied her trinkets (jewels) in sacks and put dem in "outlandish" places, in de top of de hay loff, and hen house, I disremember now she put in sich funny places,"

"Aunt Georgia where did they hide their silver?" Her answer, "Honey, dey planted it in de fields."

Aunt Georgia's hair is white and her face is sweet.

Gertha Conner

"Aunt Georgia" , Ex-Slave.

There is something impressive about the presence of persons of quality of real merit; be it the king on his throne, the priest in his functions or the ^{judge} ~~statesman~~ on the bench, but around none of these is that atmosphere more evident than around one of the old-time slaves whose early associations were in intimate contact with the flower of the white race in the South. Particularly is this true of those Negroes who were brought up as house servants in those mansions where culture and good breeding were in such thorough evidence. It was but natural that manners and customs of the refined white people should be acquired and absorbed as their own by those slaves so fortunate as to be chosen for duties in a sphere so intimately associated with the family life, nor is it to be wondered that the few remaining members of that race should carry throughout lives now nearing the century mark, the impressions and lessons of that truly "golden era,"

Typical of that era and its customs, we find "Aunt" Georgia Flounoy, now in her ninetieth year, alert in mind and fairly active - only her snow-white hair testifying to her advanced age. "Aunt Georgia," as she is affectionately called by a legion of friends, lives on Orange Street in Eufaula, and readily gave me this account of her early life and surroundings: "Honey, my Old Marster was Americus Mitchell, and I was born at 'Elmoreland', near Gajnnville. My mother died when I was born, and my Old Mistis, Mary Mitchell, raised me in de 'big house' (and it is a big house - Elmoreland is one of the finest examples of ante bellum homes in Alabama), and I was named after ~~her~~ Old Marster's sister, Miss Georgia Mitchell. I was raised a house girl and slept in Miss Georgia's room and wore good clean clothes all de time, cause I was a nurse maid and did not associate wid de common niggers. I nussed de white babies, en lubbed em much as dey own folks did. When freedom come I stayed right on wid Old Mistis, tell Old Marster died en she moved to Eufaula to live with her son, "Marse Merry."

I asked Aunt Georgia if she remembered much about the war:

"Honey, dey say 'de Yankees is comin, de Yankees is comin' en us sho was scared"

(It was General Grierson marching from Mobile to Eufaula) "We driv all de horses, en cows en hogs to de swamp on de north creek (Chewalla) en dey took de feather beds down dar too en hid em under bresh (brush) en leaves. My Mistis tied her trinkets (jewels) in sacks en put em in

sacks en put em in de most "outlandish" places - in de top of d. hay-loft; in de hen house, she put her gold watch under er settin-hen, I disremember all de funky places she did put things.

" Aunt Georgia, where did they hide their silver"?

" Law, Honey, dey planted it in de fields lak it was corn, "en de yankees never did find it, neither."

And over Aunt Georgia's face came a smile of satisfaction that her "white folks" had got the best of the "yankees."

Can one imagine a race problem associated with people like Aunt Georgia and her legions of white friends?

A peculiarity of "Aunt Georgia's" speech, is use of perfect English as used by her Master's family, for a sentence or two and then she will drop into something like the vernacular of the Negroes among whom she now lives. She even detects the difference herself and plainly tries to use her early training in speech, when talking to white people.

Ex-Slaves.

Uncle Gabe Hines. Was paid 50¢ a Month by a
"Gentleman from de North".

Uncle Gabe has had a stroke and is very feeble, but he "members lot
bout Slavery time, and Missy, dem wuz happy times". He said he was "birthed"
at Cussets, Georgia and his "Marster" was "Marse William Shipp and Mistis, "Miss
Mary. His Daddy was Gabe Hines and his Mammy was named Hetty. He was old
enough to be "Water Toter" on the plantation. After "Freedom" Uncle Gabe
moved to "Silver Run" and there he married Anna. Anna died nine years ago
and Gabe has been a very lonely old negro since. They never had any children.

Gabe talks freely about Reconstruction. He said after he and Anna
married, and they "wuz freed niggers, a white gentleman from de North come
by their house at Silver Run and tuk um to Columbus, Ga." He said he was
guina pay dem fine wages." The fine wages was "fifty cents a month", the
first money Uncle Gabe and Aunt Anna had ever seen. They were slaves and
had no use for money. This "Fine gentleman from de North" let them live in
a little "out house", not a little log cabin in the pines, "lak dey had at
Silver Run, with honeysuckles and a garden and chickens". Mr X. from the
North was a Carpet bagger that had come to Columbus, Ga. after "Wilson's
Raid". (He was not a "gentleman from the North").

This is Uncle Gabe's story: "He and Anna were setting before de fire
and de wind wuz blowin and de lightening flashing. Dey heard sumfin stompin,
dey tipped to de door and dar wuz a million horses, ^{kivered in white} with dey eyes poking out,
and setting on dem horses wuz men kivered in white just lak dem horses with
dey eyes poking out, and de Capin he held de flamin cross. Lord Missey, me
and my old omen wuz so scared us just fell on our po old knees and axt out

Ex-Slaves.

Uncle Gabe Hines.

Marster in Heaven to help us. De fust thing us knowed dem Ku Klux had "de gentleman from de North" settin on one of dem horses and tuk him some whar, us neber seed him no more. His wife left next day for de North, she say she wouldn't sociate with Columbus ladies, case ~~they~~ wuz po. Me and my old omen knowed dey wuz po, cause Wilson had ruin't Columbus, but Missey us had rather been po, den "po white trash", lak dat omen from de North".

After that Uncle Gabe and Aunt Anna moved to Eufaula. They walked the entire way. Anna had a sister living there.

For forty years Gabe worked for the city. Anna worked as an expert wash woman.

Gertha Conner

[Susan] RUSSELL. [Editor]
Gertha COURIC, writer

Barbour County

Old Gabe had been long in this world--close to one hundred years. He had encountered many experiences, but one had out-lasting all the others--even the stroke that made him older and more feeble. That experience had caused Gabe and his "ole 'oman" to stray far from the fold--and to walk all the way back to its shelter.

That was back in Reconstruction days, when he was not "bandy in his knees"--and long before Anna left him alone in his cabin with just memories of earlier and happier days .

Gabe was "birthed in Cusseta, Georgia," the son of two faithful old slaves, Hetty and Gabe Hines, and they "all 'longed to Marsa William Shipp, an' Miss Ma'y."

"Endurin' of de Wah, I was big enuff to be water toter on de plantation. No, Li'l Missy, I doan 'zactly know how old I is 'ceptin' by de squeakin an' achin' of my bones. I'members lots 'bout doze days--dem was happy times, Li'l Missy. Arter we all wuz freed, I went to Silver Run to live, and thar I mahied Anna.... She lef me nine yeahs ago, an' that broke the happiness. I miss her ev' whar, jes' keep a-missin' her tho nine yeahs hev gone sence dey tuk her from de cabin an' lef' her up thar on ~~the~~ ^{de} hill..... Dere's nights when de mis'ry in dese ol' bones jist gits past standin', an on sich nights she come ter me and help me wid de linnymint jes' as she uster do. But she caint stay long when she come.

" I wuz a-tellin' yer 'bout Silver Run. Arter we wuz mahied and wuz gittin' us't ter bein' free niggahs, an happy in our cabin, one night a gen'ulman frum de no'th wuz to see us, an' he tol' us if we'd go wid him, he'd pay us big wages and gin us a fine house ter boot.

"Fer two nights we sot dere by dat chimbly er thinkin' er sight, to do or to don't. Ponderin' this way and tother one. Den we cided ter go. We lef ev'y thin' thar, ceptin' whut we tied up in a bandana han'chief, and tied thet onto a stick, fer de gen'ulman frum de no'th wouldn't let us take no baggage. We wuz goin' ter Columbus Geo'gia.

"Li'l Missy, when we got thar whar he wuz a-takin' us, we foun' the big wages to be fifty cents a month, and dat fine house tu'ned out ter ~~be~~ ^{be mo'} like a stable. Instid of our cabin and gyarden, and chickens, and our trees, we had this turrrible place, right out under the hot sun. wid watah miles away down a hill.

"Missy, I nebber will be able to tell myself whut made us do hit no mo' den I'll ebber be able ter tell how skeered I wuz one night when de wind howled, an' the light'nin' sprayin' ober de hull place, an' de rain wuz so turrrible hit was a-sobbin' in de fiah. We knowed de debbil wuz ridin' de win' dat night.

"We wuz a sittin' thar befo' the fiah, me an my ol' 'oman, when we heerde stompin like a million horses hed stopped out side de do. We tipped to de do an' peeked out, an' li'l Missy wut we seed was so turrrible our eyes jes' mos' popped out our haid. Dere wuz a million hosses all kivered in white, wid dey eyes po'lin' out. An a-settin' on de hosses wuz men kivered in white too, tall as giants, an' dey eyes ~~wuz~~ wuz a-pokin' out too. Dere wuz a leader, an' he heldt a bu'ning cross in his hand.

"When we seed dat, we fell on our po' knees, skeered mos' ter defan we axed the Great Marsa to holp two po' ol' niggahs, an' holp 'em quick.

"De fust thin' we knowed dem KuKluxes had de gen'ulmen frum de no'th out of his hidin' place 'hind our house, an a-settin' on one of dem hosses. Dey nebber spoke wid him. Dey jes' tuk him off somewhar, we nebber knowed whar, but he din't come back no mo'.

"Li'l Missy, we heerd arterwards dat dis gen'ulman from de no'th wuz no qual'ty ~~stupid~~ a-tall. Dat he wuz de wust leadah of all de debilmint bein' done, one of dem carpet-baggin' men.

"Nex' day arter de KuKluxes cotched dis man, his wife lef Columbus in great haste, sayin' she couldn't sociate wid de Columbus ladies caze dey was so po. Dey was po! Dey is no denyin' thet fac.

We wuz all po' caze the Yankees done ruint Columbus. But, li'l Missy, dey's a big dif'ence in being po' and qual'ty an' being ~~po'~~ ^{jes'} po' white trash.

"What did I do in late yeahs? Well, li'l Missy, we lef Columbus arter whut happen'd an' we ~~walked~~ ^{walked} to Eufaula, whar twas safe ter be. For forty yeahs I wuked fer the city and Anna, she tuk in washin'. Endurin' dat time we wuz gettin' along pretty likely, when one day Gabriel blew his horn fer Anna, and Gabe was lef' alone.....

"My ol' 'oman's gone, ... Li'l Missy, mos' ev'y one I knowed is daid. Dis heah cabin ain' home ter me no mo'. Hits lonely ev'y whar. Maybe I'd orter be thinkin' 'bout Canaan, but hits ol' times crowds dis ol' darkey's heart..... Li'l Missy, may be whin I gits ter whar Anna is, hit will be ol' times all ovah agin."

Henry Bohannon- Ex-Slave.

Henry Bohannon is the son of Mary and Jim Bohannon. He was born on the plantation of Mr. Alex Bohannon which was located where the eastern part of Atlanta, Georgia is now located. The plantation consisted of about five hundred acres in cultivation and about one hundred acres that were used for pastures for the live stock. Mr. Bohannon kept the plantation stocked with about one hundred and fifty hogs and about fifteen cows.

Henry's mother was the cook for the master's family. Because he was too young to work in the field Henry was given the job of "house boy". His duties were to help his mother in the house, take the corn to the mill to be ground, and go for the mail.

The slaves lived in what was called the slaves quarters. This was a group of log cabins with a larger cabin that was used as a dining room for all the slaves at noon. The slaves were required to prepare their own breakfast and supper in their cabin before day and after dark. The cabins were nice. There was a bed, some chairs, a table and a large open fire place where the cooking was done. These things were homemade. The bed had a high head and foot board and two boards for the sides. A kind of rope or heavy cord was fastened to the sides, head, and foot and woven together in the form of a net. This was the only kind of springs that they had.

Henry was too young to hunt but he went fishing almost every day. Fish were plentiful. There was plenty of wild game for the slaves who were old enough to hunt. The slaves worked hard and did not hunt much except at night. They did more possum hunting than any other kind.

The slaves were called at four in the morning and worked until dark. The women were made to work in the fields with the men. The only ones that did not have to go to the field were the cooks. These women were good cooks and had plenty of vegetables, meats and wild game to cook. The slaves worked all day every day except Sunday. They were given Sunday off and allowed to go to church. The church and school were in the same building. The children went to school in it all week and they all went to church on Sunday. The children were allowed to go to school only until they were old enough to go to the field. All they ever learned was to read and write. The master bought a negro preacher and a teacher.

Henry does not know where his mother and father came from. They were bought separately by Mr. Bohannon and were married on the plantation where he was born. He had two brothers and two sisters all of whom are dead. Henry went to an auction of slaves with his master once and watched them sold. The auction block was a scaffold higher than a man's head. The slaves were put on this and the auctioneer would ask for the plantation owners to bid on them. Henry said that one bid reached a thousand dollars.

Henry says that there were overseers on the plantation but he did not see them often because he took his orders from the master. The slaves did not try to run away often but when they did the overseers took blood hounds to catch them. There was only one that was not caught and that was because the slave made friends with the dog that caught him and they could not get him to follow the trail. Henry said that was the only time he knew of one getting away. When the slave that had run away was brought back he was chained to a tree and whipped until his back and nose and mouth were bloody. As a general rule the master had overseers that were good to the slaves.

At the time of the war Henry says that he did not see many Yankees. There were some that passed the plantation from time to time but he did not see an army of them together. He says that his father went to fight for his master. When the slaves were told of their freedom

The Story of Aunt Etta Booth, Ex-Slave.

Aunt Etta Booth, claims to be ninety-four years of age. She is very feeble, can hardly take a step. She lives with her granddaughter, a woman about sixty. Her Marster was "Marse John", John P. Booth, born 1806, the son of Col. David Booth, His father served under General Jackson and died in Eufaula many, many years ago.

November 22, 1836, he made Eufaula his home, and in 1837 was elected Major-General of militia. He died in Eufaula May, 23, 1851.

General Booth was liberally endowed by nature. He gave up his public life and practiced law.

Aunt Etta said her "Ma" was de head house nigger, she curled her Mistis hair, 'Mistis Dewitt, morning and evening,' and she had over sixty curls". She said when "Marse John" died she and her "Ma" and her four brothers were sold to Prof. John McIntosh in 1858, President of Union Female College, (First President) at Eufaula. Prof. McIntosh was forced by reverses of the War Between the States, to give up his labors here and removed to Columbus, Ga.

"My Ma died soon latter us moved to de college. I liked de country, whar I was born, Mount Level, lots more den de city. De young misseys at de college sho was good to me. I washed and pressed dey clothes, and dey sho paid me good." She continued to reminisce: "When my mammy died, dey sho give her a fine funeral, "marse Fessor" read de ceremony and all dem little missey gals brung flowers. Hit sho was a grand funeral and I and my bruvvers sot on de front seat, My mammy made de best beaten biscuit and de best pound cake of air nigger in "New-faller", den my mammy was so good, she luf every body, every body, cept "po white trash".

Aunt Etta's days are numbered.

Gertha Connie

Sketch of "Uncle" Allen Brown, Ex-Slave.

Born in "Virginney" and brought to "this country". Every ex-slave I have interviewed speaks of one state to another as, "this country".

His age. I asked Uncle Allen how old he was. He said, "Mistis, I is nigh to a hundred". He says he rembers when he first carried the horses when he was a atable boy.

His "Marster" in Virginia went to Texas and "brung" he and his "Ma" to "this country" and sold them to "Marster McRae", then his Marster "give" him to Miss Julia, she married Marse Henry Young. Henry Young and Miss Julia McRae had a few years of happiness. "Uncle" Allen was the carriage driver. Then Henry Young left his young wife and was killed in the Battle of Gettysburg.

"Uncle" Allen's hearing is bad and that is one of his greatest difficulties. It has been several years now since he has been actively engaged in work.

He is taken care of by ~~XXXXXX~~ Relief of Barbour County.

In his day he was one of Eufaula's High Steppers, "Carriage Driver". He was an ex-slave, gardner, and also a house servant and is now a retired respectable ex-slave that every one loves.

Gertha Coonie

Alabama

mailed 4-23-37
Georgia Courier
Eufaula, Alabama

WHEN SHERMAN PASSED THROUGH

Aunt Josephine claims to be the oldest Negro in Eufaula.

She says she was born ninety-four years ago in North Georgia on

a plantation above Atlanta. She lives now in Eufaula, Alabama

with a great-granddaughter.

"I used to belong to Marse Rogers," she said. "After sur-

render, Marse Rogers moved to dis country, and bought a planta-

tion 'twixt Marse Josiah Flourney's and General Toney's. He

said his plantation j'ined theirs." She was a nurse-maid all

of her life, even in Slave days, and never was a "field nigger."

Asked if she saw any soldiers during the war she said she saw

"thousands."

"I and my Mistis and her baby hid in de swamps three days

while Sherman and his army was passin' through," she explained.

"Marse Rogers was in Virginny and when he got back home, there

wasn't nothin' left but a well. Everything had been burned up.

De house was gone and so was de smoke house; everything." She

added that the well was a "dry well" where melons and butter and

milk and mests were placed, in Summer, to keep them cool.

"Those three days my little brother hid in this well, while

the soldiers were passin'," she said.

"Fore God, Missy," she exclaimed, "when we got dat little

nigger out ob dat well, he had almost turned white!"

Aunt Josephine is still a "nurse maid." She rocks her great-

great-great-grandchildren.

Wash. Copy
R.L.D.
4-23-37

Sketch of Gus Askew, Ex-Slave.

Gus Askew. (The Village Blacksmith). Born in Henry County, is eighty four years old.

Was owned by the Edwards family. Gus Askew is one of the most respected negroes in Eufaula. He removed here when he was about fourteen years old. "After surrender", and for fourteen years worked under "Joe Sturgis" (negro), Eufaula's first blacksmith. That was where he learned his trade, Joe being the first blacksmith, Gus the second. He says he was too young to remember much of the Slavery period, but he remembers General Grierson marching through Eufaula.

Gus Askew and his wife have lived together fifty four years, they have five children and many grandchildren. Gus hasn't worked for over a year. His health is not so good. He owns his home on Van Buren Street and quite a lot of property. He says his trade was a hard one, he got up with the sun. But automobiles and trucks have just about put the blacksmith out of business. One of the sons now runs his shop, but he said he did not do much.

Gus Askew is highly respected, not only by his own race but among the white people, many of whom are his sincere friends. His intellect is keen and his memory fine for all past events of Eufaula of most a century.

Leonard - 3836

Gertha Conner

G. Askew, ex-slave of Eufaula

4-23-37
Bertha Cowie
Puttensen Margone

"Dat was one time when de ban' was playin' and flags was flyin' dat us lil' niggers didn't get no joy outen it," Gus Askew smiled at the thought of the occasion as he sat on the sunny steps of his comfortable house in Eufaula. Gus was telling about the investment of Eufaula during the War between the States.

"Gen'l Grierson and his men marched right through town," Gus went on with his story of his boyhood. "Mr. Lincoln done said we was free, but us lil' niggers was too skeered to lissen to any band music, even when the sojers had come to set us free. 'Pears like us was allu' gittin' in somebody's way in dem days and gettin' skeered of somepin.' But we went on away from the sojers and had a good time 'mongst ourselves like we always done when there wasn't any cotton pickin'. Cotton pickin' time was when we didn't have any chance to do any playin'.

"After the surrender I didn't have to do any more cotton pickin' and I went blacksmithin' for Joe Sturgis. He was the first blacksmith in dis here town. I was the second. Now my son ^{done} took on de work. They ain't so much sence all dese here automobiles done got so plentiful and ^{might} nigh ruint de business. But for seventy years I riz wid de sun and went to dat blacksmith shop. ^{is} I ^{is} enjoying a little misery now, so I ^{is} takin' my rest."

Gus Askew was born a slave of the Edwards family in Henry County in 1853. He was brought to Eufaula just before the close of the war and stayed on as a blacksmith after he was freed. In his seventy years of hard work he saved enough to buy his home and some property which maintains him and his wife since age and infirmity forced him to turn over the work to his son. He has been married 54 years, ~~and~~ numbers his white friends by the hundreds ~~while~~ and is held in great respect by his own race.

Ex-Slaves.

Aunt Molly Ammonds.

Aunt Molly said she was the mother of "thirty children". She said, "Honey, you aint gwander bleve dis, but Jesus got em counted and so is me". She was born in a log wabin with a loft to it on Marse Lee Cato's plantation five miles on the west side of Eufaula. Her "Pa" was named Tobe Cato and her "Ma" Sophia, She had one sister, Marthy and two brothers, Bong and Toge. She said she remembers well her "Pa" made all their furniture and her "Ma" cooked in the fire place. Their favorite bread was the "ash cake". She said, "Hit et alright for dem times, but I dont like em now". Ash cakes were made out of meal, water and a little pinch of lard; on Sundays they were made from flour, buttermilk and lard, her "Ma" would rake all the ashes out clean then "kiver de ash cake up wid hot ashes til hit was done".

Aunt Molly says as well as she can "recollect" she was about twelve or fourteen when freedom came, "cause she married Pastor Ammonds, dey walked over to Georgetown and hit was de first time she ebber had any shoes, and he got dem for her from his old Marster". Aunt Molly's life on the "quarter" was not as happy as others, "Cause Marse Lee lived in town". She married in a striped calico dress (her Sunday dress) the slaves all wore clothes made of osnaburg. She said, "Marse Lee's plantation was about two and a half miles long and three miles wide, and she remembers two overseers, they were both "po white trash", and mean, one was named "Lee" but "Marse Lee wouldn't low dem to be whipped", she says the overseer worked her "a and Pa so hard, but when Marse Lee and Mistis Marthy would ride out to the plantation in their carriage with their high stepping black horses, then that "mean low down po white trash Lee would act lack he was good".

Her "Pa" could not hunt, had to work too hard, but her "Ma" had a garden "little patch behind the cabin and raised lots of chickens, didn't have no

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cows or pigs, got their milk from the milk house. The only work she ever did during slavery time was to nurse the little niggers on the plantation while their parents were in the fields.

She never saw any cruelty, never saw any slaves in chains. "Marse Lee" had a church built called a "brush house", had a floor and seats, and the top was covered with pine boughs, and Old Man Cato would preach every Sunday, "Marse Lee's Pa". Her ^{"Ma's"} favorite song was "I heard de voice ob Jesus say" and her Pa's "I'ss guine home to die no more". They were baptised in the creek when they "got religion". None of them were ever taught to read or write. No slaves ever ran away, "Marse Lee" was good and they had plenty to eat. After they came home from the fields at night, "they wuz most always so tired they went right to bed except when they had barbecues. Marse Lee had two or three a year for them. Christmas was their big time, they would have several days to rest, but Aunt Molly said, "All dem no count niggers would get drunk".

When any of the slaves were sick "Marse Lee" would send Dr. Thornton from Eufaula to doctor them, and give them medicine.

All of her children are dead or wandered away, her husband, Pastor Ammonds, has been dead, "going on twenty years", she lives in a little rose covered cottage that she owns. I asked Aunt Molly what she thought of Abraham Lincoln, Jefferso Davis, and Booker Washington. She said, "Honey, I aint nebber met any of dem gentlemens".

These Southern planters were rich because the land they owned was of virgin soil of great fertility and the slaves who did all the work contented and happy. The "mean" overseer was few and far between. The products of the plantations satisfied all the wants of the planter and his slaves and the sale

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of the cotton crop gave them ample means for all else that was necessary, therefore they dispensed their hospitality in princely style. Aunt Molly's "Marse Lee Cato" was one of these and his mansion is standing today on College Hill in Eufaula.

Gertha Conner