

Gertha Conrice.  
Barbour County  
Nov. 23, 1937

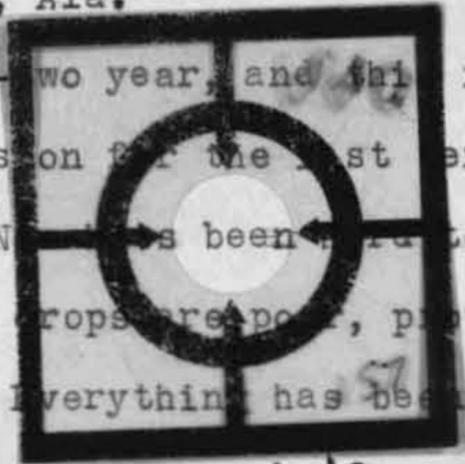
Negro Baptist Preacher.

Rev. James Samuel Francis Perry.

Cowikee St. Eufaula, Ala.

Preaches at Calvary Baptist Church ; New Baptist Church, Comer, Ala.; and Mount Zion Church, Clayton, Ala.

"Missey, I been preaching thirty-two year, and this is the hardest time that ever I did see since the impression for the last ten years. People in the country are suffering fer food. N... has been... to get wood in many places, its 'stricted. This year the crops are poor, provisions are all so high, the weather bad, then insects. Everything has been agin them with the impression. Hit used ter be grand, ten year ago before the impression came. Hit hurst me so ter see my people so po". The tears rolled down his old wrinkled cheeks.



"All ligeon is love. I preached Sunday on the first and second commandments, The first, "To Love The Lord With All Their Heart, All Their Soul, All Their Strength", the second is likewise, "Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself". Upon this is the whole law and the commandments; without this there is no charity".

"My choir is grand, they sings, yes Lord, people just hollows. One of our fav-o-rites is:

"Like a tree planted by the water, I shall not be moved,  
I shall, I shall, I shall not be moved.  
Just like a tree planted by the water,  
I shall not be moved,  
Jesus is my Captain,  
I shall not be moved.  
Just like a tree planted by the water,  
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End. verba.

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"Pastor Gemes"(James).

"Ligeon, Sister, is here, touching his heart, hits in your heart.

"We thank Thee Lord, that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of the truth. We is thankful to de Lord that he took upon himself the form of a man like other man, unto death upon the cross, that we might have life everlasting. May we be brothers of the race. We ask the Lord to teach us ter be willing to forgive as He forgave. Sister, I could preach on and On.

"Our singing is grand. Some of our favorite hynns are: "And the sun will never go down"; "I has a mother over there"; "When the trees are blooming forever" and "The sun will never go down;" If hit wasn't for the Lord, what would I do?"; "Shine on me"; "I wander will the light house shine on me?"; Sister, here's another: "When I get through weeping,

You dont find me no where,

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And I'll be wanting up there.

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Another:

See that Sister dressed so fine,  
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"I raised collection for de poor. I has the "ushers board" and they takes up collection and I does too, has a little table fer de poor that comes before me. I does that every Sunday in my four churches. "

There is not a better negro than the Rev. Robert James. He has the love and devotion of his people. He is a godly man; he is always where there is

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"I is worried bout my old omen. She is sick with the Malarial fever. I had Dr. McCoo last week and he is treating her. She is so good and kind. Everybody loves her. She has show made er grand pastor's wife, Always ready ter give ter her last crust of bread."

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Barbours County  
Nov. 23, 1937

Project # 4454

Federal Writers Project WPA Page # 1

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2nd. Verse.

Though my friends may all forsake me,  
I shall not be moved,  
Just like a tree planted by the water,  
I shall, I shall, I shall not be moved.

Another fav-o-rite.

Lead Me To The Rock.

Thats higher than I,  
Rock so high ye cant go over hit,  
Cant go,  
Rock so low, ye cant go under hit.  
Cant go,  
Rock so broad, ye cant go round hit,  
Cant go,  
Rock so wide, ye cant go through hit,  
Cant go,

Oh, lead me my Lord, on, lead me my  
Lord, oh lead me my Lord,

Lead me ter the rock that is higher than I."

"I was born in Russell County, but raised in Barbour by Dr. Drewry in his  
back yard. I was his buggy boy and stayed there until I started to preach.  
My Pa was body guard ter Col. Perry of Glennville, Ala. Went through the  
War with him. My Ma was their cook.

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Cowikee St. Eufaula, Ala.

"I married Willie Jones in Dr. Drewry's back yard. We has four chillun. One lives in Chicago and my tother son, Willie lives in De-troit. Theys dont send us any money. Hit takes they's best ter live. Willie, my wife, is a splendid wash-omen and with what she makes and the little money I makes, we gits along. My flock gives me food stuff when deys has hit. Oh, Missey, but theys po.

"Missey, I wuz just a little nigger when my Pa came back from de War; 'bout eight years old. I spec, but my Ma used ter tell us bout hit. Yer know I told yer my Pa wuz Col. Perry's body-guard. Yes'um, atter freedom my Pa and Col. Perry hadder walk all de way back from Virginy. Hit didn't hurt my Pa's foots, case he wuz used ter going barefooted, but my Marster's foots jist bled; his shoes all full ob holes; done wore out. Hit tuk em er long time ter git dar. My Pa never left his old Marster. Stayed right with him, til he died. The our Missus, she died and us moved here with Dr. Drewry. My Pa died soon atter Col. Perry died. I think he died from grief. He would have died air day fer his old Marster. Glennville wuz er fine place in dem days. Had two big millinary(military) schools dar; big hotels and everything. Aint got nothing now. De War done dat.

"I disremember much before de War. I does remember though them young white boys marching and marching through the streets with gray suits on with all shiney buttons. I thinks them buttons and strops on de Cap'ns shoulders wuz all pur gold. And I does member de drums. Lordy, how they did beat! All the time they wuz learing them young boys how to fight dem Yankees. I members atter freedom lots better. My Ma told us us had surrendered. I never will

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Cowikee St. Eufaula, Ala.

He wuzn't scared ob no po white trash Yankees. His Pa wuz de first Governor fergit dat. Everybody wuz crying and taking on mightily; eben us little niggers. Us did not want to be free. No, Missey, hit hurted us too.

"I show members when de Yankee soldiers passed through Glennville. I ain't never been dat scared in all ob my life. Word came from Eufaula de day before dat us had surrendered. Ef hit hadn't been fer dat, dey would have burnt up alde houses and kilt every body, but dey done er plenty. Dey took all us had ter eat. We didn't know in time ter hide our victuals. Our hams(he always speaks of everything as ours), our side meat, our meal. Dem Yankees said hit wuz de spills ob War; dat dey had to have hit to feed the soldiers. Now de silver and jewelries had been hid er long time; kivered up with dirt in boxes down de dry well. Yankees wouldn't know what er dry well wuz. They think hit wuz full ob water. When de Yankees cum thru, us little niggers didn't see em. No, Missey, us too scared. All us hid in de swamp by de creek. Us drive de cows and de horses down dar ter keep de Yankees from stealing dem. Dey wuzn't hardly no men folks in Glennville den, excusing old men dat could hardly walk and little boys. Dey had all gone to de War. My Ma said dem Yankee soldiers wuz all er-riding black horses. Hit wuz de Caverius(Calvary). Dey think dey wuz too fine ter walk. When dey pass thru on de way ter Eufaula Col. Treutland wuz riding in his carriage coming home. He thunk he was guin'ter git thar fore de Yankees come, and what you reckon? Dem Yankees cut de horses frum de carriage and driv em on with dem and left Col. Treutland settin dar all by hisself. Made Mose, his carriage driver ride one ob de horses and pull de tother ter Eufaula. Dey says what Col. Treutland tole dem Yankees aint writ in er book.

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"I nebber went to school but our Mistis teached us our A.B.C.'s. Den atter dat my Ma had er first reader and I learnt ter read dat and I kept on trying. Den Dr. Drewry seed I wanted ter learn and he learnt me how ter write. Ef hit hadn't been fer dat I never could have preached abour our Lord. I has read de Bible through time and agin. No, Missey, I ain't got much education but praise de Lord, I kin expound de Scriptures.

"I sent all my Chillan ter school. Deys got more education and I is proud ob hit."

"I is proud dat I is er preacher ob de Gospel and proud dat I kin work fer my Lord."

Gertha Currie.  
Barlow County  
Nov. 23, 1938

Project # 4454

Federal Writers Project WPA Page # 1.

Negro Baptist Preacher.

"Pastor Gemes"(James)

Rev. Robert James, Route # 2, P.O.Box 15, Hoboken, Eufaula, Ala.

"I was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Brought here when I was a baby. My father was Durn James and my mother Sarah James. I was born August 1876. I was just nineteen years old when I started preaching. I have been in the ministry now about fort-three years; always in Alabama.

"Two living children; two dead.

"I am now pastor of four churches, "Friendship" at Hatchuchubbee; "Thankful" at Eufaula; White Oak Chapel", near Clayton; "Humble Zion", Spring Hill. Preach one Sunday at each. I have a car but its giving down now and I guin'ter try and get another. My flocks have always hoped me when they could. Now they are mostly all poor. They ain't got no money but they give me food stuff if they got it. Many dont have it. Dont have nothing. They gives me chickens, corn, taters, hog-meat in Winter. We have our baptising in August and September. Its been too cold ter baptise. I's baptised as many as forty-five at er time. Its er grand sight.

"I think some of my best sermons are First Romans, 10th Chapter, 10th, Verse. "For with the heart man believes unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation", Now we git our subject: Faith and Belief. That takes care of the text. Another: John 3rd. Chapter, 7th. Verse, Text: "Marvel not for I say unto you, ye must be born again". The subject, "A Holy dispensation of the mind". When our mindis changed from evil to good, then we sees it as the holy dispensation of the mind. With an inward eye of faith we sees God. Nobody in the world can turn that down. Many a time I have been setting by the death bed in the sick room and the diseased one was dying. I would see them wave their hand and say, "come on death, I'll gladly go with thee", and oft-time I have heard them say, "yonder is my mother or Father".

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*Hattie Corrie  
Barbour County  
Nov 30, 1938*

Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Barbour Street.

*Photographs of  
subject*

"Eufaula's Rambling Cyclist."

She has ridden a bicycle 43 years. Has never missed a day.

Everyone loves "Miss Hattie" and everyone knows "Miss Hattie". She is a friend to all dumb animals, cows, dogs, cats, horses and mules.

"I have been riding a bicycle for over forty years and have had eight in those years, and I fix them myself; fix punctures and all.

"My first job was at the telephone office. I worked there thirteen years. My next job was reporter for the paper. That work I liked too, but I like all my jobs. I make that a point. I was there twenty-three years. Let me tell you one thing that I do. I ride around on my bicycle and when I see a poor old mule or an <sup>ox</sup> tied out in the hot sun, panting for water, I give it water myself and then call the police. I have almost had fights with men for beating mules and horses. I just wont let them.

"I am now with Bland Coal and Transfer Co.

"I was born January 11, 1873. Parents Elliott Thomas and Lucinda Clementine Pert, Eufaula, Ala. My grandfather, John Delochion Thomas, was one of the men that came down the Chattahoochee in a canoe and settled Eufaula. He was a noted Indian fighter. He married Nancy Williams. My father was Elliott Thomas and her married Lucinda Thomas. How we children use to love to sit down by the big open fire and listen to our grandfather tell us about the Indians. He fought in the "Intruder's War" against the Creek Indians. The name of the Indian Chief of the Eufaulas was Tustunnuggee Hogo. Then there were other Indian Chiefs; Fatty Carr Steadman, chief of the Actahoochees and Jim Henry, chief of the Uchees. There were many thieves among the

## Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Barbour Street.

tribes. These tribes practiced polygamy and had very little they were mostly very cruel; however they believed in a "Great Spirit". At different times of the year they would have the "Green Corn Dance" and would take the "Black Drink". They would work hard making these preparations. The "Green Corn Dance" was celebrated as soon as the corn was ripe enough to eat. It was gathered and cooked in large pots until it was done. This was called "sofkee". A wooden spoon was used to serve and was passed from one to the other. Sitting in the center of the circle, the chiefs would preside over these festivities. When the warriors had partaken of the "sofkee" they would throw off most of their clothes, all of their g-string and would take a board, thickly set with iron points and tear the flesh on their bodies. Then in their bloody plight, would dance round and round in wild fury. This would last several days. The "Black Drink" was celebrated in the Spring. It was a nauseating drink, intoxicating; made of roots, herbs and things.

"These Indians owned their land around "U-Fall-Ah". I am proud that my grandfather was one of the five men that settled Eufaula. I expect I have some of his fighting blood in me (she has). You know my grandmother Nancy Williams, was the daughter of Floyd Williams, one of the five men in the canoe. My grandfather then went back to the Georgia settlement up the river and married Nancy and came back to this beautiful "U-Fall-Ah".

"I was just a little girl when my grandmother died. I can just remember her, a little old lady, over ninety years old, but I remember all of the story. There were nine children in my family; five living. There were sixty years that there was not a death in my family. My father died six months before I was born, and left my mother with five little children to

## Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Barbour Street.

raise; the other four died in infancy. My oldest brother was just nine years old and started to work then, and picked up a good education. He is now about seventy five years old and is still working at his profession, the Postal Telegraph Co; his mind bright as a dollar. He lives in Georgia.

"I had very little education. I was a sickly child; never went to school over three months at a time. But I wanted to learn and I would study at home. You see that dictionary on my desk. When ever I come to a word that I dont know the meaning of, I look it up right now. My mother had a hard time after my father's death. She took in sewing and was a beautiful seamstress. My job now is a man's job at Bland Coal and Transfer Co. I weigh coal, sand, sell coal, brick, wood; manage the transfer lines and do the collecting. My greatest ambition in life now is to raise my little nephew, (Walter Britt Sawyer, but we call him Tom), to be a man of worth. I take care of him. He is a handsome lad of twelve and a wonderful musician; plays the trumpet and is a member of the Cowikee Band. He hopes to get his college education through music. The most fun we have when we go fishing, Tom and I, is when we cook our fish by the side of the creek or the river. He starts to work making a fire and I clean the fish. We take a skillet and a little coffee pot, lard and things. I always take bacon and eggs in case we dont catch enough fish, and man do we eat! You know staying out in the open certainly gives one an appetite. Sunday and holidays are the only days I get a chance to go you know. There were more little squirrels in the trees and several Sundays ago we saw two beavers. The funniest time we ever had was when we saw the pole cat. We knew he was coming before we ever saw him and you ought to have seen u 'lightin' out from that place. That skunk was a beauty. You know how I

Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Barbour Street.

love cats, but I dont believe I love a pole cat so much, but I woubdn't shoot one, not I. I always carry my pistol and Tom takes a shot gun in case we run across snakes. I have killed many a rattler and moccassin; but I do not kill the others because they are not poisonous, they just run away.

"In five years I'll be seventy yeras old. My prayer to God is to let me die with my boots on. I believe He will do it.

Miss Hattie has a wonderful amount of faith and is not superstitious. Owing to prayer and faith she never has been too broke to feed dumb animals. She will be on her way to work, you will see her jump off of her bicycle, run into a store, come out with a little package and there will be an old starved dog waiting for his meat. Another time it will be a little kitten in her arms. If she doesn't take it home, where she has so many, she always finds a good home for it. She will help a foul or a bug in distress.

She has ridden thousands of miles on her bicycle in these forty-three years. And she has never been a day without one. When she started to riding there were no pavements then, and it was not the easy riding that it is today.

She is a great fisherman too. It is her favorite sport. She loves the woods and on Sundays she will ride her bicycle out into the country alone and leave it under a big tree and stay all day roving the woods, going hom in the late afternoon, in the Spring with the wood violets, lillies, rhoderdendrums, yellow jasmine, dogwood, red but, etc; in the Fall ,Autumn leaves, golden rod, yellow daisies and Fall berries; in the Winter, holly, mistletoe and smilax. She said: "I can climb trees too. I am sixty-five

Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Harbour Street.

years old and dont mind telling it now".

Miss Hattie has saved a little money, not much. She has always had to scuffle for a living. But she is rich with the love of God in her heart. She is a friend of man and dumb animals and at sixty five is still going strong.

She said: "The prettiest diamond in the world to me is the dew drop on the grass in the early morning at sunrise. I get up early every morning; before sun-up. I am not a member of a church. I am not a Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian. God to me is in everything that is good. I am not far any one creed. My creed is "loving my fellow man and dumb animals". I dont love just pedigreed dogs; I love any old cus.

"Let me tell you something funny. Little Tom and I went fishing Sunday on the Chewalla Creek and didn't catch a thing but minnows. It's the first time I remember not catching a big fish. Little Tom looked up at me with his big brown eyes and said: "Aunt Hattie, look, the leaves in the creek are rugs for the little fish".

"One day I said I wanted a new bicycle. He said: "Why dont you pray for it?" Isn't he a beautiful boy? I know what mother-love is even if I am not a mother. I love that boy I believe as much as a mother ever could.

"I am a democrat. I think Roosevelt is the greatest humanitarian the world has ever known. I think that he is the greatest man that has ever lived next to Jesus Christ.

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Copied from "The Eufaula Daily Citizen", Friday Jan. 11, 1929.

"Miss Hattie Has Birthday Today".

## Unique Southern Personalities.

Miss Hattie Thomas. 334 Barbour Street.

"Miss Hattie Thomas is celebrating a birthday today. No, womanlike, she wont tell. At least she wouldn't for publication. She did say, however, that she had been here long enough to give an accurate check on the birthdays of a great number of our local people.

"Miss Hattie was born in Eufaula, and has lived all her life right here, and with the exception of less than a year she has never held but two positions. Her first position was with the telephone company, which she held about thirteen years. After leaving the telephone company, she spent about ten months with two other firms and then went with "The Daily Citizen", which position she has held since.

"It is doubtful if anyone, who has lived in Eufaula during the past 40 years doesn't know Miss Hattie. She is now regarded as a part and parcel of "The Daily Citizen". Regimes have come and regimes have gone, but Miss Hattie stays right on.

"Well, as we have already said, Miss Hattie doesn't give out her age for publication, but she says a lot of water has flown down the Chattahoochee river since she came into the world, and also stated today that the reason she hadn't married was because she hadn't found the man that suited her.

"Miss Hattie is noted for her generosity and accommodating nature, and she is one of the most faithful of employees, giving her entire time to the faithful performance of her work, and takes as much interest in it as if the business were her own.

"So, here's wishing Miss Hattie many happy returns of the day".

From---The Eufaula Daily Citizen. January 11, 1929.

Gertha Couric  
Eufaula, Alabama

*Photographs on  
card*

THREE WORKERS OF COWIKEE COTTON MILL

Mrs. Lee Snipes, Weaver

"I am glad to tell you what I can.

"Before Mr. Comer bought the mill there was filthy tobacco spit all on the floor. There was no accommodations, not even a decent toilet. Now we have a fountain of running ice water, marble toilets, marble floor, five commodes, all cleaned every day. We have first class bosses too.

"The mill used to be run with steam. Now everything is electricity.

"The Comers try to keep the morals of the mill girls at a high standard. If a girl is not straight they 'have nothing for her to do'. We all wear uniforms, each department a different color, blue, green and white.

"I started working when a girl, stayed out ten years after I got married. I have been working seventeen years straight on, thirty years altogether. My work is such happiness. I work from six until two, my husband from two until ten.

"My oldest daughter, Ruby, married Elbert Beasley, the band director--'Red' Beasley they call him. Margaret, my second daughter, finished high school last year. She is working at Elmore's 5 and 10 Cent Store. You know, you have to have a high school diploma to work there. Her brother Willie will finish high school this year. He is captain of

the Eufaula High football team, you know, and his father is so proud of him. He is going to Auburn and hopes to work his way through with his football and cornet-playing. You know, he is a member of the band. Little Lee--he is my youngest child--is in high school too and works on Saturdays at Rogers.

"We are getting along fine. The pay is so much better than it used to be. And the long hours used to be something awful, from six in the morning 'til six in the evening.

"It used to be we were just factory folks or 'lint heads'. Now we are 'Mill Operatives' and we hold our heads high. All work is honorable, you know, and we are proud of ours. We are proud to work for Mr. Donald Comer and there has never been a strike or any trouble in any of the mills. We would all fight for him, not against him. And Mr. Comer Jennings, since he has been President, is wonderful too."

B. T. Clements, Fireman

B. T. Clements is a fireman at Cowikee No. 1 and operates a small farm as a sideline.

"You want to know how I run a farm and work at the mill. I'm glad to tell you what I can about it.

"I go to work at the mill at six in the morning and work until two. Then I go home--I have a car--and me and my four boys work on the farm in the afternoon. The oldest girls help too, but my wife doesn't. She has too much to do with the cooking and sewing and watching the least ones.

"All of my children are in school, excusing the baby. The next least one is in kindergarten. We have nine, the youngest two and the oldest eighteen.

"I have a home in town. When school starts, we leave the farm and move in town for the winter. But we keep on working the farm just the same until the crops are all laid by. Me and my boys go out to the farm as soon as school is out and work until dark and you ought to see them younguns eat. It sho' is a good thing I got a farm! Saturdays we work all day.

"I raise everything we have to eat but flour. All my meat, lard, potatoes, butter, chickens, eggs, syrup, all vegetables I raise myself. Last year I made eight bales of cotton, every bale premium grade A staple, and only spent \$2.00 for labor. My farm this year will provide more income than last year.

"I ain't the only man that has done this in the mill. Others have too, you know. But my children do help me a lot.

"The boys like the country so much they raise particular sand when they have to come into town. They like to fish and hunt. But the girls and the missus, they like the city. They are crazy about that Community House and everything there. I got five younguns in the Band.

"The missus does a lot of canning. We have so many vegetables she gives the other ladies vegetables, too, for canning.

"We are mighty happy. My farm and my home is all paid for and I have some money laid away. Our President has sho' helped. I am for the New Deal one hundred per cent.

"Me and the missus didn't have much education. We lived in the country and, in them days, it was hard to git to school. But I want my younguns to get as good an education as I can give them.

"Somebody asked me which I liked best, "firing or farming", and I tol' 'em, I liked both. Its grand to work for men like Mr. Donald Comer and Mr. Comer Jennings. There ain't nothin' that they wouldn't do for us and I'd almost die for them. Look what they have done for our children. When I started to work in the mill twenty-five years ago, before Mr. Comer bought it, I was just making 50 cents a day. Them was hard days and I had no ambition, but it's a different story now. I believe we are the happiest family living. God's been good to us. We have had mighty little sickness too.

"We go to church on Sunday. But we don't go Sunday night, 'cause I am kinder tired at night from gettin' up so early. The rest of the family don't get up so early--'cept when we live in the country in Summer."

➤ Mrs. Champion, Weaver

Mrs. Champion--everyone calls her "Miss Champion"-- is a typical "Mrs. Wiggs" and a philosopher, always happy. She greeted me: "Honey, you sho' looks youngified and that hat sho' tops you off!"

She lives at "Morning Side" in a little two-room cabin, spotlessly clean, with her flower yard in front, a little garden in the rear, and a chicken yard.

I asked her if she would tell me something about herself. She smiled.

"'Tain't much to tell 'bout my poor life. My chillum all married and left me, 'cep'n Fessie. She lives 'bout two mile North o' here. Her and her old man and six younguns come to town every Saturday in their old car. Their farm ain't much--and them six younguns, law'! I tells her she's good for six more. She always was kinder feeble-minded, you know.

"My ole man died 'bout three years ago. He was good, but he kilt hisself drinking liquor. 'Fore God, he dranked enough to float a creek. He didn't work in the mill. He drove a kivered truck for Mr. Hatfield, when he was sober. But, if he was drinking, Mr. Hatfield wouldn't let him work. Lawd, but I seed some tough times.

"My boy, Low, is in the Navy and he sends me some pretty things sometimes from all parts of the world. He was de only one of my chillun dat had much schoolin'. He went through de seventh grade, de others just de third.

"I ain't never been to school in my life. Sho' do wish I could read. But, when I gets lonesome like, I just dig in my flowers and my garden. Then I goes to see my neighbors.

"They's a right smart few of folks out here in 'Morning

Side', but not as many as they's been a-being. Been a lot of sickness, too. Did you know Mary Hawkins? Now, she sho' is a good 'oman. They tuck her to the horspital last week in de avalance. She had that fever you gits when a flea bites you. She's been puny all Summer and so timity about eating, but they say she's better, praise the Lord! I cooked her some nice tempting victuals mighty nigh every day fer a month, but just couldn't make her eat.

"I don't save much money. I give it to folks that is poor and can't work. I own my little house and, when I git too old to work, that boy of mine ain't gwine to let me go hungry. Neither is Mr. Comer.

"I don't worry 'bout nothing, honey. Just git lonesome sometimes all by myself. I goes to church on Sunday morning and goes to hear deeband play on Sunday afternoon--dat's my pleasuring.

"Come to see me again, honey. I gets out of the mill at two, you know. Everything is sho' nice at the mill now."

*Gertha Conner  
Barbours County*

Old July. Given by Mr. Leon Dubois.

A good friend of mine, an excellent farmer, the best hog raiser in these parts, a good cattle raiser, the son of a good farmer, told me once: "I can always figure a profit out of a cow". He meant not just from that one cow, but from that cow and her progeny. His name is Sam Jones.

I will tell you the story of Old July:

About seventeen years ago, a colored family applied to me for work. It consisted of a middle-aged woman and three barely grown children—two daughters and one son in early manhood. I hired them. All worked on my place.

Among their meagre possessions, passing by the day they arrived, I noticed they had a cow. It was white and brown in color, very thin; one of those animals through misery utterly indifferent to things of this world, a fair sample of the traditional hat-rack. At that particular moment, at that historical moment, when we first met, me and that cow, or that cow and me, the boy thinking that the animal was not stepping up as it should, picked up a stick and giving the poor animal a resounding whack, yelled: "Come up, Old July".

I present to you "Old July". "Old" must have been her given name and "July" her family name for I have never once heard her called "July", but always "Old July". However, I discarded "Old July" from my mind, but I am ashamed to confess even at this late date and on the first meeting all my attention went to poor "Old July", as the most absorbing member of the family.

Time passed; the old colored woman died and left me her little brood and with them "Old July". The boy of the family, now a grown man, without ceremony, grabbed the reins of the family government. From time to time, passing by on my horse, I saw "Old July". I remember once in particular she presented a most

## Old July.(Continued.)

fantastic appearance---gaunt almost to the point of transparency, the horns cut in stubby six-inch knobs; her tail had been cut off to an eighteen-inch pattern and wrapped in a burlap bag, securely held by a string. The whole had been dipped in tar.

"Boy", I exclaimed, "what have you done to that cow?"

"Cap", he answered, "that cow des won't get fat. I done cut her horn for the hollow horn, I done cut her tail for the hollow tail and painted it with tar, and she won't get fat".

"Don't you think", I suggested, "that she might have the hollow stomach? What then?"

"Cap", answered he, "dat's with her about dat. I done all I could, I can't do no more".

Not long after the incident, the trustee early one morning met me as I was leaving the house.

"Morning, Cap".

I kept walking, expecting the request of some favor. "What is it, boy?"

"Cap, me and the others have 'cided that we 'vide up and us wants you to buy "Old July".

In this world anything can haplen, I thought. With not the remotest intention of ever becoming the owner of "Old July", but being somewhat interested in the division of the estate, as it were, I asked, "What will you take for her? I think \$12.50 would be a good price for her".

"No, sir, Cap, \$12.50 is too hard to 'vide up. Us think that if you give us \$15, we will get \$ 5 each."

I fell. I fell because it was such a convenient way to settle an estate. Yes, and I must confess it, I felt sorry for the cow. And thus I became the

## Old July.(continued.)

owner of hollow-horned, hollow-tailed, tar-smearred, dead-poor "Old July".

I kept "Old July" seven years and she was quite old when first she became mine. During that period of time, partaking only of the treatment I gave the rest of the herd, she dropped seven calves. The steers were sold as finished beef at an average of \$45 each. The heifers, always red in color and well developed were worth to me \$40. They were always, of course, under good care. Soon (after three years) the first heifer dropped a calf. I will not make you climb all the branches of "Old July's" family tree, but this is certain; After seven years, three steers were born, fattened and sold at an average of \$45 each. I kept four heifers, valued at \$40 each. I will leave out the calves of the first two heifers, the total value of the animals was \$306. Allowing the expenses of fattening the steers (\$40), also winter care labor to about \$50, we still have a profit of \$205.

Supposing that the value of the calves of the heifers would offset the original cost of "Old July", she left me a very fair profit of nearly \$29.50 a year.

Sam Jones was right—"you can always figure a profit on a cow". Draw your own conclusions.

But "Old July" was indeed getting old and one winter evening she failed to come at feeding time. I knew what had happened. I rode into the pasture the following morning. I found her. She had chosen as her last resting place a thick clump of young pines. So thick were they that no undergrowth grew in their dense shade. But the fragrant pine needles covered the ground, making a soft carpet.

Thus the end of "Old July" and a true story. She left in my mind the emblem of truth: "You can always figure on a profit from a cow".

Mrs. Ola Titus & Miss Annie Blair,  
Barbour County, Alabama, on  
Comer Highway.

Gertha Couric,  
Barbour County,  
Eufaula, Ala.

#### A DAY ON THE FARM

Mrs. Ola Titus and Miss Annie Blair are two lone old ladies that have made a success of their farm without the help of a man. The farm is on the Comer Highway, about one mile from the village of Comer. On one of the highest points in Barbour County and surrounded by rolling lands with high ridges on either side, it is picturesque and lovely.

Miss Annie is about seventy and Miss Ola about sixty-eight years old. Miss Annie said: "It don't get you nowhere to tell your age, but I'll say this; we been right here on the farm since 1851. Our father had two other farms but he was a slack business man and sold them both; but he kept these four hundred acres."

I rode out this morning with a friend, Gorman Houston, who owns a large plantation at Comer, to see Miss Ola and Miss Annie. I have never received a more cordial welcome. Their's is true hospitality. The attractive, bright old ladies invited us into the "sitting room", which had a hand-made rug on the floor, a big open fireplace, with oak logs burning brightly, old-fashioned marble-topped tables; old fashioned rockers; and a what-not, and family pictures in antique frames on the walls. Gorman Houston said he would go on to his plantation and come back and pick me up; but before he left they brought us both a glass of scuppernong wine that looked and tasted like champagne. They have a large scuppernong arbor and are noted for their wine. They keep it up in the attic under lock and key, and not in a cellar. They explained: "We would not have none left; our niggers would steal it all."

Miss Ola was married one year, and has been a widow thirty-five years. She is very deaf and uses an ear trumpet. Miss Annie has never

been married. She is getting very feeble, but is the business head of the family.

Miss Ola said: "Now, honey, you got to eat dinner with us first and then we will tell you all you want to know about the farm. Our dinner is all cooked, yesterday being Sunday, and all we got to do is to make up some biscuit and make coffee. We got a little nigger girl that helps us. She lives on our farm. Her mother washes our clothes. We have two Negro families that live on the place. We give them so much land; they give us a bale of cotton and help on the farm.

"Right now there is nothing much to do. We kill a beef most every Friday and sell it at Comer, Lugo, Spring Hill, Midway and all around in the County. We kill on an average of fifty a year. There are not more than thirty-five head right now, but we have about eleven that will drop their calves before long.

"Our nephew from Chicago, that married Mary Emma (she's the baby that we raised from two weeks old) wants to stock our farm this summer with two hundred head of Hereford cattle, but we don't think we are going to let him. It will be too much work on us, and we are getting old. It wouldn't have meant nothing to us ten years ago, but not now. We might if we had a man, but we ain't.

"The weather has been so warm we haven't killed hogs but once this Winter, but soon as we have a cold spell we'll kill again. We don't sell much pork; we cure it for ourselves and put it in the smoke-house. If I do say it myself, we make the best sausage of anybody in Barbour County."

Just then Miss Annie came to the door and invited us in to dinner. If ever a table "groaned" this one did. It was set with a snowy white cloth and napkins and with old-fashioned china that Miss Annie said belonged to their mother. Unusually large coffee cups completed the setting.

On the table was a dish of sliced turkey, country ham, fried chicken, and sausage. Other foods were turnip greens, peas, stewed tomatoes, pickle, brandy peaches, jelly, cornbread and hot biscuit, coffee, buttermilk, fruit cake and coconut cake.

I said, "Great goodness, I have never seen so much to eat! It would be enough to last me a month." "Go on, honey!" said Miss Annie, "if we had known you was coming we would have had something." Do you know everything on this table was raised there except the flour, sugar and coffee? "We don't have to buy a thing except a little flour, coffee, sugar and kerosene now and then. Everything is raised right here on the farm. We used to get up before day, when we were young, and ride on mules all over the farm, but not now; we got too much sense. We sleep till eight and nine o'clock.

"We make a right smart selling cedar posts. We got so much cedar down on the creek. Then we make money on our timber; but we don't make nothing on cotton. We raise all of our feed for our cattle, hogs and chickens and turkeys. Turkeys are hard to raise. They stray off so bad. We got about a hundred head of hens; sell our eggs for thirty-five cents a dozen now. Of course at Christmas time we got more.

"Our timber", remarked Miss Ola at this point, "is bought for a ten year contract, but the man went broke and moved away. Now another man, Mr. Dixon, wants it. We want to sell it to him as soon as we get everything straightened out."

Miss Annie then took up the thread of conversation with "We get plenty lonesome here at night all alone. Mary Emma's been away fourteen years; four years at school, then she's been married ten years. Her mother was a western woman and she died when Mary Emma was born. We took her when she was two weeks old and raised her as our own. Her father died two years later. She called us Mama Ola and Mama Annie.

"She was a blessed child and beautiful. Law, but we had a time at first. Two old maids that didn't know nothing about no babies. We raised her on cow's milk and everything was sterilized. Then when she was six months old we gave her pot-licker from collard and turnip greens too. That's got iron in it. Then we gave her rich cow's milk with cream. Her cheeks were like roses and she was fat as a little butter-ball. We would take her to Eufaula in our flivver and everybody would stop and look at her. She is a beautiful woman now and has two lovely children, a boy and a girl. She married D. B. Curtis, a man of means and a fine fellow. She was going to school and living with her mother's sister when she met him. He sent us a check for three hundred dollars Christmas and Mary Emma sent us a big Christmas box. Law, honey, I could talk forever about that child. We sent her four patchwork quilts and crocheted her a beautiful bedspread for Christmas. They are coming back for a visit in June and we are going to bring them to see you. Her children call Ola and me Granny Annie and Granny Ola."

Miss Annie, speaking of the farm, said: "Well, honey, since we have diversified crops; cotton, corn, peanuts, velvet beans, sugarcand, potatoes and our vegetable garden, we have done much better. It use to be nothing but cotton; now we raise our own food. As I told you, we don't spend but mighty little on flour and sugar. We don't sell our vegetables. We can them to use in the Winter. We still have about 300 quarts to last us 'til our Spring garden comes in. We have a lot of jelly and preserves and marmalade. Our peach and pear trees and crab-apple trees are doing well, and we have the blackberry and huckleberry bushes, more than we can use. We make blackberry and elderberry wine too, but make more scuppernong wine than any other kind. We don't waste nothing; save all of our leaves even. Leaf mould is one of the best fertilizers.

"Our stock don't take near as much feed in the Winter. We just

turn them a-loose and they just graze from early morning 'til late in the afternoon. Now, from March on we have to put them up and feed them on corn and cotton-seed meal. Of course we have some pasture. Our cotton seed we exchange for cottenseed meal. It don't cost us nothing. And we raise a lot of corn. Another thing we have is our pecan trees. We make some money off of them, but the price hasn't been good the last few years, and the crop has been poor; not enough rain. We ain't had near enough rain. But here we go, liable as not it will rain. Ain't farmers terrible? I am one and I know. Can't please them; even God Almighty can't; they're always grumbling."

Miss Ola re-entered the conversation with comments about some of their other troubles. "We have had a time with niggers stealing, she said. They just can't help it; it's born in them. But we can't stay here and watch things all the time. If you turn your back, they'll grab up a chicken, steal your eggs and sell them to the rolling store.

"We were robbed Saturday night. Somebody stole twenty-six dollars out of my trunk. We were here all alone and heard the dog barking. I mean Annie did. I am so deaf I can't hear nothing; just like I am dead when I take my ear trumpet off. The dog kept on barking. After a while Annie got up and opened the door. There was a door, leading to the porch, wide open; the trunk was open and the purse gone. It sho' is worrying us. We have a gun and the dog; but that must have been a nigger that knew the dog or he sho' would have bit him. If we just had a man to stay out here with us. But we don't know who to get. We are getting old, and if Annie were to die and leave me, what would I do?" Big tears rolled down Miss Ola's old wrinkled cheeks. "We were smart girls in our day. Annie can shoot just like a man but she don't do it now 'cause her eyes are bad.

"We got a lot of game on our place; quail, dove and rabbits. In the season Annie would get up before day. I'd hear her gun pop, pop, at first

light - that's when the birds start coming in - and in no time she would come in with enough to last several days.

"That's one kind of meat you get tired of mighty quick. There's a saying you can't eat birds twelve days straight running.

"The birds are beautiful out here. I tell Annie we ought to call our place 'Bird Heaven' because of the red birds, thrush, and mocking birds. Now, I don't like the blue jays, they are mean to the other birds. Peckerwoods are good to keep insects away, but they are aggravating sometimes. Sometimes they tap-tap-tap so loud, we say 'come in' and it ain't nobody but the old peckerwoods. Its spooky too with nobody there. They say old folks love birds' best. I 'speck its true. I didn't used to love them like I do now.

"Now, Annie, is the hunter, but I can beat her fishing. I'm the fisherman. I could set all day and never get tired. Its convenient to have your creek in walking distance. I fish a lots on Sunday; I'm so busy in the week. Ain't no sin to fish on Sunday. That's when I see God most. Setting on the bank, its so beautiful down there. In the Springtime - that's my favorite time of the year - the wood violets, the lilies; (we got two lily fields) the honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, and dogwood are all blooming at the same time. It smells like Heaven. It's funny, but Annie's favorite time is Autumn. That's because she likes to hunt. And mine's Spring, because I like to fish. I ain't never fished at night, 'cause I'm scared of snakes. I always take our dog because he ain't scared of snakes. He kills everyone that he sees.

Just then Miss Annie came in out of breath. She said, "Excuse me, honey, but I been out there talking to that nigger. I believe that son-of-a-bitch got our money. I caught him stealing eggs and chickens before. Now you are laughing at me 'cause I am cussing. But you got to cuss if you run a farm." I told her to go ahead.

She said, "We pay the preacher regular, give him hams, sausage,

chickens, butter and eggs and things. He knows I cuss - 'speck he does too - but nobody knows it. Now, Ola don't swear as much as I do, but she likes a drink better."

Then Miss Ola said, "There you go, don't you like a little toddy too?"

"'Course I do," Miss Annie retorted, it hopes me up; but I don't take but one and you take two. Now, honey," she explained to me, "we takes a little toddy in the Winter and a little mint julep in the Summer. As Pa used to say, 'a little for the stomach's sake.'"

Soon after this Gorman came for me, thus ending a day with two little ladies, who for fifty years, have held down a "man-sized" job without complaint.

1/20/1939

S.J.

Mill Workers

Cowikee Mill # 3.

Eufaula, Ala.

Dan Suggs and his wife, Maggie.

Home, a little two room store on South Randolph Street, pay \$3 rent. The two live there alone. Dan Suggs: " I ain't no count now, so Mr. Comer just let me watch at # 3 (night watchman at Cowikee Mill # 3.) I gits \$9 er week and hit keeps me and my old woman up. She ain't no count either. Got er awful cough, ever since she had the flues last Winter, but she drags er bout and does the washing and the cooking. Hit dont take much for us. Got er good collard patch now, and if hit would rain would have some turnips. We got four chillun, three boys and one gal, Dan, Walter, Dallis, and Mary Alice. They air all married. Mary alice married er Braswell ( good fer nothing). She runned er way. My boys hit it off pretty good. Theys all three "twisters" and gits \$13.50 er week. I ain't never went to school none, but I kin read and write er little. My younguns learnt me when theys was er learing. I come here from Cuthbert, Georgy, my ole woman from Dale County. Went ter work in the Mill for .10¢ er day. I was bout sixteen year old then. In er bout six months they raised my wages ter .40¢ a day. Man, I thought I was hit, \$2.40 er week. Then my old omen was er washing fer ;35¢ er day. We was both in thas weave room. I worked fer two year there, never missed er day. Then I got er raise and we got married. Things was tough then sho nuf. The babies started coming and the "Missus", she could'nt work steady and I hates to say hit, but I started ter hitting ther bottle. That's what ails me now, burnt my inners out, so the old omen says. But I dont tetch a drap now and gee, how my chilluns do hate hit. Yessum, I speck I'm a Democrat, but I ain't never voted, neither has my old omen, but my boys they's all do."The picture of Dan and Maggie is not so bright, improvident and illiterate, they are kind hearted though, and likeable, very

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Mill Workers.

Cowikee Mill # 3.

Eufaula, Ala.

poor, never could save because he drank so. The house is bare, one bedroom, no curtains or rugs and the kitchen back of the red-room, the table covered with oil cloth, kerosene lamps, but clean.

Dan is quite a wag, when he wakes up in the afternoon, he comes out and sits in a chair on the side walk and whipples and there are always a lot of loafers hanging around him.

Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

"Great is King Cotton! To lie at his feet while the usurer and grain-raiser bind us in subjection is to invite the contempt of man and the reproach of God. But to stand up before him (cotton) and amid our crops and smokehouses, wrest from him the magna charter of our independence, and to establish in his name an ample and diversified agriculture that shall honor him while it enriches us---this is to carry us as far in the way of happiness and independence as the farmer, working in the fullest wisdom and in the richest field, can carry any people".---Henry W. Grady.

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Cotton is King in Eufaula, and Lewis M. Moore, worthy son of worthy sires, his father, grandfather and great grandfather were all outstanding cotton men of Eufaula for more than a century, it is justly his inheritance. From the early days of Eufaula, farmers brought their bales of fleecy staple to this market. The warehouse of "Simpson and Dean", his grandfather and great grandfather, was one of the first. Then in later years "Dean and Moore", his uncle and father. The firm "Dean and Moore" was organized in 1899 by Leonard Y. Dean, Jr. and Thomas L. Moore.

There is now a 15,000 bales storage capacity; free insurance; classing free of charge by licensed classers. The new warehouse that was completed this Fall is the most modern and up to date warehouse in the South.

Mr Moore said, "I have pride in our new home, our large day-light sampling room, our increased storage space. We want it to be shared by the farmers for they have been responsible for the growth and improvements we have experienced in Eufaula, and their patronage and good will are our most valued asset. This building of a new, modern and up to date

Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

warehouse is evidence of that good will. "Dean and Moore" has been a Eufaula institution for forty years. We have grown with Eufaula, and our growth has been based on certain fundamentals. We have always tried to handle every lot of cotton to the advantage of the farmer; whether it was a hundred bale lot or one bale, we always get the highest possible price. The service we have rendered through these forty years, I am happy to say, has brought us many customers and life long friends. I am here to serve and those who knew Dean and Moore have continued to be my customers and friends like they were to my father and my uncle, Thomas L. Moore and Leonard Y. Dean.

"We and our facilities are approved for weighing, classing and paying the farmer the money for their cotton all at one time.

Lewis Moore is not only noted for being the outstanding cotton man of Eufaula, but he is a veteran Scout leader; Scout Master of Troop # 3 and directs the Rotary Scout Camp each season. Scouts from Eufaula, Clayton, Clio, Louisville and Georgetown, Ga. attend the Camp.

He is an outstanding Rotarian and has served as president of Eufaula Rotary Club, several different times.

Football and baseball are his hobbies. He likes golf also.

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The firm, Dean and Moore, was organized in 1899 by Leonard Y. Dean, Jr, and Thomas Lipscombe Moore. Mr. Dean, the son of Capt. Leonard Y. Dean, was born and reared in Eufaula. Mr. Moore was born in Ninety-Six, S.C. and moved to Eufaula as ticket agent for the Central of Georgia Railroad. Mr. Moore married Miss Ethel Dean, Capt. Dean's daughter. Both Capt. Dean's and Mr. Moore's father were born in Edgefield county, S.C. and both

## Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

served in the Confederate army from South Carolina.

Dean and Moore's first place of business was the building where the McCormick Grocery Company now is. It soon outgrew the warehouse, so the firm moved to the larger building where the Alabama Knitting Mills and Infant Socks, Inc; are now operating. When a few years later, there was again need for expansion, the firm bought the compress and warehouse buildings, owned and operated by the Central of Georgia Railway. The firm has continued to grow and expand through southeast Alabama and southwest Georgia until it is one of the most outstanding businesses in this section. The new annex was built to take care of additional storage and to furnish modern, up-to-date facilities for the firm and its friends.

After the death of Mr. Dean, on June 2, 1936, Mr. Moore continued as head of the firm until his death on September 4, 1936. At the death of Mr. Moore, his son, Mr. Lewis M. Moore, assumed the management and is continuing to expand and build the business. The present season has been one of the best.

In addition to the tremendous cotton business the firm does a large fertilizer business and advances to scores of farmers in this section.

Mr. Lewis M. Moore was born in Eufaula and received his preparatory education in the city schools and Marion Institute, later finishing at Auburn. On his return from college he held a position in the Commercial National Bank but gave this up later to enter the cotton business. Mr. Moore is president of the Commercial Club, a director of the Eufaula Bank and Trust Company, a director of the Cowikee Mills, a member of the city board of education, a director of the Eufaula Country Club, a

Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

Rotarian and a Sigma Nu. He is also vice-president of the Boy Scout Council of this district. He is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a member of the American Legion and a director of the Alabama State Chamber of Commerce. He married Miss Elizabeth Britt, daughter of the late beloved Dr. W.S. Britt. They have two children, Betty Britt Moore and Lewis M. Moore, Jr.

Mr. Moore has the following very capable force of men working with him: Mr. W.D. Flewellen, bookkeeper and cashier; Messers. J.W. Solomon, W.H. Konnerman and H.U. Tiller, classers and weighers, and Mr. Dan Mabry, at one time superintendent of the compress. In addition to these men the firm has buyers at all important points in the territory. On the payroll will be found several colored workers who have been connected with the firm since its organization. These are Judson Davis, Charlie Waring and Ernest Hamilton.

Sturdy construction on beautiful lines mark the new addition to the company's already large establishment. Entrance is at the southwest corner. To the right of the door is a bronze plaque bearing the following inscription:

1899

1938

DEDICATED TO  
THE FARMERS  
IN MEMORY OF  
LEONARD Y. DEAN, JR.

AND

THOMAS L. MOORE.

Above the inscription is a boll of cotton extending into the curvature of the plaque. Over the plaque and on a panel to the left of the door are

## Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

electric lights in bronze mountings, shining beneath a bronze marquee extending over the entrance.

The lobby is spacious. To the left as one enters is the bookkeeper's office, and the weigher's, the vault, and the accounting department. To the right are offices of Mr. Moore and the classers.

Above the offices are three large rooms in which the classers do their work and store cotton samples. The classing room has been built according to the latest government recommendations. The tables and wainscoting are done in black while the walls are in battleship gray. A large skylight, shaded from the sun keeps the room bright by day, while brilliant electric bulbs shed light at night. An elevator conveys samples of cotton from the first floor to this room.

To the rear of the offices is the warehouse proper, divided into two compartments, with a combined capacity of five thousand bales. Along the west side of the structure are platforms where cotton is sampled, weighed and checked for storage.

The structure is provided with the best sprinkler system built and every precaution has been taken against fire hazards.

The plant extends one thousand feet along the Central of Georgia Railway and two hundred feet on Broad street. It is so constructed that loading and unloading trucks or trains can be accomplished easily and quickly.

Red Fox Guano is one of the leading brands of fertilizer handled by Dean & Moore in this section. It is manufactured by the Home Guano Co; of Dothan and has served this territory for a quarter of a century.

Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

Mr. Moore said: " A relatively substantial increase in the use of cotton bags for packaging fertilizer is an outstanding example of the results being obtained in the campaign to find new uses for cotton.

"Practically all fertilizer products are shipped and sold in bags. As a rule, fertilizer bags are made of burlap. But, in 1937, the fertilizer industry used 18 million new cotton bags in packaging its products.

"It took about 19,000 bales of raw cotton to make the fabric that went into those 18 million bags. As it required approximately 19,000 bales to package 12 per cent of the crop, it would seem that the fertilizer industry might be regarded as a potential user of larger quantities of cotton.

"One way for farmers to assist in this drive to use more cotton is to insist that the fertilizer they buy be packaged in cotton bags."

In the Bureau of Agriculture Economics survey, fertilizer manufacturers reported that they believed cotton bags were the best from the standpoint of appearance and salvage value. Burlap bags were preferred for protection of contents, for sewing, closing and handling ease and for resistance to chemical deterioration.

In general, manufacturers believed the burlap bags were best adapted physically for handling fertilizer in the 100-pound and 200-pound containers. However, a greater number of them said that they preferred cotton bags than were actually using them.

Cotton bags are used more extensively than all other types combined in Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Texas, Tennessee and Georgia. In the 1937 season, 93 per cent of the fertilizer sold in Arkansas and 91 per cent of that sold in Mississippi was in cotton bags.

Cotton Executive.

Lewis Moore, Eufaula, Ala.

"Tell me something more about your business and farms," I said.

He said: "We average 50,000 bales of cotton a season. ~~Handled~~ per season 16,000 last year for farmers adjacent counties; Quitman, Clay, Randolph in Georgia, and in Barbour, Henry, Dale, Russell in Alabama. In addition to the 16,500 bales offered for sale through the warehouse per season, 18,500 bales of cotton was bought from other warehouses and shippers in Southwest Georgia and Southeast Alabama for our own account for sale to local cotton mills and cotton mills in Alabama and Georgia and the two Carolinas. Will handle 2,250 tons of fertilizer for sale to farmers in immediate territory. I do an advancing business to farmers in Quitman, Clay, Randolph in Georgia and Barbour, Henry, Dale and Russell in Alabama; furnishing money in which to buy mules, farming implements, seed, feed and home needs for operating their farms. This advancing is done to operators of small farms in most cases. During the year will advance as much as \$130,000.

"I ~~own~~ operate three farms containing 4,000 acres of land on which live 35 negro families and three white families; around 350 people. I keep 150 head of brood cows, 30 head of brood sows, selling each year their offsprings. I raise sufficient corn for 35 families, all live stock, cattle and hogs on the farm, 450 bales of cotton, 170 tons of peanuts; operate a gin, ginning around 1200 bales of cotton a year; bringing 500 tons of cotton seed. I also operate a grist mill."

Despite low farm income and low cotton prices, Alabama farmers during 1938 were able to jingle their pockets; over \$18,000,000 received for reducing cotton acreage and adopting soil building practices under

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the 1937 national farm program, so Mr. A.W. Jones of the A.A.A. of Alabama told us. A total of \$18,523,718.27 in checks were distributed to farmers in all of the 67 counties of the State last year.