

WPA Alabama Writers Project
FORELORE
Tuscaloosa County, #4

FOLKLORE

Many times the question has been asked as to why such a name as "Shakerag" should have been given to a place of worship, - such a place as an abandoned century old Methodist Church six miles from Tuscaloosa. The place has about it an air of spookiness created by legend and folklore tales.

A tale was told of a man named Phi Cribbs, a most emphatic unbeliever in ghosts, who in his tall silk hat and knee breeches entered the place of worship one night seeking protection from a heavy thunder and rainstorm. The night was dark but he fastened his horse to a hitching post in the cemetery, adjoining the church. Guided by lighting flashes, he opened a front door and to prove his fearlessness walked to the pulpit and stood facing the empty pews.

Suddenly the darkness was relieved by a brilliant flash during which he saw an apparition in white. A door blew open and the next flash showed what seemed to be white wings flashing before him and coming in his direction. The third flash proved to Mr. Cribbs beyond all question of doubt that this was the ghost about which the country folk had spoken.

It was reaching long arms toward him. Mr. Cribbs moved. Down the aisle he ran at full speed with the thing close behind; down the steps and losing no time broke the trace holding his horse and leaped to the saddle feeling momentarily safe until the horrible thing, also leaped and seated itself behind him clinging to his velvet waistcoat.

The faithful horse needed no urging and in as much terror as his master, broke into a wild run leaping over stumps and fallen trees in mad haste to reach safety. In the haste the "ghost" was swept away, and Phi Cribbs went home convinced that the stories told by the folks there were true.

Bibliography: Files Dept. of Archives and History, State Capitol.

Mabel Farrior
12/17/36---267 words.

The Ghost ~~is~~ in the Masonic Home.

The stairway in the entrance hall of the Masonic Home occupies much of the space of the rear half of the 20X24 foot hall.

It rises by two separate flights of steps to the second floor. The first flight leads up from the floor about half way by the left wall to a platform that crosses by the end wall to the opposite wall of the hall. From the right end of the platform the second flight of steps ascends by the wall to the upper story. A door in the right end of the rear wall opens onto the platform, and is an opening from the top of a stairway ~~that leads~~ from a side porch back of the entrance hall.

Standing at the right end of the platform, between the flight of steps leading up beside the right wall and the door in the rear wall, was the ghost.

In the words of the one who saw the apparition:

Remain^{ing} with the family in the living room a while after we had all come from the dining room, I decided to go up stairs to my room. I went out into the entrance hall and had ascended to within a step or two of the platform, when I felt impelled to look up. As I did so, I saw standing at the far end of the platform, a soldier in confederate uniform. He was well proportioned, perfectly erect and rather above average height. Of middle age, apparently, as gray hair was visible between the tops of his ears and his hat, he was wearing a Confederate gray hat. His entire outfit if not new, looked to be so. I noticed the freedom from stains and creases of the hat and the suit, also how the

~~(The Ghost Seen in The Masonic Home) con't.~~

buttons and some insignia on the shoulders of his coat shone. At sight of him, I stopped involuntarily. I expected him to step forward and speak. Instead, he continued standing perfectly still ^{where he was}. A flash through my mind, to account for his presence, ✓ was that he was a guest in the home, and that the family had just forgotten to speak of it to me. He continued perfectly motionless, and it became apparent to me, that he was not looking at me at all. He was looking straight out in front of him, and the level of his gaze was some distance above my head, for, as stated, I had stopped on the second step below the platform. There was then borne into my consciousness the fact that I was "seeing a ghost".

How I descended the stairway, I shall never know. Those present say that having a face chalk-white, I reeled into the sitting room. I ✓ recall falling into a chair. To the many questions asked me, I finally incoherently though it was, acquainted them with what I had seen. They were incredulous, of course. It was an "aberration" of mine, "the lights and shadows at that place, produced the effect", I "had been thinking on the subject and it was easy for such a picture to materialize" before my eyes."

Becoming somewhat more composed, but insisting still that I had seen the Confederate soldier as plainly as I was then seeing those before me, it was proposed that there be an investigation. All went. Besides the door of the room where we were sitting, the front door, one ✓ in the room opposite the one where we were, and one at the rear, below the stairway platform, were all the openings there were on the ground floor into the entrance hall. All these doors were found closed and locked on the inside of the hall.

Mounting the stairway, all eyes were focused upon the right end of the platform. Nothing obstructed the view of the wall at the end of the platform. There was only one other way of gaining entrance, into, or of leaving the house than through the openings examined, and that was the door in the rear wall opening from the back stairway onto the platform where I saw the ghost standing. This door was tried. It was found to be locked with the key also in the lock on the inside. Every closet, wardrobe, even the beds were looked under, ^{and} every room of the second floor ^{was} minutely searched. Nothing out of the ordinary was seen anywhere.

,Although those present insisted that I was mistaken in thinking I had seen a ghost, I more persistently asserted then, as I do now, "I saw one".

FOLKLORE

*Washington
Copy*Pleas and the Snake.

A little Negro boy who had been reared on a lady's place, near Tuscaloosa, was her chore boy after he grew older.

One winter morning, he went into her room, as usual, to make a fire. The fireplace was very large, having been built to burn wood. In the afternoon of each day, sufficient wood to keep the fire going until bedtime, also enough to make one the next morning, was brought into the room and piled in a corner near the fireplace. Some of this consisted of the dry limbs and trunks of dead trees, these being mixed with green wood to make the fire burn quickly.

Immediately after beginning to make the fire in question, the boy called out in frightened tones, "Miss Marfy! Miss Marfy! Day'ze 'er snake in de' fi'place hyah."

"Miss Martha", whose head was well covered with bed clothes, roused sufficiently to demand, "What is the matter, Pleas? What do you want?", her voice indicating the impatience she felt in being thus disturbed.

"Day'ze 'er grate big snake hyah in de' fi'place", still insisted Pleas, fear as evident in his voice as when he first announced the presence of the reptile. The lady's temper increased at the little negro's continued insistence.

She replied, "Shut up, Pleas, You know that's not so. Go on and make the fire". "Ah jes' dikklah, Miss Marfy, day is 'er snake hyah."

Thoroughly angered, Miss Martha stormed out: "Pleas, make that fire, I tell you. If you don't hush bothering me, I'll get up and box your ears. Now, don't you say another word to me."

After the lady had had her extra little nap, and she thought the fire had warmed the room, she arose from her bed. Imagine her surprise and fright, on going to the fireplace, to see drawn together on one side of it, and almost in front of an andiron, a few chunks and some little dry limbs feebly flickering, while on the opposite side in the far corner of the fireplace, there lay a snake coiled in the ashes.

Her voice could be heard now. She shrieked, "Pleas! You, Pleas! Come here!" Pleas appearing, she shrilled, "Why, ⁶ in the world didn't you tell me that snake was in the fireplace?" "Ah did ~~tell~~ ^{tell} yer," said Pleas, "but yer say twan' so".

"Well, why didn't you wake me?" complained Miss Martha, "I didn't think that there was really a snake here".

When the snake had been killed, and a fire made in the fireplace, the lady asked "Pleas, weren't you afraid of the snake? How did you manage to make the little fire you did?"

"Yaz'm, responded Pleas, "Ah wuz skeerd ob'em at fust, but atter 'er w'ile, Ah got sorter yusen ter 'em".

Note: Mrs. Martha Merriwether was the lady. She was a childless widow. Her surgeon-husband died in the War Between the States. Everyone in her neighborhood learned the story about "Pleas" and the snake.

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Federal Writers Project

Subject: Folklore, legends,
old customs.

S-240 Folk Ways.

The early religious life was almost Puritanical.

The theatre, all forms of dancing, and, in fact, most worldly pleasures were considered sinful, altho' the people gradually became more lenient toward these things.

Any work on Sunday, or any worldly pleasure on that day was against the religious faith of most persons; this idea, no doubt, coming from the Hebrew law of the seventh day Sabbath.

The church songs were slow and mournful.

Family worship was more prevalent than in these modern times.

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The sermons of the olden days were very long, sometimes lasting two or three hours. The literature was not so varied as now. The main books read were the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Shakespeare.

Fiction was not so widely read nor so plentifully produced.

The social life was simple and much hospitality was shown.

Much of the folk ways and customs, folk ideas, folk tales, etc. are lingering remnants of the life in the old country.

The language contains words such as "tote", an African word, and yo'all (you all) which are still used to some extent as are also "holp" (^{holpen} helped) from the old English, and some other obsolete words which were

once accepted as good English.

S-241. Early Folklore Legends.

The legend of Pulpit Rock.

This rock, 2200 ft high, is situated in Cheaha State Park, twenty-two miles S.E. of Anniston.

An Indian maiden hurled her faithless lover from the summit into a deep ravine below, then cast herself after him.

Indian legends tell how the world originated; also fire, corn, game, disease, medicine, moon, thunder, etc.

Origin of milky way: Some people had a corn mill from which they found one morning, that their meal was being stolen, in the night. Finding tracks of a dog nearby, and suspecting who the thief was, they

watched the next night, and when the dog came and began to eat the meal from the bowl, they sprang out and gave the dog a severe beating. As he ran off howling, to his home in the north, the meal dropped from his mouth, leaving a white trail where now we see the Milky Way, still called, by the Indians, "where the dog ran."

Animals figure largely in Indian legends and among the stories and folklore of the southern Negro.

There is much from Africa in superstitions.

It was with a knowledge of the superstitions of the Negro that the K. K. K. was successful.

Even now, many colored people upon hearing an owl hoot throw salt in the fire to

divert bad luck, while others tie a knot in a towel and hang it outside the door, or even in the night, get up and turn one of their shoes upside down.

(This was given by Ida Walker, ~~still~~ living ^{in Jacksonville}, who was a slave in the Walker home. where Dr. C. W. Dougette now lives)

The old Weems home in Jacksonville, three blocks south of the square on N. Pelham Road, is said to be haunted. Another house in Jacksonville is said to be haunted because the man who was living in it, cut some wood or dug a ditch on Sunday.

One of Gen. Forney's slaves, Millie, now dead, played with the Indian children, ate some of the Indian cooking which she said was more delicious than anything the colored folks

cooked, became quite friendly with them and was told their secret burying place, pledging her to great secrecy. They told her that if she ever told it she'd be "haunted." She never told. (Mrs. Annie Forney Doughter)

One of the favorite oldtime dishes of the colored folk is "cush" which is made by crumbling cold corn bread, moistening it, mixing with a little minced onion & black pepper, then frying in bacon fat.

They gather poke for greens in spring, cooking it with plenty of grease, after first parboiling & draining off water.

They also gather wild onions very early in spring, cut them in small pieces and fry them.

Legend of Blue Pond.

(a lime sink)

An Indian chief in the vicinity had a beautiful daughter, who fell in love with a certain young brave, which displeased her father very much, because he disapproved of young men. So he prepared to execute him to get rid of him, but the ground sank and swallowed the whole company into a pit said to be bottomless. This is off the Anniston-Atlanta highway.

Woodstock Spring.

It was said that whoever drank of the old Woodstock spring in Anniston would return, sometime, to the vicinity.

Legend of how north boundary of county was fixed.

Cherokee and Creek Indians were disputing over the boundary between them, so a warrior on horseback rode toward the setting sun, and path where horse ran was the boundary - now the north boundary of Calhoun county.

A beautiful story is told, whether fact or legend I cannot say, of a vision that came to Mr. Samuel Noble, taken from "A Brief Sketch of Anniston," 1872-1922, by Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Noble, Sr. of Anniston.

During the closing years of the War Between the States, Samuel Noble had occasion to pass thro' this beautiful valley and over these hills of

Anniston and each time there appeared to him a vision.

He looked at the mountains all around the broad space that Anniston now occupies and said instinctively and unconsciously, perhaps, "Almighty God, I thank Thee for this lovely spot; give me strength and guidance and I will do justice to this place with all my might and power.

If I just had the material, I would decorate this rolling land with enterprises, that would be a means to provide food for those who say, "Give us this day our daily bread."

While he was meditating a rich light fell on the mountain side near him and a voice full of courage whispered in his ear - "Look, Samuel, Look,

and the index finger of God
was pointed to hillsides not
a half mile away where iron
and limestone and luxurious
timber lands were beckoning
to him saying, "Come to us, take
us out and we will serve
you any way we can."

- Samuel Noble looked up and
said in his heart, "Father, I go.
you have shown me the
most beautiful spot - one that
my heart longed for - and every-
thing that will declare the
blessings with which this
God-favored spot is bestowed."

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Other folklore.

Many of the practices of the colored people, and many white people especially of the remote rural sections come in the domain of folklore.

They play the "in the moon" and if one has a tooth extracted when the sign (signs of the zodiac) is in the head the suffering will be intense.

"If the moon knowed what all yewuns hold hit responsible fur, hit'd git scared and fall down out o' the sky."

Even the moonshine whiskey is said to come under folklore. It originated in the pioneer period, when at a time their surplus of corn could not be transported across the mountains unless converted into whiskey.

There is an old belief that there will be as many snows in winter as there are fogs in August.

Friday is always believed to be the fairest or the foulest day of the week, and February always borrows fourteen days from March to pay them back in the same kind of weather in April.

The first thunder in the spring awakens the snakes and lizards. Good Friday is accepted as the best day for planting beans and some other vegetables, but few know its religious significance.

One old custom spoken of by Washington Irving in writing of the Dutch in New Amsterdam, of putting branches of evergreen in the wide old

fireplaces during the summer months is still practiced by some people in the rural communities, and when the weekly housecleaning is done and fresh flowers are put in the bowls and vases, fresh evergreens are put in the fireplaces.

The customs in courtship and marriage have undergone great changes.

Far greater formality and reserve was the custom in the olden days.

The suitor always asked the hand of his fair lady, from both parents, and many a girl never allowed her lover to kiss her before the marriage ceremony.

A big feast at the bride's home, following the ceremony, was the almost invariable practice. If in warm weather, long

tables were set in the yard or somewhere on the lawn and the guests usually stood up to eat, being difficult to seat so many.

The day after the marriage the in-fair was held at the groom's home, where another big feast was made.

The desert at these banquets was cake and syllabub or cake and ambrosia.

Syllabub was rich sweet milk churned till it foamed.

The foamy part was skimmed off, sweetened, and flavoured with wine, vanilla or cider.

Ambrosia was a mixture of delicious fruits cut up together like our fruit salad.

In slave time the little white children would take their cups containing a little sugar and flavoring to the

cow lot where milking was being done and have the negroes milk them full, which caused much foam on top. This, they called byllabub. (or sillabub.)

House raisings, log rollings, husking bees (corn shuckings) cotton pickings, and quiltings were very common in the early life of our country and also not so long ago.

These were accompanied by a big dinner furnished by the family who was having the work done, with often a dance, singing or party of some kind as the social feature in the evening.

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Mrs. Walter Wade Robinson
Callahan Grinding + Machine Co.
818 Atlanta Ave. ~~Jacksonville~~
Anniston.

Folklore, Legends, etc.

William K. Cunningham

S-240 Folkways

Tuscaloosa Co, #4

S-242 Slavery Times

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Mr. and Mrs. John W. Prewitt
and their Slaves.

(By Lillian Finnell)

Mr. John W. Prewitt and his
wife lived 13 miles north of Tusca-
loosa on the Byler, U.S. 43, Road.

They owned approximately one
thousand slaves. These slaves
lived in different communities
in groups necessary for working
the farms they lived on.

Mr. Prewitt had no hired over-
seers, but each farm was under
one of the slaves that was most
dependable.

All these slaves had their
own cows, hogs, chickens, etc.,

Mr. and Mrs. Prewitt (Continued)

2.

which they used and disposed of as they wished.

They kept the mules - which were owned by Mr. Prewitt - that they worked and used at their homes. They raised their corn and kept it at home. They went to mill - the mill belonged to Mr. Prewitt - just like white people. On Sunday morning by sun-up these leaders were at the "Big House" (thus was the master's house always designated by his slaves), to draw meat, flour, lard, coffee, sugar or any other supplies they needed. The following which was related long years after the war by some of the old ex-slaves is pertinent at this time.

They said that when they used

Mr. and Mrs. Prewitt (continued)

3.

to go to the Commissary to draw provisions on Sunday mornings that "Miss Betsy" (Mrs. Prewitt) was always present and that she wouldn't let "nobody" have a thing unless he, or she, had bathed the night before and had on clean white clothes that morning.

The largest group of slaves lived in quarters back of the "Big House" and worked the big farm.

Just south of these quarters was the grave yard for the negroes.

When the negroes had colds and other ailments, especially the children, Mrs. Prewitt would get her lantern and such home remedies as she kept, and go from house to house doctoring the sick

Mr. and Mrs. Prewitt (Continued) 4

before she went to bed. This happened oftener during the rainy spring months, because there was ^{then} more sickness among the darkies, than at any other time.

After the slaves were free and Mr. and Mrs. Prewitt had died, the negro quarters were burned or torn down. But all the old negroes and most of the younger generation, believe that every bad rainy night "Miss Betsy" can be seen with her lantern visiting the sick, and not finding them in their cabins, she goes to the graveyard and ministers to them there. There are some 2000 negroes buried there now. It is the largest negro graveyard in America outside of a

Mr. and Mrs. Prewitt (continued) 5.

a large city.

There is another item in connection with the Prewitt negroes which has been handed down by citizens of Tuscaloosa who lived before the war.

As the Prewitts had so many slaves - there was only one other gentleman in Tuscaloosa County who probably owned as many slaves as Mr. Prewitt - it was not an easy matter to keep them employed at all times. So in the fall of the year, during cotton picking time, Mr. Prewitt would hire some of his slaves to planters living below Tuscaloosa in the Black Belt to pick cotton for them. It was said by those older persons, who witnessed such occasions, that it was a

Mr and Mrs. Prewitt (Continued)

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show to Tuscaloosans to see the Prewitt negroes passing through the town on their way down to pick cotton on the river plantations.

There would be wagon loads ~~after~~ wagon load of them, men and women, all so strong and healthy looking and everyone dressed in white.

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Church Attendance of Negroes
in the South during Slavery
times.

In the white churches in the
south there were large numbers of
negroes who were members of these
churches.

As a provision for seating these
colored members, they were given
space at the back of the church.

A partition on either side of the
aisle dividing the white from the
colored members. As often as they
wished the slaves attended church
on Sunday morning. Then, there
was once a month, at least, a Sun-
day afternoon preaching service.

At these services the slaves could
ask for any white minister, of

2.

Church Attendance by (Continued)
Negroes

whatever denomination they preferred, to preach to them.

There was but one rule imposed at these services. A prescribed number of reputable citizens were compelled to be present at each of these preaching services. This rule had to be enforced to prevent law-breaking persons from disseminating what, at present, would be termed harmful "propaganda" among the slaves.

A large number of these slaves continued their membership with the white people as long as they lived.

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Negro Jingles

Las' year my daddy plowed er ox
Dis year he plowed er muley;
So havi me down my froctail coat,
I'm goin' on home to Julie.

Some fokes says a preacher wout
steal
But I caught three in my corn field
One had a bushel, one had a peck,
De uddern had a roasen year
tied roun' his neck.

Ring ting! Ring ting!

Out er style

Ef you ebber see er yaller gal
Keep away from her smile.

My master had a yaller gal
He brought her from de South
She wrapped her hair so tight
She coulden' shet her mouf,
Whoa mule! Whoa mule!
Hole yer seat ole Liza Jane
Hole on to de quail.

Negro jingles

An old darkey asked about what kind of a Christmas he had had, said:

Ise wukked all summer,
an' Ise wukked all fall,
Den I hater tek Chrismus
In my overalls.

Uncle Ezra was being examined to take out insurance. He was asked: "what did your grandparents die of?" He answered, "I doan rightly reker-lex, but twant nuthin' serous".

Negro jingle

White fokes goes to de college
Niggers goes to de field,
white fokes learns to read an' write,
niggers learn to steal.

○ Negro Jingle

I had a little pig,
I fed him on peas,
I kep' him so fat,
I couldn't see his knees.

○ Superstitions

When de antres gits in yer house
you gwine ~~to~~ move.

When you is waeking along an' hears
a stick crack behin' you, it's two
dead folks arguin' 'bout whether it's
you or not. One sez, "Hit want her";
Nudden sez, "yes, it wuz"; So dey
breaks de stick to make you turn
roun' right quick so dey can see
you an' tell it is you.

When a pusson is sick an' a dog goes
off under the house an' howls, the
pusson's goin' ter die.

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words 200

When a screech owl comes an' sets on your house an' hollers "He-e-e-h," it's a shore sign ob death, but run an' put a poker in de fire an' heat it red hot an' it'll keep Death away.

When chillun have de chicken-pox make 'em go into de fowl house nine mornin's han' runnin' an' shoo de chickens off de roos'; de chickens flyin' ober 'em'll cure de chicken-pox.

When people gets ole an' dey jint's git stiff, kill er buzzard an' bile it, an' take an' get de grease offen de water. Rub yer jint's wid de buzzard oil an' you'll git s'pry erqin.

S-240 Folkways

S-242 Dress

Words 137

Dress

of
One of the "yellow legged Dutch"
(There was a Dutch settlement in
the Appalachian foot hills beyond
the plateau upon which the town
of Tuscaloosa was built)
(By Lillian Finnell)

The Dutch inhabitants were
known as "The yellow legged Dutch".

His wool hat was tied around
the crown with a raw hide leather
string; a copperas jeans suit, coat
made frock-tail with very large
pockets. His home woven shirt
had no collar; shoes home made,
also his socks were home knit.

Once, eating the midday meal
at a home, the family of which
was of a higher social class than

Dress of yellow legged Dutch (Continued)

the "yellow leg", he was asked if he would have any thing more to eat.

He replied, "yes, Ma'am, if you've got 'em to spare, I'll take a few more of the greens. There was still a dish full of the turnip salad on the table."

S-240 Folk ways (The yellow Legged
S-242 Story Dutch continued)
Words 422

Taught Them Trades 44
(By Lillian Finnell)

In the mountainous part of Alabama, there were always some of these people who made brandy and whiskey. They felt they had a perfect right to do this; they had grown their corn and the peaches and apples grew in their own orchards. Cotton, the only money producing product then in the South, will not now grow in the northern part of the state. So to get a little money to buy the things the family needed, that were not grown on the farm, or made in the home, these mountaineers made the above alcoholic beverages to sell.

An old gentleman mountaineer being asked how many children he had, said, "Ten, and mebbly I

Yellow Legged Dutch

A sick Backwoodsman (continued) 4.

Newt had destroyed the efficacy of his prayer by revealing his identity to the Most High, resulted as he feared, for he died the next day.

Addenda: There were class distinctions among our forbears;

The planters and professional men, (doctors, lawyers, ministers and teachers). These were followed by the tradesmen, including slave-dealers. Then overseers, stage drivers, steamboat men and lastly the "poor white trash". Many of the latter class came from good stock and their progeny have, in many cases, risen to the very top in political positions, as ministers of the gospel, the professions, etc.

Yellow Legged Dutch

Taught them Trades (Continued)

2

haint done as much as I coued
fur 'em, but I have learnt all of
'em a good trade. Even Dory,
my baby - she's jist sixteen; she
can make as good a run of corn
likker as ennybody in the Country.

A sick Backwoodsman
(By Lillian Finnell)

An old man by the name of Math-
is, who lived in the backwoods was
very sick. A neighbor of his, Newt
Jasper, went to see him.

Newt did not have a very savory
reputation among the people of the
neighborhood. He attended church
regularly and pushed himself for-
ward on all occasions that he
thought would display his piety.

Yellow Legged Dutch

A sick Backwoodsman (Continued)

3.

Any time he could he would pray in public, and, if given a half a chance, would conduct religious exercises. So Newt, not being able to suggest any remedy for the sick man, said, "Brother Mathis, suppose we go to the Lord in a word of prayer". Mr. Mathis being very sick and feeling the need of help, said, "All right, Newt, if you think it will help me". After prayin importunately for twenty or thirty minutes, Newt said, "Now, Lord, this is Newt Jasper asking you to do this— Before he could continue, old Mr. Mathis raised himself on his elbow, and said; "Oh, Hell! you've done rint everything now. You've told the Lord who you are!"

The feeling of old Mr. Mathis that

S-240. FOLK WAYS:

S-242. DRESS: Dress of one of the "yellow legged Dutch" (There was a Dutch settlement in the Appalachian foot hills beyond the plateau upon which the town of Tuscaloosa was built).

The Dutch inhabitants were known as "The yellow legged Dutch".

His wool hat was tied around the crown with a raw hide leather string; a copperas jeans suit, coat made frocktail with very large pockets.

His home woven shirt had no collar; shoes home made, also his socks were home knitted.

Once eating the midday meal at a home, the family of which was of a higher social class than the "yellow leg", he was asked if he would have anything more to eat. He replied, "yes, Ma'am, if you've got 'em to spare, I'll take a few more of the greens." There was still a dish full of the turnip salad on the table.

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S-242 Story

Words 214

The White Camellias (By Lillian Finnell)

The "White Camellias" was the judicial body of the Ku Klux Klan. This was the tribunal to which the Klansmen submitted cases for trial for punishment. The men composing this committee were the older men of the community who were respected and revered by every one who knew them, for their fair dealing and integrity of character.

This body gave the culprit a fair trial. If he were found guilty, he was told that he would be given another chance to redeem himself by conforming to correct ways of living and acting. Some times a transgressor would even be given a second opportunity to do right. The third time he was brought

The White Camelia (continued)

up, however, punishment was meted out to him. This generally consisted of a whipping, or banishment from the state.

These words about the White Camelias show that the bonafide Ku Klux Klansmen, whose eligibility to membership called for the highest type of manhood, were themselves amenable to a superior authority. This fact seems not to have been widely known.

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S-240 Fork Ways

4

white Camelias
By Lillian Finnell.

S-242 Story (214 words)

The "White Camelias" was the Judicial body of the Ku Klux Klan. This was the tribunal to which the Klans-men submitted cases for trial for punishment. The men composing this committee were the older men of the community who were respected and revered by every one who knew them for their fair dealing and integrity of character.

This body gave the culprit a fair trial. If he were found guilty, he was told that he would be given another chance to redeem himself by conforming to correct ways of living and acting.

Sometimes a transgression would even be given a second opportunity to do right. The third time he was brought up, however, punishment was meted out to him. This generally consisted of a whipping, or banishment from the state.

These words about the White Cameliae show that the bonfide Ku Klux Klans-men, whose eligibility to membership called for the highest type of manhood, were themselves amenable to a superior authority. This fact seems not to have been widely known. Long after the war Rev. Redmond Jones, a Baptist minister and a man of the very highest reputation and character, informed his son of the White Camelia society in the Sipsev neighborhood where he lived. Rev. Mr. Jones was one of the leading officers in this White Camelia Klan.

S-240 Folk Ways

S-242 Story

Words 217

Why the Groom Stayed away from
his own wedding

(By Lillian Finnell)

The marriage of a young backwoods couple had been announced to take place on a certain night. When the night came it was raining hard, and had been raining all the afternoon.

Those who were invited to the marriage, however, assembled at the bride's home at the time appointed for the wedding.

The groom had not arrived. The ceremony was, of course, delayed. As the groom still did not appear; after sufficient time had been allowed for his delay on account of bad roads, etc., two of the male guests volunteered to go and learn what was keeping him.

They set out walking along the path through the woods, rain-soaked and

Why the Groom Stayed away from
his own wedding (continued)

2.

full of gullys, their way poorly lighted by the flickering gleams of pine-wood torches. They expected momentarily to meet the belated groom, but they reached his home without seeing anything of him. Inquiry at his home elicited the fact that he was there, but that he had gone to bed. Demanding admittance into his bedroom they asked him "why in the world" he had not come to "get married". Had he forgotten this was the night? "No", he replied, "I didn't forget it, but it was raining so so hard, I didn't think anybody else would be there, so I didn't go either".

S-240 Folk Ways

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13.5
words

S- 240 Folks Ways

S- 242 Myth (Colored)

Mules Can See Spirits, (By Lillian Finnell)

A colored boy drove a young lady in a buggy every day, to the place where she was teaching a school.

A graveyard lay beside the road in one place. One morning, passing the graveyard the boy said; "Ole Beck she got skeert at er spirit over dere in de grave yard yistiddy mornin' ez I wuz goin' home. She riz straight up on her behine feet, an' I jes couldn' hardly git her to go by." "Was afraid of a spirit?" "Why what do you mean about Beck seeing a spirit?" asked the young lady. "Yassum, mules ken see angels. Yod no de mule spoke to de profet an' tole'im dere wuz er angel in de road in front of him. Yes ma'am, er ole Beck she seed er angel out dere in de grave yard, sho'."

S-240 Folks Ways.

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S-240 ⁷ Okways

S-241 myth

Words. 189

Tuscaloosa Co.
#4

The Jaybird Story as told by
an old negro woman, a slave.
(By Lillian Finnell)

Honey, you ebber see er Jaybird on
er Friday? No, er ef you did hit waz
mity early in de mornin'. Caze dey
leabs befo' soon on Fridaye ~~ter~~ carry
san' ter de debbil.

De debbil he hater hab er
mity heap er san' ter keep his fur-
naces fixt. He heat dem Fiery Fur-
naces powerful hot an' keep 'em hot
all de week tel Saddy jes er roasen'
sinners. Den he has ter fix 'em up
ergen so's ter be reddy ter start ober
wid er new bunch er sinners on Mon-
day.

He wuk all day Saddy, Saddy nite
an' eben on Sunday ter get dem Fiery
Furnaces reddy ergin. As you see he

2.

The Jay bird Story (continued)
done gib de Jay birds de contrac'
ter keep 'im in san', else he'll
put dem in de fier wid de sinners.
So dey sure wuk ter fill dat con-
tract, an' dat's de rezun you neber
sees er Jay bird on er Fridy.

(Old Aunt Percy was about a
hundred years old when she
related this story. She told
it some sixty years ago.)

S-240. FOLKWAYS.

S-241. MATH. The Jaybird Story as told by an old negro woman, a slave: Honey, you ebber see er Jaybird on er Friday? No, en ef you did hit wuz mitey early in de mornin'. Caze dey leabs befo soon on Friday's ter carry san' ter de debbil.

De debbil he hat er hab er mitey heap er san' ter keep his furnaces fixt. He heat dem Fiery Furnaces powerful hot an' keep 'em hot all de week tel Saddy jes er roasen' sinners. Den he has ter fix 'em up ergen so's ter be reddy ter start ober wid er new bunch er sinners on Monday.

He wuk all day Saddy, Saddy nite, an 'eben on Sunday ter get dem Fiery Furnaces reddy ergin. As you see he done gone gib de Jay birds de contrac' ter keep 'em in san', else he 'ull put dem in de fier wid de sinners. So dey sure wuk ter fill dat contrac' and dat's de rezun you neber sees er Jay bird on er Friday.

(Old Aunt Percy was about a hundred years old when she related this story. She told it some 60 years ago.)

(Dress)

S-5040 Folk Ways

S-242 Dress

Pantalettes

Girls and young ladies of the olden time wore pantalettes.

These consisted of long loose fulls or ruffles which were tied above the knee with draw strings. These ruffles hung some distance below the wearer's dress. They were more or less elaborately made, with tucks, embroidery, lace inserting and edging at the bottoms of them. Any desired material was used to make them; fine muslin, nainsook, cambric, linen, etc.

(From pantalettes have evolved the present day "step-ins".)

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S-240. FOLKWAYS.

S-242. DRESS. PANTALLETES.. Girls and yound laddes of the olden time wore pantelletes.

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