

The following life history is taken from a taped recording by Fred Douglas, to Susan Clement-Brutto: *Summer 1986*

Mrs. Brutto, I am always glad to have you and (to) Joe visit, and this is a thing, that through the years that you all have been in this vicinity, I have learned that you all have not only just been around here, but that you have traveled not just in the state, but the states and you have met with all kinds of people, I am sure. But from the time that you all came to Kentucky, and from the time that I met you all, you all have always been my favorites. And so you were for my wife. Of course, I wasn't no boy when you came to Kentucky, I was getting on up to a ripe old age, but I can remember back, I can remember back, oh I can remember back before I started to school and we lived in the upper end of Marion County, but we didn't have a school in Marion County. I went to school in Boyle County. It was a little one-room schoolhouse up here at Aliceton, Ky.....we had a nice trip..we had a four-mile journey ... we generally walked about eight miles a day..we got a good exercise. And to be honest with you, I learnt in later years .... my first schoolteacher...the lady that taught me first....she was....third grade was as high as she went, but she was .....but to us she was a smart lady, she was a good lady...she was a Christian lady and I think that is one reason that we enjoyed the country schools back there then...we had good dedicated teachers.

They wasn't up to the things that was going on like they are now...but what they did know, they knew. And what they did know, they put it to use -- they taught the children. The children in the school, they gave them the best of their knowledge ... the facts of life, the way that they should be brought up. Of course, when we'd go to school...we'd go in...we'd have to have our prayers in the morning at school, which is ruled out now. Now they don't have any prayers

in the school, but then....when you went in the schoolhouse and all of them got seated, that was the first thing that they would want to have -- opening prayer. Well, the teacher, she would do it for so long a time, but as the students got older, you know...she would call on certain students to lead, and have the morning prayer, which I think....I know now that it was a very good thing to have. But then, you know, I was a child -- and I thought as a child. I thought that was her job, because she was the teacher! I used to think, why doesn't she do it? But later on, I come to find out, and come to the conclusion that she was forming a life for the students...she was starting the students in the way that they should go, that when they got older, even though they might stray away, but it would linger in their minds, it would linger in their minds, and you don't depart from what you've learned when you are a small child. It was a starting place for children. The parents is the main ones to start a child off like they should go. At least, that's the way we was raised in our home. Our parents .....of course, all children think so, but I thought that I had the best parents ever was! As long as they didn't whip me...and when they whipped me, I thought they was the worst parents ever was!

(What were their names?) William Douglas... (Now tell me your parents' names..) William Douglas...and my mother was Nancy Corinne...Smalley before she married...she was a Smalley, and she married William Douglas, and that family...I should be ashamed to tell it. There were 12 children, 7 boys and 5 girls! And my mother died at a young age...she was 48 when she died. My baby brother...the baby of the family, was eight months old. My oldest sister, Laura Clark, she taken Tom, the baby boy, she taken him at eight months old and growed him up to manhood, and she done a whale of a good job! To just

pick him up as a baby brother...of course he called her "mama"...she had another boy...she had one boy that was a few months younger than Tom, and they was raised up together. And William Thomas, he called my sister Laura "mama", which she did seem like. He never did even remember his mother because she died when he was eight months old.

(Where were you in the line up?) Well, at that age, when Mother died, I was the fourth kid...I was the fourth kid. Lesley, the one that died in December, and then Laura Clark....Lesley was oldest.....Laura was next...Bernard was next...he lives in Cincinnati...and I was next. Henry, he was next...he died in Detroit about 30 years ago. Wallace--James Wallace--he was the next boy. He died in Pompano Beach, Florida. After Wallace, there was Margie. She resides in Lexington...she lives in Lexington. Mabel--she lives in Cincinnati; Arlene lives in Cincinnati, and Nellie lives in Cincinnati. And my brother--there ain't but two of us living -- Bernard and myself. And he lives in Cincinnati. So out of the twelve, there are only 7 living. And all of the girls are still living, and two boys. So, we was a fortunate family until a few years ago. I lost my mother back 56 years ago...she was 48 when she died. Then my dad...he stayed single for about 9 years and then he was married for 20 years and then he died. We have made it alright ever since...we still go by the Golden Rule -- "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". That's the best policy.

And the boy in Cincinnati -- Bernard -- he has had two operations in the last two months, and he seems to be doing fair.

(Tell me some stories when you were a little kid, when you got into trouble, and you learned a good lesson.)

Well, the best story that I can tell you ... the best lesson that I ever got-- when I was going to school, they'd tell me, now you're supposed to mind your

teacher. Your teacher is not going to whip you unless you do something that you need a whipping, but now if you go up there and go to "cuttin' up" and you do get a whipping, well, when you come back home, you're going to get another one! So I said, no, that won't work, I know it, that ain't gonna work, 'cause I'm not coming back home and telling it. But I had a little sister that was a regular tattle-tale, Mabel, and I got a whipping

up to Aliceton, and I was determined that my parents wasn't gonna know anything about it. I was not gonna tell it. So, we come in, and we was setting ating around the supper table, Mabel kept looking at me and grinning, but I didn't have the least idea that she was thinking about telling about me getting a whipping! So she said, "Dad!" And he said, "what?" "Well," she says, "you told Fred if he went to school and acted bad and got a whipping....if the teacher had to whip him, you was going to give him another one.." Dad said, "Yes, but Fred ain't got no whipping." "Yes, he did," she said, "he got one today!" "What did he get a whipping for..?" "He throwed a slate rock and hit Mabel Cowherd and split her heel wide open!" Which I did.... "And Miss Aline had to whip him!" So, Dad said, "well, what had Mabel done to you?" Well, I had to do a whole lot studying to get something together, but ever what I studied up and put together, it just wasn't real. He knew it just wasn't real, he knew there wasn't nothing to it...so he said, "Well, I'm not going to lie to you. I told you that if you went to school and got a whipping, that I was going to whip you."

So he told me to go get some switches, and he was going to whip me. We lived up on the beech at that time, and down on the sand bar there was a willow grove, and there were some long, yellow, tough willows -- they were that long! -- but I went down there and I shunned them. I went down there and I got the

ones that was drying up, that was knotted...so I brought them back up there, and he took and tied them together. He started whipping me, and switches was flying every place! Flying all over the house..! "So," he says, "Well, I can see your point, but I'm gonna have go down there and get me some switches and it's not gonna make it no lighter on you." So he got up and he went out, and he went down on the Branch, and he cut him about 6 or 8 willows, those yellow, tough -- tough as mule's hide -- willows, and he came back up there.

And, well, I tried to die, but he wouldn't hit me hard enough to kill me, but he was tormenting me to death. He was eating me up! So, finally when he did get through, with whipping, he says, "Now, why didn't you tell me that you got a whipping?" And I said, "You never asked me."

"Aha! you're smart...you're trying to talk smart back to Daddy, ain't you?" And he reached and got them switches, and he flew in on me again. So I said, "well, I probably would have told you tomorrow, but I wasn't aiming to tell you tonight." So he just laughed it off. But anyway, that was back in the good old days! That was back when "chaps was chaps..."...everybody felt like he was a kid, everybody felt like he was under the parents....and if they told you they was going to whip you, you could mark it down on your day book. It might be a week...I always did hate to have a whipping promised, because whenever they'd get right up on the spur of the moment to whip you, just about the time you thought you was dying, they'd say, "yes, and I promised you that I was going to whip you for so-and-so..!" Terrible...!

(Well, how did your mother teach you lessons?)

Well, Mother...she was...she never did have to do too much whipping. Mother could whip me just talking to me...kindness would always whip me to death anyway. She'd take you in the house and set down and talk to you..and that just beat me to death! But now Dad--he didn't spare the rod. He believed in the club, a switch, a

belt, or turn you across his lap and give you a spanking! And every time he'd spank you, every other lick he'd hit harder...but Mother, she never did. It always hurt Mother if she had to whip one of the kids..it hurt her pretty near as much as it did us.

(Did she whip the girls more than the boys?)

No...no...in fact, there wasn't but two of the girls that she ever had to whip much. And that was...I don't think my older sister, Laura..I don't think she ever had to whip her but a time or two. But Mabel--but Mother would just say something to Mabel, and Mabel would just stare and throw her eyes on her. And Mother would say, "Mabel, stop staring at me...I'll smack both of them eyes into one!" But Mabel wouldn't quit..she wouldn't stop staring...so Mother would have to do it!

(Is she still hard-headed?)

Yes...! Still hard-headed...still hard-headed. She is got a temper, like a rattlesnake. And you don't get too big, you don't get too tall. If you're too tall for her to smack you in the face...she'll get up on a chair and smack you! Yes...so anyway...up through the.....well, I was in upper Marion County, I went to school at Aliceton.

(Was that an all-black school, or was it blacks and whites together?)

It was all blacks...(was the teacher black?) Yes! (Was that the way it was back in those days...they had either black or white schools?)

Yes...they had all black schools for the colored, and all white schools for the whites. Back in those days, I went to Aliceton, I went to Riley...and they were all-black schools for the colored, and all white schools for the whites.

(Did the white kids have to walk 4 miles every day?)

Some of them had to walk further than that! They went to Silone, we went

to Riley, and they that went over on Silone to school, the white kids...when we went to Aliceton the white kids they come to Gravel Switch or to Mitchellsburg. ~~had~~

(What kind of work did your father do, and who did he work for, or did he have his own place, or what?)

Yes....from the time I remember, from the time when I can remember, he has always owned a place. He worked....he lived....well, you know where....Pleasant Hill is.

(up on Logan...) That's right....on Logan....we lived right opposite...you could stand at Pleasant Hill yard and look right over on a ridge where I know I did know over there where George Sparrow lived...we don't want that...that's where we lived....when we went to Aliceton.

(So that's where you were raised, more or less..?)

Yes...up until when we moved up here on The Beech...up here where Ray Lanham ~~l~~ lived...and then we went to Aliceton until Aliceton School closed and then they transferred us to Riley. So then I went to Riley School.

(Did your Dad grow crops just to eat, or did he grow something to sell?)

Oh...he growed crops and he growed tobacco...we raised tobacco...and cattle... we had a bunch of cattle.

(Was there a tobacco allotment when you were a boy?)

Uh, uh...no...

(When did that come in...?)

That tobacco allotment hasn't been around that long...I wouldn't say exactly

how long, but it's been in the last 30 years, or something like that..yeah..

(Was it after the Depression...?)

Yes..after the Depression. Back when the Depression was, we raised tobacco and you could raise all you wanted to...but I've took tobacco to market and had to bring it back because it wouldn't bring enough to pay the floor expense...we'd haul it up there and then bring it back. So there's been good years and bad years...

(Tell us about the food your family used to grow, and how your mother would put it up, and so on and so forth...and if you raised bees, and if you love honey and all such as that...)

Well, I'll tell you what we used to raise...now people used to raise everything that they ate except their sugar and coffee..(and salt..? Yes, and salt...

Right! We raised meat hogs, we killed our beeves, we raised gardens. We had pretty near anything you could go down here to the Key Market and buy..we raised it. We didn't know what it was to buy no milk, or no butter. We churned the butter...we milked the cows...we killed our meat hogs. Sometimes

we killed anywhere from 5 to 8 or 9, depending on what size they was... And we had our cattle...in the wintertime...if we took a notion to kill one, a beef...why, we'd kill a beef, take it to the smokehouse, hang it up and let it freeze. Let it hang all winter. Back then, when winter come, it was winter! It stayed cold, from December 'til March...meat was froze, out in the meathouse. So, we never had to buy...we didn't have to buy much groceries.

(Did you heat with fireplaces or with wood stoves?)

We had fireplaces and wood stoves. When we lived out on The Beech, we had a big fireplace ....had to go out and cut a big back log and put it in the



back...to have to throw the heat out of the fireplace into the room, and then sit the smallest wood up ...we had our dog irons that set in front of the back log to put our wood up on...and it was living back these then....! We used an old lamplight, but when we was in the fireplace, you didn't need no lamp. Of course, we could keep a lamp burning if there was somebody reading or something like that, but this here fireplace would keep the house lit up.

(Did your mother do canning, or mostly drying..?)

She canned ...she dried....we made molasses...in the fall of the year, we'd make anywhere from 50 to 100 gallons of sorghum. The next spring we've had cans and stone jars full of sorghum molasses that would be done gone to sugar.. Of course, we had to buy our sugar and our coffee, but outside of that, we raised about everything we used.

(Did you ever have a vehicle...? What did your parents drive?)

Well, the first car my Daddy drove...we used to go in a road cart...you've seen a road cart...buggies...then he bought a car from a guy next to the Gravel Switch-- you know Johnny Lanham at Aliceton...? (No, I don't know him)

Well, Johnny Lanham lives right up there just as you cross the railroad. His daddy was named John Frank Lanham and he had a 1914 Model T, and my Dad bought it. That's the first car we ever had. It had these crystal lights, you'd turn it on, and take a match and get out there and open a door, and turn it on and it would go "poof!" So we had a car in the latter years...

(What year were you born in?)

September 9, 1910. And if I live to see the 9th of September, I'll be 76..

(Let's talk about-- how old were you when you first left home, and what was your first job? Who did you work for, and what did you do? When did you first make "big" money?)

I never did make no "big" money...! I stayed at home until I was 31 years old, and when I left home was when me and Edmonia married and that was in 1941. (Did you always work for your Daddy then..?)

I always worked with him. He had done sold the last farm that he had. Mother had been dead, and he had married again and he sold the farm and we moved to Springfield. So I moved down there with him, and I cropped. He was getting on up in age....and he couldn't do too much cropping, so I always felt like that I had to stay around and help take care of him--help him take care of the family. So...I just stayed at home until I married. Then when I married I was living over at Springfield, but when I married, I moved to Marion County then and moved up here on the Hourigan Lane with my brother, up here at A.C. Glasscock. So then I cropped with him for a couple of years, and then I moved back to Springfield and stayed a couple of years; I moved back to A.C. Glasscock's and stayed a year, and then I moved over on Hourigan Lane, out there, at Roy Hourigan's place, and stayed there three years, and then I bought a farm out there on that old road, and I kept it for 26 years. Which I've been gone...I've had it sold now for 9 years....

So, after I settled down, I generally stayed around pretty close. I've been right up here in Marion County up here on 68 - off of 68 -- I've been up here for the last.....40 years. The last 40 years.

(What made you leave A.C. Glasscock, and come back, and then leave again?) Well, A.C. Glasscock was a good guy...I've been knowing him all my life, but

A.C. had some spoiled tenants. He had those tenants to work. The way I looked at it, they was working to his benefit, not to theirs. And, when I went there, of course, I was aiming to work to my benefit, so he didn't like that. He said,

"well, you gonna upset my apple cart. Les and Jack Fender, they're raising the chickens and all on the halves and all that sort of stuff.....they raise the feed...you said you ain't gonna raise none, but if you do it will be yours..." And I said, "right!" So I didn't want to upset his apple cart, I didn't want to turn the others away from the way he was letting them do... So I just decided that the best thing for me to do was move on out...because I didn't believe in that partnership chicken..where I had to come ask you if I could kill a chicken or not...whether I can sell an egg or not, and all that sort of stuff...

(Did you ever work for anybody who was just a fine person to work for, who treated a person by the Golden Rule..?)

Yes -- yes, I have. A. C. Glasscock's brother, John Glasscock, Harold's daddy....and I stayed with him ten years. And he is what I call a fine person -- he said what he meant, and he meant what he said. But it was business-like. What I mean, what he wanted to do if you was going to work he wanted you to make you some money, because if you don't make you none, you ain't going to make me none. So he would always give me any kind of ~~kind of~~ deal that he thought that I wanted, he would say, "Well, you just go on, and do so and so, because if it's gonna make you money, it's gonna make me money."

(What were some examples? With hogs, or with cows, or with tobacco or what?)

Tobacco. He was the president of the Gravel Switch Bank. He turned the farm over to me....I took care of his cattle....his sheep, and all of that stuff. He said, " If you know how to take care of stuff for yourself, you can take care of it for me. I go early and don't get in 'til late, I'm gettin' up in age and don't feel like it,, so you just take over and go on and handle this stuff, and he'd tell me to keep eye on the cattle, the calves, the baby beefs, and whenever you

think they are getting up size to sell, let me know. So he just left all of that to me, in fact he just left all of that to me, to see to. Of course, don't get me wrong; don't think he wasn't looking himself, but he had confidence in me, if I went to.....if I was taking care of his stock, he thought that I had enough judgement to know about when his stock was ready sell, about the feeding and all of that sort of stuff. Then the best guy....I didn't stay with him too long, but Derwood Funk. I believe, was just about the nicest guy I ever worked for...and after I moved, well I never did move on his place, but after I quit working on his place...in the wintertime, of course, he had money to let. In the wintertime, when I would be working for him, and didn't have nothing to do but just feed and.....maybe ever 3 or 4 weeks, he would call and say, "If you ever go to Gravel Switch, stop by..." So I'd be going to Gravel Switch and I'd come on back down the road and I'd pull in there, and stop, he'd come out, and hand me a check wrote out for \$50.00....and I'd say, "You don't owe me nothin'..." And he would say, "Now, wait! You have got to live just the same, whether you are working or whether you ain't working...and the things you have done for me, and the money you have made me, and the way in which you have took care of my stuff, I owe it to you! It's not....I'm not giving you nothing...I owe it to you." Yes, he was a fine person...and after I quit working for him, after he moved to town, he treated me just as nice as he did when he was on the farm..

(When your father remarried, did you get along OK with his second wife?)

Fine...fine...

(Who was she...?)

She was a Coyle...Fannie Coyle.

Where was she from...?

Danville....yes...Danville.

(Did they have children together?)

No, they didn't have any children. She had two boys by her first husband. One of them was dead....had died....before her and Dad married... and then the other one died...Johnny...he died after...

(How old was your Dad when he died?)

He was 82...if he had lived from April 9 until May 18, he would have been 82. And Les, if he had lived until January 23rd, he would have been 84...

(Well, where did you meet Mona?)

Well, I had been meeting Mona off and on ever since she was just a little old fat chick...you see, Mona was raised just right here at Poplar Corner...and I was raised right up there on The Beech...so I had been knowin' her...I'd see her at the fair, the Lebanon fair, at the Springfield fair, at Tucker Hill church....at prayer meetings...and I'd been knowin' her... and I never had the least idea of marrying her....it never once crossed my mind.

(What kind of a kid was she...what did you think of her when she was little?)

She was a rotten chap....and she was no exception after we married, she was still rotten....but she was a good one, ain't no question about it.

(Well, what are some of the things you used to get into it about... or did you agree about everything..?)

No....drinking!

(Oh...did she do a lot of drinking..?)

No! She didn't...I did!....and she did not like that stuff you call whiskey....! She didn't want you drinking it...

(Did you drink before you got married?)

Yeah...

(And she knew it?)

But, you see, so many people thinks that " I'll go on and marry so-and-so, and I'll change him, and I'll stop it!" But you just don't go doing a thing like that,.....you don't have no business doing a thing like that, because it ain't easy...it's not too easy to stop them.

(Well, did you succeed?)

Yes...! I quit. I quit....when she stopped fussing, then I quit.

(How many years was that into your marriage?)

Well, from the time we was married, we was married...and I drank for twenty some years..while we were married.

(And one day she just gave up and quit fussing?)

Yeah, well....no, she never did give up and quit fussing, but what she did do was she would quit getting around where her and Caroline and Addie and all of them..see, that was what would make me so blooming mad, she'd wait until she got around where some of her people were, and then she'd go to telling them things.....telling everything...and that would make me just madder than fire.

(Well, now did you go to church all those years?)

Yes, indeedy! I went to church...I went to church...we'd been married 42 years, would have been in December, she died in July, and I went to church from the time we married until she passed, and I've never quit going yet.

(Well, did anything happen in your life that made you suddenly stop drinking?)

Yes, no tragedy never happened...I never had no bad tragedy or something like that..but, I tell you what kind of got next to me... Going out drinking, and they had so much confidence in me in the church, and like if I'd go out and drink and get a little top-heavy at night, and then go to church the next day, they would

have me up doing something--singing, or doing something. The next day when I went to church, there'd be somebody who would want Fred to do something. Well, I just got tired of just standing up there feeling guilty, knowing I was out last night, drinking, carousing around with the bunch..and now I got these people fooled, these people don't know it. But then I got to thinking, these people aren't going to take me to heaven nor to hell either. But the man up yonder that's looking at me -- He's the one who is going to judge me! It's not these people...so I better clean my act up. So....

(That's kind of when you got saved, isn't it? When you gave yourself over..?)

Yes..! I just...when I just...I mean, I don't guess you never get to the place where you don't want to do some little things that ain't right, but...there's no point, when you know it's doing you harm, there's no point in just drinking and carousing and all that sort of stuff. And then I'd think that if I went to town, and there's Mona drinking and staggering around drunk, well, I'd be ready to leave her..and I'll go and I'll get drunk, and I'll come staggering around...and I just got to thinking about it. And I just got some different thoughts .... different things....I said, " Uh, oh...I just got to get out of that tree....", so I just quit.

(Are you going to sing a song on the tape for me?)

It would be hard to do without some kind of music...

(What song comes to mind..?)

I just don't know...!

(Well, just tuck it away in the back of your mind, because I sure would love to have a song on the tape..think about it...

I wish someone could play, and I'd sure love to sing a song..on tape..

(You could probably do without music, too..)

(What sort of song comes to mind...what do you like to sing?)

Well, really, I don't hardly sing anything but religious music..I used to sing this here hillbilly rock and roll...

(You did..? When you were drinking and carousing...?)

Well, no, not exactly...not exactly. There's just some of them old songs that I just really like..!

(Like which ones..? What were some of the titles?)

Oh....one Roy Acuff used to sing..."Great Speckled Bird", I thought that was a pretty song..

(What's the tune...can you hum the tune...?)

(Someone hums a tune...)

No, I can't recall...he's done blocked my mind..

(How was it ever decided who was going to get what tobacco allotments when they started giving them out..?)

(Did you ever get one when they were being given out? (tobacco allotment)

Yeah!

(How did you get it?)

(Did you have to go and sign up or something?)

Yes...they give you an allotment, according to what you'd been raising. They cut a certain percent of what you'd been raising. The more that you had been raising, the bigger....



(Did people tell the truth about this?)

Oooh...people lied! Oh, yesss!

(Did the big farms and rich people get more..?)

Oh, yes! They guessed off acres, and you know they used to guess acres and they give an allotment, what they used to raise, the patches they used to raise, and call it 4 and 5 acres, surveyed out about three....they went and turned in that they had been raising 10 or 11 acres of tobacco...! When they hadn't been raising but 6 or 7...so, that's how it happened. Just like A.C. Glasscock -- he went up there and turned in how much tobacco he had been raising...and he thought he was, but he never had never put the tape on it. When you put 72 steps square, it takes a big lot...a whole lot....of ground.

(Is that an acre?)

Yes...72 steps square. And, A.C. would go out there and step it -- step 72 steps. Well, that's all right. You can step 72, you can step 3 feet, but walking, you head across, there's somewhere along the road that you're going to cross your feet up and you're not going to step over that far...and all of us know, you aren't going to average 3 foot to the step.

(You'd be leaping, wouldn't you?)

That's exactly right..it takes 33 steps.....33 steps to make 100, no, 99 feet. And a third steps...to make 100 feet, and you take off down there, and you take a tape, and you'd find you probably ain't stepped as far as the tape will run.

(Well, tell me about your farm. Was that the only farm you ever owned?)

No.

(Well, tell me what you owned, how big they were, what you gave for them, who loaned you the money or if you had it stashed back....just how you

worked all that, back in those days...)

Well, the first little place that I bought..it wasn't a farm, it was only 17 acres..it was down here at Pleasant Run by St. Ivo. I bought it from..*Ray Hill*.

(Where's St. Ivo...?)

Down here at the church...

(You mean at Poplar Corner...?)

Go down to the bridge, and turn left ...and go down through there..you know where...

(You mean past Tucker Chapel?)

No, no...right down after you <sup>go</sup> down from Poplar Corner, and get to the concrete bridge, and cross like you're starting to leave me, and then, just as you get across the bridge, the road turns and goes down Pleasant Run, down by where Buddy Hayes' farm is...and Randall Lawson, he's got a farm there, and on down by E.C. Hayes's down there..church, there was a church there, but they done tore it down because of St. Ivo...

(Was it a Catholic church?)

Yes..a Catholic church..

(There aren't any Catholic churches this side of Lebanon..on that side of Lebanon there aren't any Catholic churches today.)

No, not up there...

(But there used to be one...?)

Oh, yes.....St. Ivo...

(Did Catholics and Protestants mix much back in those days?)

Quite a bit...

(Was one of them richer and more powerful than the other one, or

about the same, or what..?)

Really, I lived in the upper part of Marion County, and there wasn't very many Catholics up there. From Lebanon down to St. Mary's, and Loretto, Holy Cross, and Raywick down through there, that's where all the Catholics were, but from Gravel Switch back on the river and back up through that way, they wasn't no Catholics..was no Catholic church. Now they just opened up that post office up there at Perryville, and made this Catholic church. It ain't been up there but about 6 or 7 years, and then the next Catholic church that you would find would be in Danville..there were just different parts of the county where there was mostly Catholics. And that's all down in this lower part, New Market, I mean, New Haven and Holy Cross, Loretto, St. Francis, St. Mary's and all down through there.. St. Rose...and all down through there...now that's the Catholic country down in through there, but now back up as you go on back up this way, they wasn't no Catholics, wasn't no Catholic church, and wasn't very many Catholic people. Once in a while a Catholic family would move up here, but there wasn't too many. I lived with Catholic people for 10 years, never was a nicer bunch of people.

(Where was that?)

That was right out here off of Short Line, going through to Springfield.. the Grigsbys, Will Grigsby. He was one of the nicest..

(Were they from out of town, or from here?)

They were from Fredericksburg...you know Fredericksburg is a Catholic place.

(near Springfield..?)

Yes..but he moved up here and bought a farm up here and of course, he went to St. Rose to church.

(You worked for him for how long?)

Ten years...stayed in the house with him for ten years. His wife died when his kids were all small...

(Did you help him raise his kids?)

Well, the kids was up....I guess Leona was eleven, twelve maybe.. when I moved there.

(Were they black or white?)

White...

(And they moved away from a Catholic to a Protestant area..?)

Yes..he bought this farm...and, but he was a Catholic...and he was a strong one, but he was a sensible one, he was a sensible one.

(Well, tell me now...you were talking about the farms--you bought the 17 acres over by Pleasant Run..to whom did you sell that...what'd you give for it?)

I give...let me see...I think I give \$800 for it. Wasn't no house on it, and I kept it for about 5 years...I had a pond, a big pond dug...and all, and then I sold it to Richard Smalley...over here, for \$2000. Then I turned around and give \$3000 for the one up here where I owned... just sold.....I give \$3000 for it...and I kept it 26 years. I built..it was a 4-room box house when I bought it. When I left there, it was 8 rooms and a bath. I put a front porch on it, and I put a back porch all the way across the back, I put a cistern under it....I built a new barn. I cleared...there was 62 acres and about 4 acres cleared. When I sold it, I had it all clear but about 12 acres. When I sold it, I give \$3000 for it, and I sold it for \$42,000, after 26 years.

And did you clear all that land by hand?)

No..not all of it. I did a whole lot of it...I bought me a chain saw, but then I hired Charlie Lanham with a 'dozer.....he 'dozed a whole lot of it, and then this Mattingly boy....Jess Maupin's son-in-law, he done a whole lot of 'dozing for me.

(Is this the Mattingly we got? Billy Darrell....he didn't do such a great job on my farm.)

Yes.

(Let me ask you something that is kind of personal. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to...)

That's all right.

(I know you never had any children. Did you ever lose any children -- did Edmonia ever lose any children? Was that issue ever a sorrow in your marriage...did you all ever talk about it? Did you ever deal with it? I imagine you wanted children if you could have had some....because the way you all took up with Timmy, I imagine that you all would have wanted to have some children if you could have, but was it something that you all had to deal with, or had a hard time dealing with...?)

Yes.....well, no.....Edmonia was a woman....she was.....well, she was a good thinker. We had two or three people that tried to talk us into adopting a kid, she said no...not going to adopt no child! She said, if the Lord had wanted me to have a child, He would have give me one.

(She never did want to adopt one? Were there any children to adopt?

Oh, yes...we could have put in<sup>and</sup> adopted one...but she said I ain't going to adopt no child.

(Did she not want one that badly?)

She liked children...but she didn't believe in just adopting...she

In the mornings he would wake up and he would say, "Where's Fred?" Well, you went to sleep and Fred went home. And he'd say, "why didn't he wake me up and take me with him?"

(So he "adopted" you..?)

Yes, anyway..that's the way it happened. Then when we had the automobile wreck, and we kept Tim until he was going to school. And then Hattie...when we had the automobile wreck and Mona was in the hospital for six weeks, Hattie quit and come home and wanted to take Tim.

(Hattie quit work, you mean?)

Yes.

(Did Mona ever do public work?)

Nope. Never did.

(And you did public work, just towards the end, right?)

I never did no public work until I was 58!

(How come you had to go do public work then...?)

Well, I.....

(That was after the accident, right?)

Yes, that was after the accident. I had .....they had done cut my tobacco...I didn't have much...only 8 or 9 tenths of tobacco...and I just didn't have nothing to do.

(You know what Edmonia would say...?)

She'd say after the accident he lost his helper and had to go on to public work!

Yes..that's what she told them! She said he lost his helper, that's why he went to public work because I couldn't help anymore...! She'd say, oh, yes, now that I'm crippled up and can't help, he went to public work! But I can tell you one thing, and you can believe it or not, but you talk

about missing somebody...she'd go to the field with me every day..now, she  
 didn't have

to go with me. She didn't have to...I tried to get her not to.

But she just wanted to go to the field with me -- she wanted to work out in the field. And, then once she got crippled up and couldn't go, boy! you talk about killing somebody....it killed me to go to that field by myself.

Yes, sir!

(You were used to having her there, weren't you?)

I was used to having her out there, if nothing else, just sitting up there in the shade! She didn't like it when I went on to the highway...she didn't much want me to do it. But I really wasn't thinking I'd get the job...I just put in for the job. I wasn't thinking much about being called...but...

(Well, was it easier on you? Did it pay more regular, and good?)

Oh, yes, it paid good money, and then it built my social security up and everything....

(It got you some social security credits...? And maybe it wasn't as hard work as farm work..?)

Yeah....it wasn't..it wasn't. Now see, for the last three years, I was janitor in the barn. I didn't go out for nothing. I'd just take a hose and wash the concrete floor...I'd take a hose and hose the concrete floor down...and just work around there in the office. Oh, it was a snap - it was a good job.

(I think a lot of public work is that way...they act like they are working hard, but I have a feeling that...but I guess one of the bad things about working in public work is working with some of the people you've got to work with...did you run into that when you went into public work?)

Yes...yes...you know, I was always a guy, I'd get along with anybody. Now, I didn't "egg" you, but if you wasn't the kind of guy that I liked to be around, I'd treat you nice, but I wouldn't have no more to do with you than I just had to...but I'd treat you nice. I didn't make no big "to-do" out of it...I didn't make you littler than so-and-so..now there were some guys out there on the state that I didn't have no dealings with much, but I treated them right. I think that you find that in any walks of life, they's just some people that you just like...better..... you like their ways and everything...you just like <sup>them</sup> better than others. It ain't that the other person has directly done anything to you, but you just can't get used to his ways.

(Sometimes it's just because they have different values, or something like that. They may just go by a different set of rules, in a way.)

So...I got along good...I got along with all the bosses...I got along with all of them on the highway, and we'd have a report to turn in. They'd turn in the report. We'd have a meeting over to E'town...I'd go over there and them bosses would say, "Fred!" And I'd say, "What?" They says, "I know by getting a report that I get in, that we get on you over on the state highway, I know it's not all of the good of the foremans... I know the foremans ain't all that good...you must be a pretty good kind of fellow! And I'd say, "Well, what you mean?" Well, they say, "you wouldn't get no report like they turn in on you, if you weren't a pretty good fellow, they couldn't turn in that report. It's not their goodness all the time...you're just an easy-going, good guy to get along with." And I said, "Well, did they say that? Yes! they said it! And I said, "Well, you tell who said it, you pat him on the back!"



(Tell me something: do you think that the way blacks and whites get along is about the same today as it was years ago, or do you think it is better, or worse, or what? Do you think it just looks different but is really the same, or do you reckon it is really different or what...?)

(They don't go to church together, much....they live in the same neighborhoods, more or less...of course, they always did before, but they had farms joining, or did white farms join black farms, years ago?)

Yes...I tell you, Susan -- I can not understand this racism. Our family, we've been scattered all over Marion County...we've lived among white people all of my life...we got along just as good...we got along better!

(Back then, you got along better?)

Yes. Let me tell you something. Back there then, if white people got along with you, it was because they liked you. Now, they are forced.

(Oh? Like a law...?)

It's a law....now they don't think anymore of you and they don't think as much of you now as they did back there then, because they are forced to do it now. They passed this equal rights, and all of that junk, but as far as this here racism, I never knew anything about it, because I lived around white people all my life, and I've never been in a place that I didn't get along with everybody.

(Well, did they take advantage of black people? Or did they take advantage of white people, too?)

Well, let me tell you something...I'm just going to be honest with you...what I have found out in my life. You take rich white people, they take advantage of poor white people! Just like they will take advantage of a poor black person. They will work you for nothing...they will treat you

like a dog, if you'll take it...there's not a bit of difference now....  
 the only difference there is now as there was then is that now they have  
 got this here "equal rights"--the law is always behind you, and they are  
 forced to do so-and-so. But see, you can force me to do so-and-so, but  
 down in my heart, you can't change it...you can't make me like you! The  
 white people that didn't like colored people then, don't like them now!

But there's nothing they can do about it.

(But they can do things "under the table..")

Yes, they can do things "under the table"....they deal the cards  
 under the table. And you know, I'm going to be honest with you, if I had  
 to force somebody to love me, I don't want to live with them..I just don't.

(RE: the Depression -- how things got changed around...what sizes  
 people's farms used to be...before and after the Depression...)

Back in Wad Dever's day.....that was 'way back...I was just a small kid..my  
 dad lived on Alfred Isaac's place over on the river, them Devers', they  
 was born with a silver spoon in their mouth. They had money...they were  
 born into families with money...those Taylors and all of them over  
 there -- it would look like with them being back over back in them knobs that they  
 wouldn't have anything, but some of the richest people around was John Taylor. Old  
 John Taylor -- they called it John Taylor knob....back there....you know, I'm  
 talking about the John Taylor knob...some of the richest people in this here Marion  
 County come out of the knobs.

(How did he make his money?.....bootlegging..?)

I don't know... (Well, that was before your time, in a way...wasn't it?

I remember....I can remember this, there was a time when you could buy all the  
 knob land you wanted. One dollar a acre...I know when...up there by Parksville

.....you remember up there where they got all that there hill leveled, cleaned off...? It's the prettiest green hill as you're going through this here...going through Mitchellsburg..around through there..there's a guy went up there and bought this land...He bought 200 acres for \$200. He had a little old place up in Logan, and he sold it, and he hired him a 'dozer and he went in there and he cleaned off them knobs. It's the prettiest sight in the summertime...they are black-green...It's just the prettiest sight...you can stand and look at them knobs from here going to Perryville ...not the other way...the old Perryville road...and them knobs just shine! George Reynolds bought it, and he went in there and 'dozed it up and sold it and there's some of the most beautiful hills you ever saw!

(Now what about Papa Clark....Spencer Clark's daddy...I guess it is Spencer Clark, Sr. -- was he always rich when you knew him?)

Yes...he always had all of this land. Now, Caroline could tell you... Caroline and them were born and raised on old Spencer's land..they could tell you. But all I can tell you is that Clark and them....he has.....

(Was he a mail carrier?)

"Little Spencer"...yes.

(But his daddy wasn't...?)

No, no. Old Spencer wasn't no mail carrier...but I don't know...W.A. Clark, he got in fair shape, but old Spencer he never did drink or nothing...every dollar he got, he put it to good use.

(Did he treat Edmonia's family right...?)

Yes, yes...old man Ed thought there was nothing like Spencer. Edmonia's daddy...he thought there was nothing like Spencer Clark...and....the kids all seemed to think well of old man Clark...clean on down to now, clean on down to

now, Spencer and them, they still like Caroline. They'll do anything that they think she would want...what she needs to be done, they'll do it for her.

(They still come around and everything...?)

Yes...Helen, Spencer's wife...she just....they was awful good....they were good to Edmonia...and, and I think, I think that old man Ed, he was a good farmer, and he had working boys...them boys was good workers. And they just fell in right with them Clarks, and the Clarks was...the Clarks was good...they would just do what the Clarks wanted done....they raised good crops, they would work the mules, and do whatever the Clarks wanted done.

(That lasted a long time, didn't it? Didn't that relationship last for many years?)

From when Edmonia....all of them was born...all of them was born and raised at the Clark's place....but I think Willie wasn't...

(Was Willie the oldest..?)

Yes...but Caroline and Edmonia and all of them...they were born and raised on Clark's place...they just left Clarks' when they come to town...

(What church did you go to when you were a child?)

When I was a child, I went to Wesley's Chapel....)

(Was that Methodist, Baptist...?)

It was Baptist....

(Who went with you...your mother, your father?)

Yes...they carried me, they took me there...they knew that I went, because I went with them..

(How old were you when your mother died?)

I was sixteen....

(Oh...you were still a kid...you were still a young kid...)

Yes...yes...and I've been a kid ever since!

(OK...do you want to sing "Old Rugged Cross" first...? Or which one are you open to...?)

I'm open to "The Old Rugged Cross"...are you turned to it...? Now, OK...

(I know the tune, and I'll hum it, for music. Now, remember, this is your gift to me...)

OK, I consider I'm close enough to you that I can share it the book with you...

Joe, come over here...

(He has to watch the machine now...OK, you get it started, because I can't carry a tune...)

"On a hill faraway, stood an old rugged cross.....

the emblem of suffering and shame...

and I'll love that old cross...

where the dearest and best...

for a world of lost sinners was slain!

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

'til my trophies at last I lay down...

and I will cling to the old rugged cross,

and exchange it someday for a crown!

Oh, that old rugged cross,

so despised by the world,

has a wondrous attraction for me,

for the dear Lamb of God  
 left his glory above...  
 to bear it to dark Calvary!  
 So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...  
 'til my trophies at last I lay down..  
 I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
 and exchange it someday for a crown!  
 To the old rugged cross,  
 I will ever be true,  
 it's shame and reproach gladly bear...  
 and He'll call me someday,  
 to my home faraway,  
 where His glory forever I'll share.  
 OK...that's enough...

(OK...now sing "In the Garden" -- Joe wants to learn this tune from  
 you...I think it's page 109...but there's no music...)

"I come to the garden alone,  
 when the dew is still on the roses,  
 and the voice I hear..  
 falling on my ear,  
 the Son of God discloses...  
 And He walks with me,  
 and He talks with me,  
 and He tells me I am His own,  
 and the joy we share,  
 as we tarry there...  
 none other has ever known!"

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,  
is so sweet that birds hush their singing,  
and the melody,  
that He gave to me,  
within my heart, is ringing!

And He walks with me,  
and He talks with me,  
and He tells me I am His own,  
and the joy we share,  
as we tarry there,  
none other has ever known!"

I'll stay in the garden with Him,  
though the night around me be falling..  
but He bids me go,

through the worst of woe,  
His voice to me is calling!

(Chorus again)

(Now that was good! Now, where is "How Great Thou Art"...page 25..you  
know that one by heart, don't you? I like it when you lead, so you lead...)

"Oh, Lord my God,  
when I in awesome wonder,  
consider all the world Thy hands have made,  
I see the stars,  
I hear the rolling thunder...  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed..  
Then sings my soul,

My Saviour God to Thee,

How great Thou art,

How great Thou art!

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee,

How great Thou art, how great Thou art!"

(He sings second and third verses...and choruses...)

"When Christ shall come,

with shout of acclamation,

and take me home,

what joy shall fill my heart,

then I shall bow,

in humble adoration...

and there proclaim,

My God, how great Thou art!

(Chorus again...)

The title, the name of this song is "Blessed Assurance",

the words of this song are: "blessed assurance, Jesus is mine, oh, what a foretaste of glory divine, heir of salvation, purchase of God, born of His spirit, and washed in His blood... and the chorus goes: this is my story, this is my song, praising my Saviour all the day long, this is my story, this is my song, praising my Saviour all the day long!"

(He then sings "Blessed Assurance")

(That's very nice....thank you...)