My Remembers
Stimpson, Eddie, Byrd, James

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Stimpson, Eddie and James Byrd.
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Sud Busting Day

I remember when I was five or six we kid had to get up early on certain days. Wash day was one of those days. At night before wash day Mother would take the tub down to the well and fill the tub with water. And when Dad come in from the field he had to come down the trail by the well to the house. So Mother would watch when Dad start to the house. She would meet him at the well so he could help her carry the tub of water. I remember this because while mother was drawing water we kid would play in the tub, or try to. Mother would say, Get out of my wash water. I don’t want no dirt in it!

When we kids was growing up we were all way in my mom site—where ever she was we was, or in hollering distance. If she were busy and we kid were playing some place she would call up one by one by name until we answer. She had special concern on wash day. Everybody know of some kid, black or white, who got killed by falling in boiling wash pot. I guess that the concern she had, especial when Bessie Lee was out of site.

Back to wash day. As I grew older and could draw water, around six year old, we kid all had to carry water. We start a day before wash day hauling water. We all had bucket to fit the weight we could carry. We would have to fill the three tub and two wash pot. One iron wash pot was for boiling clothes, the other pot to supply hot water as the wash water got cold. As mother wash and use water, we have to keep hauling it. Also get chips and stick of wood to keep the water hot in the iron wash pot. We also had to start the day before gathering chip and wood from the wood pile and stack it around the wash pot. We kid were not allow to fool around with fires until I was seven year.

When I was seven I remember this. Mother would say the night before wash day, garden day, and corn picking day, All
Mother would say the night before wash day, All right you kid, we got
to rise and shine early in the morning.

right you kid, we got to rise and shine early in the morning. We
got to either wash or go pick the ripe stuff in the garden or go
pull corn roasten ears. Whin I first start making fire for wash
day, Mom would tell Dad whin he got up to get me up so he can
help Jr. get her wash water ready.

Mother all way felt that as I grew older I was responsible
for what ever she had me to do. I thank my mother for that, so
I grew up being responsible and trustworthy. Any way I could
keep the fire going, and chug down clothes with old broom
handle. Me and Mom could ring out the heavy clothes and I would hang them out. By the time I was ten all Mother had to say, Tomorrow is wash day. The reason she start preparing a day before, because if she did not have bluing, starch, and soap, I would have to hit the road and walk a mile and a half to the store.

Bluing was use to bleach out white clothes along with hanging them out side on a fence or a clothes line with the sunshine to purify and help bleach them.

By the time I was twelve me and my sister were doing all the washing and ironing. I would wash, Ruth would iron and Bessie Lee help hall water, and stay in the way. And I had to watch her to keep her out of the fire. She would try to take fire from around the wash pot and start another some other place.

I was sixteen whin we move close to Plano on Si and Vera Harrington place. Dad had left us. Mother work for Vera Harrington and once a week Mother, Ruth, and I wash and iron for Fred and Mrs. Callie Harrington for house rent, until I was eighteen whin I went into service.

The tubs was galvinise steel sizes numbers one, two, and three. Most famley would probly have four or five tub they use for washing, gathering garden and taking bath. In the summer every day we hall water, fill two tub or three. Leave them in the sun so the water could get hot. One tub was Dad, one for Mom and one for us kids. Bessie Lee being younger, she had to be last because she would splash all the water out. The only soap I see until I went in service was lye soap. Every once in a while we got a bar of palmolive soap and Mother would holler at us and say, Don’t use all the soap. Save some for Dad.

I tell my family and young people today that there was no such thing as washing powder in my young days. And I had to wash and iron for house rent. And they think that was crazy. But that the truth.
If you want to look, feel, and smell some fresh sheets when you wash them in your washing machine, try hanging them on the line in sunshine.