My Remembers

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Fear of Failure

Reader, if you recall, I’ve told you that we move from Ray Haggard farm to Allen, and after about a year and a half we move back.

I’m at my sister Ruth home here in the outskirts of Edgewood on her small farm. It’s 1:00 A.M., and we just had a long talk about why we move, the hope and prospect we had after we move, and the disaster we fell into when we move back where we left from.

Dad had been with Ray Haggard since he was twelve. In the early 1940s peoples began to get better jobs moving to town. Mule and horse field work were being replaced by tractor. All the share crops earnings were use to pay back borrow money, and I suppose Dad look around and seen what was outside of his perimeters and realize, I got a family to take care of and year after year I ain’t got a penny, after the year of no borrowing money.

I can remember the sight on his face when he first tell us we moving—one that I’d never seen before. There were a sign of happiness in his slow gracious movement, the shy smile on his face, more like a grin, then a laugh. As he walk in the house, I heard him say, Millie, you and the kid come in here. I got some thing to tell you. Mom a little slow coming to the big family room, thinking all the time, Some thing had bad happen.

I think the reason mom acted like that was because dad never was a talker, but when he did talk, he got the attention of any body around him. As we gather in this room Dad look around at Mom, me, Ruth, and Bessie Lee, and a smile came on his lip. And he said, How would you all like to move?

All of us, all most at the same time, Where? Where? Where? To town? To Plano?
Dad answer, Nope. Allen, Texas. All us said, Whin? Whin? Whin? Probly in a week or two.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I can hear these words from Mr. Ray before we left, Pete, how in the world are you going to make it? If you got to go I won’t stop you. I don’t imagine you going to make it, but you can come on back whin you get ready.

We got to move all right and thing were better than they had ever been. The place we move was own by Lavon Dairy. It was east of Allen, around 250 acre. Dad was in charge of the dairy. All we had to do was work the farm and plant what ever we please and the profit was our. We had a nice home, hog, and chickin. I was raising pigeon. For a black famley we had every thing with nothing hold against, two car, and money. By the time cotton was ready and the corn were making a possible eighty to a hundred bushel per acre, my dad move us back to Ray Haggard. No more share cropping, just a farm hand. Very upsetting for mother and us three kids.

The question then, is what happen and why we had to move back. Well, I or any one could speculate on a number of thing, but I can tell you for sure. After being in a place for as many years as my dad had been, the way he started out as a farmer as a kid and always with the same man, on his own and unable to read or write, I think it was more of a psychological effect, after moving from one inviroment you no so well, to a better inviroment. But still theres a question of it being secure enough to take care of a famley. So here you get afraid some time. Dad had gold platter in hand and silver spoon in mouth. His new boss want him to stay, but there was fear. Dad knew he had at least a place to go back to but didn’t know for how long. All ready our house was taken and every body had stop share cropping and twelve acres was gone. But there was a
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little small house not even big enough for the famley.

Once again I watch Dad drive up, get out of the car, come in the house, a little angry and a little sad. No smile this time but more of a frighten look on his face, as if some one had said, I told you you couldn't make it out there.

So whin he call out, All you come in here. Let me tell you what we going to do.
Mom: What Eddie?
Us three kid: What Dad?
Dad: Well, we is going to move.
Everybody: Where? Where?
Dad: Back to Ray Haggard.
Mom: What?
Ruth: I don’t want to move.
Bessie Lee: What for?
Me: I lacked one more day laying the corn by. You mean to
tell me I did all this work for nothing?
Mom: Eddie, Can’t you find some where else to move beside
back where we left from?

But in a few days we move back to the same inviroment,
only with worse condition. Famley split because the only house
then available was too small. I move in with Aunt Emma and
her nephew Tank. No more share cropping, only day to day
wages. Thing were never the same. Fear had taken charge of
Dad life, and poverty took over his famley. Thing didn’t get any
better in a year or two. Dad trying to gain self control of anger
and fear. We move again. In a year we move again and Dad
overcome fear after getting another job beside farm life. First
time he have some money in his pocket and other thing start to
have more meaning than famley. Every body began to look
after ther own self. Although love and care for each other still
exist, anger and fear has a way of up setting and turning
things around and around and even up side down. But slowly
we did crawl out of it. We made it by the help of God and strong
famley ties. Tough time never last, but tough people all way do.
I wrote a poem about tough time.
Tough time never last.
Life is sweet. Life is swell.
You can look up. You can look down.
Still, there is nothin to be found.
You can look left. You can look right.
And thing seems out of site.
We no that tomorrow is not promis.
But we dont have to live in sorror.
Don’t look back because you wont fine any tracks.
Look ahead. You ain’t dead.