My Remembers

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What Kept Us Going

It strange to look back in the past whin work were all sweat and muscles. Every job were strait from the body muscles. Some of the work strain every vein in your body. Even tears roll out of one eyes. I can remember men and women say, She or he work ther poor soul to death.

Now that I’ve been through some of that blood and sweat for a living, I understand why they said this. I been one of any where from ten to twenty peoples out in a field chopping cotton with grass as thick as hair on a dog back. Some time bending down for hours pulling grass from around cotton you could hardly see for weeds, with a row a mile long and take all day, some time two day, to chop one row.

It would been nice, chopping the cotton, if not for the ups and downs. The cotton were so bad that every time you make one whack with your hoe you had to bend over to pull the grass from around the cotton. It was like bending over doing three whack down to one whack standing. One would think in grassy cotton like this you would never get from one end to the other, the rows being one mile long. By the time you get to the top of the hill and a half day gone you look down the row and say, Lord have mercy. I still got a half mile to go.

The older peoples probly start thinking about I’ve got to work all the week five and a half days or six and only make a dollar a day, five or six dollar a week, and half of it go to the boss man to pay back what you had borrow that winter so you could eat and feed your famley. On top of all that you probly had to buy medicine or pay a doctor.

You think, these days of the push button world, How in the world did they make it? I can tell you how they made it. First thing they did at night, they read the Bible and pray. The next morning the first thing they did whin ther feet hit the floor,
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they went on ther knees and thank God for another day and say, Lord help me make it through this day.

And one of the beautiful sound in the heat of the day whin the blister bust in your hand from chopping and the blood running from your hand where the tough Johnson grass blade have cut your hand, back hurting from bending, foot hurting from standing, clothes sweaty and sticky, then a tear began to
roll from your eyes, some body would raise up, pull the bonnet off, wipe the tear and sweat, look up at the sun beaming down at about 100 degree and say, Lord help me make it the rest of this day, and start to hum mum mum mum mum, then every body brake out with a humming song, like “Nobody Knows the Trouble I See,” “Swang Low Sweet Chariot,” “I’m Going Home on the Morning Train,” and “I’ve Got a Home Over in Glory, Just Wait and See.”

These type of song would be like cool breeze blowing in your face, dry up the sweat and tear, rough up the hand. Seem like the hoe get sharp, strength get in your back, feet get happy, grass get tender and you could see the cotton sticking up through the grass. You get to feeling so good that you pay no mind at the time or look at the sun to know the hour. Then all of a sudden some one would say, Thank you Jesus. I’ve made this day.

Some one else would say, Child, another day and another dollar.

Some body else would say, Yeh, child, but look where it going.

Where was it going? Well look at it this way. Fifty cent to the boss, twenty-five cent for snuff or tobacco and fifteen cent for food. Well, let head for the shack. Got to stir up a little supper. Probly left over bean, fry some potatoes, make some corn bread or biscus.

Most of the time kid who were old enough would be sent home to start the fire. Whin I start cooking at seven, mother would put out enough of bean to cook for dinner and supper, corn meal too. On that note every body throw ther hoe over ther shoulder and head to the shanty with a good night and, I’ll see you tomorrow if the Lord willing and the creek don’t rise. By By.