

UNCLE BEN HORRY

(Uncle Ben lives in his own cabin with his second wife, Stella. Formerly almost inaccessible, the new Coastal Highway has put Uncle Ben and Aunt Stella in the world. The rural electricity program has current right at their door. Aunt Stella was asked 'Why don't you have lights, Aunt Stella?' and she replied, 'White folks run me if I do that!' So you see the old couple still live with many old and old beliefs one being that the white man only is entitled to the good things - the better things. Like most old ex-slaves in South Carolina low country, they love and revere the names and memories of their old masters.)

"Right now, I oldest one from Longwood to Prospect - see dere? (Pointing to forest wall - great pines and live-oaks in front of the cabin) - Look! I know when he cleared and plant! Josh Ward have potato there. I have manure and plant tater. I been here, daughter!" (He pronounces it 'Dater' with a short 'a')

(Aside: "Stella, mind now! Don't quarrel me to-night! What you do?"

Aunt Stella: The second wife - some years his junior - probably 65 - "I do nuff!")

"Got to go up there and cook supper to the Schoolfield house." (This was Uncle Ben's announcement as he crawled into the car with a bucket in which were his shoes. He was walking down the Coastal Highway and not staying where he be-

longed - on the shoulder!) "Got to cook crab and ister
(oyster). Ain't got much to cook. They don't eat much.
Got a gal there to fry fish. They give me recommend for
cook. Been get the sea foods for 'em for five year.
Iron oven the way we raise." (Aside to his wife) "Stella,
if that man come there, see that sack there? Tell that
man I put fire there. Gie 'em fork and knife. Tell 'em
eat all he want!" (Uncle Ben arranges oyster roasts.)

"That man to Schoolfield house want me to stay and
sleep wid 'em. All women gone. Tell me keep the man and
lock up the house when he gone. I tell 'em too much o'
tief!"

Lillie: "Aunt Stella, ain't you fraid when Uncle Ben
stay out all night?"

Uncle Ben: "Stella keep pot o' water boil and tief come
she trow 'em!"

Visitor: "Uncle Ben tell Lillie bout your father and the
whiskey jug."

Uncle Ben: "You see, to Brookgreen we nuster plant rice
and my fadder had the barn key. He kinder boss man. He
nuster (used to) take me and go out woods night time."

(Aside to mother of child at pump - "Take care dat child!")

"Fadder take me out woods night time (What you
say, Primus?) and I hold storch (torch) for him see for

trash (thrash) out rice what he take out the barn. Rice been money dem time you know. And he take he rice and gone on down to town for get he liquor. And he come from town wid whiskey. Boss find it out. Five or six chillun and always give us rations. Broke that jug and when they call his name (put rations in pile you know - pile for every one been in famby) when they call my fadder name but a piece o' broken jug there is discourage him from whiskey - . He come from town and been drop the jug and it break up. And Boss know. Far as I can remember he keep give 'em that broken jug bout a year. You see he sponsible for key. Seem like I member right where we go beat that rice. Pine tree saw off and chip out make as good a mortar as that one I got. Dan'l, Summer, De-fine! Define the oldest brother my fadder have. Young Missus Bess, Florence, Georgia, Alice. Those boys the musicianer - go round play for the girl."

(Aunt Stella: Interrupting, "You orter be carry money with you. Get the meat. I ain't going no whey (where)."

Lillie: To Primus who has walked up.

"Handful back yet?" (Handful his wife's basket name.)

Primus: "No. This man bacco barn burn up."

Lillie: "What?"

Primus: "Mr. Len barn. Mast'er been asleep!"

Lillie: "Rich most cure all his'n. Taint mine! Rich tease

me. He say, 'MY bacco; YOUR kitchen!'

Lillie: "What you all think bout that tale the Elder tell Sunday bout his Great Uncle and the snakes!"

Stella: (To Uncle Ben) "What you tink bout it? You tink a man truss to go in cypress hollow wid rattle-snake?"

Uncle Ben: "Let me see how was it!" (Deep thought as he rubbed his face in his palm; smile as recollection came) "On Rutledge Plantation a man wouldn't take no beating. Found a large hollow cypress tree been rotten out long years. Gone in. Lie down sleep. Fore day wake up! Feel something crawl over him. Nother one crow like game chicken!" (Negroes all say rattlers crow!) "Smell him. Crawl over him. Crawl out. Get out."

Stella: "Revents had it wuz a man in a cypress tree and seven - how much wuz it? Twelve? These twelve monster snake crawl over him. If you move, he strike."

Uncle Ben: "Right there where Dr. Ward stay had a big old stable - see these two hole in my jaw. Had a stable high as that tree. Big Jersey bull gone in there eating that straw like we thrashing. Big rattle-snake pop 'um. Fall dead."

"How does we mark shoat? Under-bit; upper-bit. Swallow fork in the right year! And a square crop in the left!

"How much been task? A quarter (acre) if you mashing ground. Ten compass digging ground. Cutting rice one half acre a day."
(awful job.)

Stella: "Flow; harrow 'em."

Ben: "Ain't you mash 'em?"

Stella: "Mash a bed a day three task deep."

Ben: "Mashing raw ground half acre - some quarter. Mash 'em - take hoe full up them hole, level dem, chop dem big sod!"

Stella: (age 65) "You got a mis-sheen (machine). Ox pull dat mis-sheen!"

Ben: "Dat mis-sheen come in YOU day, darling! My day I trenching hoe trench dat! I done dat, Stella. You come on sow in trench lak (like) dey sow turnip. YOU day got mis-sheen! Ox pull 'em. Great I AM! Missus, fifteen to old islant (island), twenty silver islant, (I been Silver Islant. Cross old islant go Silver islant.) Josh Ward one some four or five hundred acre. Something been here, darling! Something been here! Left Brookgreen go Watsaw; left Watsaw gone Longwood. Plant ALL DEM piantation. I work there. Cut rice there. Cutting rice task been half acre a

day.

"Squirrel creek? Cedar tree and cypress hang low. Squirrel love dem ball. Tree work up wid dem. Good place for go shoot squirrel. Give 'em name Squirrel Creek.

"Bury live? I did hear some talk o' that. I didn't know whether they bury 'em to scay 'em (scare 'em) or what. I DID hear tell bout it. I most know that man name. Some these white people that day something! They either manage you or kill you."

Lillie: (To Primus who was a listener to Uncle Ben standing propped by a post of the porch where Uncle Ben, Aunt Stella, and the white visitor sat)

"Prime! Why you keep that church door lock Sunday and not let the Missus out?"

Primus: (Grinning - and he hadn't grinned Sunday but steadfastly shook his head when, after a three hour service, guests thought it time to go) "Second man next to me, Asham, Secretary, tell me keep door shet through sacrament."‡

Ben: (Who is quite deaf - ignoring interruption - when asked about Oregon Plantation which was owned by a family who, from all accounts, had a cruel overseer.)

"I didn't have to much to do to Oregon in them dark days. If I go from Brookgreen, I go Cap'n Josh git my mittment. Anybody bother me I say, 'I not a run-way nigger! I got mittment!'

"Very FUSS girl - FUSS one I go with name wuz Teena. How many girl? Great God! I tell you! FUSS one Teena; next Candis. Candis best looking but Teena duh largest! Go there every Sunday after school. (Oatland Plantation - blong to Marse Benjamine Allston.) Stay till sunset. Got to have paper. Got to carry you paper. Dem patroller put you cross a log! Beat you to death. I see them beat Ben Sharp. Beat 'em till Ben kin hardly git cross fence. Jump over fence give 'em last chop! Patroll jess like road men now! (Stella! That man ain't coming! I got to go! Got to cook my supper Cook dem crab -) Blood! Christ! Yes, man. Listen me. Lemme tell you what I see wid my eye now! (here he pri~~s~~ed both eyes wide with his ten fingers) If I much of age reckon they have to kill me! I see gash SO LONG (measuring on fore-finger) in my Mama - my own Mama! (aside to Lillie) I shame fore Miss Jinny! If one them driver want you (want big frame gal like you Lillie!) they give you task you CAN'T DO. You getting this beating not for you task - for you flesh!"

Lillie: "That why nation get mix up so!" (Races)

Ben: "Susan wuz a house woman, to buckra woman like a you to Miss Jin. (Susan worked in the house - no field hand - like Lillie works for Miss Jin) To my knowing she had three white chillun. Not WANT 'em. HAB 'em. Boy (you know 'em Lill) near bout clean as them boy of Missus! Tief chillun show up so! Woman over-power! My mother nuss (nurse.) Get up so high - natural nuss for white people.

"Place they call duh 'Bull Pen.' In 'Bull Pen' thing they call 'PONY'. Got to go on there - on the 'PONY'.

Lillie: "RIDE you on it, Uncle Ben?"

Ben: "Ain't going ride you on 'PONY'; going RIDE YOU! I stay there look wid DESE HERE (eyes)! Want you to know one thing - MY OWN DADDY DERE couldn't move! Couldn't venture dat ober-sheer! (Colored overseer) Everybody can't go to boss folks! (Meaning only house servants could contact Missus and Massa). Some kin talk it to Miss Bess. Everybody don't see Miss Bess. Kin see the blood of dat ober-sheer fuss year atter Freedom; and he blood there today! Atter Freedom mens come from French Broad and you know the colored people - we go there whey (where) they music. Agrippa - daddy name Parrish - Redmond one he child outside. (Outside chillun are those not born to a man's legal wife) He say, to gal, 'Go that barn!' YOU GO. You could yeddy him SLAP cross

dat creek! When fowl crow (daylight) and you yeddy him SQUALL, you best git to flat! I stand dere and my Daddy HAVE to stand dere and see! Josh Ward from French Broad - hundred mile away. (Boss Massa 'summering it' in mountains) and negro over seer - just fresh out of Africa TURNED LOOSE. White obersheer a little different for one reason! White obersheer want to hold his job. (On Waccamaw - and same true of all south as all know - white overseers worst kind of 'white trash' - respected less by negroes than by whites) Nigger obersheer don't care too much. He know he going stay on plantation anyhow.

"Now, dater, I tell you bout the loom and weaving next time!"

And we left Uncle Ben Horry - age 87

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to go on 'to the Schoolfield house and cook supper for a house-party. This week he stepped up to Con-o-way. Says he had to walk it twice a week - formed the habit when he was on old river Steamer Burroughs and had to walk up to Conway Monday and back home Saturday. About thirty miles (or more from his place) to Conway. At 87 he still takes this little exercise almost weekly. Having such a struggle holding on to his land. All the lawyers saying 'sign here' and trying to rob him! Poor Uncle Ben needs desperately a Massa to

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help him out with his land. Not many Uncle Ben's left to be robbed -

(told that the cruel negro overseer was shot down after Freedom - blood still on ground (according to Uncle Ben) because he led Yankees to where silver, etc., was buried. Have heard story from other old livers.)

UNCLE BEN HORRY

Uncle Ben and his wife, aunt Stella, live in their two-room , white-washed cabin that sits sideways to the King's Highway, which Uncle Ben always calls ' the King Road , ' near Murrell's Inlet, S.C. Paving and straightening this old King's Road, now US 17, has put the two old people in the world. Around the cabin lie the fourteen and three quarter acres that were paid for by Uncle Ben and his father, six or eight acres cleared, the rest woodland. Uncle Ben earns a living by gathering oysters from the Inlet's waters, opening and roasting the oysters for white visitors. Uncle Ben is a great walker. He walks to Conway, the county seat of Horry (Murrell's Inlet is situated on the line between Horry and Georgetown counties) , a distance of approximately thirty miles depending on whether one sticks to the paved highway or takes short cuts through the woods , in preference to riding. One day he had walked to Conway and back by eleven o'clock in the morning. (?) Uncle Ben's scrappy conversation will tell how he earns his bread, fears and fights ' the Law ' , provides for Stella's future, and works for and honors white folks. Brookgreen , which he mentions as the plantation on which he was born and raised, is an open-air museum, donated to South Carolina by A.M. Huntington, and visited by thousands of tourists. (See US17, Tour 1).

" I the oldest liver left on Waccamaw Neck that belong to Brookgreen, Prospect, (now Arcadia) , Longwood, Alderly Plantations. I been here! I seen things! I tellyou. Thousand of them things happen but I try to forget 'em. Looker ! " He pointed to what appeared to be primeval forest in front of his battered little porch. " That woods you see been Colonel Josh Ward's taters patch. Right to Brookgreen Plantation where I born. My father Duffine (Divine) Horry and my

brother is Richard Horry. Dan'l and Summer two both my uncle. You can put it down they were Colonel Ward's musicianer. Make music for his dater (daughter) and the white folks to dance. Great fiddlers, drummers. Each one could play fiddle, beat drum, blow fife. All three were treat with the same education. You know, when you going to do anything for them big people you got to do it right. Before time (formerly) they danced different. Before strange city people fetched different steps here. But , then, they could use they feet all right!

" My father fore he dead been the head man for old Colonel Josh Ward. Lived to Brookgreen. They say Colonel Ward the biggest rice man been on Waccamaw. He start that big gold rice in the country. He the head rice Cap'n in dem time. My father the head man, he tote the barn key. Rice been money dem day and time. My father love he liquor. That take money. He ain't have money but he have the rice barn key and rice been money! So my father gone in woods (he have a head, my father!) , take a old stump, have 'em hollow out. Now he (the stump) same as mortar to the barn yard. And my father keep a pestle hide handy. Hide two pestle! Them pestle make outer heart pine. When that pestle been miss (missed) , I wuzn't know nothing! The way I knows my age, when the slavery time war come I been old enough to go in the woods with my father and hold a lightard (lightwood) torch for him to see to pestle off that golden rice he been tote out the barn and hide. That rice he been take to town Sat'd'y when the Colonel and my father go to get provision like sugar, coffee, pepper and salt. With the money he get when he sell that rice, he buy liquor. He been hide that sack o' rice fore day clean(daylight) in the prow of the boat and cover with a thing like an old coat. I members one day when he come back from town he make a miss (step) when he onloading and fell and broke he jug! The Big Boss see; he smell; and he see WHY my father make that miss step; he already sample that liquor! But the Boss ain't say too much. Sat'd'y time come to ration off. Every head on the Plantation to Brookgreen line up at smoke-house to draw he share of meat and rice and grits and meal. (This was fore my father been pint (appointed) head man. This when they had a tight colored man in that place by name Fraser. They

say Fraser come straight from Africa). Well, Sat'd'y when time come to give my father he share of rations, the headman reach down in the corner and pull out a piece of that broke whiskey jug and put on top my father rations where all could see. Colonel Ward cause that to be done to broke him off from that whiskey jug. My father was a steady liquor man till then and the Boss broke him off.

" Slavery going in. I members Marse Josh and Miss Bess had come from French Broad (Springs) where they summered it. They brought a great deal of this cloth they call blue drilling to make a suit for every boy big enough to wear a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes for every one. I thought that the happiest 'set up' I had in boyhood. Blue drilling pants and coat and shoe. And Sund'y come we have to go to the Big House for Marse Josh to see how the clothes fit. And him and Miss Bess make us run races to see who run the fastest. That the happiest time I members when I wuz a boy to Brookgreen.

" Two Yankee gun boats come up Waccamaw river. Come by us Plantation. One stop to Sandy Island, Montarena landing. One gone Watsaw(Wachesaw landing) . Old Marse Josh and all the white buckra gone to Marlboro county to hide from Yankee. Gon up Waccamaw river and up Pee Dee river , to Marlboro county, in a boat by name Pilot Boy. Take Colonel Ward and all the Cap'n to hide. from gun boat till peace declare. I think Pilot Boy been a rear-wheeler. Most boats like the Old Planter been side wheeler.

" They say the Yankee broke in all the rice barn on Sandy Island and share the rice out to colored people. The big mill to Laurel Hill been burn right den. That the biggest rice mill on waccamaw river. Twuzn't the Yankee burn dem mill. Dese white mens have a idea the Yankee mean to burn dese mill so they set 'em afire before the Yankee come. Nothing left to Laurel Hill today but the rice mill tower. That old brick tower going to BE there. Fire can't harm 'em.

" The worst thing I members was the colored oberseer. He was the one straight from Africa. He the boss over all the mens ad womens and if omans don't do all he say, he lay task on 'em they ain't able to do. My mother won't do all he say. When he say , ' You go barn and stay till I come , ' she ain't do 'em. So he have

it in for my mother and lay task on 'em she ain't able for do. Then for punishment my mother is take to the barn and strapped down on thing called the Pony. Hands spread like this and strapped to the floor and all two both she feet been tie like this. And she been give twenty five to fifty lashes till the blood flow. And my father and me stand right there and look and ain't able to lift a hand! Blood on floor in that rice barn when barn tear down by Hontingdon (A.M. Huntingdon) . If Marse Josh been know 'bout that oberseer, the oberseer can't do 'em; but just the house servant get Marse Josh' and Miss Bess' ear. Them things different when my father been make the head man. What I tell you happen fore Freedom, when I just can remember.

" Father dead just before my mother. They stayed right to Brookgreen Plantation and dead there after they free. And all they chillun do the same, till the Old Colonel sell the plantation out. Where we going to? Ain't we got house and rations there?

" How many chillun I got? Lemme see. Lemme see how many head of chillun. You, Stella! Help me now! Don't let me tell the Missis wrong. Charles Henry, thirty eight, dere in New York. Ben Horry - I gie' 'em directly!" (Lifting cap and scratching high forehead and gray wool). " Twenty four. I going to give you all I got! All I know about! Bill Horry, that's a boy, he twenty. Dinah, that's a gal, twenty five. Christine, she bout twenty. Mary Horry, I would say fifteen. When the last war come, the last war deputize them boy and take 'em way up North and the gals follow , trail 'em on to New York. That the war when you can't get no sugar and have to put candy in your coffee .

" How old I is? " Slowly and deliberately " December 13th., 1852. Eighty five years or more. When my mother dead to Brookgree, I would say I 'bout thirty three year old.

" After Freedom, from my behavior wid my former owner, I wuz pinte (appointed) head man on Brookgreen Plantation. By that put drop in my hand (getting the drop on others) . When kennel been dug out (canal dug) from the Oaks Plantation to Dr. Wardie O Flagg house, I wuz pint (appointed) head man. Take that down,

Missis. Kennel (canal) cut 1877. Bear as I kin, I must task it on the kennel (canal) and turn in every man's work to Big Boss. That kennel(canal) bigger than one Mr. Montingdon dig right now with machine.

" Missus, slavery time people done something ."

Uncle Gabe Lance, born on Sandy Island the first year of the Civil War, a visitor at Uncle Ben's : " Yes sir. All them rice field been nothing but swamp. Slavery people cut kennel(canal) and dig ditch through the raw swamp. All these fields been thick woods. Ditching man task was ten compass . "

Uncle Ben continues:

" Storm? Ain't I tell you I BEEN here? Yes, sir. More than one storm I live through! Been through the Flagg storm. Been turn over twice outside there in the sea. One time been have the seine. Been rough. Have weather. And the breakers take the boat. I swim till I get the rope hold. Two men on the shore have the rope end of the seine rope and I hold to that and that how I save THAT time.

" Member another time. Had a boat full of people this last go 'round. Wuz Miss Mary, he aunty and the lawyer. I take them fishing outside in oshan. Been in the Inlet mouth. Come half way to Drunken Jack Island. Breaker start to lick in the boat! I start to bail! Have a maters (toma'toes) can for bail with. And that been danjus(dangerous); have too much women in there; dey couldn't swim like a man. And it happen by accident, when the boat swamp and full with water, our FEET TOUCH BOTTOM. When he (the boat) turn over, I didn't aim to do no'thing but swim for myself. Wasn't able to help nobody. But here out feet touch bottom. Only an accident from God!

" One time again I swamp outside, 'tween Georgetown and Charleston. Try to bail. Swim with one hand, hold boat with the other. Roughest time I ever see 'cause it been cold wedder (weather) . Old before-time yawl boat, carry eight oar, four to each side. Young man then ; 1877. After the wedder (weather) surrender, we we gone back in dere and find cork going up and down and save us net and all!

" When the Flagg storm been, 1893, I working for Ravel and Holmes. I was

taken up in that storm in a steamer boat. Leave Charleston generally about five in morning. That trip never reach Georgetown till nine that night. Meet a man on that trip got he wife hug to mast in a little kinder life boat. Had he two chillun; rope wrap 'em to that mast. Save man and wife and chillun and gone back and save he trunk. After that they quit call me 'Ben ' ; they call me 'Rooster' .

"After Flagg storm, Colonel Ward take me and Peter Carr, us two and a Bh horse, take that shore (follow the ocean shore line) to Little River. Search for all them what been drownded. Find a trunk to Myrtle Beach. Have all kinder thing in 'em; comb for you hair, thing you put on you wrist. Find dead horse, cow, ox, turkey, fowl - everything. Gracious God! Don't want to see no more thing like that! But no dead body find on beach outside Flagg family. Find two of them chillun way down to Dick Pond what drownded to Magnolia Beach; find them in a distance apart from here to that house. Couldn't 'dentify wedder Miss or who. All that family drown out because they wouldn't go to this lady house on higher ground. Wouldn't let none of the rest go. Servant all drown! Betsy, Kit, Mom Adele! Couldn't 'dentify who lost from who save Will next morning. Find old Doctor body by he vest stick out of the mud; fetch Doctor body to shore and he watch still aticking. Dr. Wardie Flagg been save hanging to a beach cedar. When that tornado come, my house wash down off he blocks. Didn't broke up.

" Religion? Reckon Stella got the moreset of dat. I sometimes a little quick. Stella, she holds one course. I like good song. One I like best? "

' Try us, Oh Lord,
 And search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ! (Uncle Ben stopped to think).
 What 'eer of sin
 In us be found
 Oh, bid it all depart ! '

" Reason I choose that for a favorite hymn, I was to Brookgreen doing some work for Dr. Wardie Flagg and I had to climb as high as that live oak tree, and I fell high as

that tree! I lay there till I doze off in sleep. And I tell you what happen to me curious. While I was sleep I seen two milk white chickens. You know what them two white fowl do? They gone and sit on my mother dresser right before the glass and sing that song. Them COULD sing! And it seem like a woman open a vial and pour something on me. My spiritual mother (in dem day every member in the church have what they call a spiritual mother) say, ' That not natural fowl. That sent you for a token. ' Since that time I serve the choir five or six years and no song seem strange to me since that day. God ain't ax about you color; God ax about you heart .

" Make my living with the ister (oyster). Before time (formerly) I get seventy five cents a bushel; now I satisfy with fifty cents. Tide going out, I go out in a boat with the tide; tide bring me in with sometimes ten, sometimes fifteen or twenty bushels. I make white folks a roast; white folks come to Uncle Ben from all over the country - Florence, Dillon, Mullins - every kind of place. Same price roast or raw, fifty cents a bushel.

" I bout to quit up with sell. All the lawyer. Turn all my papers over to Mr. Burris. I got too much of paper in that Con-o-way. Court House,. Got more paper in there than the house worth! Have to step to Conoway all the time. Struggle and starve myself out for these fifteen acres,. Thirty miles to Con-o-way. Thirty miles back by the course I travels. All them tricky mens try to go and get old Ben's land sign to 'em. That's the mainest thing take me to Con-o-way every week. They all talk so sugar mouth till my name down; then when my name write is another thing. When I in too much trouble, I just has to step up to Con-o-way and see Mr. Burris. He's a good man.

" They try to mix old Ben up in this whiskey business. It look too brutish to me.

" Missis, I want to tell you all I kin but the old man punish with this bone felon (felon) '. Worse'n I ever been punish in all my eighty five year. Crab bite 'em and ister (oyster) cut 'em (hand) . Woman die and bury Sunday have ha'nd just like this. If you say so, I'll go to doctor. Don't want no blood poison. He (bone felon) did act like he trying to dry up. I tie pea leaf on 'em. Can't put my hand to my head. "

The next day Uncle Ben was found with the doctor's white bandage very muddy. Uncle Ben had gotten out of bed to go get oysters and even the bone felon did

not stop him. Uncle Ben is still hale and hearty, having triumphed over the bone
felon, and one of the noted characters of that region.

(Uncle Ben Horry (Reb's time nigger - over 80)

(Uncle Ben and visitors)

Uncle Ben: (To white children)

"Go on see if you can find one or two plum on duh tree. I been want to go to town wid you - dat all right daughter. (He pronounces it Dater - long Italian 'A') Chillun, ain't find duh plum, enty? Dem Sandy Island people come and clean the tree. Too sorry wonneh ain't get them plum!

"Stella gone in creek fishing. Him and Lula gone - Lula McCoy. You say me?" (To neighbor walking up) "Four men been here load they car up wid hand. How come you ain't gone to the bacco?" (To work in the tobacco fields in truck sent to find hands)

Pauline Pyatt: "If they ain't pay my price, I ain't going leave home. I ain't gone for 75¢ a day. Feenie Deas gone yestiddy."

Uncle Ben: "Near bout blind. Couldn't see out no eye nor nare (neither) one o' my eye. Doctor put sumptin in 'em do me too much o' good. How I is? Fall out? Deth come I fix! Don't know bout you!"

Pauline: "I fix!"

Mary Gary: "You fix, Uncle Ben?"

Uncle Ben: "I gwine fix!"

Pauline: "You ain't fix?"

Uncle Ben: "I fix all right! I going fudder dan duh grave!"

Pauline: "I been Tarbox." (To Mr. Tarbox)

Uncle Ben: "Down by Gallie?" (Gallie's house)

Pauline: "I ain't see nobody. What you see?"

Uncle Ben: "Ain't see nobody tall - tall -."

Pauline: "Alice! I see Alice!"

Uncle Ben: "Ain't see nobody else?"

Pauline: "Nobody else!"

Uncle Ben: "Nobody else?"

Pauline: "Nobody else. She by herself!"

Uncle Ben Reminisces

"Fore freedom? Fore freedom? Well now, fore freedom we were treated by our former owners I will say good - cord- ing to situation of time. Every year when Massa and Missus gone mountains, they call up obersheer (overseer) and say, 'Don't treat them anyway severe. Don't beat them. Don't maul them.' (Mr. Heminingway been severe.)

"Anybody steal rice and they beat them, Miss Bessie cry and say, 'Let 'em have rice! My rice - my nigger!'

"Brookgreen and Springfield every Sunday morning, every gal and the young one must dress up and go to the yard and Miss Bessis give 'em candy. Don't want too much o' beating. Glad to see young women dance. But some cruel to the color- ed. Some on 'Prospect,' - 'Hermitage' - and 'Woodland'

treat all right.

"I know the Yankee boat come to Inlet and went to Oaks sea-shore with load of cotton. Band of our sojer gone - (Rebs - 'OUR sojer!), and Yankee sojer come off in a yawl boat and our sojer caught two of them men and they hang that man to Oaks sea-shore. And when the Yankee find out - do my Lord! A stir been! A stir here! Shell clean to Sandy Island! Knock hole through the sick-house (at Brook-green!) Pump! Well, ain't it? Brick work pump. Well. Handle. You turn! Turn. One bucket gone up; one gone down. Ward take care of his nigger, sho! Best man own slave! Ward and Ploughdon sho treat they nigger right! Live 'Laurel Hill.'

"Ward had on Prospect and Brook-green. You know what I see? Right there to Oaks sea-sho after them people done that murdering with that man? Take all the slave, get on flat and gone out way of shell. Gone sand hole. Take all the people from Brookgreen and Springfield - and carry dem to Marlboro. Boat tow flat. Carmichael came through and established the freedom through here. They come back from Marlboro where they refugee to and Maham Ward come back on the flat. And this Ward, share out the rice - broke open barn. We people? Anything like a silver, bury right there in that garden! Right to Brookgreen garden,

what Hontington got now. All Ward thing bury there. Them old time people kill you - you meddle them thing. Cry out, 'Massa Ting!' You better let 'em stay there!

"After Freedom Miss Bessie gone to she house in Charston - Rutledge Street Charston. And you could see way out in ocean.

"My fadder - him and Uncle Dan'l and Uncle Summer uster been fiddler. Gone all round when the white people gone to Prospect to ball and sich as that. Dem white people didn't treat you so brutish! Dem obersheer!"

(Aside) "Wonder Christ sake why Lula stay out that creek so long!"

Pauline: "Fine season for corn!"

Ben: "Sho is!"

(Uncle Ben keeps a little grocery and fruit for sell.

Customer comes)

"Missus, Take twenty cent out a dollar."

Pauline: "My grand-mother in that storm. They leave that Thursday. I been to Oaks. When Flagg storm wuz. Richmond come off Magnolia beach to Oaks Plantation and get the washing - the missus clean clothes. Had to swim the horse off the beach to get the clothes. I been on the beach Thursday - and cousin Joshua-way. Pony Myers daughter born in Brookgreen street day of storm. Pony Myers wife name Adele.

Marse Arthur had one little twin. Joshua Stuart and Ben find dem to the end of Myrtle Beach. Arthur twin baby - bout that high - little walking chillun. Look how curious thing is! Them two chillun drown and find to the foot of Myrtle Beach! (fifteen or twenty miles north). Find Tom Duncan mother. Find Francis mother - Francis Gadsden. Doctor Ward pa - find him by duh vest. Vest sticking out duh mud. Watch going. My grand-mother was keep a walking from door to door.

"Find a mer-maid and kept to Magnolia." (Pauline said, 'mere-maid') "Doctor Ward and dem shut 'em up a month. Mer-maid. Had a storm ball. Keep a turning round. Keep a telling him (Dr. Arthur) storm coming. He wouldn't b'lieve 'em. (Barometer - called by Uncle Isaac's wife, gatekeeper at Brookgreen, chronometer.) He wouldn't b'lieve. And a cussing man! All the time cuss! Mere-maid got a forked tail just like shark. From here down (illustrating by pantomime) all blue scale like a cat-fish. Pretty people! Pretty a white woman as you ever lay your eye on."

Ben: "Pretty, enty?"

Pauline: "Dem stay in sea. Dey walk - slide long on tail." (twisting from her waist to illustrate.) Pretty. From they waist down to tail blue scale. You got a bathing house on beach. Leave bread in there. They sho eat bread.

"Marse Allard say top of the barn fly off. Cat jump

and on it! And horse too. And he jump too and tide bring 'em to Brookgreen.

"Joshaway Stuart been plantation carpenter. He made one box for the twin what drown and Colonel Mortimer bring one from Georgetown."

(Aunt Stella and Lula arriving from fishing trip)

"What ketch?"

Lula: "Get some catty!" (cat-fish) "Mary, you dress down!"

Mary: "I gwine ketch me a fellow! (Looking in bucket)

Gosh! Did got a good mess!"

Lula: "Little fellow."

Mary: "Rather eat them than large one."

Pauline: "What yinnah nuse for bait?"

Lula: "Swimp."

Pauline: "How you catch 'em?"

Lula: "Take a crocus and dip 'em up."

Pauline: "I gwine try to-morrow."

Lula: "To-morrow been Sundy! How old I is? Have to put a guess on 'em. Bout fifty I guess. Flagg storm? That big one? When the storm wuz, I wuz seven year old."

(Discuss Reb time and Flagg storm.)

Pauline: "Yes. Wind bring young Allard in to Uncle Joshua-way Stuart field right down there where Cindy Poinsett now."

Joshuaway been Cindy Pa.

"Doctor Ward shut that mere-maid up. He been in that! When that storm wuz, he wuzn't old. I go there now and talk bout that storm and he eye get full o' water. Looker his Papa clothes. Got 'em all pack in trunk. I never shee 'um court myself. Every time I shee 'um with a crowd o' man.

"Long as he have mere-maid shut up, it rain! People gone there to look at 'em. Long as keep 'em shut up it rain. That time rain thirty days. That just fore Flagg storm." (Looking toward creek) "Yonder Stella, wonneh, now!"

(Uncle Ben gave each white child a little cake - then gave, from his hand, hunks of corn bread to each colored woman.)

Conversation taken down on
Uncle Ben Horry's porch where he
sat awaiting the return of Aunt
Stella who had gone 'in the
creek' to 'catch a mess o' fish.'
Murrells Inlet, S. C.
June 15, 1937.

Project 1655
Genevieve W. Chandler
Georgetown County, S. C.

FOLKLORE

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(VERBATIM)

MISS GEORGIE AT WOODLAND

EX-SLAVE STORY

" He was a full-blooded man --- the Cap'n. Didn't disgrace. He put goat on Goat Island. Money was bury to Goat Island. People after people been sent. I dinnah know wedder they find or no.

" Mack McCosky was sent by the State to fetch molasses, meal and hominy and goat on Goat Island. He can't tell you! People can't know sumpin when they ain't born!

" After de war 'e come back and take into big drinkin' and was'em (waste them) till 'e fall tru. He been fell tru wid his money (lost his property). Didn't bury so destent (decent).

" We smaller one didn't have chance to go to war. My Daddy have for go. Have to go ditch and all and tend his subshun. His subshun was waste and steal. Paris! He the man control all the Buckra ting. And, by God, he go and show Yankee all dem ting! Ole Miss git order to have him kill and don't harm none! She ain't one to see him tru all that thousand head o' nigger for get 'em.

" They come have big dinner. Cap'n come from Muldro. (Marlboro). Drum beatin' little one dancin'. Gone back to Muldro. (Maham Ward and these udder come from Muldro.) And they leave ting in Uncle William Gaillard hand. And he carry on till evertin' surrender. And then the Cap'n come home from

(VERBATIM)

MISS GEORGIE AT WOODLAND

EX-SLAVE STORY

Muldro and they try give you sumpin to make start on like cow and ting. They ain't treat you like a beast. Ain't take no advance o' you. What the Cap'n do he do for you good. I b'long Dr. Ward. I entitle to bring him two string o' bird. Rice bird come like jest as tick as dat (thick as that) Sometimes a bushel one shot.

" They put you in the flat and put you over there. When they tink Yankee comin' you take to Sandhole Crick for hide. Mr. Carmichael sent by the state. Go to Brookgreen, Longwood, Watsaw. Tell everting surrender. Go to any located place. He's a General. Go open the barn door and give us all us need. He better to we nigger boy dan he Daddy been! Wouldn't beat you 'thout the lil' boy really fightin'.

" Time o' the war the colored people hear 'bout Yankee. Not a one eber understand to run way and go to Yankee boat from WE plantation. These Yankee people wuz walkin' 'bout on the beach. And while they come in to the hill, the Reb have a battery to Laurel Hill and they out off them Yankee from the ocean. These they out off they carry dem to Brookgreen barn. Hang one colored man and one white man to Oaks Seashore. White man musser be Sergeant or big Cap'n. Just as soon as the sun go down you see a big streak come over and they BUSS (bust) Dads. Woman in the street killed. (Street of negro

(VERBATIM)

MISS GEORGIE AT WOODLAND

EX-SLAVE STORY

Quarters --- Brookgreen) Blacksmith killed. Cut off he brudder-in-law (Judy's) and kill Judy. Dem shell go clean to Sandy Island. Pump make out o' brick to Brookgreen. Dat boy (shell) come and hit the pump. De horn blow and they make for flat and gwine on to Sandhole down that black crick. There a man for dat ---- dat flat. Get everbody line up. Ain't gone there for PLAY. Gone for wuk (work). I wuz big 'nouv to do diss ----- go wid my fadder and hold light. *

" It this way. You ain't LOW to eat the whole rice you kin make money outer. Beat dat rice. But my Daddy been a great whiskey man. Liquor. Didn't have 'em less he go to town. Money scase. ('E wuz a kind of musicianer for the Ward famby). But he break he jug. He break he whiskey jug. En when de obersheer (overseer) git out de ration and gib'em to mah Ma and us chillun he hand mah Pa a piece o' dem break jug! That keep him in mind o' that whiskey jug.

" Yankee come here and butt us colored people. I 'member we youngun's just could 'tote up dem gold pitcher and bury dem in the garden. Not far from the flowers tank. Tank have on 'em a woman head (Flowers' tank was a fountain). All the master fine ting way down there bury! De Ward didn't loss nothin'. They move us out the plantation. Col. Ward took 'em in a flat to Mulbro.

(VERBATIM)

MISS GEORGIE AT WOODLAND

KI-SLAVE STORY

" Dr. Heriot after the war took into big drinkin'. Didn't bury
so decent. Fell tru wid all he money. Not bury so decent."

SOURCE: Told by Uncle Ben Horry, Age 88, April 1938, Murrells Inlet,
S. C.