

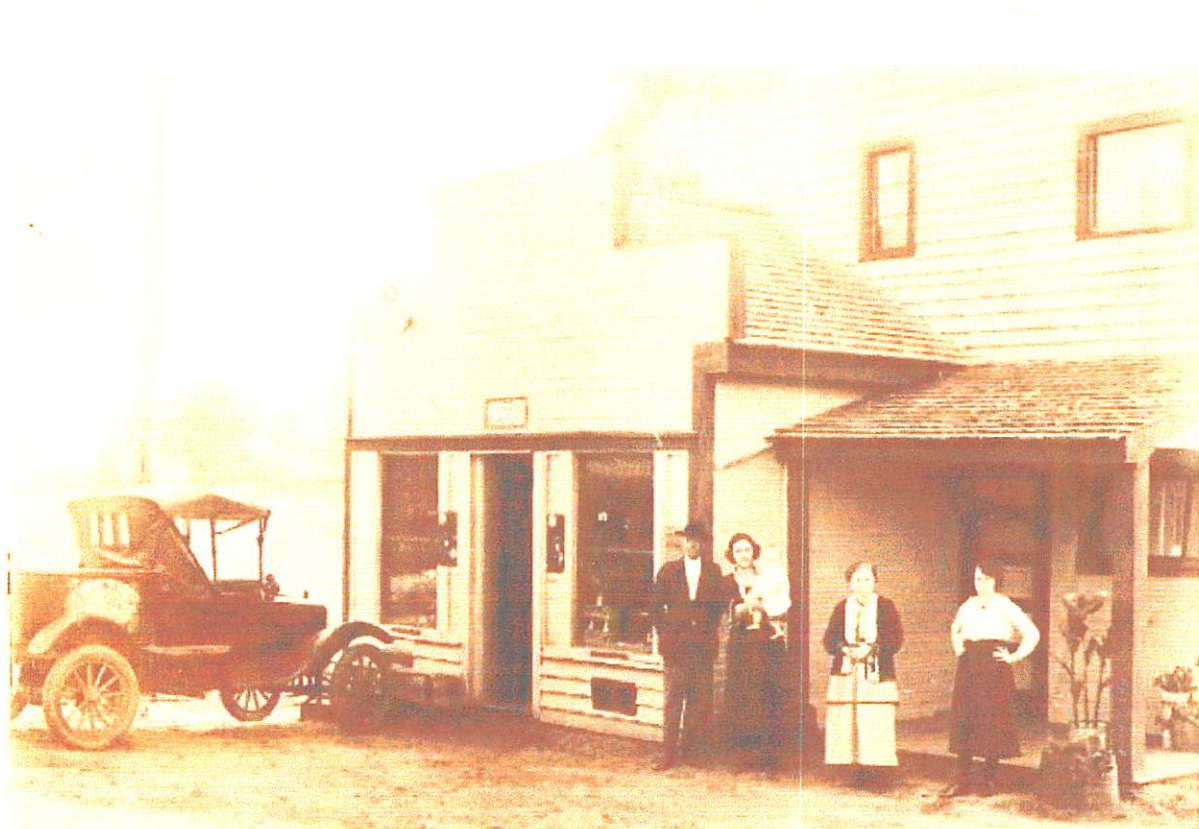
Carolina Furniture

From: "Jessica Atkerson" <jessicaatkerson@yahoo.com>
To: <douglas@truvista.net>
Sent: Thursday, February 25, 2010 5:46 PM
Attach: 23493_102276146472520_100000704052462_66992_2773067_n.jpg
Subject: picture

In this picture...

Winnsboro...Early 1900's...Harold Douglas, Mary Lee Bell Douglas holding Harold, Jr., Georgie Shedd Douglas, and Marie Douglas Herlong

Jessica Atkerson





Dr. James R. G. G. G.

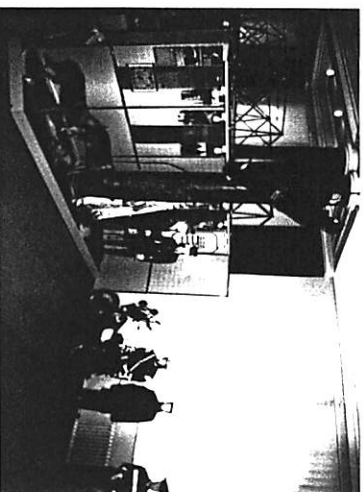


Jimmy Douglas
részére



a Bűnügyi és Rendőrség-történelmi Múzeumban
tett látogatásának alkalmából.

Budapest, 2001. október 11.



Dr. Sági Zoltán
Dr. Sági Zoltán r. alezredes
múzeumigazgató



(I) Winnsboro, S.C.

Dear John —
What a way to
pass on memories of the
past!

Well, this is not an
answer to hearing from
you — but just recollections
that linger in my mind.

I'd be glad if
you could bring out some
things of recollection.

You have already done
so (in things like Mr. Brown's
mule. Like I said "YESSIR, YESSIR"
Mr. Brown said "NO IT AINT TOM"
"NO IT AINT." Ha

Do you remember how

we used to wait for
the School TRUCK to come,
that is what it was
called then - School TRUCK.

I still feel sad, when I think
of the little grey kitten that
you and I crushed it, between
us, one night. I, in my
being half awake, heard it
holough and holough and holough.
When I got awake it was
lying between you and me.
I picked it up and took
it to mama's room and
said "I believe, the little
kitten is dead." mama
said that "she told us
to not ~~to~~ take it to
bed with us"

I wonder why we slept
on a ^(PALLET) pallet,
we often slept on the ^{FLOOR} floor.

I get amused ^{III} at you getting
embarrassed, while you were
talking to Evelyn ^{MILLS}. She was
standing on the front steps.
Our discovery didn't work that
time. Ha! (YOU TOLD ME ABOUT IT,
~~I WASN'T~~ THERE) ABOUT IT.
about the little kitten howling
in the night — DID YOU HEAR
IT TOO? I took for granted
that you did — but after
these years, I don't remember,
any way we cried for a
week.

Also we cried for poor
old Molly (the hog that
died having pigs. Our
hog pasture was by the
deep gully. Mr. Jim Shannon
and mama took her pigs —
but she died. We were

so saddened, IV later in the week I started singing

(DOWN IN THE GOLF) ^{TUNE OF}
_{DO DO TI LA GOLSOY MI MI} DOWN IN THE CORN FIELD

The tears were streaming and you made me hush,

I wrote to you about the good old colored guy that was riding in a T model. Down next Woodward, The car turned

over. Tom ^(MC DOWEL) got up (after the spill) and said "WHERE MY HAT IS?" He was the same

TOM that was looking for his ^{ONE DAY} cow. He asked if you had

seen a yellow cow with a chain around her neck?

You asked (after thinking) WAS IT YELLOW?

He said "yes!"

You asked "did it have a short chain?"

He said "YES"

You said "I HAVEN'T SEEN IT."

TO HIM THAT WAS TORTURE. Ha!

(V)
THINKING IT OVER, WE WERE THE
RICHEST PEOPLE UP THERE.
THINK OF THE BEST ORCHARD AND
GREATEST SHADE, OF ANY.

I THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW JUNE
APPLES - BIG STRIPED JUNE - THE MAY
APPLE TREE - PEAR APPLES - THE BIG
MELLOW SWEET APPLES - HORSE APPLES -
ASTAKIN APPLE TREE - AND SO MANY
MORE THAT I FORGOT THEIR NAMES. THERE
WERE SOME ABUNDANT BEARING LITTLE
DELICIOUS APPLES. SO MANY OF ALL
KINDS OF PEACHES. I WONDER WHERE
THEY CAME FROM. WE DIDN'T HAVE
A SINGLE TROUGH OR FAULTY FRUIT
BEARING tree.

There was not any like any
of the varieties ANYWHERE.
MY! THE FIGS!

Very few of these fruits
were nursery, - BUT OLD FIELD.

we were blessed with all
this fruit. we sold much
but gave so much away.
Folks would visit us,
just for the fruit

THEY APPRECIATED (VI) US - AND IT - AND
THEY WERE FRIENDS, INDEED.
PREACHER KENNEDY AND HIS LARGE
FAMILY WOULD COME AND SPEND THE DAY.
WOULD MAMA HAVE A GORGEOUS
DINNER FROM OUR GARDEN! AND
WE ALWAYS LOADED THEM WITH FRUIT.
NOW, ABOUT THE McMURRY family
that spent the night with us,
Their model wouldn't run, you
and I wanted to know more
than we did - couldn't get it
started. David McDonald came
by the next morning and got
them off. HE STEMMED UP THE
TIMER POINTS - AND OFF IT CRANKED.
You and I weren't too impressed
by our company. When they
left HE SAID "TELL YER WHAT
WE'LL DO," WE'LL COME AND
SPEND THE DAY, SOME TIME,"
That day never came.

IN SOME WAYS, WE WERE A LITTLE
JEALOUS OF DAVID'S STARTING
THE CAR - BUT WE LEARNED HOW
TO FIX OUR'S, WHEN WE GOT ONE.

VII

mama often, left us to wait
on some one that was sick -
like Cousin Mary Jane,
Well you and I were trying
to make a WIRELESS one
night. It was ^{DARK} some man
in the dark wanted to
know if we had any money,
we were SCARED TO DEATH.
I hollered out that "just
right up the road - our
neighbors had plenty" "but we
didn't have a bit!"
Edward Miller let us know
that it was he, when we
were ready to leave in
a QUICK HURRY.

what a pal Edward was to
us on Saturday evenings,
we'd call and ask him
to go to the Steel Creek,
I NEVER KNEW A TIME HE TURNED
US DOWN. I am sure that
Cousin Jennie would urge him
to go with us.

can you imagine a little
seven year old boy walking
five miles to church - on his
Birth Day! Well it was
the year 1915. It must have
been a year or two, after
miss. Ruth Ferguson whipped
you. Ha!

Do you remember when Harry
McDonald left his knife
sticking into a board that
was lying on the ground?
You didn't know that part -
but on our way home from
Shady Grove, I dropped the
knife and said "oh I found
a knife". When you saw it,
you said "THAT'S Harry's
knife".

at night I told you
to draw with the pencil
and I'd cut - and the
next night I'd draw
and "you'd cut"
I don't remember how long

That lasted ~~IX~~ but I think
Adolph used some detective
work and suspected me.
He examined the knife and
claimed to read on the
knife (HARRY STUART McDONALD)
That was the last thing
that I ever stole. Adolph
shamed me ~~so~~ for STEALING.
When I gave it to Harry, I
told him that I found it
in the woods.
I said "Harry I found your
knife". He looked at it
and said "IT DON'T LOOK
LIKE IT'S BEEN OUT IN THE
WEATHER". It had rained.
I don't remember how long I
kept the knife — but it
must have been only a
few days.
I was ashamed to tell Harry
but I wish I had told
him (at least in later years).

①

I often wonder how we stood
to let the buzzards eat up
poor old Pearl. It is true that
she ate upon patch of
flour corn - and we dragged her
close to the flour corn patch -
but how sad it still is
that the buzzard flapped
around her body.
Well (do you remember?) it
was ^{CLOS⁶} to the road that we
followed to cross Mr. Dickey's
fence, to go to Mr. Orr's
Well, before we got to the ^(CRR'S)
creek, there was an old
chimney. People by the name
of SURREY once lived there.
To the right was a
branch - where they got
their water. You could see
on the other side of the
old branch, a place that
had ~~been~~ been a spring.

It was ⁽²⁾ the old Surrey spring,
If you should pass there,
looking for the Old SURREY
SPRING, - don't look for an
old buggy spring, Carriage spring,
or an old iron surry spring,
That was what I looked for,
when Ralph tried to point
~~out~~ out to me the spot
where the old SURREYS got
their water, (THE OLD SURREY SPRING)
I have wished a thousand
times that I ^{HAD} discussed it
with Ralph, also about his
causing the old mill house to
fall. Also about the boys
at the Vickor's picnic.
How they laughed at him -
say "Come on Ralph. come on. as
small as I was, I knew
they were making fun of
him. It was at an old
bain - and Ralph led me
all around by the hand.

(3)
another thing I have in memory
is Ralph used to take me to
where he was cleaning up a
new ground. He would make
me an (arbor?) of pine limbs.
I guess it would be company
for him as he chopped.
One day you followed along.
I guess he thought you was
too small to follow. When
we got to the place, Ralph
got on his knees and started
switching you with a switch—
saying "what am I whipping you
for?" at first you giggled—
and then began to cry.
Poor little fellow didn't know—
but he was trying to get
you to pull up your ~~pants~~
pants. I didn't say any
thing—but felt sorry for
you.

I guess you was about 4 yrs. old.

Do you remember in 1913, when
Miss. Ruth Ferguson was whipping
you? It could have been after
Christmas - which would make
it 1914. She had been
threatening you for a while.
Well, Harry McDonald and I
made you giggle - so she
called you up to her.

She was sitting on her
chair, whipping you. At first
you giggled and covered your
front teeth with your hand.
She looked around into
your face and got you to
crying. I guess she got harder
with the ~~the~~ switch!

I can still see you, just like
it all happened. Mama had
started you at (five), in order
to be company for me. She
stopped you from school.

Do you remember the ugly
thick lips of Miss. Ruth?

I still longed for
Miss. Amelia M. Golden.

(MY
FIRST
TEACHER)

(5) There was one time that Miss Ruth had to laugh. She was trying to get me to read, as she pointed out the words, with her pencil. I couldn't get my eyes off a big CHIRCH BUG that was crawling over her dress. I finally pointed to the bug and said "THERE'S A CHIRCH!" She picked it off and mashed it.

Every body in the room roared with laughter. She laughed too, SHAMEFULLY.

I recall ^(4 1/2) four saddestnesses that happened in our life about our dogs.

Well Ralph and ^(EDWARD) Cousin Edward made like to our doggie that they were going hunting when it was in the ditch, below the bridge, at the BRIDGE BOTTOM,

on^o Mr. Sexton's road, they
shot our doggie, while it
was looking for a rabbit.
It was bitten by TWO CENTS,
the same day that I was.
The poor thing had to die.

Do you remember our
little dog named SPOT?
Well, it followed Ralph
to Mr. Dixon's. When he
was mowing, she ran
and jumped across the
mower blade. Ralph told
it so sad.

When its two front feet
were cut off, she stood up
on her back legs -
Howling so pitifully and
holding her two front legs
up with the cut off
feet hanging down.

They shot her.

I still wish they had
bound up her legs and not
killed her.

ah [Ⓟ] what a sad
occasion, when WHITEY,
our collie dog died on
the night after you and
I kept throwing it in
the creek. Bruce Bagley
and we had fun - and
we thought Whitey did, too.
We buried it across the
road of the old home.

now, another time,
when I Eddie went mad,
poor old Mr. Ed. Mobley
would not have killed it,
if we said to not.

now, I am thinking of
Annie Mae, the cat.

Once it went off, and
we hadn't seen it in
a long time.

Well, I was saying my
prayer, one night - and

I asked God to send
POOR ANNIE MAE back.

While I was asking this.

ANNIE MAE jumped in the window.

POOR OLD ANNIE MAE HAD A
BAD ENDING - SOME LATER YEAR.
She got to having running
fever - and mama and Bob
billed her with a fire iron
or broom, or something. When
you and I found out
about it, IT MADE US MAD.

Now, this is July, 28, 1956
There are so many ups and downs
that we can remember in our
past. The thing that
lingers in my mind is -
LAY-BY-Time. How great it
was to count the days,
that we would be in
getting it through. Regardless
of how we counted off,
each field to get it
Laid-BY, It was always
a sadness to be in
the act of LAYING-IT-BY.
You are the only one that I
can share these memories of the
past. It never did interest
Mary Lee - and surely doesn't now.

⑨ How I wish that I had talked about them, when Ralph used to be around. There was no better chance than when he lived near us. I think of good old Mildred, Donna Son, Virginia, and Philip. I still miss him, when we always went for the cows.
BY THE WAY - A WONDER ABOUT THE CHICKENS THAT SACK PEAS GOT!
~~THE~~ RALPH'S AND MILDRED'S CHICKENS!

I hope you don't get tired of all this - but I have a "^(HANKERING) HANKERING" that you remember most of these "MEMORIES" - and some you will not, since you wasn't along.

I promise to not write so much the next time.

Bro. T!

WE USED ^(A) TO TRY-OUT NEW VEGETABLES,
IN THE GARDEN. MAMA DIDN'T LIKE
THE IDEA - BUT SHE WENT-ALONG
WITH OUR WISHES. MILFRED ENJOYED
COOKING THE EGG PLANTS, PARSNIPS AND
Kobl BABBI. OF COURSE IT LOOKED LIKE
A TURNIP - BUT TASTED LIKE CABBAGE.
HER PARSNIPS WAS SO GOOD - COOKED WITH
ONIONS. WE NEVER DID GET TO TRY-
OUT THE DASHSENS. WHAT A FINE PLANT
IT MADE! - AND WE WENT BY DIRECTIONS, HOW
TO PLANT IT IN A RICH BED. IT SEEMED TO
DIE FOR THE LACK OF RAIN - AND IT WAS
TALLER THAN WE. ANY WAY, WE
NEVER DID GET TO EAT ANY
RASHSENS, HA!

THAT MUST HAVE (THE SAME YEAR, BEEN)
WHEN UNCLE JOHN TOOK OVER OUR
FARMING. WE'D MAKE REMARKS
ABOUT OUR UNFAVORABLE ATTITUDES
OF HIS REMARKS - REFERRING TO
DUNCLE DEAN. P.S. HE MAY BE NEAR
AND LISTENING? (HE WAS DEAN FOR JOHN.)
WHILE ON THIS SUBJECT, RACHEL
WONDERED HOW HE COULD STOP
US FROM SCHOOL - AND THEN DROP
OUT OF THE PICTURE.

O WELL - YOU WENT AHEAD AND
FINISHED - AND I LEARNED ABOUT

MUSIC (FROM YOU) ^(B) THAT Miss. PLAYER
TAUGHT YOU. YOU TALKED A LOT ABOUT IT.
AND I DRANK IT IN. IT WAS YOU THAT
CAUSED ME TO KNOW THAT THE
MUSICAL SCALE WAS READ BY DOTI LA SOLETC
PUTTING THAT WITH MAMA'S KNOWLEDGE
WAS THE KEY TO READING MUSIC,
Well, I took in the Hoot-NANW again.

I sang three songs - and I
felt great at the end, when
the one in charge (Miss. Jackie
MILLER) shouted out "ISN'T HE GREAT?"
I guess I am bragging - but
she never spoke up for
any one else. ^{LIKE THAT} It made
me feel good. A lot played in it,
I sang BIE ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN,
BURY ME OUT ON THE PRARIE,
and I'LL BE ALL SMILESTANENT.

Those are the songs that
you and I enjoyed - and
are still my favorites.
my mind leads me back to
Ralph, Mildred and Mame,
at the old home place.

AFTER THINKING^① OF THE BELL'S
POSSESSIONS, ONCE - I RECALL THE JIN,
SAWMILL, MOWER, RAKE, RIDING CULTIVATOR,
AND SURRY AND BLACK-SMITH SHOP,
MAMA TOLD ABOUT MR. DICKEY'S BUYING
THE SAWMILL AND JIN. SHE TOLD OF
THE TREMENDOUS PRICE THAT HE PAID
FOR THE STEAM ENGINE → \$25

② REMEMBER THE ENGINE AND SAWMILL
AND TWO STORY MILL HOUSE (THAT RALPH
FIXED SO IT (WILL FALL) AT THE OLD WELL,
I ASKED MARY LEE - AND RACHEL (TOO) BUT
NEITHER REMEMBERED THE STEAM ENGINE.
RALPH USED TO TELL US THAT MR. DICKEY'S
STEAM ENGINE WAS ONCE OURS.

WHEN PAPA WAS DEAD, THEY WASHED HIM
ON A COT OUT-SIDE THE HOUSE. RACHEL
CALLED ME TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW
(NEXT THE CHERRY TREES) AND WATCHED.

THEY (MEN) SEEMED TO BE HAVING FUN.
MR. WALTER LATHAN LAUGHED MOST.

LATER YEARS, I TOLD MAMA OF MY
MEMORY OF IT. SHE SAID THAT
MR. LATHAN WAS DRUNK, THAT DAY.
WE LIVED ON MR. DAVIS' PLACE,
WHEN MAMA TALKED OF IT,

SHE TOLD ME ABOUT THE ENGINE
THAT RACKED UP MY MEMORIES, TOO.

NOW ABOUT THE MOWER, RAKE
SHOP WITH ANVIL AND BELLOWS,
RIDING PLOW, NO BODY UP THERE

owned such, some ²shod mules —
and sharpened plows in the shop,
none of the neighbors owned
all this — not even the Dixons.
Now, about the riding cultivator,
I don't know if Papa ever got
to use it. I do remember Ralph's
trying to use it — but it wouldn't
work — so he got aggravated —
and gave it up.

About the last time that I
talked with Ralph, he said
that Papa was sick a very
short time. I do remember
his being at Asheville. Mama
said that if he had been able
to stay (he'd have got well)
on account of his heart,
he had to come home. I believe
that was in 1910, maybe 1909.

How strange, this, I believe
was about the first of
1910 (when) we rode in
the Surrey — going to
church. I was standing
on the floor of the front

SEAT - Looking ^③ Down AT MY DRESS.
IT WAS LONG - AND PAPA AND MAMA
WERE ON THE SEAT. I DON'T
REMEMBER - BUT I THINK MAMA
WAS HOLDING A BABY AND PAPA
WAS DRIVING (MAY-BE OLD PEARL).
I DON'T REMEMBER - BUT I GUESS
THE OTHERS OF THE FAMILY WERE
IN THE BACK SEAT.

I GUESS, IN 1910, I HAD DONE
SOMETHING THAT MADE ME
HIDE UNDER THE HOUSE. RACHEL
KEPT CALLING ME - SO FINALLY
I THOUGHT TO MY-SELF "MAYBE
SHE WAS CALLING ME TO GIVE ME
SOME CANDY". WHEN I CAME
OUT, RACHEL TOOK ME TO PAPA.
HE WAS IN THE HALL, LIEING ON
A COT - AND COULD ONLY WHISPER.
HE WHIPPED ME WITH A BELT. I
HAVE ALWAYS WISHED THAT I KNEW
WHAT I HAD DONE. I KNOW
THAT IT WAS SOMETHING.
I GUESS THAT IT WAS SOME
TIME LATER THAT PAPA STAYED
IN A TENT UNDER THE

WALNUT TREE, ⁽⁴⁾ IT WAS OUT THERE
THAT THEY TOLD THAT PAPA
WHIPPED ME AGAIN. I REMEMBER
TALKING TO PETE MCCOLOUGH'S WIFE
DORA. I KEPT SAYING TO HER
"DORA, MISS. DORA - COUSIN DORA -
AUNT DORA - MR. DORA - AND WHEN I
KEPT ON - I GOT THE WHIPPING,
HOWEVER, I DON'T REMEMBER THE
WHIPPING. I WISH I HAD ASKED
IF PAPA DIED IN THE TENT OR
HE MOVED BACK INTO THE HOUSE.
ALL THAT ABOVE MUST HAVE
BEEN IN 1910, THE YEAR THAT HE
DIED IN SEPTEMBER.

→ NOW; THIS IS MUCH LATER.
THIS IS MAY 25TH, 1987.

I ASKED MARY LEE "WHERE
PAPA DIED. SHE SAID
"HE MOVED OUT OF THE
TENT - AND DIED IN THE
HALL."

5
WELL, I REMEMBER WHEN YOU
PROCESSED IN GETTING WEANED,
YOU WOULD SIT ON MAMA'S LAP
AND NURSE. ONE NIGHT, MAMA AND
RALPH TRYED TO TURN YOU AGAINST IT.
NONE OF THEIR REMARKS WOULD
CONVINCE YOU. SO THEY DECIDED TO
(PRETENSIVELY) CUT THE NIPPLE.
RALPH GOT A SILVER KNIFE FROM
KITCHEN (I GUESS). THEY MADE LIKE
THEY SAWED THE BLOOD OUT. YOU
WITH-DREW - AND (I GUESS) YOU NEVER
NURSED AGAIN. THEY HAD A LOT OF
FUN. THAT HAD TO BE LATER THAN
1910 - BECAUSE PAPA DIED THAT YEAR.
I SAY IT WAS 1911, WHEN YOU WERE
AGE THREE.

ABOUT THE MILL HOUSE FALLING
DOWN, I REMEMBER WHEN PICKED
COTTON WAS PUT ON IT'S FLOOR.
THAT WAS WHEN THE COTTON
WAS EMPTIED IN OUR HOUSE,
I REMEMBERED WHEN THAT WAS
WHEN WE HAD NO WHERE ELSE
TO EMPTY IT. I WONDER WHAT
YEAR THAT WAS!

I WISH THAT I HAD ASKED
RALPH "WHAT HE DID TO MAKE
THE HOUSE FALL". HE TOLD ME TO
STAY OUTSIDE - AND TO NOT
TELL. I NEVER DID.