

Anna Johnson

Interview with Anna Johnson (75)

Rt.4, Gaffney, S.C.

—*Caldwell Sims, Union, S.C.*

"I sho is spry, kaise I sho is done took care of myself and I done dat good, too. I know Will Evans who is 72 and he is all bent over and wrinkled and all stewed up. Dat's de way folks wants to see you befo' dey calls you old, but dey ain't gwine to see me like dat, 'deed dey ain't. Most folks calls me de youngest, but I was born on de 30th day of July, and I is passed by 75 Julys and still gitting around better dan some dat is seed but 60 Julys.

"Well does I remember when my young marster, John Kitchens, went to de 'Federate War. He was a big fat feller, and jolly. De morning he left, he come through de yard leading a fine bay. All of us was dar to see him off. We had fetched him things, but he say dat you couldn't carry nothing to war but a pack on your back and he laid dem all down and wiped his eyes and rode off wid a big yell to us. Dat was de rebel yell and we answered back.

"One morning de very next week we heard our young missus hollering and we went to see what de trouble was. She had got word dat he had done gone and got kil't by a Yankee. We all cried. De little chilluns, John, Will, Ella and Bob cried, too. Missus went to her ma and pa, Mr. Green and Miss Sallie Mitchel, near Trough Shoals. Frankie Brown and Malissa Chalk went wid her to her pa's. Our plantation was awful big. It was sold and us wid it.

"Wasn't long till young Missus married again and went to Virginia to live. Frankie and Malissa come back to our plantation. Den slavery was over and dat is de last dat I ever heard of our Missus."