

## Lucindy Lawrence Jurdon

### Interview with Lucindy Lawrence Jurdon

—*Preston Klein, Lee County, Alabama*

#### *IT AIN'T DE SAME*

Lucindy Lawrence Jurdon bustled feverishly about her tiny Lee County cabin when she learned her picture was "goin' to be tuk." She got out her old spinning wheel; sat down before it and beamed. Her daughter coming in from the field, exclaimed: "Ma, I done tol' you dis lady was comin' to see you; an' you wouldn't believe me."

After she had posed, she seated herself to tell about slavery days. Her oldest grandson was sick in the next room with pneumonia; the cabin was stuffy and bare.

Lucindy said:

"Honey, I was borned in Macon, Georgy, on de twenty-eighth day of some month or other; I can't 'member which. But de year was 1858.

"My pappy an' mammy, Emanuel and Patsy Lawrence, come from Jasper County, Georgy. I had a sister named Jennie an' a brother named Phillip, but I was de oldest.

"Ol' Marster had 'bout three or four hundred acres on his plantation. His name was Marster LeRoy Lawrence, and he shorely was good to all us niggers. His daddy was Mr. Billy Lawrence; an' de marster had four chilluns.

"Us lived in a two-room log house wid a lean-to next it. Us was well off in dem times, but us didn't have sense enough to know it. I 'members dat us always had plenty of good victuals.

"Honey, us had meat broiled on hot rocks, roasted 'taters, ash-cake and sech. On Sunday us had ash-cake cooked in collard leaves; an' beef was served us when de killin' time come. Marster always gived de niggers plenty to eat.

"I can sit here an' picture dat house of marster's; a big, six-room house wid wide plank weather-boarding. Beside de house was a big garden, and it had palings 'round it.

"My mammy was a fine weaver and did de work for both white an' colored. Dis is her spinning wheel, an' it can still be used. I use it sometimes now. Us made our own cloth an' our stockings, too.



*Lucindy Lawrence Jurdon, Lee County, Alabama*

"No'm, us never did learn nothing. If us tried to read or write dey would whack our forefingers off. Us lived forty miles from de town an' it would take more dan two days to git to town. De women folks had to fix lunches every time dey went.

"My grandmammy had sixteen chilluns. I 'members dat when us courted us went to walk an' hunted chestnuts. Us would string dem an' put 'em 'round our necks an' smile at our fellers.

"On Sattidy nights dey would have dances an' dance all night long. Somebody would clap hands, beat pans, blow quills or pick de banjer strings. When us had cornshuckin's, dey would pile de corn up, ring 'round it an' shuck, drink likker an' holler: 'Boss man, boss man, please gimme my time; Boss man, boss man, fer I'm most broke down.'

"I 'members dat one ol' sick man was freed 'fore freedom come. Dey let him go whar he wanted to, so he dug a hole in de ground an' used it fer a room. He put rafters inside to help hold it up an' it slanted down at de back."

Lucindy mused a moment, concluded: "Dem was good days, honey; mighty good. But us shorely is in a bad fix now an' needs help mighty bad. It jest ain't de same no more."