

## Mandy

### Interview with Mandy

—*Daphne L.E. Curtis, Fairhope, Alabama*

"Howdy Miss. We is sure got a purty day fer de scrubbin' job. Hit will dry as fas' as we turns hit loose.

"Now jes' look a yonder, ef she ain't got gold-fishes an' ever'thing heart could wish!—Is they got ary increases?—Yassum,—dat's good; mebbly you can sell some.

"Me got chillun?—well I is borned three head uv em, but dey all died right now; didn't live a minute.

"Then I 'dopted me a baby boy. A little bitty girl borned him, an' she didn't want him,—he was in her way. She said she'd kill him, an' I didn't want her to git in no trouble, so I taken him.

"But sho's you bawn I is sorry I done dat t'ing,—dat nigger so triflin', he is goin' on fourteen now, an' he ain't no help to me at all. He only come home when he hongry, an' that's plenty often.

"An' dis yere husbin' whut I is got now, he 'spicions me 'bout other men's all de time, and de boy an' him togedder, keeps ever't'ing riled up mos'ly, twell I'll be glad effen you was to say, you need me to sleep on your place.

"Go to school? Yassum I sho did. I had three months a year for three years, and a extra month onc't, that my mammy paid for. Dat made ten months for me. I was de forwardest chile my mammy had. When dey was any readin' to do my mammy sont fer me.

"Sis Kate kin turn off more work then I kin, but I can mek more cotton. Oncet I won a contest wid a man an' made 480 pounds. Dey gimme a hundred pounds for doin' it.

"Me and Taylor, he's my other husband, the one that died, we used to fo' mek bales near 'bout every year, but dis yer husband whut I got now, he don't do nothin' but jalous me, look lak he'd know I didn' want no man, but jes' fer company; an' dat boy I brung up, he jus' runs nights 'twell I am jes' plumb skeered. So one night I sont for my sister's boy, she is my dead brother's wife, an' Miss, dat rascal, he would steal my las' dime look like. Miss he would steal de har offen your haid could he jus' git a holt, so I jes' sont him back. I talk to him nice befo' I sont him, but hit didn' do no good so I up an' sont him.

"Then Miss Nellie (she that keeps the fillin' station) taken him an' he stole a whole ginger ale an' a coky coly, an' she catch him wid em. No'am he didn't git 'em open, effen he had uv, he would uv drunk 'em both, he would fo' sure.

"An' him tellin' folks he married a rich widow. Huh, Mr. Corte he say, 'Mandy you is getting yo'se'f messed for sho'.' He did so Miss, an' he done tole de truf' fo' God, he sho did. I is sho messed up wid 'em bofe.

"But Miss, hit was de bigges' cullud weddin', you ever see, an' me as black as I is. Dey was thre e tables for de white folks, an' I don' know how many cakes, an' Miss Bessie give me my marryin' dress, an'

Mister Harry he give me a dollar, an' him? O yessum, he been married befo', he is got eight head uv chillun. His fust wife's bringin' em up, up in Dallas County, an' him carryin' on like he is down here.

"I allus wanted chillun, a house plum full of 'em, en I done los' all I could mek, so now effen I could of had me some widout 'em I never would of had ary husban' a tall. No'am.

"Me dance? No'am I is j'ined to de Church. Miss Emily she showed me some white folks dancin' oncet, but I thought they was gettin' too closet togedder. In my day they used to swing corners.

"House parties, yassum I is served a many of em. That's what breaks you down, though; day an' night an' day an' night.

"Well, good bye Miss, I sure do thank you for my dollar, an' my cup, an' ever'thing. I is shore enjoyed my day wid you. Me an' you is real good frien's now, ain't we? Hits been jes' like a partyin'.

"Now I'll be gettin' to Sis Katie's, she will mo'n likely want me to carry her Lodge dues up. An Miss, please you ast the bus man, wid yo' telephone, please sir wait for me jes' a minute."