

## Children Ate From A Trough

Marse fed us African chillun in a trough in the yard. He had his own smokehouse where he cured his meat. His flour was ground in the neighborhood. Sometimes he allowed a family in the quarters of have a patch to plant watermelons in. In our garden, we planted by the signs. Potatoes, turnips, and sweet potatoes were planted in the dark of the moon, while beans were planted in the sign of the crawfish. But we ate in a trough, just like hogs.

I was a girl but I had to split rails and dig ditches just like boy chillun and men. After that, I worked in the cotton fields. I went home at night and went to bed to rest. I worked all day on Saturday, but never worked on Sunday. I had Christmas day off.

Pappy was Richard and Mammy was Martha. We wore heavy brogan shoes with brass toes. Mammy worked at the big house, carding, spinning, and weaving the cloth. She made dye from mud, and if she wanted gray she used tree bark. For brown dye she used walnut tree bark.

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