

KISEY McKIMM

Paulding Co., District 10

Interviewed by Betty Lugabill [TR: also reported as Lugabell]

Harold Pugh, Editor

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I was born in Bourbon county, sometime in 1853, in the state of Kentucky where they raise fine horses and beautiful women. Me and my Mammy, Liza and Joe, all belonged to Master Jacob Sandusky, the richest man in the county. Pappy, he belonged to the Henry Young's who owned the plantation next to us.

Master Jacob was good to his slaves, but his son, Clay was mean. I remember once when he took my Mammy out and whipped her cause she forgot to put cake in his basket, when he went hunting'. But that was the last time, because the master heard of it and cussed him like God had come down from Heaven.

Besides doing all the cooking, and she was the best in the county, my Mammy had to help do chores and milk fifteen cows. The shacks of all the slaves were set at the edge of a wood, and Lord, honey, us children used to have to go out and gather all the twigs and brush and sweep it just like a floor.

Then the master used to go to the courthouse in Paris and buy sheep and hogs. Then we used to help drive them home. In the evening' our Mammy took the old clothes of Mistress Mary and made clothes for us to wear. Pappy, he came over to see us every Sunday, through the summer, but in the winter, we would only see him maybe once a month.

The great day on the plantation was Christmas when we all got a little present from the Master. The men slaves would cut a whole pile of wood for the fireplace and pile it on the porch. As long as the whole pile of wood lasted we didn't have to work but when it was gone, our Christmas was over. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, we would go to the Master's honey room and he would give us sticks of candied honey, and Lord child, was it good! I ate so much once, I got sick enough to die.

Our Master was what white folks call a "miser". I remember one time, he hid \$3,000, between the floor and the ceiling, but when he went for it, the rats had chewed it all up into bits. He used

to go to the stock auction every Monday, he didn't wear no stockings. He had a high silk hat, but it was torn so bad, that he held the top and bottom together with a silk neckerchief. One time when I went with him to drive the sheep home, I heard some of the men with kid gloves, call him a "hillbilly" and make fun of his clothes. But he said, "Don't look at the clothes, but look at the man".

One time, dey sent me down the road to fetch something' and I heard a bunch of horses coming, I jumped over the fence and hid behind the elderberry bushes until they passed, and I ran home and told them what I had seen. Pretty soon they came to the house, 125 Union soldiers and asked for something to eat. We all jumped around and fixed them a dinner, when they finished, they looked for Master, but he was hidden. They were gentlemen and didn't bother or take anything. When the war was over the Master gave Mammy a house and 160 acre farm, but when he died, his son Clay told us to get out of the place or he'd burn the house and us up in it, so we left and moved to Paris. After I was married and had two children, me and my man moved north and I've been here ever since.