AGATHA, born a slave of Ogis Guidry, near Carenco, Louisiana, now lives in a cottage on the property of the Blessed Sacrament Church, in Beaumont, Texas. She says she is at least eightyseven and probably much older.

"Old Marse was Ogis Guidry.

Old Miss was Laurentine,

Dey had

four chillen, Placid, Alphonse and Mary and Alexandrine, and live in a big, one-story house with a gallery and brick pillars.

Dey had a big place. I ' spect a mile across it, and fifty slaves.

"My mama name was Clarice Richard.
Papa was Dick Richard.
Placid Guilbeau.

She come from South Carolina.

He come from North Carolina. He was slave of old

He live near Old Marse.

My brothers was Joe and Nicholas and Oui and Albert and Maurice, and sisters was Maud and Cfelestine and Pauline.

"Us slaves lived in shabby houses. Dey builied of logs and have dirt

We have a four foot bench. We pull it to a table and. set on it, floor,

De bed a platform with planks and moss.

We had Sunday off. Christmas was off, too. Dey give us chicken and flour den. But most holidays de white folks has company. Dat mean more work for us.

"Old Marse bad.

He beat us till we bleed.

One time I sweep de yard, my face.

She want to beat me. He rub salt and pepper

Young miss come home from college. She slap Mama say to beat her, so dey did.

She took de beat in for me.
My aunt run off 'cause dey beat her so much. Dey brung her back and beat her some more.

We have dance outdoors sometime. Somebody play fiddle and banjo.
We dance de reel and quadrille and buck dance.
De men dance dat. If we go to dance on *nother plantation we have to have pass. and make us show de slip.
De paterolers come. If dey ain't no slip, we git beat.

I see plenty solders, Dey fight at Pines we hear ball gas
Younr marse have blue coat. He put it on and climb a tree to see.
Come and think he a Yankee*
Dey take his gun.

zing zing.'
De sojers
Dey turn him loose when dey
find out he ain't no Yankee, "When de real Yankees come dey take corn and gooses and hosses. Dey don't ask for nothin',
Dey take what dey wants*

Some masters have chillen by slaves. Some sold dere own chillen. Some sot dem free.

When freedom come we have to sign up to work for money for a year.
We couldn't go work for nobody else.
After de year some stays, but not long.