



"The Dummy" coming in from Edgemoor. (Photo by Drew Hefner).

Madge Scott

I was about twelve years old when I came to Lando, and we come in on that "dummy". I never will forget that. My father left from out in the country where he was farming. Papa got a job in the mill and after I got about thirteen or fourteen years old I went to work weaving. I weaved down there about twenty-six years, and I loved it. No matter where I go or who I ever meet, there won't be no place in the world like Lando - it's my home. I love all the people there, and I know them all. It seems like they're all one family. When you're in trouble you'll never forget how they are to you.

Yes, I remember the day we came in on that little old "dummy". It was just a little old thing - one coach and the engine, and I thought that was something because I never had rode on a train. We drove up down there at the mill and stopped, and it was twelve o'clock, and the workers was coming out, for they stopped off then at twelve and went home and got their dinner. And I remember I stuck my head out the window and hollered "Lanno". And Papa said, "Not Lanno, child. It's Lando." Well I've loved it ever since.

Lando ain't changed at all, but the people has. The different people causes the place to change. It just ain't kept up like it used to be. It used to be a beautiful place and people got to tearing up the property. Now, old man Gilbert Heath was good to his help, but most all of his old help is dead and gone.

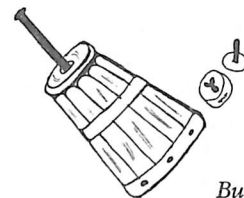
It's not as much in Lando now as it used to be. People don't stay at home now. They just want to get out and go. Back in them days, they had to stay at home and so the mill tried to have things for them to entertain them. But nowadays they don't nobody never stay at home, so they don't try to have nothing there for them.

I remember once when I was young, and we didn't have no electric lights, and the kerosene lamp exploded. Somebody had lit it and run the wick up too high and it got to hot and exploded. I didn't know what else to do, so I grabbed the old straw broom and tired to sweep it out and it caught fire. I had a neighbor then, Quinton Laney, lived right back of us and watched after us while Papa worked. He seen that fire and come running out there and put it out. I can remember I was sure glad to see him that day.

People didn't do nothing on Sunday but go to church. Everybody would go to church then. They had dinners and they'd last all day. Had service in the morning and then again in the afternoon. We'd all go out to Mount Prospect Church, Mama, Papa, the children and our dinner in a wagon. And we stayed all day long.

My Daddy used to keep a old ledger book. There's songs in that old book that he wrote down. Why some of them was two hundred years old. He used to play them songs on the violin. I'd give anything to have that old ledger now. He kept account of all the money he spent all his life. Last time I remember looking at that book, flour was twenty-five cents for twenty-five pounds. If he'd give me a dime or a nickel or anything, well, he had all of that set down too. At the end of the year he counted all that up. He kept up with his money and what he bought.

Mama made butter. We churned everyday - that was my job. But I wouldn't take up butter, for I couldn't stand that. So I always done the churning, and Mama took up butter. I'd sing all kinds of little rhymy songs while I'd churn. When Jim was a little boy, Mama used to sing, "Come butter, come butter, come. Little Jimmy's at the gate, waiting on a butter cake.", when we was making butter. There wasn't, no frigerators, no icebox or nothing then and everybody had to carry their milk to the spring and put it in big buckets with lids on them and put them in the cold water that run over the rocks, and that's where we kept our milk - our buttermilk and our sweet milk, too.



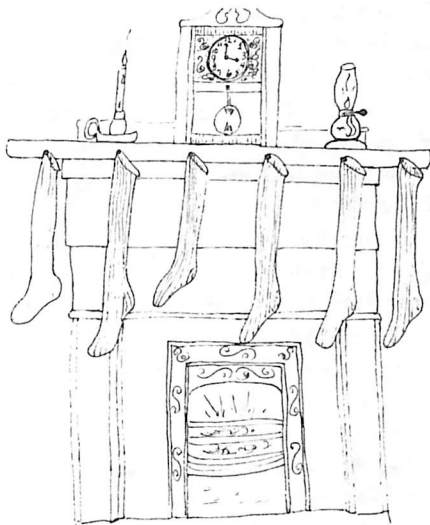
Butter Churn & Mold

When we went to school we played "pop the whip." That was our game if there wasn't too many big boys in it. They'd put you all in a line starting with the biggest one. Then they'd go on down and put the littlest one down at the bottom. Then start running all at one time. Then them boys would stop and pop the whip. If they had too many big boys, they wouldn't let us girls get in there. And pitching horseshoes, that was really a game that I liked.



There didn't many people finish schools then, for you had to go too far away to finish. When I first remember coming to the mill, if you had a big family of children, they'd put them children to work when they was twelve years old or else you'd be out of a job. They needed help so bad, you know, and there wasn't none. So they made the children work.

Christmas then was the happiest time you ever had in your life. Everybody ought to go back there one more year. I'd just love to. There wasn't no Christmas tree, but we had a great old big mantle board where we'd hang our stockings. We wore long knitted stockings then and that's what we hung. We got a apple, a orange, and a banana, and a little bit of nuts, and some candy. That's all we got for Christmas, but that was the happiest kind of Christmas. Seems like there was something in that Christmas. It had some meaning to it. Our family got together, and we had plenty to eat - anything you'd want to eat, they cooked it.



But as far as toys and things like that you just didn't get any. The first time I ever seen a doll was when I went to Mrs. Nanny Gaston's. We'd been getting milk there and she liked me. So one day when we was there, she went and got me a little doll, and it had hair and I never had seen one like it that had eyes that'd close. And I took the doll in my hands and and they was trembling. I didn't take that doll home, no sir. We had a old corn crib down at the back of the house, and it had a loose board. Well, I buried that doll there, for I was scared of it. I never did pick it up. I reckon it died there. I never had seen nothing like that. It had long hair she'd made out of corn silk and clothes she made, too. I bet it's still there, if I could go back to that old crib, I bet I could find it. I reckon I was about seven years old then. I never did tell my Mama about that doll for years after that.

I was living in Chester when I got married. We didn't stay there but a little while and then we come back here. I run off and got married. We had growned up together here in Lando, and we run off and the preacher at the Methodist church there at the Baldwin Mill, he come out there to a neighbor's house to marry us. We was all scared that Papa was gonna' wake up and catch us. I had told Papa I was going to work and I hid my clothes out under the doorstep, and I went on off up the road a piece and then I slipped back and got my clothes.

Then we walked to the neighbor's house and he married us and we left. We hadn't got far down the road when we heard somebody running after us. It was the preacher. He forgot to make us sign our marriage license. Then we got on the train there and we went to Rock Hill and we got off the train and something else happened that I won't never forget. We was walking along talking, and I looked up and there was a big old billy goat coming at me! I took off running down the street, and I didn't ever know where I was running. I was just a little over sixteen years old.



MADGE SCOTT:
(Photo courtesy Doris S. Hernandez)

After that we come back to Lando, and I went to work in the weave room. We set up housekeeping in a little house, and that's when my troubles started. My first child, he never did walk. When he was about three days old, he had some kind of a spell. My grandmother was staying with us then, and she told me that he had paralysis and he never would walk. But he was a blessing to my home. He loved that hymn, "Since Jesus Come Into My Heart". I had a old record player and he made me play that all the time and I got so tired of it, but now I think back and see he was trying to tell me something on that very hymn. I can see that now, but I couldn't see that then. But even if I could call him back to this old cruel world now, I wouldn't.

My husband had pneumonia and we used mustard poultices on him, but I just can't believe that saved his life. I believe the Holiness people saved his life. I always will believe that, cause the doctor come in that afternoon and told me he was dying, that he'd done all he could for him. And the Holiness people wanted to come and pray for him. My father didn't want them

to come, but I let them anyway. For I'd done give up, too. They come and prayed for him for three and a half hours on their knees. Soon it seemed like everything started getting better. So when he woke up the next morning, Dr. Gaston come around and the fever was gone and he said, "Well, he fooled me." I believe in prayer. They'd used everything to break up that cold.

People had to have those old remedies then. There wasn't no doctors hardly. They was so far away you couldn't get to them, for you didn't have no way.

Whenever the children started to cutting teeth, you'd get some person older than you to get a mole's foot and sew it up in a little cloth and you'd put that around the babies' neck. Why, you never knew when they were cutting teeth. There was a lot of old remedies in those days and they was good.

They had a lot of old sayings then too. We never was allowed to kill a cricket cause they said it would bring bad luck. They always said that if a cricket sings in your house and you kill it, that he'd sing trouble at your door. We was always told if we found one in the house to pick him up easy and set him outside, and if you kill a cricket that your well would run dry. And another thing, they used to say that if you smelled a granddaddy (spider) they'd cure your cold, but I never did smell one.

I'm making a quilt now that come to me in a dream. It just seems like something tells me I've just got to finish that quilt

and I'm balled up on it and I can't. It seems like it wants to pucker. This quilt that I dreamt of was one big star all over the whole quilt, and I reckon it was five hundred different colors. I've got so far and now I don't know what to do about it. But I'm gonna' finish that quilt some day.



MADGE SCOTT: "I'm making a quilt now that come to me in a dream." (Photo by Susan Meiselas)



METHODIST CHURCH GROUP (Photo courtesy of Ola Stroud)