



"Her father's daughter..."

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Her father's daughter after all, Lenny decided to do the necessary. She would stop ~~going to~~ relying on the kindness to leave something on the stump. She would hire ~~out~~ herself out somewhere. ~~Not~~ and although she dreaded leaving S. & B. alone all day, she could she came to realize her presence in that house had no influence on what they did - but if she did not ~~save~~ ^{her work} ~~her way~~ there would be no one to ease, no one to come home to, and no Lenny either. ~~Having a~~ ^{self} ~~to look out for~~ ^{it was} ~~And~~ ^{new} thought, ~~preserve~~ ^{and} ~~to~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{new} And it might not occurred to her if she hadn't met Nelson Lord leaving his grandmother's house as Lenny was paying ^{her} a "thank you" All he did was smile and say "Take good care of yourself," ^{again} but she heard it ~~that~~ as tho' it was ~~that~~ language was made for. The last time he spoke to her ^{his words} ~~it~~ ^{blocked up} her ears up. Now those words they opened her mind. "Take care of your self, Lenny." So, ~~it~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} garden, pulling vegetables, cooking, she plotted what to do and how. The Bodwins were most likely to help, since they had done it twice. Once for B. J. and once for her mother. Why not the 3rd generation as well?

She got lost so many times, it was noon before she arrived though she had started out at sunrise. The ^{stone} ~~house~~ was ~~the~~ ^{stone} sat right on the ~~street~~ ^{sidewalk}, with large windows looking out on a noisy busy street.

The Negro woman who answered the door said, "Yes?"

"May I come in?"

"What you want?"

Mr and Mrs. Bodwin

Miss Bodwin. They brother and sister.

Oh.

What you want them for?

~~I need~~ I'm in need of work. I was thinking they might know of some.

Uh. Well come in, she said "But I can't promise you they know where any work is for you." She ^{led} ~~took~~ her ^{toward} ~~into~~ the Kitchen ~~door~~ ^{half} hearing her doubt because she was stepping on something soft and blue. All around her ^{seemed} ~~there~~ thick soft blue. Glass cases crammed full of glistening things. Books on tables and shelves. Pearly white lamps with shiny metal bottoms. And a smell like the Cologne she ^{perfumed} ~~spilled~~ in the emerald house - only better.

Sit down, said the woman. "You didn't tell me your name."

Lenner

Oh. You Baby Suggs kin.

Yes ma'am

uh uh. Yeah. I heard ~~you told me~~
~~I mean~~ your mother took sick, that so?

Yes, ma'am.

Who's looking after her?

I am. But I have to find work.

The woman laughed. "You know what. I've been here since I was fourteen. And I remember like yesterday when B. S. Lely came here & sat right there

where you are. White man brought her.
That's how she got that house you all live
in. And, other things, too.

What seems to be the trouble with
Sethe.

It was a little thing to pay, but it seemed
big. Nobody was going to help her but
she told it - told all of it. It was clear
Aggie wasn't going to let her see the
Bodwins otherwise, so Lenore told this
strange what she hadn't told Lady
Jones in return for which Aggie
admitted the Bodwins needed help.
She was alone there and now that they
to her bosses were getting older she
couldn't take care of them like she used to.
More and more she was ~~required~~ ^{required} to
sleep the night there. Maybe she
could talk them into letting Lenore
do the night shift - come right after
supper, maybe get the breakfast
that way Lenore could care for
Sethe in the day and earn a little
something at night how's that?

Although Lenore explained the girl in her house
who plagued her mother as a Cousin
come to visit, Aggie who got sick and
bothered them all, Aggie was more interested
in Sethe's condition. And from what Lenore
told her - it seemed the woman had
lost her mind - finally as she knew she
would begin to do it all alone with her
nose in the air. Lenore required more
the criticism of her mother, shifting in the chair
and keeping her eyes on the table. Aggie went
on about pride until she got to Baby
Suggs whom she had nothing but
sweet words for. "I never went to those

woodland services, she had, but she was always nice to me, ~~and I appreciated~~ always." Never be another like her.

I miss her too, said Lenore

But you do. Everybody misses her, that was a good woman.

Lenore didn't say anything else and Assie looked at her for a while.

Neither one of your brothers ever come back to see how you all was?

No, ma'am.

Ever hear from them?

No, ma'am. Nothing.

Guess they had a rough time in there. The woman in your house. The cousin. She got any bites in the hand?

No, said Lenore.

"Well, I guess there's a God after all."

The interview ended with Assie telling her to come back in a few days. She needed time to convince her employers ^{that} they needed more help. - night help to be specific because Assie's own family needed her. "I don't want to quit these people, but they can't have all my days and nights too."

What did Lenore have to do at night?

"Be here. In case."

In case what?

Assie ~~smiled~~ shrugged. "I can
the house burn down." ^{"they say, smiled"} As the weather
keeps me from getting here early enough,
or late guests need cleaning up after.
Anything. Don't ask me what whitefolks
need at night.

I thought there were good whitefolks

Oh yeah. They good. Can't say they ain't
good. I wouldn't trade them for another
pair, you can't believe that.

With those assurances, dinner left,

but not before she had seen, sitting on a shelf
by the back door a black boy's mouth full of
money. His head was thrown back farther
than a head could go, his hands were
shoved in his pockets, bulging like
~~Walrus~~ ^{moons}, two eyes were all the face held
above the gaping ^{red} mouth. His hair was
a cluster of ^{raised} ~~black~~ dots painted black on
white. And he was on his knees, ~~holding the~~
in his mouth, ^{wide as a cup held} the coins needed to
pay for a delivery or some small service.

Painted across
beneath ~~his knees~~ on the pedestal
he knelt on were the words "Leave some
At yo' service"

The news spread, at least among the
women, that Sethe's dead daughter the
one whose throat she cut, had come back
to fix her. That Sethe was wound down,
speckled, dying, spinning, changing shapes
and generally demonized. That the daughter

widely
spaced

but could have been better

beat her, (pulled out all her hair, tied
her to the bed and ~~stayed~~ ~~her~~.

It took them days ~~to~~ to get the
story ^{properly} blown up, and to themselves
agitation and then to calm down
and assess the situation. They
fell into 3 groups: Those that

believed the worst, those that
believed none of it and those,
like Ella, who ~~worried about~~ ^{thought it through} ~~met it head~~
~~with held judgement~~

Convi. →

fill they could see for themselves.
It was she who convinced the others
~~that~~ ^{more than any} ~~that they agreed~~
~~that~~ ^{was in order} ~~to~~ ^{rescue} ~~the~~ ^{whatever} ~~Sethe had~~
~~done~~ - they couldn't allow past
errors to take possession of the
present. Sethe's ^{crime} was staggering, but
no one of them could

and her
pride not
strip away
even that

however
slight or
unavoidable

Countenance. ^{the possibility} ~~of their own~~ ^{moving on} ~~the pause~~ ^{unleashed}
and passing. Daily life took as much
as they had; the future was sunset.
Of the past the past was something
to leave behind. And if it
didn't stay behind - well, you might
have to stamp it out. Most of

them came from a race of people for whom
the past was infinite and simultaneous. Slave

*

Life, free life - the day to day minute to minute
~~all~~ every minute of it was a test and a
trial, Nothing could be counted on
in a world where even when you were a
solution you were a problem, ~~where you~~
~~had no defenses~~

The big adjustment was trying to get a fix on time
having to ~~measure it~~, dispense with it
or mark it, measure it, ~~so~~ stop it,

Sufficient unto the day was the work
there - nobody needed more, and
nobody needed a ~~2nd~~ grown up child
sitting at the table with a grade.

"In short," said Ella, ~~where is that~~
~~her~~

I don't know who ^{it is} or what ^{it is} ~~that is~~
~~whipping~~ ~~the~~ - but ~~if it is her~~
dead daughter ^{or not} She still ain't excused
from behavior, I mean, who ~~that kid is~~
that her? ~~what I know, she's thank~~ ~~for all she know~~ ~~for doing~~ ~~all~~ ~~she know~~
~~and if whether it is or not~~

~~In any case they~~ As long as the
ghost manipulated from its ^{ghostly}
state, ^{she} they respected it. But
if it took flesh and came in her
world - well the shoe was on the
other foot

stalking stuff
crying
sneaking
and all
such
&

What's all this about Sethe?

Tell me it's in there with her,

the daughter? The killed one?

That's what they tell me,

How she know?

It's sittin' there. Sleeps, eats and raves
hell. Whipping Sethe every day.

I'll be. A baby?

No. Grown. The age it would have been,
if it lived

You talking about flesh?

I'm talking about flesh,

Whipping her?

Like she was fatter.

Guess she had it coming

Nobody got that coming.

But -

But nothing. ~~It may be~~ ^{What's} fair ^{aint} ~~that~~
~~and knows it aint~~ ^{necessarily} right

You can't ^{just up &} kill your children

No, and the children can't ^{up and} kill the mama.

The day Lenore was to spend her
first night at the Bodwins. Mr.
Bodwin, had come business ~~in~~ that
edge of the city, and said he would
pick her up just ~~after~~ before supper.
Lenore sat on the porch, ^{steps} with a bundle
tied in her lap.

They forgot her like a bad dream.

Down by the creek in back of 124

here footprints come and go, come and go.

They are so familiar. If ^{a child or an} ~~you~~ ^{adult} ~~you~~ ^{could} ~~you~~ ^{lift} ~~you~~ ^{your} ~~your~~ ^{foot} ~~foot~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{them} ~~them, they fit. Lift ~~your~~ ^{the} ~~foot~~ ^{foot} they disappear again, as though no body ever walked there. ~~And~~~~~~

~~not only~~ By and by the all trace ^{was} ~~is~~ gone, and what ^{was} ~~is~~ forgotten ^{is} ~~is~~ not only the foot prints, but the water too and what it is down there. The rest ~~we~~ ^{was} ~~call~~ ^{the} weather. It's not the ^{bright} ~~bright~~ of the remembered - ^{but} ~~but~~ September ^{in the eaves} ~~in the eaves~~ ^{spring} ~~spring~~ ^{ice} ~~ice~~ thawing too quickly. Certainly no clamor for the fair.

Although it is possible ^{Occasionally}

The rustle of a skirt, ^{was} ~~heard~~ ^{heard} upon waking; ^{we think and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~knuckles~~ ^{knuckles} ~~knocking~~ ^{knocking} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~chair~~ ^{chair} ~~chuck~~ ^{chuck} in sleep ^{seemed to belong to the sleeper} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~own~~ ^{own}.

Sometimes the photograph of a close friend or relative - looked at too long - ^{shows} ~~shows~~ shifts and ^{ideas} ~~ideas~~ something more familiar than the face itself moved there.

^{if they could} ~~if they could~~ touch it if you like, but ^{they like} ~~they like~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{won't} ~~won't~~ ^{know you} ~~know you~~ ^{will} ~~will~~ ^{ever} ~~ever~~ be the same if you do.

didn't because they know they would never be the same if they did

They brought what they could
and what they believed would
work. Stuffed in pockets, strung
around their necks, lying in the space
between their breasts. Others brought
^{Christian} faith ~~and~~ ~~the~~ its shield and sword.

A few more brought a little of both.
They hadn't the foggiest idea of what
they would do once they got there.
They just started out, ~~at the agreed upon~~
came together
at the agreed upon time and
~~to~~ walked down Blue Stone road
at toward 124. X

It was 3:00 - ^{in the afternoon on a}
~~hot and wet~~ ~~hot enough~~
~~Saturday~~ Friday so
hot and wet. Met that ~~So that~~
it stank: ^{from} the river, ^{from the canals} ~~from the~~ ^{hanging meat &}
rotting in the jars, ~~and~~ small animals
in the fields, town sewers and factories →

A ~~small~~ ^{the} heat ~~that~~ kept some women
at home. Others ~~wouldn't~~ ~~have~~
who believe in the story. Didn't want
any part of the confrontation. And
wouldn't have come no matter what the
weather. ^{There were} those who didn't believe
it, ~~but~~ ^{had} the ignorance of those who did.

So 30 women made up that company
and walked slowly, slowly toward 124.

It looked almost like a regular
work day. They could have been
going to do the washing at the ^{orphanage} hospital,
the corn shucking at the miller's, ^a clean
fish, rinse offal, cradles ^{white} babies, sweep
& stores

~~But~~ Not today.

When they caught up with each
other, all 30, and arrived at 124
the first thing they saw was (not
Abeve sitting on the steps) but themselves.

Laughing Young ^{or} ~~men~~ ^{stages} ~~some even were~~

Little ~~girls~~ ^{girls} lying in the grass
asleep. Catfish was popping grease;
in the pan, ^{reup} ~~potato~~ ^{scooped} German potato salad and
onto the plate. Cougher rozing purple
peppery colored their teeth. They sat
on the porch, ~~walked~~ ^{ran} down to the creek,
teased the men, harried children,
or, ^{being children} ~~and sat on~~ ^{straggled} the ankles of Red men who held
their little hands while giving them a ^{hurry} ride.

Baby Suggs laughed and skipped
among them, urging more. Mothers,
dead now, moved their shoulders to mouth
harps. The fence they had leaned on
& ^{climbed} ~~over~~ was gone. The stump ^{had} split like a
fan. But there they were, young
and happy playing in Baby Suggs
yard.

Denver's dream

~~a dream~~
She had dreamed of a running pair
of shoes, ~~and woke up crying~~
(the sadness of it)

insert
Denver
She woke up crying from a sad dream.
about a running pair of shoes. ~~But the day~~
~~It broke her heart~~ She shook off the
sadness, but the heat - ^{morning} oppressed her.
as she went about her chores and ~~folded~~ ^{wrapped}
a night dress and a hairbrush into a bundle.

1. Mr. Bodvian: hat - and cat

hears singing from a group of
women ^{near} the house where
he was headed. It was his
Grandfather's house - the
place he ~~had~~ was born in
and lived in until he was
03 years old. A block house
originally - ~~with a~~ large a large
1st floor for stock and 2
rooms upstairs. Little by little
they altered it after they had
built a barn. ^{reasonably comfortable} into a house.

In ¹⁸¹³ 1839 the barn was ~~burned~~ ^{burned} by angry
Dover who had been sacked by
the — regiment ^{on} and Mr. — 's orders.

^{His grandfather}
The Bodvians moved into —, closer to
their ~~his~~ business and rent the
house out every now and then. ^{where} he
pursued his ~~enthusiasm~~ for efficient fire departments.

When Garner, an old friend,

Came ~~to him~~ ^{to him} with a manumitted slave
seeking quarters, the Bodwins made
it available on some ^{slight} terms they never
expected to be fulfilled. Their principal
interest was the land, not the house.
Anyone who kept the ^{from retreating to the north} it ^{ex} was a
favor to them. With this slave,
the favor cut both ways.

Later on there was some ^{bad} trouble
with this old warren's daughter ~~who~~
and the Bodwins did what they
could to keep her from being
hanged - promising wardship
careful employment and a constant
eye. They had to reason to

regret that decision - the girl came
out, took the job they got her and
they never heard a word against

her. When Janey asked for an
extra hand at night, ~~they~~ Miss
Bodwin refused until Janey told
her the girl was the ^{grand} daughter

of their late tenant and the daughter
of their ward. Janey agreed to

25¢ being subtracted from her wages
so bad did she want to be home on Saturday
night. She nagged them both for three
days. Miss Bodwin said her head couldn't
take another day of it. Mr. Bodwin
Garcin because he didn't want ^{to lose} Janey or to

had been with them -
since she was a girl -
have her disgruntled. She ~~was~~ as good
as gold and just as valuable.

and knew the ways, habits
~~Before~~ of the household, his wishes,
and dislikes. A change at
this time was bothersome.

He was 68 years old. His sister

65. Both had set their hands to

Civilizing the territory, their Grandfather

had enjoyed settling ⁱⁿ so thoroughly
they owned ^{the} ~~their~~ ^{Republican} ~~Progressive~~ newspaper, attended
Church and ^{small} ~~large~~ ^{mercantile exchange} bank that ~~financed~~
worth \$200,000

He took his membership in the Ind.
Order of Odd Fellows

They had cousins, but no children
since

Neither had married. They
took the business of buying shares
^{as} ~~very~~ seriously as their ~~parents~~ ^{parents}

as were convinced they knew what that
meant in God's law and the State's,

I hear tell there's a wedding And the
father of the groom got so mad about
it he ~~took~~^{popped} a button off his trousers.
He says the bride comes from a
Stock of crazy women and his son
Studies the law at night and
does a crazy woman keep him down.
Everybody laughs at him and
Keeps right on sewing and baking
And nailing boot polishing their shoes.

Cold house

returned to 124 - only backwards.
He came the ^{same} way he left it. First the
~~Cold house, then the store~~

First the Cold house, then
the store room, ~~then the~~ ^{before}

he tackled the beds. There Boy,
feeble and shedding his coat in patches,
slept by the pump. So Paul D knew
Beloved was truly gone. Disappeared,
~~Some~~ said, ~~blow up~~ exploded right
before their eyes. Ella said, "Maybe.
Maybe not. Could be hiding in the woods"
waiting for another chance. "But ^{when} Paul D
saw the ancient dog, 18 years if a day,
he was certain the ~~way~~ ¹²⁴ was clear of her.

But he opened the door to the Cold house
halfway expecting to hear her. "Touch
me. On the inside part. And call me my name."

There was the pallet ^{spread with} old newspapers.
The ~~can~~ ^{lard can}. Sacks ~~But~~ The sacks too
~~but~~ ^{were} empty now. They lay on the dirt floor
~~like~~ in a heap. "On Daylight, he could not
imagine what it was in the dark
with moonlight seeping ~~out~~ through the
slats (Cracks). Nor the desire that
drowned him, and forced him to
struggle ^{up} ~~fight~~ ^{up} into that girl like she was the
clear air at the top of the sea.

~~I~~ ^{coupling, with her} wasn't even fun. It was more like
a [physical need] to stay alive. [If they tied
him in a sack and threw him in the
river, ^{fighting to} getting out was the way it felt.]
Each time she came, pulled up her skirts ^{at life-} ~~her~~
overwhelmed him, and he had no more
control over it than over his lungs.

been
escorted
to

And afterward, heaved and groaning air, on the
~~repelled and ashamed~~ midst of repulsion
and personal shame, he ~~nevertheless~~ ^{was} felt ~~the~~
thankful ^{too} for having ^{reached} ~~at~~ ^{for an instant}
some place he once belonged to.

Daylight sifting into the cold room
dissipated that memory. ~~Paul~~ ^{Paul} shut the door.

He looked toward the house and, surprisingly,
it did not look back at him. Unloaded
124 seemed just another weathered
building house needing repair.

"It's quiet now," Stamp had told him.

"Been past it a few times. Can't hear a
thing. * Chastened, Drecker, cause old Bodwin
say he selling it soon, he can."

"That the one she ~~is~~ ^{she} tried to
stab? That one?"

Yep, ~~He~~ ^{Sister say} it's full of trouble.
Told Jacey they was going to get rid of it

"And him?"

"Jacey say he against it but, won't stop her."

"Who they think want a house out there?
Anybody got the money don't want to live
out there."

Beats me ~~at~~ ^{it} ~~at~~ ^{it} B a whole spell, Drecker,
before it get took off his hands."

He don't plan on pressing charges.

Don't seem like it. Jacey say all he
wants to know was who was that
naked woman. He was looking at her
so hard, he didn't notice what Sethe
was up to. * All he saw was some

Colored women fighting. He thought
Sethe was after one of them, Janey say.

Janey tell him any different?

No. ~~She~~ Say she so glad her boss aint
dead. If Ella hadn't clipped her, she
would have scared her to death. have
that woman tell her boss, ~~and~~ ^{and} she ^{Allen}
~~to go looking for a job.~~ ^{he}

Who Janey tell him the naked woman was.

^{Allen} Say she didn't see none.

—> ~~Who you think it was?~~

~~You know that better than anybody~~

~~Almost better. Almost.~~

You believe that? I don't believe that,
He ^{got to} ~~has to~~ know or suspect ~~that~~ Sethe
was after him.

Maybe, I don't know. If he did think ^{it}, I reckon
he decided not to. That would be like
him too. He's somebody never turned us
down. You know he's the one kept Sethe
from the gallows in the first place. ^{then}

Yeah. Crazy. The woman is crazy.

Yeah, well, aint we all?

~~And~~ ^{then} They laughed. A rusty chuckle at
first and then more ^{louder and louder} until Stamp
took out his pocket handkerchief and

Paul D pressed the heels of his hand
into his eyes. ^{on} The scene neither ~~one~~ ~~had~~ paw
took shape before them.

Every time a whiteman come to the
door she got to kill some body?

^{Ella say}
Ella say, least ways, this time she had
the right track. but the wrong train

→ Good thing they don't deliver mail
out that way.

(For all she know, the man could ~~have~~ be
coming for his rent.

~~When~~ Their laughter spent, they said "Good day"
and felt a bit better

And she ~~felt~~ ~~the~~ ~~blender~~ ~~work~~ ~~there~~ ~~anyhow~~

Ella

least ways
this time
she had
her the
right
direct
target

Release

Denver

"Proud of
that girl."

He had spent the War
~~working~~ separating the
living from the dead. Northpoint
Rail and — leant him to

like the time
" a situation in which he worked for
both sides of the War. Running
freight from the Northpoint Bank and
Railway to ^{the 44th Colored Regiment} ~~the~~ Tennessee.

He thought he was there, he knew as a
another ~~new colored regiment~~ ^{which} ~~fell apart~~

before it got started on the question

of whether the soldiers should have
weapons or not. Not, it was decided

and the white commander []

had to ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~couldn't~~ figure out what to command
them to do instead of 10,000 other whitemen.

Some of the 10,000 cleaned etc, most

were left abandoned, left to their
own devices with bitterness for pay.

He was ^{when the} ~~returned~~ to Northpoint Bank
and Railway caught up with him ~~and~~ sent him back
until a year later ^{the} ~~when~~ ^{he} ~~got~~ 300 ^{or} for his ~~to~~ ^{services}

sent to ⁱⁿ Alabama ^{where he} ~~worked for~~

— years first
The Rebels sorting the dead. ^{then}
smelting iron. ^{By the way} ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{no}
successes. ^{Every one of his runs - from} ^{from Alfred}
^{Georgia, from Northpoint, from Tennessee}

They were mostly
young men - even
boys - but to
him it was like
taking care of the
quartermaster Alfred.
When he combated the
battlefields, his job was
to pull out
any Confederate
wounded, and
put 'em up the Conf. dead.
And even, they said,
take care.

undisguised
Had been frustrated. Alone, with
no whiteness to protect him
visible skin [^] He never stayed uncaught.

The longest he'd been "free" was when
he ran with the Convicts, stayed with the
Seminole, followed their advice and
lived in hiding with the meaner woman.
~~three~~ ^{four} years.

1853
After a few months, he was imprisoned to an iron foundry in Selma.
Coming out of Alabama at the end of the war
- when he had been declared free -
should have been a snap. He should have
been able to walk from the foundry in Selma
straight to Philadelphia. But it wasn't
like that. ^{walking from Selma to Mobile} He saw twelve dead blacks
in 18 miles, lying on the sides of roads.
Two were women and ^{little} boys. The worst thing
would be the walk of his life ^{for cure}.

He got to Mobile (where blacks ^{were} prisoners were putting down
tracks ^{for the Union that} they had earlier torn up) ^{for the Rebels} and looked
for water. The ~~decided~~ water was the only
~~water~~ { the captured colored men of the 44th
with whom he had worked in Selma }
He ~~found~~ ^{joined two} a skiff and headed for
Mobile Bay.

^{captured}
~~these~~ colored men, ~~some~~ former
soldiers, in the 44th they stole
trying to get back to their command.

One of the men, a private ^{sup} who called himself Keane
had been with the Massachusetts Brigade
at —. He told Paul D. they had
been paid less than white soldiers. It was
a sore point with him, but Paul D. was
impressed by been paid money for anything
he looked at the private with wonder and envy.

Private Keane and Sergeant Rossiter confiscated a skiff and headed
for Mobile Bay.
In the Bay this private hauled a Union
gunboat to which took all 3 aboard.
They deposited them at — and let him stay aboard

Talking the
main road
- a train of
he wanted to
or pass at
on a
covered
wagon

along
with
300
soldiers
Captured
men
put
in
prison
at
Selma

One in ^{hers}
Sixty million, It is not a story to pass on.

They forgot her

(52)
 Susannah Beloved's daughter - <sup>will die as
 like with
 her mother</sup>

Father <sup>will die as
 mother</sup> <sup>his father
 & grandfather</sup> Sixo's Son & Ella's Son's

B. 1908

^{18 years old} ~~Georgeline~~ Violet - ^{is Amy's granddaughter} (adopted) - her aunt is
 "Sister" of ~~her father~~ who slept
 with a white woman named Amy

^{Violet} Howardline - ^{named for her grandfather} Seth's son? ^{18 years old}

[alies Sweet Stuff - stuff]

Susannah is ~~Seth's~~ son

1925
 1855
 70

B's daughter houses Seth's
 Grand daughter (by Howard)

Baby
 in
 1865
 1870

1920
 185
 1908

1908
 1874
 34

18
 152

"Miles Home"
 Amy has baby in
 1860 - (named x)
 which is taken in
 by Pearl's father.
 That half-white
 girl has Violet

mis read history

and, as usual,
sell us short.

who then that
more in will be
more between than
reader - mis understood
the relations of the two