

TUGALOO

a novel by
RICHARD LEE MERRITT

Copy # 2, Part V.

Next morning Jonathan found the
Unterdorf Emporium on Water Avenue
west of the Troup House Hotel. He had seen it
the previous evening in the shadows. Now he saw a
substantial, three-story, brick structure with a
hundred-foot front on the street. All the windows
had iron shutters, most open except on the top floor.

When he entered, a bell attached to the door rang.
A clerk came from the rear of the high-ceilinged
room where every kind of goods and implements were
on display. When Jonathan asked to speak with
Mr. Unterdorf, the clerk smiled and said he had
a choice. There was Mr. Christian Unterdorf Jr.,
Mr. George Unterdorf Jr., and Mr. George Unterdorf Sr.,
and they were all here.

"I believe it is Mr. George Unterdorf Sr. I wish
to see," Jonathan replied uncertainly. Thereupon
he was led to an office at the rear of the establishment
to meet Mr. George Unterdorf Sr. who was busy with
a younger man going over records.

The old man, apparently in his seventies, looked
up with a smile of inquiry. He had bright blue
eyes and some gold teeth.

Jonathan addressed him, "Mr. Unterdorf, I am Jonathan Trowbridge and I've just come from New York City where Mr. James Brown of the banking house told me you might help me when I got to Selma."

"Ah yes indeed, Mr. Trowbridge. So they know about us up in the big city!" Then an aside to his co-worker, "Willy, just gather all these and put them in the ledger for September. Mr. Trowbridge, come over here to my desk." The big desk with its cubby holes and roll-top cover stood near a window overlooking the Alabama River where several river boats were tied up.

Jonathan produced his letter-of-credit addressed to the Unterdorfs. He briefly told of his plan to ultimately buy some land, but in the interim he would want his money in safe-keeping, and he hoped he might find a job.

Mr. Unterdorf appeared to have taken a liking to him, and seemed impressed that the young man had just come from the famous old Brown Brothers Bank with which they had done much business through the years. The old man asked what kind of work Jonathan was prepared to do.

Jonathan lowered his voice, "Mr. Unterdorf, I've been in the Union Army for the past four years. I started as a private but was made a lieutenant in the last year. I hope to settle here and I don't think my army service will endear me to the people of Selma, so I'll try to keep it quiet. I was born on a farm in Vermont and was apprenticed to a hardware merchant in Middlebury for about four years. I also went to Middlebury College for almost two years and the merchant was letting me keep the records for his store. It was much smaller than what you have here, but I might be able to do the same kind of job for you."

Mr. Unterdorf noticed the good appearance and honesty of his visitor. "Mr. Trowbridge, I'm a Northerner myself, born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but I've lived here near fifty years and put down roots. The war's over now and we are all trying to make our adjustments. You probably are wise to conceal your part in the war, at least for now, since feelings run very high. Selma suffered a good deal only five months ago and the people won't forget. It's just pure luck that our building is still here. Many were destroyed."

"Now I have a proposal which may or may not interest you, but since you want a job, this is a possibility. There's an opening right here in this office. My son-in-law, that's Willy Schütz here, is working early and late to keep the books and my daughter complains that he never gets home--that his children don't even know their own father! So we must do something about that.

"In the war, our business was adversely affected since we were cut off from our traditional suppliers in Pennsylvania, so we cut down on our employees. Now, business is picking up and Willy needs an assistant. He's very good. He came here in 1848 from Stuttgart, and has a German system of keeping books which is so plain that even an American can understand it. Do you think you might be interested in working with him?"

Jonathan was elated. Finding a job was central to his plan, so he agreed he would try out for a probation period of a month or two. He was introduced to Wilhelm Schütz, who with pronounced German accent and inverted word order, asked if he had for the figures a good head.

Jonathan responded, "We will find out. I hope so. I will certainly try!"

So they decided he would start next day--six days a week, ten hours a day, from 7AM to 6PM with time off at noon. His salary would be \$75 a month. As for the letter-of-credit, he accepted Mr. Unterdorf's offer to keep it in the big iron safe in the corner of the office.

Jonathan displayed considerable aptitude in his new job and quickly learned Willy's system. Willy, delighted with him, began trusting him with important entries. Now Willy had more time at home. Mrs. Schütz, nee Selma Unterdorf, rewarded Jonathan by having him often to suppers at which the other Unterdorfs might be present. In less than a year he was further rewarded by having his salary raised to \$90 a month.

9.1.1866
In October of 1866, when he was walking back from his noon dinner at Mother Ragle's, he noticed two black-clad women descend from a buggy driven by a black servant. They went into Unterdorf's. When he got to the office, these women were sitting with Mr. Unterdorf at the big desk near the window. They were young and beautiful with a poise and style that set them off. One lady was talking at length with

considerable sadness in her expression, while the second lady simply sat there not speaking, and Mr. Unterdorf listened carefully.

Jonathan hadn't seen them before. They were Grace Lee Johnson and Lucille. Grace Lee, in the years since Simon Jr's death, had tried to cope with running Tugaloo Plantation, but she had no training for such a complex operation, and the several overseers she had hired proved incompetent, dishonest, or worse.

Now, as a final resort, she had decided to appeal for advice and assistance to her father's trusted, old friend, George Unterdorf. "I'm at my wit's end, Mr. Unterdorf. You and papa knew each other since the beginning of the town--fifty years ago. He used to love to tell stories about your family--about meeting your father, Peter, up in North Carolina (and we still have those Conestoga wagons Peter sold to him,) and then he met your brother in Augusta, Georgia! I used to think there must be Unterdorfs all over the world! You've been our friend for many years and our guest many times. You know how prosperous we were. But now things are in a frightful state at the plantation.

First, papa died, then mama, then Mr. Ramsey, and when Geoffrey got killed at Gettysburg, there was no one but me, and I didn't have the remotest idea of what to do. I tried to get a good overseer but had no luck at all. I fired one yesterday, and I'm convinced they have all been crooks since Mr. Ramsey--(what fine men the Ramseys were, as you know.) Nobody kept good records after Mr. Ramsey--even I could see that.

"I hate to bring my problems to you but I could think of no one else who could help. Of course the war created havoc like everywhere else, what with our animals and crops being requisitioned, and then emancipation. Many of the blacks were working in the Naval Foundry here, and we haven't seen them since the war. Others went down the road, but some still remain. We have to use new methods of dealing with the blacks. This year has been a disaster. I know I have to raise some cash somehow, to pay taxes, and we have to pay wages to the blacks now, if we want them to stay on. Isn't this all a pretty picture? Five thousand acres of the richest land in America and we scarcely have enough to feed ourselves!"

smile
Mr. Unterdorf had listened carefully to all this commentary. "Miss Grace Lee, why did you wait so long to ask for help? Maybe I can't help you effectively, but it won't be for lack of trying. Your father was the salt of the earth, and I remember your Uncle Horatio who turned into a Quaker! What a pair they made! I can remember thirty years ago when your father would bring you into the store. He was so proud of you and made sure you got some candy each visit...that's back before Lucille was born."

The old merchant mused for a moment. "I think where we must start is by getting an honest man in your office at the plantation. I have a suggestion. We have here a young man, Mr. Trowbridge, who is proving to be a wizard with our books. Since things are slow just now, with winter coming on, maybe we could lend him to you for a couple days a week. He could attempt to put your books in order and maybe have some suggestions about running the plantation. He is from Vermont, but you mustn't hold that against him!"

For a moment, a radiant smile lit Grace Lee's face. Lucille also smiled. They had had precious little to

smile about for years. "Where is Mr. Trowbridge?" Grace asked.

"Not far away," smiled Mr. Unterdorf. "Jonathan, would you come over here please?"

That's when Jonathan met Grace Lee and Lucille for the first time. Then George Unterdorf explained the problems at Tugaloo Plantation and asked if Jonathan might be interested in helping put things right.

Since Jonathan was quite interested, they said maybe he could spend two days a week at the plantation.

He repeated the name Tugaloo, asking where it came from.

Grace smiled, "My father came here in 1816 and bought the land from an old, Creek Indian chief who was also his friend. He named the plantation after the chief."

They decided that Mr. Unterdorf, Willy and Jonathan would all drive out to Tugaloo the following afternoon to decide how to proceed. Jonathan was bubbling with excitement. This would be an adventure. Now he would see up close the ~~great~~ Greek-Revival mansion which he remembered seeing from the road in the April campaign. This pleasurable excitement only grew as their buggy wound up the curving driveway where sunlight and shadow played under the autumn-colored leaves.

Grace Lee received them in the great entry hall where light flooded down the beautiful, curved stairway. She led them out again past the ~~black~~, white pillars to the plantation office building where she showed them what she knew of the records. They found everything in meticulous and understandable order until the day before Simon Ramsey Jr. died in 1863. After that, for the past three years, all was confusion.

Mr. Unterdorf and Willy agreed that Jonathan must study these well-kept older records and then, starting in October 1866, construct a current set patterned on the old. Some obvious changes would be the new way of compensating black workers. They talked at length about this. That year, field hands were getting ten to eighteen dollars a month. They knew of one place where a first-class male got fifteen dollars, and a first-class female got ten. The average workers in the area got ten. Then, of course, there was much haggling about housing and food, which could be part of the compensation.

Grace Lee was still farming the plantation with the remaining blacks, but with dismal results. They discussed

Values as they had often discussed before and now

the new share-cropping and tenant-farming systems.

In the former, a black farmer would farm a given piece of land and after harvest, the crop would be divided, perhaps fifty-fifty between the farmer and the land-owner. Or a tenant farmer would agree to pay a stipulated amount in cash or crop for the use of the land.

There was a day near Christmas which the blacks called countin' day when the accounts were settled. Unfor-

unately the whites, as these systems developed, more often than not would take advantage of the poor, ignorant blacks.

The group decided that Jonathan would ride out to the plantation on Wednesdays and Thursdays to do his work. He reserved a black saddle horse at a livery stable near Mother Ragle's for two days every week.

He frequently rode over the plantation to get an understanding of things. That's when he discovered that Grace Lee had sold four hundred acres on the west side to his former sergeant, Elisha Green. He had assumed he was still on plantation land when a man hailed him and said he was trespassing! He and Elisha quickly recognized each other and had to explain why each was in that place! Elisha had come back to

Selma as they had often discussed doing, and had approached Grace Johnson about selling some land. She sold it and sold it cheap because she needed the cash so badly. She had heard her father say that land to the west was not particularly good. He had bought it from some small farmers years ago and he didn't farm there, but kept it to "insure privacy for Tugaloo."

Now Elisha was living in an army tent on the land and he was starting to build a cabin. He took Jonathan to the tent for a swallow of whisky--"Just like old times," he grinned.

As the months wore on, Grace Lee and Jonathan found themselves often together in the office. She would ask him to take his noon meal with the family. These meals in the dining room of Tugaloo House had a striking element of disproportion about them. The house and the room were extravagantly large and high-ceilinged. There was a remarkable, big, oak, dining table, large enough for thirty people. It was highly-polished. But the little group would sit at one end. "I'm sorry, Mr. Trowbridge," Grace Lee regretfully murmured, "but most of my family is gone. My sister Jane, is chronically ill and never comes down. You will meet her someday.

to know more about plantation business, so he
That just leaves me and Lucille, who is my companion,
and her sister, Augusta. We like also to have over
Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter, Josie. They live in
part of the overseer's house. Mrs. Ramsey says she
should move into Selma, but I've begged her to stay on
here for the company. They're such good, old friends.
Her husband was overseer until 1863. Then we have
Lucille's two small children, Moses and Rose."

She told him the story of the Tugaloo Oak and how
it was destroyed by lightning in 1850 and how her
father had asked Uncle Maximus to make this great oak
table from the wood.

Jonathan noticed she started wearing some of her
attractive dresses from the days when, at Mordecai's
insistance, all the Johnson women were fashionably
dressed. "Miss Johnson, how beautiful you look! I
have only seen you in black. Now you look like the
mistress of a great plantation!"

"Mr. Trowbridge, we've seen no end of trouble and
death for the past six years, so I began to feel I
would be in mourning forever. But I should tell you,
you are bringing me hope. Papa should have trained me

to know more about plantation business, but he didn't. He expected my younger brother, Geoffrey, ~~with~~ would take over. Then, as you've heard, Geoffrey was killed at Gettysburg. But now I believe things will get better--thanks to you."

Some days, she would bring a picnic lunch from the kitchen and they would walk up to the Burial Ground ~~that~~ where she would tell him about the people who had built the plantation, and the Indians before, who were buried here. ~~was interested in them / dear about~~

Once Grace Lee said to him, "You've been a godsend for me, Mr. Trowbridge. I need all the help I can get running this place. I've even thought of selling it because Jane and I are so ill-prepared, but maybe with your help I can muddle through. Please don't ~~said~~ feel diffident about offering suggestions. Anything would be better than what has happened these recent ~~years.~~ years."

With this encouragement, he said they must prepare a roster of the remaining blacks, the able-bodied workers, the heads of families, etc. They must call them all together to see what kind of system they would like. Perhaps, they could have a mixed system with

part of the plantation run the traditional way, but with hired workers on wages. Other parts of the plantation could be divided into small farms, say eighty to one hundred sixty acres each, to be farmed by black families which could share the crop fifty-fifty. The Johnsons would continue to own the land. Jonathan remarked that good farmers working their own farms, might be expected to produce bigger crops, since their rewards would be greater. He was interested in these ideas about increasing production.

They made good plans for the 1867 season. One time, half-jokingly, he asked if she would sell him some of the land. He told her of his plan to have a farm in Alabama. Later, when she admitted she had no cash or resources for paying wages to the blacks, he offered to lend her \$1700 for a year. "It's just sitting in Mr. Unterdorf's safe anyway!" She agreed to borrow the money but insisted on paying 10% interest for the year. They were becoming very attracted to one another--more familiar and relaxed each week as they plotted the future of the great estate.

One day she surprised him by calling him Jonathan,

then proceeding, "I'm going to ask you something
very important. Answer honestly, and no matter how
you answer, please never mention this matter outside
this office to anyone. I am no longer a young woman.
I was thirty-six this year. I must be much older
than you, if not wiser! For years my mother tried to
marry me off, and we almost succeeded several times--
but here I am. I'm appalled by what has happened to
my poor sister, Jane. She's forty-six, with a constant
series of imagined illnesses. I sometimes fear I'll
be as she is in ten years! So here's my question:
Will you, could you marry me, Jonathan? I feel
hopelessly unladylike, but I'm a desperate woman.
It occurred to me that we could make a pact of advantage
to each of us. You want land in Alabama, and I need
a husband for my own good, for the good of the plantation,
and for my dear father, Mordecai Johnson, who would
be devastated to know the state of things here so soon
after his death. You and I together, Jonathan,
would make a pretty good pair!" *best days!*

Jonathan had jumped from his chair and come over
to embrace her. Then, he kissed the tears that rolled

from her brimming, gray eyes. He suddenly realized how slight and vulnerable this brave, little woman was.

"We'll make the finest pair in Dallas County," he whispered. "I've wanted to ask you but I was certain you would reject me for a lot of reasons, not least being a damy Yankee! Then too, I've heard people in Selma cursing the 'carpet-baggers.' At first I wasn't sure what that meant, but I guess it's a term that applies to me. I was convinced that Miss Grace Lee Johnson would die rather than marry a carpet-bagger!"

"A carpet-bagger! You, Jonathan!" She laughed. Well, you're not ordinary, run-of-the-mill carpet-bagger. You're my carpet-bagger!"

So they joked about matters they had feared to broach a few days earlier.

The wedding was set for May 1867, when Miss Martha's gardens would be in full bloom and Tugaloo Mansion could be decorated with flowers from one end to the other. "We've had enough of death and mourning," exulted Grace Lee. "We'll invite everyone and Tugaloo will come to life like in the great days!"

It was a glorious wedding. The Episcopal minister came out from Selma. Carriages, buggies, wagons and

come out, but this is a special day!"

horses arrived in astonishing numbers. Mr. George Unterdorf and Willy Schütz led a delegation of beaming Unterdorfs who filled one side of the room. Old George rightfully felt he had much to do with this happy event. Jonathan had, of course, resigned at the Emporium now that it was clear he had a full-time job at Tugaloo.

Quantities of plantation blacks gathered, at the back of the room, each dressed as well as the times would allow. Louise, Maximus and Duke remained of Erasmus' children. Duke, the youngest, was 67. But there were a good many grandchildren and new faces.

A long table of refreshments had been set up in the garden, while in the hall, people were dancing waltzes to the music of a small orchestra from Selma.

Everyone was happy that day. One surprise had been when Jane tottered part way down the great stairway and appeared to be waving her arm in benediction on the marriage party. Jonathan bounded up the stairway to kiss his new sister-in-law on the cheek. This brought a blush to her face--blood she didn't know she had! She managed to say, "Welcome to our family, Mr. Trowbridge. Now please, help me back to my room. I was foolish to

come out, but this is a special day!"

Jonathan moved into Grace's bedroom in the Big House and since she and Jane both made it clear that they hoped he would run the plantation, he energetically tackled all the many problems. He divided the 4600 acre plantation into a number of small, share-cropper farms, reserving some at the center to be farmed on the wage system under his supervision. But money was scarce. Nobody, not even big landowners, had much cash. So he explained to the gathered blacks what their options were. They could try one system or the other but in any case they might not get paid for their work until the crops were sold in the autumn. He urged them all to plant big gardens, and keep pigs and chickens so that food, if nothing else, would be plentiful.

He read over Mordecai's old records about maintenance and about training blacks in the crafts. Learning that Maximus and Duke, though elderly, were master carpenters, he persuaded them to train four or five likely youngsters in their skill.

Likewise, the other skilled workers were encouraged to take apprentices--in the kitchen, the blacksmith shop, in the barns and fields. Young people were soon learning to repair roofs, fences, wagon wheels--all

agricultural publications.

He treated the Negroes well, combining Purdon's
the useful jobs on the plantation.

Each day Jonathan would note things to be done.
He had Maximus and his helpers rebuild some of the
rotted gutters and window-pediments on the Big House.
Then he found a few dollars to buy paint for the new
wood. A general paint job on the house and other
buildings must wait until they had more money. Uncle
Maximus was old and slow, but very competent.

While broken fences were repaired, new fences were
also built to satisfy needs of the new share-cropper
farms. For very little money, Jonathan managed to
buy some emaciated horses and mules that were surplus from
the U. S. Army. Once fattened, these animals were
invaluable for ploughing and the many tasks at Tugaloo.

In 1869, Grace Lee had a gray-eyed son whom they
named Mordecai Johnson Trowbridge. They started calling
him little Emjay--a name that stuck for life.

This was a happy, hopeful time at the plantation.
Prosperity was returning. There were some good crops.
Jonathan was proving to be a very efficient farmer
and administrator, bringing the latest Yankee farming
methods to the South, for he regularly read all the

the take care of the plantation. Jonathan, I'm very sorry that dear Grace Lee is gone. Thank you for taking over. There was no one else to do it."

Jonathan had a marble stone placed for Grace Johnson Proctorbridge and their still-born son, and a second for Captain agricultural publications.

He treated the Negroes well, continuing Mordecai's old program of training young people in the crafts. They had a certain renown in the area, so that later, when Booker T. Washington founded Tuskegee Institute, he asked some of the Johnson blacks to teach carpentry and farming.

In 1870, Grace Lee was pregnant again. All appeared to be going well, but she died in child-birth, bringing consternation once more to Tugaloo. She had willed her half of Tugaloo to her husband. He loved her sincerely and was genuinely distraught.

Once again a little cortège of mourners filed up to the Burial Ground. Jane wasn't there, but Jonathan had visited her in her room to tell what had happened. When he mentioned the future of the plantation, she broke in, "Jonathan, you do what has to be done. I know nothing about it, nothing! I will not interfere in any way. I may not last much longer. All I need is my medicine. (She took as much laudanum as she could contrive to procure through sympathetic doctors and friends.) Lucille and Josie and some of the girls from the kitchen look in on me each day. That's all I can expect. I fight my battle here in this room.

You take care of the plantation. Jonathan, I'm very sorry that dear Grace Lee is gone. Thank you for taking over here. There was no one else to do it."

Jonathan had a marble stone placed for Grace Johnson Trowbridge and their still-born son, and a second for Captain Geoffrey Johnson, CSA, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

RECONSTRUCTION YEARS AND AFTER

Little Emjay's first memories were of his loving father, of Louise and Augusta, but especially of Lucille and her twins. They were his family and constant companions. Lucille, gentle and beautiful, fed him, tucked him in bed at night, told him stories until he went to sleep. The twins, ten years older, felt responsible for him. With their bleached hair flying in the sun, they would drag and push him to every corner of the plantation, until the years when he could get about under his own power. Jonathan eased somewhat their self-imposed task when at Unterdorf's he bought them a blue play-wagon, with high, iron wheels and high sides that kept Emjay safe from tumbles. They were protective, guarding him from all danger and discomfort. He insisted on being always with them.

Lucille had taught the twins to read and write. After 1868, Jonathan had a tutor stop at Tugaloa for three hours each morning to teach the twins and some of the blacks.

For about seven years, Jonathan, crushed and lonely, thought mostly of the plantation and of his son. As

Emjay grew older, he had him taught carefully for he wanted the boy to go to Harvard.

As the twins matured through the decade, Rose became a modest, beautiful, golden-haired girl. Jonathan couldn't help but notice. He was so lonely--work and the plantation were not enough. He began to think of marrying Rose, but he knew it wouldn't be permitted in Alabama. He could see Louise each day--now near eighty years old and unquestionably a black woman.

She was Rose's great-grandmother! The races must not be mixed said the state law. As if the races were not already mixed! ~~so, wrinkled and gray-eyed like his twin,~~

In 1877, Jonathan was thirty-seven and Rose was eighteen--not too late perhaps. He asked her to become his mistress, explaining why it couldn't be marriage. They would go live in a house in Mobile. It would take some arranging, and he didn't want to alienate Lucille whom he admired. But he found Lucille was his ally since she had suffered much in the racial charades of the time. They decided he would get a house in Mobile where he and Rose would live as man and wife. He would not permit communication between

Rose and the plantation, and if they had children, they would be reared as white.

He found a large, three-story, brick, Second-Empire house with towers and mansards, iron-cresting, and high, narrow doors and windows. It was in a private park at the edge of Mobile. There, he and Rose lived happily and produced a large family of eight, each of whom he sent north to college when the time came.

He was now a wealthy man dividing his time between Mobile and Tugaloo. He provided for each of the eight children who were told to make their lives in the north.

Meanwhile, Moses, blond and gray-eyed like his twin, was trained as a blacksmith and remained on the plantation. He married Dora, a girl of mixed race, some white, some black, and fifty percent Indian. Dora's parents, each with a slave father and Indian mother, had been born at Grantley Plantation, north of Tugaloo. Her Indian grandmothers, from Chief Tugaloo's village, had married Grantley blacks, choosing to remain with their husbands at the slave quarters when the Indian band moved to the Creek Preserve in southeastern Alabama in 1821. The state of Alabama and Frederick Grantley,

the plantation owner, had apparently considered them all as slaves--Indian wives and half-Indian babies notwithstanding. Dora's parents were slaves at Grantley until the time of her birth at the end of the Civil War.

With her Indian blood and perhaps some of the blood of Chief Tugaloo himself, Dora enormously strengthened the moral claims of the Moses Johnson descendants to the lands of Tugaloo, for they could honestly say their ancestors had lived in this place for untold generations--long before the coming of the white man.

For a decade, Moses and Dora led a quiet and happy life in a cabin at Tugaloo, protected by Jonathan from the excesses of the white community that in that post-Reconstruction period, was intent on re-imposing white supremacy in the South.

Then in 1891, tragedy struck. If it hadn't been the middle of the night, perhaps it would have ended differently. But it was the time when the black of night is deepest--just before roosters awaken.

Moses came suddenly out of deep slumber when he heard his cabin door thrown open, a light appearing in the kitchen.

get her out!"

Book and the others rushed out into the night. What a frightening and impressive sight it made. The great house was all ablaze on the second floor.

"Moses, Moses! Come quickly! It's the Big House."

"There's a fire! Oh, Moses, wake up! There's a fire at the Big House!"

Moses leaped from the bed, in a single motion drawing on his trousers. His eyes focused.

His mother, Lucille, was holding a lamp and begging him to hurry. Dora and the children were all awake now. Outside someone was ringing the dinner bell to alarm everyone within hearing.

Lucille beseeched, "Hurry Moses! Jane is still up there! We must go up the stairs three at a time, disappearing in the billowing, solid clouds,

Lucille, her mother's heart wrenching with anguish, called out, "Oh God, Moses, be careful. Dear Moses, be careful!"

That's when they managed to move the Japanese Oak dining table out into the garden. Then Lucille had found the silver candlesticks. That was about all they had saved when Moses reappeared on the stairway dragging his Aunt Jane's inert body. He was a pillar of flame, his hair, trousers and body actually on fire. In the frightful glow Lucille glimpsed the grisly picture of her son's flailing torso. He had wrapped Jane with the wet blanket. Near the bottom of the stairs he collapsed and the others dragged the boy

get her out!"

" Moses and the others rushed out into the night. What a frightening and impressive sight it made. The great house was all ablaze on the second floor, flames standing out from the windows. They hadn't a chance to stop it. Jonathan Trowbridge wasn't here, not even in Alabama! They must act for themselves.

Moses, back once more into his cabin, seized a blanket from the bed, then ran to a watering trough where he plunged the blanket, letting it soak for an instant, then throwing it over his head and upper body he raced toward the Big House. Lucille was with him as were some of the other Plantation blacks. They all broke through the front door, starting up the stairs, but were stopped by the thick, choking smoke.

Moses cried out to the others, "Save what furniture you can down here. I'll go get Jane." And he was gone up the stairs three at a time, disappearing in the billowing, acrid clouds.

Lucille, her mother's heart wrenching with anguish, called out, "Oh God, Moses, be careful. Dear Moses, be careful!"

That's when they managed to move the Tugaloo Oak dining table out into the garden. Then Lucille had found the silver candlesticks. That was about all they had saved when Moses re-appeared on the stairway dragging his Aunt Jane's inert body. He was a pillar of flame, his hair, trousers and body actually on fire. In the frightful gloom Lucille glimpsed the grisly picture of her son's flaming torso. He had wrapped Jane with the wet blanket. Near the bottom of the stairs he collapsed and the others dragged the two

victims out across the verandah and into the garden, throwing buckets of water over the heroic young man.

The fire rapidly spread through the mansion. It was no use trying to save anything more. The flames made the rose garden bright as day. The angry, voracious roar of the blaze cast immense heat, forcing them to move further away.

Lucille, her beautiful face ~~contorted~~ with panic and woe, saw what had happened to her son. Moses, burned beyond recognition, was moaning and trying to breathe. They had brought out blankets and carried the two victims to Moses' cabin. They had sent for the doctor three miles away. Dora and Lucille frantically tried to help the patients, but for Moses, nothing could be done. With his lungs irreparably damaged by the heat and smoke, his body was shaken by rasping fits of coughing. All his skin, even the surface of his eyes, was deeply burned. He was blind, couldn't talk, and in acute, unbearable pain. In two hours he lost consciousness and two days later was dead.

The doctor, arriving later, was able to save Jane, now 71, who was suffering from smoke inhalation and shock, but was miraculously free of burns, thanks largely to the wet blanket that Moses had wrapped around her.

For those terrible two days, without sleep, Lucille and Dora kept the vigil as Moses' life ebbed away. When he was gone, Lucille dropped sobbing silently at the side of the bed. Dora, half-Indian,

kept her emotions hidden, but gazed bleakly at her small children, Fortney, Lilly and Fanny.

Then they had the little funeral, burying Moses in the old Burial Ground.

Jane, as always, somewhat disoriented by the drugs, nonetheless realized what Moses had done. He had heroically saved her, an old woman, and lost his life in a most gruesome way. And worse, she was the one who had started the fire. She remembered upsetting a coal-oil lamp on her bed then trying to smother the fire, then falling at the bed side. It had all been so careless, so foolish. She was shaken with remorse, begging Lucille to forgive her. She thought of their relationship--Lucille was her half-sister, Moses was her nephew, not once, but twice her nephew! Son of her sister and of her brother! And these closest of relations she had always treated as servants in an off-hand, rather thoughtless, if not unkindly way.

"How much better if I had died instead of Moses! What a useless and selfish life I've led. And now, those little children with no father! And I did what even the Yankees didn't do--burned Tugaloo House to the ground. I wish I could bring Moses back again. Oh, Lucille, what a ghastly, criminal thing I've done. And to re-pay you this way for all your lifetime of care and devotion!"

After Moses' funeral, Lucille took the train from Selma to Mobile. It was the only time she ever visited Rose, indeed the only time she had taken a rail journey. She found her daughter's big, brick house in its fine shaded neighborhood and told Rose about the tragedy

at Tugaloo. She stayed only an hour or two, accidentally meeting Rose's son, Geoffrey (named for Lucille's beloved Geoffrey Johnson.)

Jonathan Trowbridge had told them all there must be no contact between Rose's children and the Plantation. Lucille would not have come if Jonathan were there, but he was out of the state, and she felt so bereft she had to see her daughter once more. Rose begged her to stay but Lucille said, "No, it's better if I go. Jonathan is right. Your children mustn't know they are part black. They'll have happier lives that way. I came because I had to tell you what happened with Moses at the Big House. Now give me one more hug-- a good one, it has to last a lifetime." Her gray eyes were so indescribably sad that Rose burst into tears again. They embraced for a moment, then Lucille, summoning up a crooked smile, kissed her grandson on the cheek. "So," she said, "It's Geoffrey is it? That name has a fine sound to me." Her face, briefly ruminative, showed she was thinking of another Geoffrey, of another time.

Then, with decision, she drew her black shawl around her, slipped past the crimson velvet portières, out the French door to her buggy. Rose and young Geoffrey had followed.

"Good bye," they cried.

"Good bye, Mama," Rose called once more, her voice shaking, her face constricted with sorrow.

Blinded with tears, Lucille lowered her face an instant, then, gesturing to them, urged the horse down the driveway. The buggy went out the iron gate back to the rail station, and Rose never again saw

her mother.

At the Plantation, the great heat of the fire had consumed even the thickest timbers of the Big House. Those fine beams, those solid planks, cut by Maximus seventy years before from the great trees of the virgin forest--all gone, vanished. Only Jack Grant's bricks remained. Ashes and dust settled over the brick foundation and chimneys. Even the wooden office & precious records- lost! Nearby trees and bushes were gone although the brick kitchen house survived. At crazy angles, the brick cores of the old pillars still stood until Jonathan had them pulled down months later.

Miss Jane was moved to the nearby overseer's house, newly cleaned and painted for the Plantation owners. Jonathan kept a room there though he was spending ever more of his time with Rose in Mobile. Lucille, as housekeeper, gently looked after old Miss Jane until she died in 1900. Jane left her half of the estate to Jonathan's son, 31-yr.old Mordecai, whom everyone called "Emjay."

Though the Plantation was prosperous enough, there was never a question of re-building Tugaloo House. In a year or two, nature started to cover the scars. Vines, bushes and trees soon pushed their roots into the rich ashes. In after-years, only old-timers and those who lived nearby knew where Tugaloo House had stood.

They moved the great Tugaloo Oak table to the overseer's house also. Jane, later recovering ~~her~~ some of her composure, though ever-after apologetic for her part in the tragedy, told Lucille, "You did exactly right in saving the table. Nothing was more important!" And she would recall the Pow Wow Oak and all the story of Chief Tugaloo and of their father Mordecai, and of the lightning storm and Uncle Maximus. So the century ended.

FORTNEY SEES THE WORLD

In 1904, young Fortney Johnson, now trained as a blacksmith like his father, left the plantation for the first time. At 23, an age when young men long to see the world, he heard of a blacksmith job at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, Missouri.

He didn't know where St. Louis was, but Emjay, Jonathan's son, told him that St. Louis was maybe four or five hundred miles northwest of Tugaloo, mostly north and somewhat west. Emjay showed him a map of the United States, explaining that maps were merely pictures of countries with the direction North at the top. If Fortney got west to Vicksburg or Memphis, he need only follow the Mississippi River north and he would get to St. Louis.

... some very brutal ruffians also rode the boxcars, though
most were simply poor traveling black people.

When Fortney said he was going to St. Louis, "Come hell or high water!" the blacks thought it was odd, but Emjay agreed to give him the map and helped him write a letter to reserve the job. Fortney could read and write, but not too well. Lucille had tried to teach him, but he had been hard to catch.

Still, with his unerring sense of direction he did not expect to get lost. With a confident smile he told them, "I'm part white and that could get lost, and I'm part black and that could get lost, but I'm also part Indian and that could never get lost!"

In March he said goodbye to Dora and the others and with a small sack of clothes, a little money and the treasured map, he slipped into Selma to find an empty boxcar on a train going west.

He quickly learned the business of free rail travel from other itinerants. To avoid the railroad police, who could be very rough, you climbed on and off when the trains were moving very slowly outside the railyards, and you were careful with whom you associated,

since some very brutal ruffians also rode the boxcars, though most were simply poor travelers like himself.

The hoboes camping near the railroads would usually share their stews (the poor being often more generous than the rich,) and you would add if you could, a potato, a carrot, or stray chicken. You could sometimes earn a free meal chopping wood or doing odd jobs for the farmers along the way.

In two weeks Fortney found his way to Memphis, then St. Louis, where he immediately started working at forty dollars a month plus meals, and sharing the little sleeping room behind the smithy with the other smith, a young black man from St. Louis. They shoed horses and mules for the most part, but they could do any of the simple repair jobs required.

The Exposition would open April 30th to run through November. The feverish preparations were an unending marvel to the young man from the Alabama plantation. Fortney would wander around the electric-lit site late in the evenings watching the creation of the buildings, the hundreds of wagons loaded with lumber, moving earth, moving trees, paving streets, building fountains, the electric streetcars, the telephone wires--even an occasional wheezing and chugging new vehicle called the "horseless carriage."

Surely this area in Forest Park, St. Louis, was the most exciting place in the world to be. Millions of visitors were expected in the summer.

Finishing touches were being made on some hundreds of impressive structures being built by the United States government, by the various states, and by many foreign governments. The French were duplicating the Grand Trianon Palace as their exhibition hall. After all, the French had played a large part in the history of Louisiana and St. Louis, (both named for French kings.)

The Exposition was celebrating the centennial of the purchase from France of the great Louisiana Territory, whereby the young United States doubled its area. All the land drained by the Mississippi west to the Rocky Mountains, room for fifteen states, had been acquired.

Fortney, when his work was done each day, would hurry out to watch the preparations. He was especially delighted with a great floral clock and with man-made waterfalls and lagoons--for there was no shortage of water here where the muddy Missouri joined the Mississippi for its stately progress to the Gulf.

At the northern part of the grounds he discovered a street of concessions called the "Pike." After their first payday, he and the other young blacksmith walked the length of this grand carnival of wonders.

Though Fortney's eyes were wide with amazement and the temptation to spend money was strong, he was determined to keep all of his gold and silver coins--his first forty dollars pay--more money than he had ever seen-- now truly "socked away" for he had them

The other blacksmith, Billy Grayson, though only 22, had a tied in an old sock in his trousers pocket, a pocket he patted from time to time for reassurance.

He remembered how some of the blacks at Tugaloo had laughed at him telling him "he would be sorry when he came dragging home like a beaten dog, with no money and glad enough to get a little ponebread and chitlins!" Well, he was resolved to return, not as a beggar, but as a successful man of the world with money in his pocket. The idea of not returning was, of course, unthinkable. He knew he belonged at Tugaloo.

Twenty-five cents to a dollar.

The pianist, a master of the genre, could play all night without repeating a tune, while he was continuously being gratified with drinks bought by the patrons. His derby hat, never removed, merely tipped this way and that to reflect his mood. The boys asked him if he took the hat off when he was in bed.

"Ah nevah goes to bed, Ah jes sits n' bangs away at dese keys, we not Ah does day n' night, Das de fay Ah lives!" He gave them a wide grin full of gold teeth along with a syncopated rump and down the keys.

The Sunday, Billy took Fortney to meet his mother and sisters who lived three miles out of St. Louis. That's when Fortney met and fell in love with Eddie Grayson. The older of Billy's sisters, a self-possessed, pretty girl of twenty, had completed high school and was teaching in a little one-room school.

The other blacksmith, Billy Grayson, though only 22, was a city boy, wise in city ways, who delighted in introducing the somewhat naïve Fortney to the urban splendors.

Some Saturday nights they would go to the black neighborhoods in St. Louis visiting bars and pool halls, and one night to an infamous resort called "Arletta's," which was ostensibly a dance hall. Indeed, it was a dance hall, but Arletta, the light-skinned proprietress, was also running a large, profitable bawdy house where girls of all races could be rented for the hour or the night. Arletta had rooms above and cribs out back with the girls costing from twenty-five cents to a dollar.

The pianist, a master of the ^{RACETIME} genre, could play all night without repeating a tune, while he was continuously being fortified with drinks bought by the patrons. His derby hat, never removed, merely tipped this way and that to reflect his mood. The boys asked him if he took the hat off when he was in bed.

"Ah nevah goes to bed, Ah jes sets n' bangs away at dese keys. Das wot Ah does day n' night. Das de way Ah lives!" He gave them a wide grin full of gold teeth along with a syncopated run up and down the keys.

One Sunday, Billy took Fortney to meet his mother and sisters who lived three miles out of St. Louis. That's when Fortney met and fell in love with Sadie Grayson. The older of Billy's sisters, a self-possessed, pretty girl of twenty, ^{SHE} had completed high school and was teaching in a little one-room school.

She lived with her widowed mother and 16-year-old sister, Jennie.

When Fortney saw that Mrs. Grayson's little house needed painting, her garden needed spading, her fence needed repair, and she needed a new gate, he persuaded Billy to go out with him on Sundays to do all these chores. Fortney was hoping to see Sadie and he wasn't disappointed since she, for her part, was eager to see the muscular and personable young man from Alabama. Fortney made a new wrought-iron gate at the smithy and they took it out one Sunday on the streetcar.

On into summer, and after the Exposition opened, the girls would come out to visit the young men and tour the fair. That's when Fortney discovered another modern wonder--ice cream cones!

Ice cream had long been known (though not to the blacks at Tugaloo,) but the cone was first introduced to the world at the St. Louis Exposition. So, though we be heedless of all else, let us remember the ice cream cones of 1904. These contributions to the joy of

with his money, each week adding the new silver and gold coins of his wages to the little hoard he kept tied in an old sock. Together they wrote a letter to Jonathan asking if he could living were sold along the "Pike" for five cents each, and Fortney relaxed his self-imposed fiscal austerity sufficiently to allow plenty of cones on those hot, muggy days.

By July, with the aid of ice cream cones, Fortney and Sadie were deeply in love. When he asked her to marry him, she at first hesitated since he wanted to take her to Tugaloo where he hoped to rent a tenant farm from Jonathan.

She was a city girl for whom the difficult life of a tenant farm held few attractions. But love triumphed. She agreed to go with him when the Exposition closed.

Half-believing it himself, he told her maybe they would be able to buy a small farm for themselves. He became even more careful continued as housekeeper.

Fortney painted the old tenant house and did some repairs, with Jonathan paying for a new roof. It was rickety but home-like when they got settled and that's where their three sons, Joe, Willie and Sam would be born.

At first, Fortney still thought of going up and back to

with his money, each week adding the new silver and gold coins
of his wages to the little hoard he kept tied in ~~an~~ old sock.

Together they wrote a letter to Jonathan asking if he would sell or rent one of the tenant farms to them. Jonathan replied that he wouldn't sell, but if they wanted a 120 acre tract with a tenant house near the old Big House foundation, they could have it for \$150.00 a year.

When the Exposition closed in November, Fortney had saved \$300. and Sadie also had \$150. They had been married at Mother Grayson's house and they were able to ride the passenger cars back to Selma.

Fortney rented the old tenant house and farm from Jonathan, signing a year's lease to start. At this time Jonathan was withdrawing from active management of the Plantation. He had handed most of it over to Emjay who was now thirty-five. Emjay had a house in Selma, but he was at the Plantation almost every day, in summertime bringing his two young sons. (In winter, the boys were sent to Groton, a fine prep-school in Connecticut.) For overnight stops, he kept rooms at the overseer's house, where Lucille, since Jane's death, continued as housekeeper.

Fortney painted the old tenant house and did some repairs, with Jonathan paying for a new roof. It was rickety but home-like when they got settled and that's where their three sons, Joe, Willie and Sam would be born.

At first, Fortney still thought of going up some back road

and buying a cheap little farm, though very little good land was available for blacks. Then he began to recognize the extraordinary pull that Tugaloo had for him! This was where he belonged. He had seen some of the world, now, he knew he belonged here. He was surprised and mystified by the strong sense within him that the black Johnsons must stay here at Tugaloo!

So, doing some smithy work for the neighbors and each year planting his cotton crops and corn, he did fairly well in good years, but he could see they would never get rich, and in those days Sadie would wonder out loud if they wouldn't have been better off staying in St. Louis.

The three boys went a few months each year to a black grammar school about three miles from home. They didn't learn much since the teacher was young and had little training. The one-

room school was cold and the roof leaked in winter. There were eight grades in one room. Sadie got some school books and taught her boys at home. She wanted them to have a good start in life, but it seemed like everything was against blacks in those days in Alabama. Segregation was at its worst and the Ku Klux Klan was lynching and terrorizing blacks all over the South.

That's how Joe, Willie and Sam grew up. They always had plenty to eat and their parents loved them, but there was never much money and they learned to be very careful in their relations with the whites. This was especially ridiculous since their Grandfather Moses was almost white and all the white Johnsons and Trowbridges in the county were their cousins and uncles.

In the dark Depression days of 1932 Sam went to Birmingham to try to find a job in the steel mills, but there were no jobs. The mills were mostly closed. But the trip was worthwhile since he found and married Bernice Hamrick.

She had been to normal school for two years, so when they returned to Tugaloo, she found a job as teacher in a black school. She made \$50. a month. Sam arranged with Mordecai Trowbridge to rent 120 acres of the old Tugaloo Plantation. This was right next to Fortney's 120 acres.

Mordecai Johnson Trowbridge, usually called "Emjay" for his initials, was now about 63 and certainly the wealthiest and most powerful man in that part of Alabama, but some of the white

Alabamans didn't trust him because his "Damn Yankee" father had sent him to Harvard and he had travelled and lived in the north and in Europe. His outlook, particularly in racial matters, was far too liberal to suit most Alabama whites.

Years later, when Emjay would visit the black plantations of Tugaloo, he would always feel a joint Emjay had married Emaline Emerson, a northern woman, and spent much of his time out of the state, but he kept a house in Mobile and another in Montgomery. He also had an office in Selma for the Tugaloo Plantation. When he was in Alabama he didn't forget that Moses Johnson, the more white than black but considered black, had been his first cousin, and that Moses' descendants, Fortney and Sam and the others, were still living on the plantation.

Moreover, Moses' mother, Lucille, had been a surrogate mother to Emjay. Moses had been a protective "older brother" until Emjay went north to school. With Emjay's own mother dead and his father often absent, Lucille, Moses and Rose were really his family. He felt close to them. His Aunt Jane always shut herself away in her room nursing imagined illnesses. He loved Lucille like a mother and Moses like a brother.

Years later, when Emjay would visit the black Johnsons of Tugaloo, he would always feel a jolt of recognition. Fortney and Sam, even Sammy and little Lucy, had the same gray eyes as Emjay himself had. He remembered those gray eyes in Moses, Lucille and Rose. Jane had them too, and those who remembered said that Geoffrey and old Mordecai had gray eyes! During and after the Civil War, people would joke about the Johnsons having gray eyes because of their loyalty to the gray of the Confederacy.

Because of all this, Emjay would tell his superintendant, "Don't make things difficult for Fortney and Sam. If they run into trouble, we will help them out. You know Fortney is my brother's son!"

The superintendant's eyes widened.

White southerners weren't his wife collapsed and seemed to lose all interest in life. She grew distant and sometimes failed to recognize him. They would travel back and forth with the seasons, living in one house or another, but life was empty.

supposed to talk about black relations. At first, he thought Emjay was making a joke, but on several occasions Emjay showed he meant business. When crops were bad, Emjay would cancel the debts owed by Fortney and Sam. Since Emjay also owned the general store at Tugaloo where the blacks bought most of their needs, he made sure they didn't get in debt too far.

As Emjay grew older, he seemed to get more liberal and ever more solicitous of these black relations. He would think of his inherited wealth and the bleakness of his own life. His own two sons, his only children, had died long ago in a 1912 boating accident after their graduation from Harvard and a European trip. He had had such great plans for those boys!

Then, after the tragedy, his wife collapsed and seemed to lose all interest in life. She grew distant and sometimes failed to recognize him. They would travel back and forth with the seasons, living in one house or another, but life was empty.

His family was all gone. Then, he began to think more and more of the black cousins, so poor, so hard-working, so defrauded by fate, by the slave system and Jim Crow.

They had as much right as he, perhaps more, to the plantation. They were descendants of old Mordecai Johnson and his son Geoffrey. They even had some blood from Tugaloo's Creek Indian band. But the system condemned them to a life struggle with ignorance and poverty while they lived on Tugaloo Plantation.

After 1940, Emjay and his wife spent most of their time in Mobile. World War II. prevented European travel, and then suddenly, they were too old--it became easier to stay in one place. But Emjay would take his old V-8 Ford and drive up to Tugaloo. He would stop to visit for days with the black cousins, staying at Fortney's house.

In 1945, he got Sam and Willie and Joe, (Sam's carpenter brothers from Montgomery,) to do a lot of work on the old houses where Fortney and Sam lived. He paid for it all. They jacked up the houses, dug basements, put in new concrete foundations, new roofs, new windows, porches, electric wiring, paint, and they added a couple rooms on Sam's house, so the family would be less crowded.

Emjay was there every day enjoying seeing the improvements and seeming to yearn for the company of these cousins--the only family remaining to him.

They wanted to repair Dora's cabin too, but she would only have a new roof. She said she had been there too long to make any other changes now, and anyway, she spent most of her time outside!

Emjay would talk with Sam and Bernice about their plans and hopes for the children. Sammy, the oldest, was twelve, and while schools for blacks were better than they had been when Sam Sr. was a boy, still they were not good, and far below the

standards of white schools. But since Bernice was a teacher, and Grandma Sadie had also been a teacher, these children were better off than most blacks. They had an old dictionary and other books in their home and they learned the habit of reading.

Grandma Dora, Moses' widow, could barely read, but she shared her practical knowledge with them. She lived to age ninety-nine, the last sixty years in the little cabin behind Fortney's house.

She had a big garden, growing vegetables and flowers for all the family. All the children of three generations loved to spend the day, and sometimes nights too, with Grandma Dora. Her bronze-dark skin and eagle-like nose showed her Indian ancestry. Her clear memory went back almost to slavery days and she knew all the stories of the early times. The children learned much from her--

Usually she would take along several of the children to assist in removing weeds or planting flowers. Then, she would point out the graves of the earlier

Family members, explaining how they fit into the not "book-learning," but all the old legends, even those of the Indians who had lived so long in this land before the whites forced them to move to the Indian Territory out west of the Mississippi. Grandma Dora had learned and loved to re-tell the history of the family--black, white and red. She had heard much from Lucille who died in 1920. Lucille, her mother-in-law, had lived in the heart of the plantation family since birth, so she passed on the stories of Cypress Creek and Nansemond Plantations and of the great migration in 1816, and of the Tugaloo Pow-Wow Oak, of Sophronia Ramsey, and of the building of the great house in 1821 and its tragic destruction in 1891. Dora had an inexhaustible supply of stories and the children never tired of hearing them.

She tended the Burial Ground for sixty years. Usually she would take along several of the children to assist in removing weeds or planting flowers. Then, she would point out the graves of the earlier

family members, explaining how they fit into the family history.

Further, Dora knew all the old Indian remedies, often leading the children on woodland trips to find certain plants and herbs that worked better than store-bought medicine.

She was the best gardener in the county--for her, anything would grow. The children learned many useful and practical things from her, not least, the strong historic attachment of the family to this land.

So this is how it was in that autumn of 1945.

Emjay was now rich, childless, and almost seventy-six years old. He had no contact with all those step-brothers and sisters--children of his father by Rose Johnson. They were Jonathan's secret family. Emjay had heard all that story from Lucille after his father took Rose to Mobile in about 1876. It was ancient history now. He didn't think about it much anymore.

THE EDUCATION FUND

Now Emjay decided he would do something for Sam Johnson's children. They were as near his family now as anyone. So he told Sam and Bernice that he was going to see that all their children got through college. There were six children then, since Jacklyn had just been born.

Emjay said, "It's too early to tell where they will want to go, but they can each get through four years of college for ten thousand dollars, if they're careful and if they get part-time jobs. We won't send them to Harvard, but we will see that they get to some good schools.

"I'm going to put one hundred thousand dollars in the First Southern Bank in Selma, and it will be in the name of Samuel Johnson, and Mr. Brownlow, the banker, who is my friend, will advise you. As each child gets ready for college, you will draw out what they need for expenses."

just before his death, and they were responsible

Sam and Bernice were overjoyed with this gift, the size of which they could only vaguely appreciate, never having dealt with such large sums. They didn't tell the children or anyone else. Only in 1951, after Mordecai J. Trowbridge had died and Sammy was old enough for college, they withdrew the first money so their oldest boy could go to Tuskegee Institute.

Meanwhile, Emaline Trowbridge, Emjay's wife, died in early 1951 and a big lawsuit developed when her nephew, Ford Emerson, tried to break Emjay's will. Emjay left his assets, principally the Tugaloo Plantation, to Dallas County as a trust to benefit schools for black children.

Ford Emerson, a New Englander, argued that his Uncle Emjay was senile in his last years and that he had been unduly influenced by the black Johnson family who lived on his land. Emerson's attorneys said that Sam and Fortney Johnson had persuaded Emjay to write a new will in 1950, just before his death, and they were responsible

for the "preposterous" idea of disinheriting his wife's nephew, namely Ford Emerson, so that blacks would benefit.

The whites of Dallas County normally would have sided with Emerson, who was white, except that he was a "Damn Yankee," an outsider, and they realized that their taxes could be lowered with this new aid for the school system. But they deplored the money being reserved for black schools, and plotted how to get some or all for the white children.

After two years, the courts decided in favor of the Dallas School System. Parts of the plantation were sold over the years, and using some of the money in the Selma Bank, Samuel was able to make down-payments on his and Fortney's farms, and also a third parcel of sixty acres which contained the brick foundation of the old Tugaloo Plantation House and the family Burial Ground. This sixty acres, the very center of the old plantation, with the brick kitchen and old overseer's house, had never been part of a tenant farm. The Trowbridges preferred to let it return to nature since the 1891 fire.

Sam Johnson was lucky when he succeeded in buying these parcels of prime land. Generally, whites in the South would refuse to sell land to blacks. This was part of the system to hold blacks in subservience. For decades, the number of black farmers who owned their own land, had been falling. And these black owners usually had sixty acres or less--poor, isolated, subsistence farms.

In Alabama, at the beginning of settlement, the good land had been monopolized by the big plantations and their owners. These families had managed, in large degree, to keep their land and power through the upheaval of Civil War and Reconstruction.

After 1865, freedmen had little opportunity to buy land. Some managed to buy marginal land on the backroads--land no whites wanted. But most blacks had no money and were forced to be share-croppers or tenant-farmers on white-owned land.

A few blacks in rural Alabama were better off than the average because of aid or protection from a friendly white. This was the case with Fortney and Sam, who had been helped from time to time by the thoughtful intervention of Emjay.

As tenant farmers, they had paid a yearly rental to the plantation office, but each year Emjay made sure they could afford the payments. In a couple bad years when the crops failed, he even cancelled the rental. Most blacks didn't have such a benevolent landlord.

Thus, when the school board sold the Tugaloo parcels in 1955, it was pure luck that Sam was allowed to buy the land. The whites had simply overlooked a chance to profit by buying this good bottom land. Emjay could no longer help. He was dead. But it was quite possible that Mr. Brownlow said a good word for Sam. Considering that the black Johnsons had lived on that land for 140 years and that they had always been quiet, hard-working Negroes, the whites who ran the community had decided to let the sale go through.

Thus, in 1961 after Fortney died, Sam had 300 acres of fine, black soil in the heart of the old plantation, and one by one, his children went off to college. He farmed carefully, stayed out of debt and paid down the mortgage.

After 1955, Sammy came home from Tuskegee with all the latest ideas on farming. He had been an athlete at school. He was tall as a ship's mast, strong as an ox, and smart as a whip! Sam didn't know how they had gotten along without him.

Some of the prettiest girls in the county were after Sammy, but in 1956 he married Jonelle Jackson, a Hale County girl who had also studied agriculture at Tuskegee.

The whole family helped Sammy and Jonelle build their new house near Fortney's place. Grandma Dora, Fortney and Sadie were delighted to have the young couple so near.

Sammy and Jonelle had new ideas for running the farm. Working with Sam, they got new machinery, trucks, and diversified the crops. It wasn't just cotton and more cotton anymore. The farm

was looking good. Some of the poor white neighbors could hardly stomach such prosperity for blacks, and they were incensed when the Johnsons started calling their farm Tugaloo Plantation once more. "Imagine! Blacks owning a plantation!"

EMJAY'S FUNERAL AT THE OLD BURIAL GROUND (1950)

The Old Burial Ground, ancient and sacred when Mordecai Johnson arrived in 1816, held the bones of uncounted generations of those who had loved this land. On occasion, when the Johnsons were digging new graves, they would unearth mouldering human skeletons which they would quickly return to the soil.

The Burial Ground was unchanged, sacred and apart as Mordecai had promised Chief Tugaloo, except for the Johnson and Trowbridge tomb stones. There was no iron fence or gate. A thick veil of primordial forest remained to guard its tranquility.

Voices were muted here, thoughts transcendent. This was the center and final goal of Tugaloo life. It had outlasted the Pow Wow Oak, survived the magnificent Tugaloo House. It was Mother Earth. Here was a place for them all when their time came.

Mordecai, his wife and children, as well as the Trowbridges, were buried around the big Johnson monument on a little hill. A bit lower, most of the blacks had graves with humbler stones, some scratched by hand with names and dates. But Emjay had had good granite stones to mark Lucille's and Moses' graves. He also placed a memorial marker for Jonathan Trowbridge and Rose, although they were buried in Mobile.

When Emjay died, he was buried next to his mother,

Grace Johnson Trowbridge ^{and} his two sons, ~~and his wife.~~
Many whites, even the governor, came to Emjay's
funeral.

The old black Johnsons, Dora, Fortney, and
particularly Sam, were extremely sad and upset.
Emjay had always been there for them with friendly
advice and financial help. He had been there as
a buffer between them and the white community.
No whites, especially the Ku Kluxers, had ever
threatened or attempted to intimidate them.
Sam understood this was because everybody knew
that Emjay, a very powerful man in the county,
would not countenance it.

Sam thought of all the many little ways Emjay
had helped them. He remembered the day in 1945
when Emjay had given them the education fund.
The two of them had walked slowly from Sam's house
over to the Old Burial Ground. They sat on the
low, granite, retaining wall that surrounded the
early Johnson and Trowbridge graves. Each found
a stick to whittle with his pocket knife.

A yellowhammer, which usually had the Burial
Ground to itself, protested their presence with a
persistent tinkly song, (cuh, cuh, chee-ah, chee-ah,) as it hopped importantly from branch to branch.

The air was soft and fragrant with the odor of sun-toasted pine needles, while just a hint of breeze stirred the tree-tops, making moving shadows over the graves.

Bernice had given the family a big Sunday-noon dinner of roast pork, yams, cornbread and apple pie. Emjay and Sam, their stomachs full, shared a feeling of lazy well-being. Sam felt like stretching out on the grass for a nap, but Emjay, his gray eyes now dimming with cataracts, looked about them at the stones marking the places where their ancestors lay. They heard 12-year-old Sammy in the distance, calling to old Ruff, the black Labrador.

The tombstones lighted memories in Emjay's mind. "That boy Sammy," he said, "If he doesn't remind me of Moses! I can recall Moses back about 1875 looking just the way Sammy does now! And Sammy's a good boy too, smart and well-behaved, as well as being handsome as his great-grandpa!"

Chuckling, he recalled what Sam knew perfectly well. "We all had those gray eyes, you know--"

All the early white Johnsons had them, (except maybe Miss Martha,) and my dad, Jonathan too, though his were a shade darker!

"Then old Mordecai," (he indicated the biggest tombstone,) "The old rascal fathered Lucille, and she was one of the prettiest ladies you ever saw when she was young. Well, she had those gray eyes too. It was sure a dead give-away if he wanted to keep it a secret. And she was exactly like a mama to me. Well then, Lucille and my Uncle Geoffrey had those twins, Moses and Rose. I guess you might call it incest, what they did, but then they didn't know they were half-brother and sister. One thing for sure, it was a double dose of gray eyes for the black Johnsons. It's just a real trade-mark for the Johnsons--that's why I'm especially glad to see that boy Sammy, gray-eyed like you and Fortney and me, and strong, smart and quick! He's going to take over here some day.

as felt sleepy.

"Emjay spoke again. "You know there's an old fable about an ant and a grasshopper. See how hard these ants are working in bad weather? Well, the fable tells about the ant who worked hard and piled up food to use in winter time. His friend, the grasshopper, We want to give him and the rest of your kids the best possible start in life." Emjay's voice trailed off.

His eyes, now watched a busy parade of ants carrying eggs and bits of food through a crack in the granite wall to their nest in a corner of the plot--a dry, sunny spot they had piled high with pine needles.

"It's always so hard for blacks here in Alabama, but I think you're on the right track. You know how to stay out of trouble. When I'm gone, you keep minding your own business, keep working hard like the ants, keep your bills paid and don't buy anything you can't afford. Most of all, I want you to make sure your kids get through college. That will be a lot better for black folks some day. Your kids must be ready for a new kind of life."

Then he told Dan of his plan to deposit the education fund in Dan's name at the Delta Bank.

At Emjay's funeral in 1967, the potency of that conversation five years before right at this spot was in full mind. It would take back the tears that threatened over his broken, weathered face. They had lost their best friend. He vowed to himself to follow Emjay's advice.

Sam felt sleepy.

Then Emjay spoke again. "You know there's an old fable about an ant and a grasshopper. See how hard these ants are working in good weather? Well, the fable tells about the ant who worked hard and piled up food to use in winter time. His friend, the grasshopper, sang and played all summer when it was easy to find food. When winter came, the ant was in good shape--he had food and shelter, but the poor grasshopper had nothing. He was cold and hungry. The grasshopper reminds me of our neighbor, Amos Green. Amos' granddad had a nice farm and a good house, but Amos just drinks and goes fishing every day. One of these days he'll lose his farm.

"I'm an old man now, Sam. I won't be around so much longer. I know it isn't always so easy for blacks here in Alabama, but I think you're on the right track. You know how to stay out of trouble. When I'm gone, you keep minding your own business, keep working hard like the ants, keep your bills paid and don't buy anything you can't afford. Most of all, I want you to make sure your kids get through college. Things will be a lot better for black folks some day. Your kids must be ready for a new kind of life..."

Then he told Sam of his plan to deposit the education fund in Sam's name at the Selma Bank.

At Emjay's funeral in 1950, the memory of that conversation five years before, right at this spot, was in Sam's mind. He couldn't hold back the tears that streaked down his brown, weathered face. They had lost their best friend. He vowed to himself to follow Emjay's advice.

They would keep out of trouble. They would work, they would save, they would think and plan and study and learn to get by without Emjay's help.

Sam, his hand on Bernice's shoulder, (she holding little Lucy) and the family, old ones and children, ranged about them in their Sunday clothes, watched the black earth being shoveled on the coffin of their old friend.

Emjay's wife had been too ill to come, and the important white people had gone home after the Episcopal minister had said his final words.

But the black Johnsons lingered. They loved the Burial Ground. Dora and the children always kept down the weeds here--kept it in good condition and brought flowers. Dora liked to tell them how this had first been an Indian Burial Ground and she believed old Chief Tugaloo himself was here, but she didn't know exactly where. Old Mordecai had known Chief Tugaloo and had bought the plantation site from him. When Tugaloo said he couldn't sell the Burial Ground, Mordecai said it would always remain a sacred place for Indians, whites and blacks.

In the 1820's, Tugaloo died, and soon after, the Indian band moved to Oklahoma where the Creek Nation and other southern tribes were forced to settle. Some Indians hid in the wooded hills of Alabama, refusing to leave the land of their ancestors, and some inter-married with the blacks who were still slaves. So they stayed and lurked out-of-sight near the plantations.

Also, freedmen of mixed Negro-Creek blood joined the tribe on the

Oklahoma reservation, usually losing contact with their Alabama relatives since they were almost all illiterate.

All this Dora had told them and she showed them where she would be buried--next to Moses, her husband who had died sixty years before.

The Burial Ground was special. Nowhere did the black Johnsons feel more strongly their relationship to Tugaloo Plantation. They got what strength they had from this land. Sam wondered if it would be enough to keep them going now with Emjay gone. He looked around at his healthy, bright-eyed but solemn family.

He wiped his face with the back of his hand, squared his shoulders. Managing a glimmer of a smile, he said quietly, "Now, we're on our own! This is a work day, so let's get changed into our work clothes! We can do a lot before sundown!"

The family followed him down the path toward the farm houses.

The new 150 acres, known locally as the "Old Green Place," had belonged to a poor-white farmer named Amos Green. He was middle-aged with a bunch of ragged children and a sisterly wife. He preferred fishing and drinking to farming. Last year he went further in debt and his hilly land got more deeply gullied with erosion.

He would always plant corn and cotton. The topsoil washed away. His buildings and fences were falling down. He couldn't see any future here. So one

day, he offered to sell his land to Sammy.

THE OLD GREEN PLACE (1956)

Amos Green was a poor white farmer who

he was sure Sammy would buy. He said

In 1956, Sam Johnson and Sammy bought another 120 acres to the west, so their holdings totalled 420 acres. Sammy knew that all over Alabama and all over the United States, farms were getting larger. The less-efficient farmers were forced to sell their land or lose it for taxes and unpaid mortgages. These former farmers would become farm labor or move to the cities looking for jobs.

The new 120 acres, known locally as the "old Green Place," had belonged to a poor-white farmer named Amos Green. He was middle-aged with a passel of ragged children and a slatternly wife.

He preferred fishing and drinking to farming.

Each year he went further in debt and his hilly land got more deeply gullied with erosion.

He would always plant corn and cotton. The topsoil washed away. His buildings and fences were falling down. He couldn't see any future here. So one

day, he offered to sell his land to Sammy.

Amos Green wanted to move to east Texas where he was sure opportunity awaited him. He said he would sell the farm for \$8000.

At first, Sammy hesitated since the land was so poor, but then he remembered what he had learned at Tuskegee--poor, hilly land would grow wonderful pine forests. Sammy was sure of it since he had worked a couple summers on a tree-planting crew.

Sammy and his father talked with Mr. Brownlow, the banker. Sam was surprised to learn that the bank account had grown with interest to over \$107,000., even though they had taken money out for Sammy's college and now, for Laura who was studying business administration at Fisk University in Nashville. So they decided to buy the land, and when they offered \$6000 cash, Amos Green accepted. A couple months later, the Johnsons got the hilly, worn-out land, the big, old house, two ramshackle barns and several sheds.

in the customers principle in their money. Don't know what he was thinking about all the time. Amos Green loaded his family and a few belongings into his old pickup truck and headed west. He had insisted on being paid in \$100 bills, because he didn't trust banks and their checks, and also, he looked forward to flashing that roll of sixty \$100 bills. He could impress his family and everybody at gas stations, motels and cafes all the way across Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

"Did yer old man pull a fast one on them nigger Johnsons or not?," he would ask his awe-struck children as he flicked the roll of greenbacks.

He would get angry when his wife hesitantly suggested he keep the money in his overalls pocket, so it wouldn't be lost or stolen. Then he would make them all wait in the pickup while he lit a cigar and stopped in some bar for a couple of shots.

"We'll make a killin' out in Texas," he would exult. I'll get me a little fillin' station, or maybe a bait shop. Then I'll jes' have to set thar

an' the customers bringin' in their money. Don' know why we waited so long to get rid o' the ol' place--nothin' but trouble an' back-breakin' work it wuz. No more o' that nigger-work fer me!"

Forming a little basin at the surface to hold water

Then the bigger girls and women would pour a dipper full of water around the trees. At times, they would bring up buckets of water from the brook, then Sam got

THE NEW FOREST (1956)

Once title was cleared, the whole Johnson family started setting out thousands of pine-tree seedlings. They got them from the State Forest Nursery for about two dollars a thousand, and they would plant about a thousand to an acre. They planted loblolly pine and some short-leaf pine.

In a few years, Sammy told them, the scars of erosion and plowing would be hidden, and the topsoil would stay in place. The trees could grow several feet a year.

Sam and his sons Sammy and John, and also Jonelle, using mattocks, would make holes a few inches deep and loosen the soil. The girls would divide the

little trees, being careful of the roots, keeping them damp and out of the wind and sun. They would hand a little tree to the diggers who would quickly plant it, firming the soil around it and forming a little basin at the surface to hold water. Then the bigger girls and women would pour a dipper of water around the tree. At first, they would bring up buckets of water from the creek, then Sam got the tractor to pull up loads of steel drums full of water. This made the watering easier.

Soon, row after row of trees were planted. The crews would race to see who could plant the most. Sometimes Uncles Joe and Willie would come out from Montgomery, bringing their families, and they would all help plant the new forest. They planted in fall, just before frost, when the almost-dormant trees would get a good start.

Then, they would have big picnics in Amos' yard where there were magnolia trees and the sagging verandah for shade. There would be mountains of fried chicken, jam and biscuits, cookies, cake, water melons from Dora's garden, and whatever Bernice

the Greens had a summer camp. It had been
and Grandma Sadie could prepare. They had
ice cream too. Bernice had taught her younger
daughters to make it in an old, second-hand
ice cream-maker from the Salvation Army store in
Selma.

The planting crews found they could plant six
or seven acres in a good day's work. Sammy and
Jonelle laid out the rows and left wide areas for
roads and fire-breaks. Some extra-wide strips
were left unplanted because Sammy planned to later
plant them with deciduous, hard woods. He said that
they could control pests and disease better if
they had a variety of trees. "Look at Mother
Nature," he grinned, "Did you ever see a natural
forest with only one kind of tree?"

Bernice told the girls as they sat by the

handsome stove, "You see we started with an old
heap of rust. THE GLORIOUS STOVE"

The old house at Amos Green's place had been
built by Amos' grandfather in the 1880's when

the Greens had a larger farm. It had been
a fine farmhouse with high ceilings, two fireplaces,
and stained-glass windows. For a long time, it had
been ill-treated and neglected. The verandah
was tottering, the plaster walls were cracked,
stained and full of holes, the roof leaked, and
the big kitchen with its old, black, coal range,
was filthy beyond description.

Bernice, Sadie and the girls spent a week scrubbing
and cleaning, mostly in the kitchen--walls, woodwork,
floor, stove, windows--all were relentlessly
scrubbed. Then young John painted the kitchen--
ceiling and walls pale yellow, wainscot and
woodwork, white enamel. Everyone was amazed by
the improvement. Now they could use the kitchen
for preparing their picnics when they worked there.

Bernice told the girls as they admired the
handsome stove, "You see, we started with an old
heap of rusty iron and dirty grease, and we worked
hard and got us a fine kitchen stove!"

It was indeed a glorious stove--all shining black

with gleaming nickel trim, and its name
emblazoned on the oven door--EUREKA.

At one end was a "reservoir" for heating water.

The polished stove pipe rose half-way to the
fourteen-foot ceiling to enter the brick chimney.

Lucy, always curious, asked, "What does 'Eureka'
mean?"

No one knew. So at home that night, she and
Jacklyn looked it up in the old dictionary.

It meant "I have found it."

Lucy told the others and they all agreed that when they bought the old Green Place, they had found something very good for their family. As for the old Green family house, they had thought it wasn't worth much, but now, after seeing the kitchen and the glorious stove, they knew if they worked hard, it could become a fine house once more. One Sunday Sammy and Jonelle repaired the leaky roof so the rain wouldn't further damage the interior.

Found a whole mountain of it! In their hands they held some lumps of unashamedly coal.

SAM LUCY FINDS TREASURE

Came from. They pointed north toward the mountains.

One day, after a long morning of planting pines and a picnic feast, most of the family were lying down in the shade. The insects were buzzing. A slight breeze rustled the dry, autumn-colored foliage. Sam was lying on the verandah floor with his head in Bernice's lap. He was half-dozing. They had been wondering if there would ever be a fine forest here as Sammy had said. There didn't seem to be much to show for their work since the trees were so tiny. But they all knew crops take a while--especially tree-crops. If a lot of work would do it, they should have the best forest in Alabama.

Suddenly, Lucy and Jacklyn, the smallest of their daughters, who had been wandering back on the hillsides, ran up to their parents crying, "See what we found! It's coal, it's coal! We found a whole mountain of it!" In their hands they had some lumps of unmistakable coal.

Now they got all the coal they needed. They

Sam came awake and asked where the coal came from. They pointed north toward some hills with scraggly, second-growth trees. Everyone woke up and the girls proudly led the family up an ill-defined trail.

Lucy had wandered up a hillside and found a shallow pit with some decaying timbers and loose pieces of coal lying about. Sam and the boys realized that this was where a coal seam came near the surface. With a little effort, they could dig their own coal here! They could dig coal for all the houses, and maybe even dig some to sell in slack seasons. Apparently Amos Green's grandfather had used the coal mine. Now the Green Place would start to pay for itself.

Everyone praised little Lucy for finding the coal. She smiled widely, delighted with all the attention.

After the discovery, the men used the tractor to clear away the overburden of earth from the coal seam. They developed a small, open pit mine where they got all the coal they needed. They

didn't have to buy coal or heating oil from the Tugaloo Store anymore. Old Bart Gregory, the storekeeper, even told them he would buy coal from them if they could deliver a hundred tons a month in winter. But Sammy didn't want to get in the coal-mining business just then, since it would take time from farming. Still, the coal was an asset and potential profit-maker for the plantation.

But the efficient, larger farms could survive in the new economy.

"What's going to happen at Tugaloo?" asked Sammy. "Are we going to be forced off the land like Amos Green, or will we make Tugaloo bigger and better? I think I know how you all feel. We belong to Tugaloo, and Tugaloo belongs to us. There's something mystical about this soil. We feel it most up in the Burial Ground. But we know we belong here. Grandpa Portney used to talk about being up in St. Louis, but knowing he didn't belong anywhere but at Tugaloo. Yes, we all belong here. So that's why we must strain every muscle and

NEW GENERATION, NEW IDEAS

In 1958 when Sammy was twenty-five, he called a family conference at his new house. They were all there, even Grandma Dora who was ninety-three.

Sammy and Jonelle told what they knew about farm consolidation all across the country. Farms were getting bigger and farmers were getting fewer. Only the efficient, larger farms could survive in the new economy.

"What's going to happen at Tugaloo?", asked Sammy. "Are we going to be forced off the land like Amos Green, or will we make Tugaloo bigger and better? I think I know how you all feel. We belong to Tugaloo, and Tugaloo belongs to us. There's something mystical about this soil. We feel it most up in the Burial Ground. But we know we belong here. Grandpa Fortney used to talk about being up in St. Louis, but knowing he didn't belong anywhere but at Tugaloo. Yes, we all belong here. "So that's why we must strain every muscle and

the old cotton fields so we can begin

brain cell to make Tugaloo grow bigger, richer and better. Jonelle and Dad and I have talked about what changes should be made.

"We've always grown corn and cotton here, but when we grow primarily corn and cotton, year after year after year, we damage even the finest soil. It's like mining the soil--what we take out we never replace. Finally the soil gets sick.

"A farmer who hopes to stay in business will try to enrich the soil, not deplete it. These are things we learned at Tuskegee.

"There are certain kinds of plants that improve the soil. I won't get too technical, but these plants take important elements out of the air and return them to the soil, making the soil richer. Among these good plants are soy beans, clover, vetch, alfalfa and peas. There's a variety of clovers.

"If we are mindful of all this, Tugaloo will make a good living for all of us in the future. This is why we have decided to switch from corn and cotton crops over to growing broiler chickens, dairy cattle, hogs and soy beans. We will convert

the old cotton fields to these soil-building plants--clover, vetch and alfalfa for pasture and forage. The animal manure will also enrich the soil." ^{op.}

The Tugaloo soils were heavy clay loam, somewhat acid, but again the old Green Place had proved valuable since Sammy had discovered some eroded limestone outcroppings on a hill near the coal pit. This was a source of lime available if they were willing to work at it. They could haul truckloads of this material to spread on the Tugaloo fields before planting the new pastures. The county agricultural agent had agreed that the addition of lime would lower the soil acidity and make the pastures thrive. It was hard to get used

Sammy laughingly told them some of these pastures would have vetch, Caley peas and Johnsongrass.

Sammy went on, telling how over the next few years, he wanted to convert the plantations to the new agriculture. He had big plans and they sounded good, especially since Sammy could talk

"Johnsongrass," said Sammy, "Will certainly grow well at Tugaloo. It will make a fine hay and pasture crop."

Both Sam and Fortney objected, "But we've been fighting Johnsongrass all our lives and now you want to plant it? You just can't get that grass out of the cotton field!"

"Dad," said Sammy, "these won't be cotton fields anymore. They will be pasture and hay fields to feed the animals. The more grass we get, the better off we are, and Johnsongrass likes to grow there, as you know, so we're going to make use of it!"

Sam looked doubtful. It was hard to get used to the idea of planting a grass he had always regarded as a weed.

But Sammy went on, telling how, over the next few years, he wanted to convert the Plantation to the new agriculture. He had big plans and they sounded good, especially since Sammy could talk

convincingly and they all felt he knew what he was talking about. The family, all excited, talked late into the night.

Most exhilarated of any one that night was Sam Sr. as he listened to and watched his tall, muscular son, white teeth flashing in his smiling brown face, the startling gray eyes, intelligent and alert. Sam Sr. had long felt foreboding about the future of the family and Tugaloo, but he didn't know what to do about it. He did the best he could, but his education had been sketchy. Now he rejoiced to see the family had a strong, new leader--his son, Sammy!