

1. MR. YOUNG: I don't know. According to what they say.

DSW [Dianne Swann-Wright]: Okay.

MR. YOUNG: Well, my grandfather come from Jupiter, I don't know. That's what they say.

DSW: Right.

MR. YOUNG: I don't know nothing, but they said that's where he come from.

DSW: Okay. Do you ever remember hearing Uncle Bun or Aunt Millie talk anything at all about when their people came over here?

MR. YOUNG: Oh, yeah, they always talked. But, you know, it just didn't stick to me. I just didn't-

DSW: Yeah. And -- and what did they say? What did they say about their people coming over here to Alabama?

MR. YOUNG: I just don't know.

DSW: Okay.

MR. YOUNG: I don't want to tell no story.

DSW: No, that's fine.

MR. YOUNG: I could go and tell you a long big old thing but I -- I don't know.

DSW: But you do remember hearing them talk about it?

MR. YOUNG: Oh, yeah, I know they talked about it.

DSW: Okay, and now I want you to tell me if you remember when they talked about it? Did they talk about it like on Sundays? Did they talk about it at holidays? Did they talk about it in the evening?

MR. YOUNG: That's when they talked -- that's when they talked. Like holidays, like Christmas coming up, we'd be there and then they'd sit all of us around there and then tell the story about how we come over -- how we got here and what happened. And they told all that stuff. But now I just don't, you know, (unintelligible). I don't know how they said it or what.

2. MR. YOUNG: I can just remember her. She used to come up to my daddy's house when I was a little boy. And I can remember meeting her at the gate when she come in. But just describing her, you know --

DSW: And when -- and when you met her at the gate, what did she say?

MR. YOUNG: She would always take all of us in her arms, you know. She always brought us some candy or some cake or something.

3. MR. YOUNGAnd me and my brothers, all of us left the church at the same time. And Miss DeGraffenried, she would always be at us about coming over here. We were singers, me and my brother, we were singers.

DSW: I can hear that.

MR. YOUNG: And he was -- he got us over here so she could be our manager. And then we -- we would sing and she would -- then one day she told me now it's time for you to take it over. And then I started being the manager of our group. We were named the Young Memorial.

DSW: The Young Memorial?

MR. YOUNG: Uh-huh. And we sung for years and years.

DSW: And what's your favorite song?

MR. YOUNG: Today or back then?

DSW: Back then.

MR. YOUNG: We sang every once in a while here. The choir sang some of our songs here. I can't think of what the name was because they've messed the songs up so bad now. They just ain't what -- well you've got to come on with the day, you know, times change, people are changing.

DSW: Right.

MR. YOUNG: And they're not like they was when we came along. And they sang them songs. That's for them (unintelligible).

4. Mr. Young: It's how you pick, you know. You got to pick it clean because the cotton will open up, you know, your finger goes between the bolls. Well now you pick it like I pick it, when them bolls get tight, you know, where you can't get the cotton out, pull the whole boll off. And then you get a whipping when Papa catches it. Pull it off because you had to get that hundred pounds.

Mr. Diggs: See those little old bolls that it come in they are hard, look like wood, and they would stick in your finger.

Mr. Young: Yeah, that would make them bleed.

Mr. Diggs: That would make it bleed.

Mr. Young: And they didn't pick like I picked. Mine didn't ever bleed because I'd pull the boll off.