# Out of the Past.

Minnie Thompson, an old colored woman, who has served as maid at Neighborhood House for many years has attained a position of unusual distinction among her friends and acquaintances, both colored and white. The colored rather regard her with awe on account of her independent brusqueness. The white consider her a highly refreshing personality because of her interesting and individualistic responses to their sallies. Minnie revels in the past and often introduces most unusual bits of philosophy into her stories of bygone days.

"Is it true, Auntie", I asked her once, "that you saw Abraham Lincoln laid out at Indianapolis?"

With gentle dignity and a little hauteur in her tone, she said, "Scuse me honey, but just

I mus' tell you not to call me 'Auntie'. I aint no kin to you, and I don't 'low no white person to call me 'Auntie'."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I meant no discourtesy, but I reiterated, "did you see Abraham Lincoln laid out at Indianapolis?"

"Yes. I saw him laid out in the State House there. Mother took me and my brother to see our President who made us free. But three years before that mother got her freedom. She ran away with me and my brother. She aimed to go to Chicago, but she only got to Indianapolis. After freedom was declared we come back to Louisville again."

"Why did your mother run away?" I asked.

"Cause they whipped us chilens so, and 'cause she was 'fraid they'd sell her at Arterburn's

Pen."

"At Arterburn's Pen. What was that?"

"It was a place down there on First Street where they used to sell slaves jes' like cattle. Mother had eleven chilens and they sold 'em all 'cept Henry and me. They put 'em on a block to sell 'em an' they punched 'em and poked 'em, 'specially 'bout the chest to see if they had consumption. 'This is a strong one' they'd say. 'He aint got consumption. I'll take him.'" Here she lapsed into silence for a time. I waited expectantly hesitating to speak. She continued.

"They sent my mother to the pen once 'cause she sassed Miss Mary. They called the police and told 'em to take her there. But they didn't really want to sell mother. When they put her on the block the 'Ole Miss'

ast' moi' an' any one could give fo her and then afta the sale took her home agasin. Miss Mary and Miss 'Liza sho liked Mother. Bof of 'em wanted her, but old Mr. John settled who'd get her. He let 'em draw strams and Miss 'Liza got her."

Again she became silent. Then continued reminiscently, "Mother saw awful whippin's in her time. She saw 'em gag the slaves, tie 'em hand and foot and whip 'em till they bled. Then they'd throw a bucket of salt water on their raw backs jes' like they was hogs."

She became more vehement as her story progressed. "Oh, I wish I had 'em! I wish I had 'em! I'd whip 'em like they whipped my forefathers."

With this she threw up her arms, and with a tragic wail she strode away. She part suddenly

sweeping over her had stirred her to the very depths of her being. With her eyes upturned to her God, her arms aloft, this white headed figure was a dramatic symbol of her people. I was stunned. Unwittingly I had open the flood gates of ages. Her cry of vengeance voiced the tragedy of her race.

An hour later I heard her crooning, "Ole Time Religion", alternating a low bass with a high tenor, as was her wont in singing.

April 2, 1927. Frances Ingram

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An Interview.

English 1-J. Mr. Holzknecht