TAPE LOG

Name of person(s) interviewed: Willie White, Jr.

Fieldworker: Timothy C. Prizer

Date of interview: 6 July 2003

Location of interview: Front yard of informant's home at 110 Franklin St. in Hoboken, Georgia

Other people present: N/A

Brand of tape recorder: Radio Shack CTR-122

Brand and type of tape: Maxell XLII

Tape Number: 03.1 and 03.2 (Fieldworker's designations)

SUMMARY DESCRIPTION OF TAPE QUALITY (background noise, etc.)

This is an excellent recording both in sound and content. The sounds of passing cars, playing children, and barking dogs are fairly constant, but these do not intrude significantly upon the voices of the informant or the fieldworker.

SUMMARY DESCRIPTION OF TAPE CONTENTS

Willie White talks at length about his life working in the turpentine woods. He demonstrates calls and hollers, tells jokes, and sings – beautifully – spirituals that he once sang while working in the woods.

TAPE INDEX
COUNTER NO. SUBJECT

001 Opening announcement and verbal confirmation from White of his knowledge of the tape's potential uses

TP: If you could, please state your date of birth and your full name.

WW: Okay. My name is Willie White, Jr. I was born March the 21st, 1948, and I'm 55 years old. And I started in turp – you ready for that?

TP: Yeah, that's fine. Go ahead.

WW: And I started working in turpentine when I was a young boy. We – I started with my daddy, and my daddy had some boxes, and I used to ride with him during the summertime, and I used go out there with him and pick berries and I kept on at him 'til I asked my daddy to teach me how to chip boxes. And he showed me how to chip boxes, so I went to loving it. And so after I grew, grew older, summertime we went to getting a little summer job we called dipping turpentine. What we called the "Little Boys' Squad." About 7 or 8 of us would get together in the summer and we'd dips gum, then I left off from that. I got about 13 or 14 years old, I was chipping boxes by myself then, and as I can remember, when I was 16, I quit school. And I went working for a man named Frank Dukes. And I got me what you call, what we call a crop of boxes. It was 6,000 so I went to chipping them. And what we call we had to put on three streaks before you could have a dipout. And you had to put on a streak every week for three weeks, and then coming down to the fourth week, they'll come and have somebody come and dip you out. And so, that was good. And I kept on in turpentine until I was about 18 years old. Then I left out of turpentine, and I went at Varn's still up there and
022 stayed there for about 7 years. And I did all kind of work up there. And I left there and I went back to turpentine again. Of course, when I went up under another boss man though – this boss man, he was named Junior Sears. Wasn't none of Dukes no more. Dukes had sold out, and so he sold out to a man named Junior Sears. So I went back into turpentine again, and I stayed in the turpentine then 'til I was 23. Then I left out. Then I haven't gone back in it since. But anyway, during my lifetime in turpentine, I come to find out that I loved it and it was many more, many more people loved turpentine. Turpentine was a sort of job that you can, can always depend on. You didn't have no worry about this and worry about that because you could be your own boss. You go when come, go when you wanna come, go, come when you want to. You didn't have nobody to tell you this and tell you that. You knew what your job was. Like you wanna go out there on Mondays or Tuesdays or something like that, you wanna go out there and say, "I'm going to make a half a day," you go make a half a day. Go out there and say you wanna make a whole day, you make a whole day. You didn't have nobody to tell you that you got to do this, got to do that on time, you got to be on the clock, you got to do this, you got to do that. You didn't have to be on the clock. You go when you wanna, come when you wanna. Rainy days, you didn't have to worry about working on the rainy days if you didn't want to. But like the jobs we have now, you got to be there – I don't care if it's raining or shining, you got to be there. But in turpentining, it was a whole different thing. The weather got too bad, you'd be home. Be too cold, you didn't go to work. You'd be home. Like it is now, if it's cold now, you got to work. So, like I was, like I said, I was telling a friend of mine now, the one I was speaking to, turp – I love the turpentine. Turpentine – many peoples I knowed loved turpentine. But turpentine has brought me from a long ways and I know it's brought many of my friends from a long ways. And I hope and pray that one day I might see it again, but I don't now if we will or not, but I hope and pray we is.

039 TP: That's great. Where were you born?

WW: I was born in Hoboken. Right here in Hoboken.

TP: And you worked turpentine from what years would you say? 196-?

WW: I started working, I started working in turpentine in 1962.

TP: 1962.

WW: 1962.

TP: And when did – what year was it when you stopped?

WW: I stopped working in '73.

TP: Well, tell me about this – you said "Little Boys' Squad" – is that right?

WW: Yeah. Little Boys' Squad.

TP: Now where did that name come from? Who named it that?

WW: Our boss man named it that. He – then we had another man that oversee us out there that drive the tractor and things for us. Some of us were too small to lift the dip bucket. Some of us, they say that the dip bucket was bigger than some of us. But we still tried it right on. And so he called it "The Little Boys' Squad," and all of us little boys would get together and he was proud of us too because us little boys did more than the grownups did because, you know, we'd go out there – we didn't go out there to play or anything – we'd go out there to do what we were to do and get through. We would go out there and like he said, "These boys here, these here are the best workers we got." And that's the truth. We used to, I mean, we used to go out there and dip 18 barrels a day, and that's impossible, you know, just little boys but we did it. We dipped 18 barrels a day. And that man was proud of that. He was making money off of us. He used to call us the "Little Boys' Squad."

TP: How was the learning process when you were little? How did it take you – how long did it take you to really get a hang of it, and do you remember being disciplined for any bad work you did?

052 WW: Yeah. Yeah. Like I said a few minutes ago, when I got started in it, I used to ride out there with my daddy. And I used to go, really, I was just going out there with him to pick what we called blueberries. And I'd get out there with him and I'd see my daddy just going out there just whistling and chipping them boxes, whistling and chipping. So I got into it and I said, "I wanna do that. Boy, I sure

wanna do that." And so I kept on at my daddy, and my daddy said, "I'm gonna show ya. I'm gonna teach you how to do it." And he kept on, he went to showing me how to doing it. And I got to where I got to loving it. And I used to come home and my mamma used to tell me say, at my daddy, "What wrong with his clothes?" Have holes all in it where I'd be standing through the tree, too close to the tree, spraying the acid on it, you spray acid on the tree and you hold it too close, it'll bounce back on your clothes and eat it up. Daddy would say, "He been chipping." And mamma would say, "You ain't got - your boy's out there supposed to be picking berries and you got him out there chipping." So I told mamma, I said, "No, it wasn't nothing about daddy." I told my daddy to teach me how to do it. And, you know, I fell in love with chipping. And then I came on from chipping and went to dipping. And so I just loved it all. It ain't hard to learn after you get out there and get a hold to it. You know, you have a dip paddle and a dip bucket. That's the only two things you need. Dip paddle and dip bucket. Like scraping – in the wintertime, that's when you scrape – then you have a scrape box, a scrape iron, and you scrape your tar off the face. And you dip the gum out the cup. Tacking tin, you have to like you're putting up boxes, you have to put on your streak first – your corner streak – what you call the corner streak is the first streak that goes on the tree. That be the corner streak. Then you come, after your corner streak, you come under there with your tin. You got two layers of tin, two what we called gutters, two gutters and your cup. You put three nails in each side and then you put two nails at the bottom to hold the cup. And that's how we'd start off putting up the virgins, putting up the boxes.

TP: What kind of schooling did you have as a child, and when did you stop going to school?

073 WW: I stopped going to school, I was in the – I got promoted to the twelfth, I mean not the twelfth, the eleventh grade. And I quit school of course. But I went on back to school in the job course. I finished up in the job course. I stayed in there 6 months, in the job course. And I took up a trade while I was in the job course. I took up mechanics. Then I also took up truck driving. And that's how I get my truck driving skills from the job course.

TP: Now when you were a kid and you were working in the woods and you had school, were there times that you were dismissed from school because you needed to work in the woods, your family needed the money?

WW: If your family needed the money, if your family needed money and you wanted to help them out, all you had to do long n' then, you would tell your teacher what you had to do and they would give you a dismissed from school.

TP: Okay. If you could, tell me about your daily routine in the woods, from the time you – well – from the time you woke up until the time you came home and went to bed when you working in the woods.

WW: Okay I would go to work, when I was working in the woods, I would go to work at 7 o'clock. And I would come home at 5 o'clock. And come home at 5 o'clock and that's to be for every – for four days, I'd do that for four days – and at 12 o'clock on Fridays, I knocks off from my work for the five days.

TP: So, tell me about in the woods. What would go on from the time you got there until the time you would call it a day?

091 WW: Okay. From the time I got there at 7 o'clock in the mornings, when I get there, the first thing I would do, I would eat breakfast. Always carried my lunch with me, so I'd eat me a sandwich or two. Then, I would get up, get my hack, acid bottle, and a little thing we called a paddle to keep chips out of the cups. Get that, and I would go on to work. And I would work until about 9:30, then I would take me a break. Then, I would go back to work. Work 'til 12, then I'd quit at 12 and go and eat dinner. Then, I would go back at 1. Sometimes 1:30. I would work then until about 3 and then I would go back at about 3:15, go back to work and work until 5. And like I said, you was your own boss. You didn't have this to worry about or that to worry about, because you knew what you're wanting to do, and knew you had to do it, and knew how you had to do it. So, you ain't had nobody to direct you on this or direct you on that because you knew yourself, you knew what to do. Your that your job, what your job was, and you knew how to do it. And that's how a many people in turpentine today has come to get way up in life. Now, I know a many peoples that used to work in turpentine that's well off now, just from working turpentine. You know, 'cause they always have did it all their life, and some of them have retired from doing turpentine, just in turpentine. And like I said, I growed up in it and I got out it though, but if it was here now, and I had another choice, I probably would go back in it again.

TP: When you were a kid, did you value the work more than you did school or did you value school more than work? Tell me about that.

109 WW: I tell you. I loved the school. I was an A student in school. I loved the school, but it was, long n' then things was so hard for my daddy. He had, it was, it was a lot of us children. It was 12 head of us children. And long n' then, it was about 6 of us then, and hard for my daddy to keep things going and so, that's the reason why I quit school at 16 – to help him out. And after I helped my daddy out, things got alright, and that's, I went on back to school in the job course, and finished it up. Then, after in '73, I just quit messing with turpentine completely. And just went on out there, and I think I started driving the trucks. Then I went on and quit driving the trucks, so I went out there to the mill where I'm at now.

TP: What do you think caused you to leave turpentine in '73?

WW: Well, really, it was, as I can recall in '73, Mr. Varns, he was the man that was over the still, he came to get me, he came, he saw me, always bragged to tell me how good a worker I was. I had some friends tell him how good a worker I was and all that. And so, he wanted me to work for him, so I left out of the woods and came on and started working at the still. If it wouldn't have been for that, I probably would have been in the woods right on.

TP: Did you take breaks during the day in the woods? I mean, without leaving the woods? Did you sit down in the woods?

126 WW: Yeah, sit down in the woods like I was telling you. We had a thing, a shed out there what we called a "weather shanty." When you get, when you get to where to take your break, you go up under your weather shanty and take your break. We had, you know, benches and all up under we just sit on and all. An old table and things there, you go up under there, and relax, sit down, take your break, and you get ready to get back up and get started again, you get back up and get started again.

TP: What type of things would you do on the breaks?

WW: Well, long n' then, I would just, when I come up on my break, I would just sit down and just get me a drink or water, or either eat me a sandwich or something like that. And then I'd sit around for about five or ten minutes and then I'd go back.

TP: What type of sandwich would you have?

WW: Oh, I would have like a bologna sandwich or lunchmeat or sometimes I would have hotdogs or something like that. And my mamma, loves to have, loves to give me them ol' ham sandwiches, but I didn't like them too good. [laughs] I still don't like 'em.

TP: So you worked right up until dark sometimes or –

WW: Sometimes. In the wintertime, in the wintertime, at 5 o'clock, long n' then in the wintertime, it was dark. Before the time change, I remember before the time change it was dark in the wintertime at 5 o'clock. And we would work up, I would work right up until dark. You know, after the time change and all that, when I'd leave on out the woods then, it was, it was still day right on at 5.

TP: How were you rewarded for your work? Did your dad reward you at all for your work or how did your boss reward you?

143 WW: My boss reward me. They always, that's what I was telling you, they always say I was a, one of the number one mens, 'cause I'd, I would go out there

to work. They always bragged on my work because I had people who loved to come in what we call our boxes, used to come in my boxes. And they'd love to come in there to dip my gum out because it, all the cups be full. The mens love that when they see all the cups full – wanna take 'em home and get a barrel. And so you know, my daddy showed me how to do all that. It's a certain way that you make turpentine run better. You got to have some kind of stuff in your acid to make it do it. And so, my daddy taught me all that and that's what I used, and people loved it. The boss man used to brag on me all the time about me, how many a 6,000 get. Most the time a 6,000 was probably actually more like 20 barrels, but I mostly, mine mostly dipped about 26 to 28 barrels.

TP: Now, after the barrels had been filled and collected, how were they hauled to the still when you were –

WW: We had a truck driver that comes out there that picks 'em up and take 'em at the still. You had, long n' then they had a what you call a, what was the name of the thing, oh, we had a man loading it, and we had a man to unload. But anyway, they would come out there, they would load up. Some of 'em had a elevator on the truck, and some of 'em had to push 'em up, push 'em up by hand on the skid. That's when we had two mens when we had to push 'em up on hand by the skid. When we had a, if we had a lift on the truck, it wouldn't be but one man to come out there and roll them up on the lift and load 'em up like that. And then haul 'em to the still. But we had, in the way to get 'em out the woods, we had a tractor, a tractor, you know, with a trailer behind it. And some of 'em, most of the trailers hold about 6 barrels and some of 'em hold 8. And you get those full, you come up there, out to the road, we have a place there where you call the bunching ground. That's where you dump all your gum off the trailer on the ground, but it'd still be in the barrels right on, it was what you called the bunching ground. Then, that's where the truck driver comes there to the bunching ground to pick up the barrels, pick up the full barrels, and then he empties it.

TP: Did you ever work with turpentine mules or were they already gone?

WW: Well, I worked with turpentine mules too. Yep.

170 TP: I've heard that there's no smarter animal in the world than a turpentine mule.

WW: It ain't. It ain't. There is no smarter animal in the world than a turpentine mule.

TP: Tell me about that. What could they do?

WW: A mule, some mules, if you have just a double team, they will pull 6 barrels across the woods. Some of 'em will pull 8. But you have a single one, just one mule, just one mule, I have seen them pull 5 barrels, just one mule. One mule

pulled five barrels. And see, when the woods are real wet, I have seen them mules almost stretching out, stretching out to pulling them loads through that, through that mud. But they would do it.

TP: Were there commands and things that you could say to the mule and he would follow your instructions?

WW: Yeah. Mmmhmm.

TP: What type of things?

WW: You could say, "Alright boy! Tighten up! Tighten up, boy! Tighten it up! Come on let's get it! Let's get it!" And you know, he'll, he'll know what that means. And he'll get on that much harder. Yes sir, that's right.

TP: Do you remember any names of the mules?

WW: Yeah. I used to work with one, we called her Emma. I used to work for one we called Pete. Used to work for one we called Dan. Kate. Mary, I think. Did I say Mary?

TP: No, I don't think so.

WW: Mary. A couple more of 'em. I can't call 'em all by name. But I have worked with a lot of mules.

TP: How did they get their names?

WW: Peoples, they'd, when they'd go off and buy 'em, our boss man, the way he, when he bring 'em back, he already, he done give 'em a name. I reckon when they go off and buy 'em, you know, they have a name already. But anyway, when they came back to give 'em to us to work, to work 'em, they'd tell us their names. And that's what we'd go by and that's what they'd go by. And some of 'em were smart and some of 'em were rough. We had one, the one I was talking about just a while ago named Pete, now, he was a hard mule. A pulling mule. That mule could pull, I, I tell you he could pull. He could pull a load. But you just didn't do him any kind of way. You don't, you didn't walk up on him any kind of way. He'll either bite you or [laughs], you step too far behind him, he'll, he'll let you have it.

195 TP: Were most of the mules more like pets or were they more like beasts of burden?

WW: They were, most of 'em were like pets. Yeah, most of 'em were like pets.

TP: The workers really started to get attached to 'em?

WW: Mmmhmm.

TP: Do you remember any specific stories about workers getting attached to the mules?

WW: Well, I had a friend, a friend of mine, his name was Phelton Epps (?). The one I was telling you about, Dan, I used to work with him, and he had this mule called Dan. And this mule, Dan, he wouldn't, he wouldn't hardly do for nobody but just Phelts (?). Because he knew Phelts, and he knew Phelts' voice. And he knew, anything that Phelts said, this mule would do it. And you try to get him to do it and he wouldn't do it. And I remember Phelts could get up under that mule. He'd get up under that mule and tell that mule, say, "Now, lay in my hand." And that mule would lay his head down in his hands. He had, he had that mule just that trained. And he could take that mule a' loose, and tell that mule, that mule to go off. He'd send that mule off. And he'd tell him, say, "Now, come here! Come here, Dan!" And he'd, all he'd have to do is say the word, and he'd be right there, turn around and come right back.

TP: Wow. What technological changes did you see in the woods in your time?

WW: Well –

TP: Anything like the introduction of the sulfuric acid or mules changing to trucks predominately. Things like that.

212 WW: Well, they got where they could hardly get mules. They got where they could hardly get mules, then they started using mostly tractors. And sometimes they have trucks. But the most of the thing they did use was tractors. And when they got where they started using a bit of acid all the time, they went to using stuff they called paste. White stuff called paste to go up on the tree to keep it from, you know, acid like, acid was, acid would splash back on you, but this paste that would go up under there, it wouldn't splash back at you. It just go up under there and stick. And so that's changes in there they made, and then, and in the trucks and things. But still a mule, sometimes a mule would go where a tractor and things wouldn't go.

TP: Did you enjoy the work more or less with the mules, as opposed to the trucks and the tractors?

WW: I enjoyed it more with the mules because, like I was saying, sometimes when you get a load on a tractor, if the woods real wet, the tractor will bog down. But that mule, he ain't gonna bog down. He'll pull that thing right on through

there. And when a tractor gets a load on it like that in wet, in just starts spinning down. But a mule will go right on with it, right on with it.

TP: Now, when you took the gum to the still and sold it, how were you paid?

229 WW: Well, you were paid by the grade. It's the grade, if the grade was "WW," long n' then, a "WW," that's a "Water White." That's the highest pay right there. The "WW" probably get paid, I remember when they first started off, started off about, about 52 dollars a barrel, then they went up. "WW" went up. When I last remembered it, it went up to $120 a barrel. And, of course if you don't have "WW," you have "WG," that's less than "WW," you don't get as much for "WG" as you do for "WW." If you get "Nancy," that's less than "WG." If you get "Kate," that's less than "Nancy." And whatever the grade you get, that's what brings the most money.

TP: Tell me about the composition, what it looked like, for "Nancy" and "Kate."

WW: Okay. "Nancy" and "Kate." "Nancy" is a light colored brown. "Kate" is *real* dark brown. And "WG" is sorta like milkyish. And "WW" is clear.

TP: Do you know where the names "Nancy" and "Kate" came from for those?

WW: It's came from, as I can recall, now, what that they told me is how the, in the woods, it's just the, it's just the, how the tree run. If some of them trees run, you know, real dark and stuff, and some of 'em run – . You got a Hill tree, and you got a Slash tree. Most of the, most of the Hill trees, they'll run "WW." Most of the Hill trees run "WW." But you got some Slash trees, it will mostly run "WG" or either "Nancy." And then, you get in the wintertime, it ain't gonna run nothing but "Kate."

TP: So you don't know how "Nancy" and "Kate" came to be the names of those two though?

WW: No, I don't know how they came to be the names of 'em.

TP: Describe your, the typical work crew that you had. Who did, how many people did you work with?

259 WW: In turpentine? I worked with, first I started out with, Mr. Frank Dukes. That's who I started out with, Frank Dukes. And Frank Dukes, he lost his life, then another man took over, Junior Sears. Then I worked for Junior Sears. And when I was working on boxes on half, I was working for a man named "The Champ" Garden. He lived out there out from Nahunta, named "Champ" Garden. I used to work on half for him. Them was the only three in turpentine that I

worked for. Now, at the still, at the turpentine still, I worked for old man K. F. Varns (?). Still with the Varns right on.

TP: Were there other men in the woods with you normally when you were doing your work?

WW: Yeah you had, like my boxes would be here, and they got to have, you know, they have what we call lines. You'd have lines go through the woods. What we called "drifters" or "boxers." And we have called, what we called the line, we called the line a drift line. And if your line run up to it, if another man boxes are right beside you, it's a drift line comes up there. You can't cross that drift line into the other man's boxes. And so, that's the reason you had, you have, oh man it was about, you got, about 4 or 5 different people working right there next to you. But you know, they're off apart. But they all, your boxes all run up together some way in there, they run up together. And you can't cross out of one man's boxes into another man's, not 'cause, if you do, they won't like that. They'll say your stealing their gum. [laughs] I have had 'em tell me that. I've had 'em tell me that, "Man, I know what kind of cups I had on my tree. You done stoled 'em!." [laughs] Yeah, they'll do it. Yes sir.

285 TP: Now, when speaking to Mr. Varn the other day, Willie, he mentioned that you and your brother have nicknames. Can you tell me about those and how they came about?

WW: Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's when I was working for Dukes in the woods. In turpentine. This, this man called Arthur Dukes, he was akin to Frank Dukes, my boss man. Okay he gave me my nickname, and he gave my brother his nickname. We, like I told you, we were small. We were real small. He gave me my nickname, "Coon." And gave my brother nickname, "Possum." And so, we kept them names until up 'til now, 'til right now, still got 'em right on. And that's what, that's what people call me right on, "Coon." And people called my brother "Possum," but he passed you know. But they still call me "Coon" right on.

TP: Do you know how those nicknames came about? I mean, how did he choose those?

WW: Well, we, he would always come about and get me and my brother to go fishing. And he would call me the coon cause I catched so many fish. He called my brother "Possum" 'cause he always be trying to take 'em. [laughs and claps] See, those possums always try to be sneaky and taking stuff, you know, and so he went to calling me "Coon" and "Possum." "Coon" and "Possum." I said, yes sir.

TP: Do you remember any nicknames of other people in the woods? That the workers maybe created for each other?

WW: Yeah. I know a friend of mine, he was, we used to call him – what'd we used to call him? – "Dog." And we had one they called "Rabbit." And we had one we called – what that boy name? – it's been a long time since. I done forget about all their nicknames. But anyway, I forget. We had – we had a boy we called "sparrow," or something like that. "Sparrow", yes, "Sparrow." And one we called "Jack." Yeah, we called him "Jack." That's about all of 'em I know about nicknames.

TP: Do you know how those came about? Do you remember starting those nicknames ever?

WW: Yeah. When we were boys in the woods out there, we called one another them nicknames. I started calling this boy "Rabbit," and I started calling him "Rabbit" 'cause I, every time I turned around he was eating "Rabbit," so I started calling him "Rabbit." [laughs] Yeah.

TP: Were there – did you prescribe names for places in the woods to refer to certain places in the woods – certain areas?

WW: Yeah.

TP: What types of things?

321 WW: Like when you work in the woods and you wanna tell somebody where you gonna be at, or somebody tell you, say, "We want you to go down there Skitter Place, you know back n' then people, old people stay right there in the woods back there. They got the old time homes back there and all, you know, and they'll tell you say, "Go back there down old man Skitter's." And you know, you know what they're talking about then, so you go back there around old man Skitter's and go back there and say, go back there around old man Skitter's road, or go back down there man, old man Clyde's back there. Go back down there by Clyde's road back there and then. Or "go down there in 'Knee-Knocker" or go down there in "Caney Bay." They naming, naming them places, though, out there in the woods like that. You know where they're talking about. So, there's "Caney Bay." That's, that's one of the roads in Nahunta. "Knee-Knocker" – that's one of the roads in Nahunta. "Jonas Pond," that's back in there, shoot, "Jonas Pond" back in there. And that's about – I forget the names of all them places back in there.

TP: You said "Knee-Knocker." How did that name come about?

WW: Well, my daddy used to tell me – of course, I had been in the woods too, I have seen some holes in there myself. There's some holes down there – the timber down there right on. Don't nobody go down there to cut it out or nothing. It's still there right on. It won't be messed with. Nobody will mess with it. They

say they got holes in there that are covered, and you, can't nobody see you. You fall and that's it.

TP: Wow. Now what was the other one you said? "Knee-Knocker" and another one.

WW: "Caney Bay." Yeah that's –

TP: "Caney Bay."

341 WW: Mmmhmm. That's down there too. It's, it's a swamp down there – well, I call it a swamp – it's run from there and it come all the way back around by "Buffalo" and all back around in there. Place back there called "Buffalo." That's right, "Buffalo" and all that's back down in there. They called it "Caney Bay."

TP: Certainly there are very – there were times when you became very thirsty in the woods.

WW: Yeah.

TP: What would you do about that?

WW: If, you became very thirsty in the woods, the first, like we'd go down by a pond or something like that and if it had water in it, we would drink out that pond.

TP: Was it good water?

WW: Yeah. Good water.

TP: Did you ever bring water or anything with you into the woods?

WW: Yeah. Mmmhmm. And a lot of woods then, you could always find a spring in there somewhere. It'll be have a spring in it. And that was some good water, that spring water. Yes sir, some good water.

TP: Did you ever taste turpentine water? Water that had a bit of turpentine in it or a bit of that flavor – the sappy flavor?

WW: Mmmhmm. Turpentine flavor, yeah. Yeah.

TP: Did you like that?

WW: Naw. Ummumm. No. I don't like that.

TP: Were there any natural foods in the woods – the berries that you mentioned that you would eat while you were working?

358 WW: Yeah. Especially them blueberries. Now those blueberries, them things were good. I used to, daddy'd used to let me pick 'em, so mamma to, bring 'em home, and mamma'd make them blueberry pies and stuff. Really, them things was good. And huckleberries, they was good. And what we call, another that we call "gopher" berries. Probably ain't never seen none, but – .

TP: What's a "gopher" berry?

WW: They're bigger than blueberries. They're about that big around, and 'bout look like a blueberry, but they, they don't be on the same vine as the blueberry be on, the same bush. Called 'em "gopher" berries. And they was good too. But –

TP: Tell me about the knowledge that you had to develop in the woods to avoid dangers. And run me through some of the dangers of working turpentine in the woods.

370 WW: Now, some of the dangers of working turpentine in the woods was being alert at things, being, watch, keep your, keep alert while you're working. You know, and be aware of things because long n' then, in the woods then, you know, you'd run up on a rattlesnake or something like that anytime. You just had to be prepared for all that and be aware of that. And bears – you had to be aware of them bears too because they run the woods a lots then. But one thing about a bear, long n' then, long as you didn't see no black bear, you'd be alright. But them old hall (?) bears, they just run on out the way. 'Cause then, when I was with my daddy, we'd just, there used to be, we'd be working right here and them old hall bears would be right on yonder just going on about their business. I asked my daddy one time, I said, "Daddy," I said, "can we catch one of them and bring him?" Daddy said, "You don't wanna catch that boy." [laughs] Yes sir. But I always, I always have not, ever since I working in the woods, the one time they used to call me "Snake Man" because I used to mess with so many snakes. You know, I, I catch 'em, scare peoples with 'em. I used to do all kind of stuff with a snake, but I learned to quit that. That's – a friend of mine caught one and it bit him and killed him right there.

TP: Tell me stories about catching these snakes and scaring people with them. What type of things would you do?

390 WW: Well, I would, I would catch one and I would take him and tell 'em, like, "Come here. I got something for you." [laughs] Hide it behind my back like that. And "Come on I got something for you." They come up there to that tree like that, and Lord have mercy. [claps hands, sliding them along one another to demonstrate someone running swiftly away] They gone. And I used, kind of

snake that don't bite you like a king snake or something like that, I used to catch 'em, you know, and take 'em and put 'em down my bosom, you know, and just let crawl around and come on out. [neighbor talking in background]

TP: Scare people, huh?

WW: Yeah. I, I quit catching rattlesnakes back here about, I think it's been 7 or 8 years last time I caught one. I ain't mess with 'em no more. I used to love to catch a rattlesnake. It got too dangerous now to do that.

TP: How about insects, you know, hornets or fire ants or anything like that.

WW: Hornets. Hornets. Hornets wasn't, hornets wasn't too bad. The main thing you had to look out for in turpentining was yellow jackets. And them yellow jackets and bumblebees, them the two main things you had to look out for because some, for some reason, a yellow jacket loves to put they nest right up under the root of a pine tree. With the – especially one that you chipping. They love to do that. Now, you go up there and ain't paying it no attention, after while they just, they just, they'll just come all, just come out. If you ain't, if you ain't smart enough to get away from they'll just cover you, they'll eat you up right there.

TP: You ever seen that happen to a worker?

WW: I have seen it happen. Many times. Yes sir. I have had it happen to me, but outrun 'em. Outrun 'em. [laughs] That's the truth. I would outrun 'em. I would outrun 'em. But I had a friend of mine, boy, I mean they eats him up. Had his eyes all swole up, ears and all all swole up. I mean, they used to eat him up.

TP: Did the – do you think the animals learned the cycle of your work and would avoid you. And you the cycle of the animals?

WW: Yeah. Mmmhmm.

TP: Talk about that a little bit.

WW: Yeah.

TP: How do you know that they did that?

420 WW: They, you see what the animals, they'll get the scent of you. They'll get the scent of you. While you're in the woods, them animals would get your scent and they'll keep away from you. They sure would. They'll keep away from you. Because you can go in the woods, and early in the morning time, you could, most the time, you – I know people who were working down there we call "mattits" (?). And you could see the bears going across the road in the morning time. Going

right into where you're working at, but when you get there and start to working, they be done and disappeared 'cause they got your scent and gone. They get on out the way. Now, like foxes and stuff like that, now you, you know, you can run up on them anytime.

TP: What creature did you fear the most in the woods?

WW: Well, I tell you, the one I feared the most in the woods was a bear. I – no not the, no – the black bear was the one I feared the most. I didn't want to see none of them because my daddy told me them jokers were bad. But hall bears, though, I loved. I wanted to catch one, but daddy told me not to mess with 'em. Now, snakes now, one I didn't, I didn't never hardly catch 'em, I didn't never hardly miss 'em, least I didn't mess with 'em. That's what the corshwhip (?) [unintelligible], I didn't hardly mess with him period. They was quick, fast, and dangerous. They was quick. Corshwhip (?) was quick. Too quick.

TP: Did you – Did you or anyone else carry a gun in the woods at all to protect yourself?

WW: Nope. Never carried a gun.

TP: Okay. What dangers were there in the woods other than animals and insects – things like falling timber or sharp tools, dangerous machines, any things like that?

445 WW: We have a thing you call a cutter. If you have it in your pocket, anything like that, you're bound to trip over a vine or something. They always told us that, about that. You trip over a vine or something, that cutter will automatically, most likely, jug in your side or your hip or something like that. They would get, they would tell you to get a little, a little thing with the, called a, what they named? – case for your cutter to go in. They mostly tell you to get that to put your cutter in. See, if you get that, it had a strap on it, you put your cutter down in there, and put your strap around it, it will hold it in there and it won't come out, and it won't. You put it on your side and if anything happened then, it won't do nothing to you then. But, you know, like when you, we used to take it and put it in our pocket like that, you know, point sticking up like that, you know, 'cause you had to put the handle in your pocket. If you put the point in your pocket, it will go through your pants. When it's sticking up like that, and all night they say, they used to tell us all the time, it's dangerous because if you mess up, hit a vine or something or the other and trip, it'll automatically jug into you. Mess you up, and them, them cutters are sharp as a razor. They got real sharp points on 'em.

TP: Did you ever have any trouble with fires in the woods? Burning timber?

467 WW: I never had no trouble with fires, but back in, when Okefenokee fire broke out back there, I remember that. But I wasn't in it though. My daddy and them

was going out there to fight that fire then, and they stayed out there for days and days and days trying to get that fire under control. And for weeks and weeks, trying to get it under control. I remember all that, 'cause I was big enough to remember it. And in the woods, like in the woods in the wintertime and you have a fire or something like that, you know, you got plenty room around there you can clean you a place off there and build you a fire. 'Cause that's what we did. We build a fire. You don't go in the woods if you get cold. You build you a fire. And you stay there, and you clean out from around it so it won't go nowhere, leave it there, let it burn 'til you get back, and when you get ready to go home in the evening time or something or the other like that, if you wanna build you a fire before you go home to warm up, you build you one, but then you get your water, whatever you got, and then you come on home.

TP: Did you ever have any problem with turpentine beetles at all – any bugs that would climb into the trees and eat into 'em?

488 WW: Yeah, mmmhmmm. Yeah. They had these, these, these worms that would go into the turpentine tree and eat 'em, and they would kill them trees, you know. And, but then they come up with some kind of spray that they go out there, and spray them trees with. They were seeming to doing some good once, but I think they still out there now. Them worms eating them trees now.

TP: Tell me more about your knowledge of the woods. Like, how were you able to navigate in the woods? How were you able to know where you were at times and how to get out when it was starting to get dark and things like that? How were you able to –

WW: Well, see that's the primary thing, that's the key to things right there. When you goes into the woods, you got to go in there sensing where you're going and sometimes, when you're just going into the woods and don't know your way out, for the first time you're going in there and don't know your way out, the best thing to do, the way I was taught, the best thing to do is mark your way in and mark your way back out.

TP: How would you do that?

505 WW: Alright, you got your, your hack or something or another like that, and you cut you a palmetto bush, tie it around your tree, and when you going this way, however far you're going in there, tie it around your tree 'til you get to where you're going and then when you get ready to come on out, come on back out, you follow the palmetto bushes right on back out. You'll never get messed up like that.

TP: Did you do that often?

WW: I did that often.

TP: Did a lot of workers do that?

WW: Yeah. Lot of workers do that.

TP: Do you remember any other ways that you could tell your way around the woods?

WW: Yeah, you could skin a tree too. Yeah.

TP: Do you think you were able to look up at the canopy of the trees and get a feel for it, or did you work in too many different places to ever get a feel for –

WW: You work in too many different places to get a feel for it, because actually, like you know, back there out in the woods now, you know, long n' then, you had a lot of swampy stuff, and you get messed up in one of them swamps there, you in trouble. You might wind up, you might go in here and wind up somewhere back over yonder somewhere if you didn't know where you're going. That's the reason why, if you're going into a swamp then, if you didn't know that place and you go in there, it'd be the best thing, like I told you just then, to flag your way in and flag you back out, so you know where you're at. If you didn't, you would wind up somewhere else and somebody'd have to come and find you. I have known many people did that.

TP: Do you remember any times in your life when your knowledge of the woods has helped you out of trouble in any way?

531 WW: Mmmhmm. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I remember a lot of times out there in the woods out there, I was about to, one time I was going in an old field, and something just kept telling me, say, "Don't go in there, don't go in there this morning. Wait 'til this evening." And so I went on in there anyway that morning, and I was going around the edge of this field around there, and there was a log laying there, and walked by the log, and I seen something move. I said, "What in the world is that?" And I came back up there, and I took my acid bottle and I sprayed some acid in there, and when I sprayed the acid in there, it was about 7 rattlesnakes came out about like that. But I killed 'em though.

TP: With the acid?

WW: No, I got me a stick and killed 'em. Yeah. That's one thing about your, boy, you got to be having a lot of things, things like that, because if you don't, you'll mess around, and you'll run up on the wrong thing and don't know how to deal with it. You'll be in a world of trouble. I tell you.

TP: Alright, let's take a little break if you want to.

551 WW: Best thing to do is with, like them snakes and things, you just got to be prepared for them things, I tell you the truth. A lot of people always told me, my daddy always told me, say, "Don't let a rattlesnake go. Be sure to kill him." And that's what I do. I don't care where he at, if I can't get him, I'll go back and look for him. Yeah. I don't like to let no rattlesnake go.

TP: Alright, we can take a short break if you'd like.

WW: Okay.

[End of Side A] [End of verbatim transcription]

[Begin Side B] [Begin indexing]

002 White says that they had several things that workers used in the woods as a medicine. One of the major remedies [motorcycle rides by] was a medicinal root – called "trumpet root" – which was pulled out of the ground while working turpentine, washed off, and chewed to relieve stomach aches. Another remedy, for heartburn, was a type of straw that was found naturally in the woods. Additionally, White says that he and others used to take moss, rub it together until it got wet, and then rub it on yellow jacket and beestings to take the pain away.

017 The "trumpet root" was a green plant with a red "bill" on it, making it easy to recognize. The root looked like a miniature potato. Some workers used to dig the roots up, collect them, and take them home with them to use in case of a future stomach ache in the family. Supposedly, it worked very quickly. Turpentine was used as a medicine as well. After the gum had been turned into turpentine, the liquid was often used to stop muscle soreness, to assuage a sore throat, and to reduce swelling.

031 Most of the time, Mr. White wore blue jeans and a shirt with the sleeves cut out of them in order to stay cool while he worked. He says that once you learn to use the acid bottle proficiently, there is little danger in not having any sleeves. Willie and his father used to make moonshine for a while also. White explains the process of making corn whiskey. He says that it is complete when, "You taste it and it knocks your head up. Then, you know it's right." Turpentine was never an ingredient, but people used to often sneak out into the woods to make it.

053 Workers also used to pick blueberries out of the woods in order to make blueberry wine. He says that the woods have an abundance of things that people can use to make things for consumption. Something called "dog tongue" was picked and chewed like tobacco. Supposedly, it looked and smelled just like tobacco. It could be identified by its leaves and height. But, unlike tobacco, one didn't only pick the leaves. Workers would pull the whole stalk out of the ground and take it home to let it dry out. Workers used to sell the "dog tongue" to people who

wanted it to make snuff and chewing tobacco. [Mr. White is interrupted by a neighbor. Tape stopped for a couple of minutes.]

072 Workers did not only work in the woods; they were also for recreation. When the workers would get their task done for the day, they would many times go raccoon hunting. Mr. White only brought his gun with him when he planned to hunt after work. He would kill 3 or 4 raccoons on each hunt. He has known workers to hunt deer and squirrels as well. Fishing was also a favorite pastime in the woods. Workers used to fish with sticks, smacking the fish on the head to kill them.

095 Calls and hollers were a large part of the work White did in the turpentine woods. He hollered either "Five" or "Long Gone" his entire life in the occupation. He explains how the calls and hollers work, with the tallyman marking the number of cups tacked. White tacked 500 a day everyday. Mr. White demonstrates his call "Long Gone." He says he chose the two just because the way they sounded. He demonstrates both, and they certainly do sound good. More than a holler, his are

124 pieces that he sings. He sings, "Five. Oh five. Five, five, five, five, five tallyman!" The other holler, "Long Gone," is sung like this: "Long, Long gone. Long gone, tallyman, long gone." Mr. White's incredible singing voice turns the conversation immediately to song. Mr. White says that songs were often sung while working in the woods. White says that he used to sing blues in the woods until he got saved, and he has not sung them since. Now, he only sings spirituals.

134 Preparing to sing for the microphone, Mr. White says that he remembers his mother singing a spiritual called "Let It Be Real" while she did her early morning chores. She sang, "Let it be real, let it be real. Let it be real, Lord, let it be real. Whatever you do, do for the Master, let it be real." [Another interruption from a neighbor. Tape stopped for a couple of minutes] One song that White used to love to sing in the woods is the famous Carter Family tune, "Will the Circle Be Unbroken." White sings, "I was standing in my window on a cold and cloudy day. When I saw that hearse wheel rolling, coming to carry my mother away. Will that circle be unbroken, by and by Lord, by and by. There's a better home a'waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky."

162 White and black men both, White says, used to love to hear him sing these songs in the woods. Sometimes, White would also play the harmonica while he sing, and the workers were especially fond of this. Other times, White would sit on his screened-in front porch while he played the guitar, blew the harmonica, and sing various tunes. While doing this, he says, crowds would gather in the street in front of his house to hear him play and sing. White has been playing the guitar since he was six years old, and singing since he was younger than that. He started blowing the harmonica when he was 14. His father was a very talented harmonica player, and White and all his brothers used to beg his father to play the harmonica out on the front porch late at night. He'd play, White says, "And that'd be all we want. Whew, boy, I tell you." Some of the songs White sung in the woods were in the rhythm of the work. White demonstrates a song while slapping his hand on his leg as if he were tacking tin. He sings, "Let it be real. It's me, Oh Lord, it's me standing in the need of prayer."

182 People used to tell a lot of jokes in the woods, White says. One man used to tell jokes all day long. The workers also pulled a ton of pranks on each other. Working down at "Caney Bay" one day, Mr. White walked away from the crowd and got down on his hands and knees by the swamp in the mud. He began imitating a bear. He started growling (and demonstrates it here), and he put his hands in the mud in order to make it look like bear tracks. Another worker was convinced that it really was a bear and told the rest of the men. Then, a white man named Mr. Baker was called to come take a look at it, and he brought his shotgun with him. Mr. White had also completely fooled Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker exclaimed, "Oh yeah, boys, he's a big one! Look at them tracks! He's a big one! He's a big one, boys! I been wanting to crack down on him." Mr. White had to do all he could do not to laugh. All the other workers were asking Mr. White if he had seen anything because he was working closest to the sound of the growl and the tracks, but Mr. White told them that he heard it but hadn't seen anything. Eventually, White told them of the prank.

212 Pranks were also pulled to initiate new workers in the woods. One time, a new boy from Folkston named Nathaniel came to work in the woods. The boss man bragged and bragged about Nathaniel to the other workers before he even came to work. The boss man said that Nathaniel could dip three barrels a day and be home by noon. The workers didn't believe it. So, when Nathaniel came out to work for the first day, he did dip three barrels of gum by 1:30 in the afternoon, still a remarkable time and many of the workers were amazed. Nathaniel started bragging about it. The next day, Mr. White arrived in the woods to work, and some of the other workers told him that they had a plan to trick Nathaniel into modesty. Nathaniel liked Mr. White, and he asked Willie when he arrived in the woods the second day, "Y'all with me today?" Mr. White said, "Oh yeah, Nate. We with you, man." White, of course, kept the conspiracy to trick Nathaniel a secret. Nathaniel went to work as usual, dipping gum at a record pace, and another worker took some 66 and poured it into Nate's glass bottle of Coca-Cola. Nate came and took a sip of his Coke, and about 15 minutes later, he took off running to a rest area because his stomach was torn up from the 66. Never again did Nate brag about his work ethic. He was officially a member of the work crew. White remembers, "He come out there and try to show off. We didn't like that now. He can come out there and be like we do."

243 Workers also used to wrestle in the woods to "see who is the best man." Swimming was also a source of great competition in the woods. Workers used to race to see who was the fastest swimmer, and many times the guy on the losing end of the race became so angry he was ready to fight. White remembers having to break up a number of fights over these swimming races. Wrestling went on during dinner breaks most commonly.

262 Though Mr. White rarely told any jokes in the woods, he does remember some workers telling them quite often. Hesitantly, Mr. White prepares to tell a number of "nasty" jokes workers used to tell about women. One time, he remembers a worker asking him, "You ever been with a woman?" "Yeah," White responded. "Yeah, I tell you what," the other worker responded. "Last night, I was with one

on the railroad track, and man, that stuff was so stank it made the train back back." Mr. White guffaws at these jokes as he tells them. Another one that White remembers was told to him by another worker. The worker said, "Me and this girl was messing around and I went in between the root. Man, all she could do was wiggle and poot." Another man told him, "Yeah man, I tell you what. I used to not be more than top of the sign. Nobody could get to it but me and Johnny McBride." [White converses for a moment with a neighbor]

289 The favorite topic of discussion for workers in the woods was, without a doubt, sex, according to Mr. White. These jokes were common, as were questions prying into workers' private lives. One worker would ask another, "Hey, man. Where you going tonight?" The other worker would respond by saying that he had a date with a woman. The curious worker would then recommend that, "Hey, man. We oughta team up on it! We gonna team it tonight, ain't we?" The other worker would then make clear that if so, he was going to go first.

323 White remembers himself and other workers using traditional techniques to predict the weather while working in the turpentine woods. Workers would grab a stick or a fallen branch and stick it in the ground so that it stood straight up. By then looking at the direction of the shadow of the stick, White says, workers were able to tell which direction the rain would come in from. The shadow always pointed toward the rain. Using a similar method, workers also used to make sundials in order to tell time while they were working out in the woods. White remembers learning these techniques from an old Indian man named Charlie Hodges who supposedly had a vast knowledge of similar traditional methods.

348 On celebrations like the 4th of July and Labor Day, White's boss Frank Dukes used to hold picnics at the river for all his turpentine hands. Foods would include hotdogs and hamburgers, and country music was most commonly played. The country music performers would play Hank Williams, Sr., the Four Seasons, Johnny Cash, and Dean Martin. A man named Eugene Crews used to sing and perform the songs at the picnics.

381 White remembers a number of workers using the remains of old trees in the woods to take home as firewood. [Siren in the background] White also remembers workers making outdoor chairs and benches out of the woods. Workers would coat the wood with diesel fuel to keep it from rotting. White, with his brother and father, used to go out in the woods and cut down small cypress trees in order to craft them into furniture sets. White remembers that he, his brother, and his father once made an entire porch set for their home out of these cypress trees. Workers also used to take a type of weed out of the woods, cut a few holes in it, and then

418 blow on it to make various musical sounds. White also remembers making "pop guns" out of a type of stick in the woods. One would clear the center of the stick out in order to make it hollow. Then, a metal ball bearing would be places in the hollowed out stick. Then, when a metal wire was thrust quickly through the stick, the metal ball bearing would shoot out like a bullet. These could be "as powerful as a .22," White says.

437 When working at Mr. Varn's turpentine still in Hoboken, Mr. White used to drum the turpentine after defining the grade of the gum. White explains the process of drumming turpentine at the still and how this process differs depending on the grade of gum. Also, he runs through the four main grades of gum and how they differed.

475 White recalls the smell of the steam and the cooking turpentine at the still. The process was a lot like making moonshine, White says. He says that the steam smelled good and it was good for you. He remembers waking up with a stuffy nose some mornings and the steam at the still would clear up the congestion.

498 White remembers one woman who worked in the woods with him. Her name was Kate, and she worked as hard and as well as the men. She was a very hard worker. The men treated her well, but the sexist jokes tended to stop once she came around. Some workers, though, didn't care and acted just as if there were no woman in the woods at all.

521 Mr. White had two brothers who served in the military. One served in 1971 and the other in 1976. The one who served in '71 did have to go to Vietnam but never had to fight. He returned home and the military deemed him A.W.O.L. They then returned him to Vietnam where he still did not have to fight and, in White's words, "had it made."

[End of Side B] [End of Tape 03.1]

[Begin Tape 03.2] [Begin Side A]

001 Opening announcement
When White was working turpentine, paydays were normally times for buying necessities. His mother often took him to buy clothes when he got paid as a boy for working in the woods. On rare occasions, she would allow him to purchase a bicycle or other toys with his money. As he got older, he was permitted to go into town on his own to buy his own goods with his money. He says that if you made $40/week back then, you were making good money. With $50/week, you were practically rich. His mother often gave him only $2 to use in town, but with this seemingly small amount, he could go out to eat, go shopping, and see a movie, and still have money left over.

020 White reflects on the fact that money used to go a lot further many years ago. When he was a little boy, he remembers his mother telling him that she was going to just give him $10 for Christmas and that he could buy his own presents that year. With just $10, White felt rich and bought Hop-A-Long Cassidy guns, cowboy boots, and a black cowboy hat. Sporting his new getup, White says, "I was a *bad* joker!" As he got into his late teens, White used to go into town on paydays to party. He went to clubs to meet girls and drink alcohol. He and a few of his friends would pick up two or three girls and go for long, late-night rides in the car. The clubs were normally drinking establishments, often times featuring live music for dancing. White's favorite clubs, however, were the clubs with the "stripteases."

036 People who lived lives outside of turpentine looked upon turpentiners as a different segment of the population. If a turpentiner worked boxes on half, they were usually well respected and often thought of as fairly wealthy. "They would tell you right quick, 'There goes a big shot right there. He's working on half,'" White says. White says he was never treated unkindly simply because he was a turpentiner. "I have went in restaurants and people knew that you were a turpentiner, they'll say, they'll tell to say, 'There go a *hard* working man right there. He makes money. He comes in here and he spends money. He don't come in here and spend chicken change. He spends money," White says.

047 Indeed, working turpentine has given Mr. White self-respect more than anything else. He says that sometimes workers would feel that people looked down on them because they worked turpentine, but that this really never happened. "Turpentine has brought many people from a long ways," White says. "Because there was a time that peoples couldn't hardly get a job but just turpentine. I have seen a lot of mens that out there pulpwooding and logging and stuff. They would leave that alone to go to turpentine. And I seen people that came from the railroad to turpentine. Sure have."

058 Mr. White says that the main reason for the end of turpentine in the U.S. is that too many trees had been cut down for commercial purposes. As the mills moved in and the trees went down, according to White, "turpentine just went to getting slacker and slacker and slacker because peoples didn't have nowhere to put the timber up at. 'Cause it was getting scare. The timber was getting scare. They couldn't get nobody to turpentine hardly because the people was going then, all they was going for then was pulpwooding and logging and stuff like that. But I think if all them mills wouldn't have never came in, turpentine would be here right on. White says that he thinks turpentine is now made overseas. He knows that the Taylors (turpentining family in Blackshear) did turpentine work up until a couple of years ago, but that they've had to stop as well. White says that he knows the Baxley still was the last one around, but that he thinks it has closed down also.

073 "It's a lot of people around here right now that are wishing turpentine were here 'cause they would have a job," White says. "Some of 'em right now is on the streets. Ain't got no work or nothing. They're homeless. They ain't got no home. Ain't got no work they got to do. But if turpentine was here, I guarantee you them peoples would have a job and they would have food to eat." White says that this is so because when turpentine was around in South Georgia, workers didn't have to go through drug tests, provide proof of sufficient education, etc. "You just go out there and tell the man you wanna work, and he'll put you to work," White says.

083 White has not been able to attend and has not heard of any festivals, celebrations, or reunions for turpentiners in the South Georgia area. [Tape stopped for approximately one minute as Mr. White is interrupted by one of his neighbors] White misses turpentine and wishes that it still existed as an option for work in South Georgia. "When I was turpentining, if I was suddenly to become a millionaire, I think I'd have went ahead on and got me a business of my own and

came to be a turpentiner." White would stay in turpentine if it was still around no matter what happened in his life. "A lot of people tell me sometimes, 'Man, I wouldn't do that' or 'Man, I wouldn't work in no turpentine.'" To this, White responds, "No. I wouldn't say that if I were you. If you was coming up then, you wouldn't have no choice. You'd have been glad to work in turpentine… You wouldn't go around hungry or nothing like that, like I see some of 'em now." "If turpentine was here right now," White assures, "you would see a lot of homeless peoples right now that is hungry, ain't got no shelter or nothing right now, if turpentine was still here, them people would have them a job and have them a decent meal on their table." Turpentiners were not required, White says, to pass drug tests and they weren't required to show a high school diploma. Even if they had never stepped foot in the woods before, all they had to do was tell the turpentine boss man that they wanted to work, and the boss man would put a worker in charge of teaching the new employee how to do it.

111 White says that he thinks a lot about the possibilities of turpentine returning to the South Georgia piney woods. And he feels that there is a chance of it coming back. White feels that if turpentine did come back, it would be radically different than it was when it disappeared. It would pay more to the workers. It would offer greater benefits as well. And, White feels, a lot of folks would come back to it.

[End of Interview]

TAPE LOG

Name of person(s) interviewed: Willie White, Jr.

Fieldworker: Timothy C. Prizer

Date of interview: 15 July 2003

Location of interview: Solid Rock Holiness Church in Hoboken, Georgia

Other people present: For a short time, a woman and her son and daughter (all members of the congregation) joined White and the fieldworker in the otherwise vacant sanctuary. The young boy is in his early teens, and he plays keyboards and drums during Sunday services. On this recording, he accompanies White on drums for two of the songs.

Brand of tape recorder: Sony DAT Walkman AVLS (TCD-D8)

Brand and type of tape: MASTER*DAT* R-124MD

Tape Number: 03.5 (Fieldworker's designation)

SUMMARY DESCRIPTION OF TAPE QUALITY (background noise, etc.)

As with most Digital Audio Tape recordings, this one is of splendid sound quality. Far superior to regular cassette tapes, the DAT recorder makes all the difference in the world. White's voice, both when speaking and when singing, comes through with superb clarity, and his guitar also wonderfully balanced in the mix. The only background noise to speak of is the aforementioned drumming (which actually sounds quite nice) and the brief rustling of the two teenage siblings who entered the church with their mother and stayed for approximately 20 minutes.

SUMMARY DESCRIPTION OF TAPE CONTENTS

Willie White speaks of his musical past, from listening to his father blow the harmonica as a small child and hearing his mother sing spirituals at dawn to singing in the turpentine woods and later (and presently) directing the choir at his church. Additionally, he sings and plays guitar on a number of spirituals and gospel tunes, some of them traditional and others that enjoyed some commercial success once upon a time.

TAPE INDEX

COUNTER NO.	SUBJECT
0.00.04	Opening announcement

TP: I guess – for lack of a better way of starting this – if you could, just tell me, how did you got interested in music, and what is your first memory of – ?

0.00.35 WW: Well, during my first, getting into music, I had an old friend of mine, old man. I was a young boy then, about six years old, and I used to love to hear him play his guitar. I used to go to his house everyday, just to hear him play that guitar. So, on the Sunday mornings, I used to sit down and listen to the gospel on the radios. And like that, I just started to singing and so people used to just come by on the Sundays just to hear me sing. And later on in the years, I got about seven years old, I think it was about seven, I started playing. He taught me how to play guitar. And then I went to playing guitar and I went to singing and playing. So later on in the years, my daddy he taught me how to blow a harmonica. And so, I went to, long n' then, I was singing blues, but I didn't like blues. Blues didn't, it didn't, just didn't appeal to me [White's fingers strike a string on his guitar]. I just didn't get nothing out of singing blues, so I just started singing spirituals and I just kept singing 'em. Still singing 'em right on. And so, later on in the years, on down, I been in several of groups, quartet groups. I been in recording and all that, so now I'm here with my, now I'm in the church, now I'm in playing for the choir, and also I'm over the choir, the choir director. And I'm also one of the preachers here at this church, one of the ministers here at this church. And so God has blessed me, come through many things. So that's why I just, and I love to stick to my music.

TP: Now, what's the name of this church?

WW: Solid Rock.

TP: Solid Rock. Holiness, right?

WW: Solid Rock Holiness Church. And then my pastor name is E. L. Lawrence Hill.

TP: You said your dad used to play the harmonica. Did you enjoy listening to him when you were little?

0.02.52 WW: I enjoyed listening to my daddy play the harmonica. It's a lot of us boys and just get around and, especially on a Sunday evening, we'd just get around and, just to let my daddy just play that thing. And boy, he'd just, that thing though, it be sounding good. One be saying, one be saying to play a, one be saying, he called, all of 'em called him Bubba. "Mr. Bubba, play that one!" And they'd say, "Mr. Bubba play that!" And he'd

say, “Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute y’all. One at a time.” It was fun. But that man could blow that thing, I ain’t joking. Yes sir.

TP: Well, if you want, you can go ahead and play us one of your favorite old spirituals.

0.03.30 WW: Okay, this, this here a song that I used to [White strums the six strings of his guitar and continues to strike some strings], I used to do, just sitting around home and a song that the title of the song is “You Don’t Know How I Feel.” So, I’m gonna do just a little bit of it, a little portion of that.

TP: That’s fine.

0.04.15 WW: [Begins playing and singing]

Well, when you see me wearing a smile
You don’t know how I hurts inside
You don’t know just how, how I feel

Oh, I said you don’t, you don’t know,
Oh, you don’t know, no child
You don’t know just how, how I feel

Well, the people looked at the outer pair (?)
And God looked at the heart
And He’s the only one that knows my feeling
Thanks to my good Lord

Let me tell you that you don’t know, you don’t know
Oh, you don’t know, no child,
You don’t know just how, how I feel

Oh, when you think I’m doing alright
Or at the time I’m dissatisfied
You don’t know just how, how I feel

TP: That’s beautiful. Where did you learn that one?

WW: Well, like I said, back in the, back in them days, I used sit down and listen to the radio. And Sam Cook used to sing that song.

TP: Mmmhmm.

WW: He passed and gone now though. That’s an old song.

TP: Yeah. You mentioned the other day when I interviewed you about your life in turpentine that your mom used to, you would hear your mother early in the morning singing songs –

WW: Yeah.

TP: while she was doing her daily work. Do you remember any songs that you can play on the guitar and sing for me from, that she used to sing?

0.06.48 WW: Yeah. Yeah. My mamma, she used to sing a lot of songs. She used to sing, one that she used to sing about [White strums his guitar], I used to love to hear her sing this song about "My Share of Up and Downs." She used to, she used to go in the kitchen every morning, about every Sunday morning I could lay in the bed and hear her going through, all through the kitchen and then just singing that song. That song go like this. [Begins playing and singing]

0.07.18 In this old life of mine I have many ups and downs
I know someday it will be over
I'm going home and get my crown
I have my share, Lord Lord, of ups and downs
Yes I have ups and downs

That's one of the songs she used to sing. It's another one that she used to sing, I used to love to hear her sing. I forget the name, let me see what the song, the title of that song is. I just thought about it and just now forgot about it too.

TP: That's okay. You mentioned – you actually sang one for me on our other recording that –

0.08.56 WW: Oh yeah, she used to sing a song that [White strums his guitar and begins singing]

I am waiting and waiting for my child to come
I am waiting and waiting for my child to come
If you came from home, will you please send me a letter?
A letter will mean so much to me

Lord, my child, maybe somewhere in some lonely jail
But no one has to rest (?) his bail

That's one she used to sing, I used to love to hear her sing.

TP: That's great.

WW: [Strumming] There's another one that I used to love to sing. I think I did of some of it the other week when you was out here.

TP: Mmmhmm.

0.11.22 WW: But it's one that I, that I wrote myself. At least I wrote several of the songs. One particularly I don't hardly do unless I be doing it for friends or something or another. You know, they used to love to hear me do that song. And it goes like this here. It go a little something like this. [begins playing and singing]

0.11.50 I could tell the world about this
I could tell the nation that I've been blessed
Tell them He brought joy, so much joy to my soul
Oh yeah

I could tell the world about this
I could tell the nation that I've been blessed
Tell them He brought joy, so much joy to my soul
Oh yeah, to my soul

Listen! Tell me he brought peace
So much happiness y'all to my soul
Oh yeah, God did it for me y'all

Tell me He brought peace
So much happiness y'all into my soul
Oh yeah

TP: You wrote that? That's great.

WW: Yep.

TP: That's amazing.

WW: I wrote several of songs.

TP: What's one of the first songs that you ever heard? Would that be from your mother, or from your father, or from the guy that you used to like to listen to play the guitar?

0.13.30 WW: Well, the first songs that I heard – in spirituals – was on the radio. On radio, on, it was on Nashville, Tennessee. I never will forget it. And I used to, when everybody be asleep and I be sitting up in the bed, my mamma say, "Boy, cut that radio off!" And I'd be, I'd cut it down real low, for, that's for me, just for me to hear on Nashville. Late in the, it

come on around about 11 o'clock every night, and I'd listen to them songs off of Nashville, Tennessee.

TP: Do you remember any of those songs well enough to sing them? Whether you play the guitar or not makes no difference.

0.14.21 WW: I know one that I used to listen to on Nashville. It's, this is it. If my voice will do it today. I'm kind of hoarse from all that singing Sunday. Let's see, I know one, let's see. It's been a long time since I been trying to sing them old songs. But a lot of people love to hear them old songs.

TP: Yeah.

WW: And I got, we got a lady in the church here, now she loves to hear me go way back and get some of them old songs and come up with them. Now that's just, just do all the good. I'm trying to think of one now. Yeah, I think I got one. [Begins playing and singing]

0.15.25 Just one river I am bound to cross
Just one river I am bound to cross
Oh, just one river, Lord, I am bound to cross
Said I got a wonderful river to cross

Just one river I am bound to cross
Oh, just one river, Lord Lord, I am bound to cross
Oh just one river, oh yeah, I am bound to cross
Said I got a wonderful river
I got a wonderful river
Lord I got a wonderful river to cross

That's a old one. Way back. There's some songs I, that I sing now in my group. You know, I have to have, got another boy playing with me. He do most the playing then, so I don't go through them. But, like I said, when I was coming up, I loved to sing, people used to come to my house on a Sunday morning just to hear me sing. I wasn't, I wasn't shy or nothing. People used to say, "Why you ain't, you ain't shy to sing." I'd say, "No I ain't shy to sing." I had white and black use to come all out in front of my house just to hear me sing.

TP: And that was when you were sitting on your, your front porch?

WW: Mmmhmm. Yep.

TP: Can you play me something that you would, you would have played out on your porch?

0.17.58 WW: I remember one song I used play, and they used to love to hear me sing it when I played that song. And the song go. [Begins playing and singing]

Praise an almighty God
Praise an almighty God
I want you to hold me in the heart of your hand

Almighty God, almighty God
Almighty God, almighty God
I want you to hold me in the heart of your hand

And it's another song, I can't, let's see. [Strums] Yeah. Let's see if I'm right now. They used to love to hear me sing that one. [Begins playing and singing]

0.19.30 It's me, it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer
It's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer

Not my mother, not my father
But it's me, oh Lord
I'm standing in the need of prayer

Not my sister, not my brother
But it's me, oh Lord
I'm standing in the need of prayer
It's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer

I'm standing, I'm standing in the need of prayer
I'm standing, I'm standing in the need of prayer
Standing, I'm standing in the need of prayer
Standing here, Lord, standing in the need of prayer
It's me, oh Lord, standing in the need of prayer

0.21.43 It's one that, another one that I wrote. It's been about four or five years ago since I wrote that one. It's a little song that, you know I sing it 'cause I, it fits everybody. 'Cause everybody needs it. "It's Praying Time." [Woman and her son and daughter enter the church, and the son audibly recognizes Mr. White. The boy says, "Oh, it's Minister White."] This song go like this. [Begins playing and singing. Boy says, "Hey" to Mr. White, and he responds, "Hey now."]

0.22.27 You know it's praying time
It's praying time
We need to pray, pray, pray, pray

We need to pray, pray, pray, pray

[Drums begin] Let us all go down on our knees and pray
Pray to the Lord above, please show the way
Father, make a stand, find one who understands
Give us a little more love y'all [unintelligible]

You know praying time
[Drums cut out] It's praying time
We need to pray, pray, pray, pray
We need to pray, pray, pray, pray

Listen! Let us pray for the young,
Well, and the old
Pray to the Lord above
To please make them whole

Let's pray for the little children
Who've been left alone
We must pray for the ones don't even have a home

You know it's praying time
It's praying time
We need to pray, pray, oh yeah, pray, pray
We need to pray, pray, good God Almighty y'all, pray, pray
Let us all go down on a knee and pray, oh yeah, pray, pray
We need to pray, pray, oh, pray, pray

TP: That's great. [To boy on drums] Thanks for the beat. [Boy beats the drums and his mother speaks to him. She then apologizes for the interruption of the interview. Tape stopped for about 4 minutes.] Alright.

0.25.30 WW: There's another little song that – let me see. Yeah, I'm gonna try a little bit of this one. It's a old song. It ain't that old, but it's old. My mother used to love to hear me sing this song. This song go. [Begins playing and singing]

0.26.16 I was standing in my window on a cold and cloudy day
When I saw that hearse wheel rolling
Coming to carry my mother away

Will that circle be unbroken [Boy begins playing a beat on a seat in the church]
By and by, Lord, by, by, and by
There's a better home a'waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky

Undertaker, undertaker will you please drive, drive slow
See that lady that you're hauling
Oh, I hate to see her go

Oh Lord, will that circle, Lord have mercy!, be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by, by, and by
There's a better home a'waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky

Listen to this! Lord, I'll follow close behind her
And I'll try to be so brave
But I could not hold my sorrow
Oh, when they laid mother in her grave

Oh Lord, will that circle be unbroken, oh Lord [Boy begins beat with drumsticks and rattles]
By and by, Lord, by, by, and by
There's a better home a'waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky

TP: Very, very good. Now, you mentioned that you used to sing songs out in the turpentine woods. Were those all spirituals or would some of them be the blues or –

WW: Yeah, some of them long n' then was blues, but I quit singing them blues.

TP: Yeah.

WW: Yeah.

TP: You said you quit once you got saved. What is it about the blues that – or what is it about getting saved that made you stop singing the blues?

0.29.41 WW: Well, to tell the truth about it, I never did really like to sing the blues no way. I would try it every now and then, but I, it just didn't fit me. I just didn't get nothing out of it. We had, we had, we had a group, me and some ol' boys, we had a group. We kept the group for about, or little band, we had it about, we kept it about three months and all us broked up. So I told them, I said, "Well y'all, it just don't fit me." And that's. I just didn't, I just, I don't know why, but. I know my mamma always told me say, "You ain't cut out to sing blues." And she always told me that, so I, you know, I looked at that, you know. I – it just didn't seem right for me doing it.

TP: Yeah. Can you just demonstrate to me – just a guitar riff if you don't want to sing the lyrics, if you wanna sing the lyrics, that's fine – some, a

blues, what a blues riff would have sounded like when, in, perhaps in a juke joint on a turpentine camp. I know you never lived in a camp, but or the type of things when turpentiners would gather on Friday, Saturday nights on paydays or whatever to party?

WW: I don't know if I can – [plays a riff]. I don't know whether I can get it on there or not.

TP: Well, if not, that's okay. I was just curious.

0.31.52 WW: This a song that my, our pastor – . It was a blues, but they turned it into a, they switched it around.

TP: Oh, really?

WW: And that song used to – . I can't recall the name of it now though. It's one that used to be a blues, but I switched it around [Boy plays with the drumsticks in the background]. Joe Simon used to sing it. [Begins playing and singing]

0.33.20 Why do choirs sing "hallelujah?"
I was singing from my heart
I was singing, "Don't ever leave me, oh Lord"
Please don't ever, don't ever, ever depart [Drums begin again]

Why do choirs sing "hallelujah," oh Lord?
I was singing of my heart
I was singing, "Don't ever leave me, oh Lord"
Please don't ever, don't ever, ever depart

Glory, glory hallelujah
Since I laid my, my burden down, Oh my Lord
I'm going home to live with Jesus
Somewhere, somewhere on yonder sky

TP: Very nice. Now, when you say that you, you changed that up from the blues to a spiritual, what do you mean?

WW: It was a – Joe Simon used to sing, when he used to sing it, he would say, he used to sing it like to say [Begins singing]

0.35.58 Why do choirs sing "hallelujah?"
I was singing for my heart.
I was singing, "Oh don't ever leave me, oh Lord.
Please don't ever, don't ever, go apart.

Now, he was singing that as a blues, but he didn't put, you know, the words in it that I put in there. Now he, you know, he had the other words like "Baby" like that in there, but I just put the Lord in there where he had –

TP: What inspired you to do that? To take out those, those words and –

WW: Because, the answer is, the background of the song is more of a spiritual song than it is a blues anyway.

TP: Mmmhmm.

WW: And so, just took all that other stuff out and put that spiritual stuff in.

TP: It's very good. Do you remember other songs that you used to sing in the, in the, in the woods that, that turpentiners, other workers, used to love to hear you sing, whether it be the blues or whether it be spirituals? And could you play me some of those?

WW: There's one I, I used to sing, but I don't think I could play it though. Not, not and sing it.

TP: Okay, well, could you just sing it?

WW: It's one that – well, I tell you, it's a song [clears throat], it's hard though. It's a hard song, but I used to, I used to go through the woods humming, humming that song. Let's see. Let's see, I might could play it on my own. [Begins searching for the right key on the guitar. Boy drums on seat in the background] [Begins singing and playing]

0.38.20 Oh, near, oh my God to thee [Drums begin and cease]
Near, oh, to thee
Near, oh my God, my God to thee
They kept on signing near, oh
Near, oh, to thee

Some have a feeling
There's a story in every soul the same
Oh, some have been known to lift heavy, heavy burdens
But He's always near, near, oh my Lord to thee

And I go to humming!

Oh Lord [and humming]

And that's the one I loved to hum in the woods.

TP: Yeah. It's beautiful. How would, how would men react when you'd start humming that, or when you'd start singing any song?

0.40.50 WW: Well, you know, like when I go to singing in the woods, like when us little boys were together and I'd go to singing like that, a lot of 'em go to standing up and listening, you know. And I had a – this man that was over us out there, he was always telling me, said, "Boy, one day you gon' make something. You gon' make – ." He always told me that, "You gonna make something. One day, you gon' make something. You gon' be something one day." And I had another man, old man told me in the woods that, he said, "You know what? I ain't never heard you cuss. I have heard these other boys cuss, but I ain't never heard you cuss." I said, "Naw, I don't cuss." He said, "You know what?" He said, "One day, you gon' be a preacher." And I, I remembered that too and I, and you know, I thinks about all that people tell me, and I see it come true. But you know, I didn't, I didn't, I didn't, to tell you the truth, I ain't never figured I would be no preacher. I ain't never did, but you know, God knows best. We don't. He knows. And so, I wind up anyway in here preaching anyways, and I'm singing, and all of it. Just what they told me I'm gonna do, I'm doing it. And that's, I tell you, I love doing it. Nothing better than doing it. 'Cause you know I've been, like I said, I've been I've been over the world. After I came out of turpentine, I traveled. Went and stayed in Philadelphia a little while. Not long, about four months. I believe it was about four months. Left back here and came back here again, right back to Varn's up there at the still up there. Went in the job course. That's where I finished up my education at, in the job course. I went, I was forty-five hundred miles from here up in Darby, Montana. That's a long ways up there. Up there, the snow, on some of the mountains up there, the snow don't never melt. Be snow the whole year 'round on the mountain. But I liked it though. I, I'm glad I was able to go back to school and get my education. That's one thing you need, so I'm glad I was able to do that. But I was glad that I helped my daddy and them out too, because long n' then, you, they really needed help then. One person couldn't do it. Not with a household full of children like we had. And we had a big family, so just one couldn't do it.

TP: Now, do you mind singing me a song without the guitar? One that you would sing just a cappella, just by yourself in the woods with the other turpentiners? It can be one that you sang me the other day or not – whatever.

WW: Let's me see. I know one, if I could think of it. Now, it's hard to think of them songs, I tell you.

TP: Yeah, it's been a while unfortunately; turpentine's gone, but – .

0.44.36 WW: Old song I know. Let me see. Used to be on – I used to love to sing this one here about – I can't think of the name of that song. Yeah, I used to go, I used to love to sing that song. I used to go through the woods with my dip bucket and I'd be singing [Begins singing]

0.45.13 Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hill, over the hills, everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
Tell the world Jesus Christ was born

He was born in a manger
He was wrapped in swaddling cloth
If it was not for His blood
The whole world would be lost

I know I got my religion
Since I'm not ashamed
I was standing at the table
When the angels signed my name

They said, "Go tell it on the mountain"
Over the hill, the hill, going everywhere, Lord
Go tell it on the mountain
Tell the world Jesus Christ was born

That's one I loved to sing, and then – .

TP: Beautiful.

WW: Another one that I sang about – it was a slow one that I used to do. I'd say [Begins singing]

0.46.42 How much do I owe Him?
How much do I owe Him?
Thank you, Jesus
How much do I owe Him?
Know what He did? He died just for me, me.

Say it again y'all! How much do I owe Him?
Thank you, Jesus
How much do I owe Him?
Thank you, Father
How much do I owe Him?
Know what He did? He died just for me, me.

Listen to this! To thieves was there beside Him.
One of 'em said, "Lord, remember me."
"Whenever you enter my Father's house,"
He said, "Remember me in paradise."

How much do I owe Him, oh Lord?
How much do I owe Him?
How much do I owe Him?
You know what He did? He died just for me.

Getting hoarse now.

TP: Yeah, but that's great. Really, really good.

WW: Yep. Like from all that singing Sunday – I did, I sung a lot Sunday.

TP: Yeah.

WW: Yeah, and had to preach.

TP: Yeah. You do that every Sunday? Sing and preach?

WW: I don't preach every Sunday, but I sing every Sunday in the choir. Yep, every Sunday. And I preach about every second Sunday. If I don't preach the second Sunday, I preach the fourth Sunday. We have different preachers come in and preach. My pastor, he preach one Sunday, then another preacher here at the church, he preach one Sunday. So, 'cause we have church every Sunday, every Sunday. [Tape stopped for a minute] – don't make me too hoarse. [Strums guitar]

WW: Trying to think of one now. Let me see. One that won't make me too hoarse. It's a little song that I like to do myself. [Begins playing and singing]

0.50.49 I'm gonna do all I can for the Lord
I'm gonna do all I can for the Lord
I'm gonna do all I can 'til I can't do no more
I'm gonna do all I can for the Lord

I'm gonna sing while I can for the Lord
I'm gonna sing while I can for the Lord
I'm gonna sing while I can, 'til I can't sing no more
I'm gonna sing while I can for the Lord

I'm gonna pray while I can for the Lord

I'm gonna pray while I can for the Lord
I'm gonna pray while I can, 'til I can't pray no more
I'm gonna pray while I can for the Lord

Let's see. [Strums guitar] Let me see. [Fieldworker's camera and keys in background] [Begins singing and playing]

0.53.01 Let it be real, let it be real
Let it be real, let it be real
Whatever you do, oh, for the Master
Let it be real

Let it be real, let it be real
Let it be real, oh, let it be real
Whatever you do, oh, for the Master
Let it be real

Whenever you pray, let it be real
Whenever you pray, oh, let it be real
Whatever you do, oh, for the Master
Let it be real, oh yeah, be real

Whatever you sing, let it be real [fieldworker's camera rewinds]
Whatever you sing, oh, let it be real
Whatever you do, oh, for the Master
Let it be real

Let it be real, let it be real
Let it be real, oh, let it be real
Whatever you do, oh, for the Master
Let it be real, oh yeah

TP: That's a great one. That's a really, really good one. Now, I don't want to make you too hoarse. If you know one or two more, maybe one that, from your very early life that you remember your mom singing, another one of those.

WW: Oh yeah. "Down in the Valley." "Down in the valley, trying to come home." Let me see how that thing go now. If I can sing it like my mamma. My mamma could sing it. [Searches for key on guitar and with voice] Got to see where it at. [Begins singing playing and singing]

0.56.45 Let your light shine, shine, shine
Let your light shine, shine, shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home

Let your light shine, shine, shine
Let your light shine, shine, shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home

May be your mother, may be mine
But I'm going to let my little light shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home, oh Lord

Let your light shine, shine, shine
Let your light shine, shine, shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home

Oh Lord, may be yours, may be mine
But I'm gonna let my little light shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home

Oh Lord, let your light shine, shine, shine
Let your light shine, shine, shine
May be someone down in the valley
Trying to get home

TP: Wonderful.

WW: Yep. I got to save this voice for tomorrow night now.

TP: Oh yeah.

WW: Yeah.

TP: Well, it's been a treat. If you, if you want to play another one, you can. If not, that's fine. You are getting hoarse.

WW: Yep. 'Cause I got to sing tomorrow night – Bible study.

TP: Yeah.

WW: I'm gonna sing just a little bit of this one. I'm gonna sing just a little bit of this one. [Searches for key on guitar and with voice] Let me see where I'm at now. [Begins playing and singing]

1.00.53 What a wonderful God He is
What a wonderful God He is

I can't thank Him enough for what He's done for me
What a wonderful God He is

What a wonderful God He is
What a wonderful God He is
I can't thank Him enough for what He's done for me
What a wonderful God He is

Looking back over my life
And where the Lord has brought me from
He brought me through the storm
Kept me from the rain

Felt like giving up
Always by my side
Ne'er time did He leave me, no
He's been a very good friend of mine

Oh, what a wonderful God He is
What a wonderful God He is
I can't thank Him enough for what He's done for me
What a wonderful God He is

TP: Very, very good.

WW: I have got a lot of requests on that song.

TP: Yeah.

WW: A lot of requests on that song, "A Wonderful God He Is."

TP: Well, would you like to call it a wrap with that or save your voice or –

WW: Yeah.

TP: If you've got some more you'd like to play. It doesn't matter.

WW: I better, I better save it.

TP: Alright.

WW: I tell you.

TP: Well, I really appreciate it.

[Music fades to close] [End of tape] [End of interview]