On that plantation where I was born in Sugar Camp Plantation in Louisiana where I was born, my people had lived for five generations. I knew a man, Mr. Walter Jones, who died on that plantation in 1978, who had known my grandparents. As a child, I heard often of my great-aunts, Uncle John, and Mr. Pete, and Pop, but I had always thought she was always going to be around. Her parents, and my grandparents, told me that Mom and Pop were my grandparents.
My ancestry has nothing to do with what I'm going to read, other than to point out that we have been on that same plantation for five generations. So I'm going to have to count my two brother's children who were born there. But only five, if you wish to stop with my generation.

My older people were slaves who worked the land. After emancipation, my people were still working on the same plantation as free men. By the time I came along, 1933, the land was just being turned over to sharecropping.
Here, something else happened. Where, under the plantation system of blacks had worked the land. Once it was turned over to sharecropping, the land was divided among blacks and whites, the whites being the Cajuns of that area.

By being white, the Cajun got worse, got the better land, the front land, the upper land. The blacks got the bottom land, the land nearest the swamp, the land with less drainage. As a result the first land, the upper land, grew little crop. When you grow little crop, you're able to buy better tools, which results in growing even better crop. So on there was a greater division between blacks and
Aloha Shoe Crepeen. Because the white grew better Crep, they were able to buy tractors, while the blacks still used mule and plow. One tractor did too more work than 2 mules and plow.

The second World War took a lot of the young black men away from the land. Since they barely made a living on shoe crepeen before they left, few ever returned. Those who didn't re-enlist into military service went to the cities, or to the North. The younger women also left the land, following their husbands. (Every Scullen wife had written others. Thier children, Caldwell, Horace Wolfe, James Williams, and others.)
The young men and young women went to the North, leaving only the old and the very young.

Soon it was discovered that the old could no longer afford anything except the land, and there was tractors and other modern machinery warranted soon here it all.

Part at the same time, the older people were not pushed off the land. They could stay in their houses, they could raise a garden, chickens, maybe one or two hogs... So they remained on the land, paying no or little rent, remembering the days when they did grow the sugar cane, the cotton, the corn.
During the past three decades you no longer have the creeping on may of these old planters. Instead you have a company, or a rabble, a white family, leaving the entire land. That white family cannot have been the competitor of the black slave-creeper twenty or thirty years earlier.

The place of my story is not my birthplace. The place is apocryphal. I doubt that this story could have happened where it came from. But I'm certain, from listening to people talk, that it reflects the feeling of one and another. Both black and white.