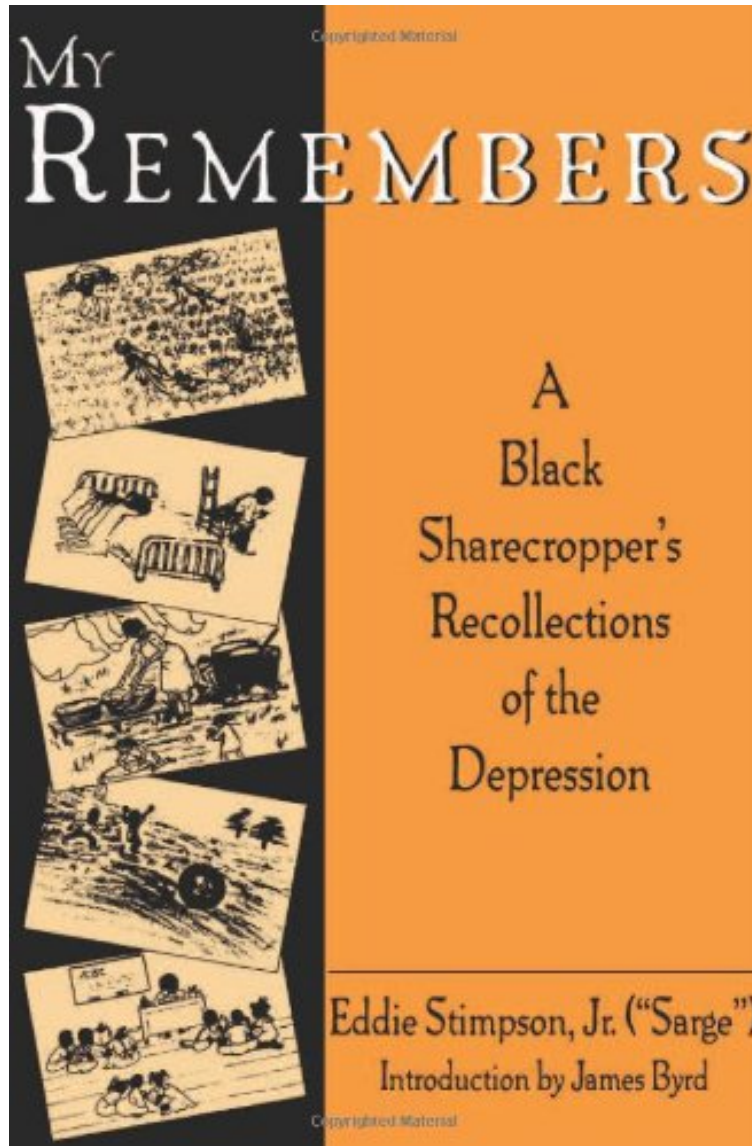


# My Remembers: A Black Sharecropper's Recollections of the Depression

*Eddie Stimpson Jr.*

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**Eddie Stimpson Jr. : My Remembers: A Black Sharecropper's Recollections of the Depression** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised My Remembers: A Black Sharecropper's Recollections of the Depression:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. If you are interested in Plano historyBy LJMomI was first

introduced to this book 15 years ago by a coworker. Knowing the history of the grounds you walk and drive every day is great. I recognize the last names throughout this book on street signs, farms, and parks. It's great to hear the first hand history of this booming suburb. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I have 10 pages to go and I really liked the book. By L. Kafele This is about a sharecropper that lived near my city. I have 10 pages to go and I really liked the book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good. By Cosmoetica The most cinematically intriguing claim is that Eddie says he recalls his parents becoming minor local celebrities in the early 1930s after they claimed to have given a night's respite to the fugitive gangsters Bonnie and Clyde. Despite his poor grammar and spelling, Eddie claims to have been well educated at Shepton School, Allen Colored School, and Plano Colored School. That this is manifestly shown false by his own basic grammar is just one of the many endearing points in the text, as well as Stimpson's utter positivism- a trait he learned from his mother, who once fed a broken down bus filled with white people. Stimpson recalls times, good and bad, with black and white people, but remarkably always sees everyone as his neighbor, lamenting only the lack of personal contact in the modern world, which is why he wrote the book for his three children, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. As he writes: I grow up a dirt farmer and retired a dirt farmer. Never got rich and didn't want to be. My childhood stomping ground is now concrete, stores and houses. I remember the good times and bad. It was not the money we made but how to stretch that last dime. It was not the wind, rain or snow. It was about the love that flow. It was not the hot sunshine nor the clouds that hung low. It was the grace of God that help us swang that hoe. I want my grandchildren to understand. My grands, you grands and their grands. The book is rife with incidents that will connect with readers of all levels- from Eddie's winter excursions to the local railyards to get coal `accidentally' tossed by the good `train people' so that colored folks could heat their homes in winter, to using discarded automobile tire casings as a toy by climbing inside and rolling down a hill, to his days of fishing with the only local boy his age- a white boy and pal named Frank Pannell, whom Stimpson claims is still a friend to the time of the book's writing. Stimpson is so guileless that on page 64 of the book he publishes his address and then-current phone number in the hopes that old friends and acquaintances will contact him. This only heightens the editorial disservice done to this fine group of recollections by the butchering Byrd. If the book is ever reissued one can only hope that another editor is brought in to make the book's words shine as brightly as the author's life.

In 1929, near Plano, Texas, Eddie Stimpson Jr., weighing 15-1/2 pounds, was born to a 19-year-old father and a 15-year-old mother. The boy, his two sisters and mother all "grew up together," with the father sharecropping along the old Preston Road, the route used by many freedmen trying to escape Texas after the Civil War. His childhood was void of luxuries, but full of country pleasures. The editors have retained the simplicity of Stimpson's folk speech and spelling patterns, allowing the good-natured humility and wisdom of his personality to shine through the narrative. The details of ordinary family life and community survival include descriptions of cooking, farming, gambling, visiting, playing, doctoring, hunting, bootlegging, and picking cotton, as well as going to school, to church, to funerals, to weddings, to Juneteenth celebrations. This book will be of extraordinary value to folklorists, historians, sociologists, and anyone enjoying a good story.