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I went to Swift, I think it was '55. But the things that I remember up there was awesome, like May Day when all the girls would dress up and had they had the steps they would come down to the front, and all the guys would go, "Ohhh" and look at them. Looking at them, you know, cuz they're coming down the steps. You know, do something, maybe pull one of them's hair or something to make them want to hit you upside the head. But it was awesome. And the atmosphere was different because see, I had just come out of a grade school, but this was a grade school here. But yet and still, the way the people acted, and you found certain girls you'd want to follow and you go, "Yeah man. She's a beautiful girl." All that good stuff.

Looking back on it, it was really an adventure. I wouldn't trade it because you know, well, I can't trade it. But it was awesome. Because the people there, and you know, certain girls were from out of town, and you got to flirt with them. We had sports. I didn't play football too well because I was always getting in the way or doing something wrong. I remember this guy called Richard Bristol. I don't even know how I remember him. He was a big ole guy, and he said, every time we'd get down the line to do something... He gets a handful of dirt and throws it at your eyes, and you close your eyes. You'd say, "I'm gonna stop him. I'm gonna get a rock." I had it in my hand, and I hit him upside the head. Blood started flying. Things like that I remember from when I was there.

The teachers were really essential to the educational part of it. Being an all black school. But yet still, the foundation that was planted there was a really good foundation that we could endure and keep for years, but yet, we can build on it. We had a... it wasn't like the real basic education, but it was kind of like a foundation that you could walk in through Swift. And it was an awesome situation because I learned a lot, even though I didn't put it all in practice, but later on in life it had been part built into me.

"He was kind of quiet. Billy Galbreth did all of the talking." - Etta Snapp-Fanny

The Fugate guys were pretty loud. All in all, I did have a girlfriend, too.

I really enjoyed it and I'm thinking that this memorial here is a testament to... that people know in the days they did have a foundation, and its not going to go away. We're going to see many people that's gonna come up through something like this. Some educational background and say, "Hey, this did happen to them, but it didn't happen to us." Even though we get in the high tech world right now, we still can have the foundation [imperceptible].

I remember one time, I got an automobile. [imperceptible] It was an old A-model Ford. it was an 1929 A-model Ford. And you remember the Trammels? Johnny Trammel and all them? We were in that click then, see. We were driving and he had one, but he called his The Jock, and it was painted red. And we'd come on campus, you know. Well, behind the school. It had 4 doors , and 1 door handle. We had to reach around and give the door handle to everybody, in order to get out. And all the guys and gals wanted to get in that thing. We didn't have brakes. They weren't too good on it. What we did was we took the water hose and wet the wheels down so it would grab when it got ready to stop. So that was a fun time. I can remember all this, as a part of growing up at the school.