

know.

(Yeah, I know that house.)

Well, it's out this way to the highway. And then on down here, you know, where Miss Dodson lived on the corner, well that was then the cotton patch. We called it the ten acre place. It's not quite ten acres because up on that hill there, why it wasn't farmed. But now then we picked cotton all winter long in that patch. That was 1920 and '21.

(It wouldn't get too cold for it?)

It'd get kind of cold but then we'd get (words not clear).

(It didn't kill the plant?)

It didn't matter. Yes, it did. It frosted enough to kill the cotton, but the cotton bolls would open when it frost, you see.

(Oh, it has--does it have to frost on them?)

Yeah. And hardly ever--they do open in the full frost; but after you pick it say one time, why then it's getting later. It's getting up in October, maybe. Or the first of November. And then these bolls, these green bolls, why they will open. And all you had to--right along that corner there where Miss Donson is, was the field and there was a big gate there. I don't think it's there now. I (inaudible) don't think so.

(Sentence not clear.) But them rows clear out there to that road that goes out there where Oral Rodgers lives. And that was the land for them cotton rows.

(Yeah, it's pretty long.)

And we used to pick all day long. Just take your good easy time or pick fast awhile, you'd pick two rows through there; and you'd get four hundred pounds of cotton. Now you had to pick.

(Had to be pretty fast to get that much; huh?)

I picked two hundred in half a day, just easy as can be. But I can't get