

(How did they plant those sweet potatoes?)

Well, mother had regular little bed, hot bed. And I remember she used to always tell us to go to there. We didn't have no fancy stable. Dad used to have one, he built out of logs. Lots of hay, he put up there. And of course the horses, he'd feed them in there you know. And mother would tell us when it dry up, to go and get a lot of that manure. Now, she used to fix her hot bead at the bottom of that manure, fix it all up, put dirt on top. And then she'd bury her sweet potatoes, cover them with dirt.

(Did you plant the whole potato?)

No, they come up like hotbeds. Yea, they had little ones, them small...they'd save them, just like we do today, I guess. Now, she always bury them in there, little small, slender looking potatoes, bury them all up, and when they'd come up, dad would have potato rows fixed after they got so high. And certain days we had to go...I never will forget, to this day. I used to be about eight or nine or ten years old. While we going out, oh, it looked like it was going to rain. Big old black cloud coming. My uncle used to stay with us. Well, he lost his wife. Him and his brother lived together, they married two sisters, and the sisters died. The oldest one died first, and the younger one died. And that left him, and his brother, and his brother died, and that left him with all the children. So he came down, he was my grandmother's nephew, her sister's. He came down. My mother was lame, how she ever managed to feed us kids. Anything like that, work to be done, I'm trying to say. Big black cloud coming, and my uncle said, well, children you all get your shoes on, we're going out to set out the sweet potatoes. I remember how he used to do it.

Dad used to go out and he'd plow, make hills, you know, great big hills. Great big hills. And then he'd go over them. The funny thing of it was instead of us, we'd be smoothing it out with rake, he'd go over it, and kind of turn the plow over where it's kind of...he'd hold it that way, and the horses would go, and...pretty smooth hill. And then they'd be one or two of us, having long sticks...the old man would cut and shave. We have to punch them, and the rest would be following with potatoe