

eat that every day. My father and mother would kill one for themselves and dry that and hang it up. They would butcher hers first and then cut it up and dry and when my father would kill us one because there was a bunch of us. There was nine kids. He was feeding nine kids and my grandmother and my aunt and then my uncle and his wife and his three kids and then...in the family was 15 altogether.

(Did you live in one house?)

Yes. We live in same house. We had three room house, and it had a slant porch on that side and there was a room out there enough for about three beds in there. And we would all live together and eat together. My mother and my brothers they would milk the cows and we have all the milk we want. My aunt would make cottage cheese. She get the milk and let it set for awhile and when it get sour she just set it on the stove for about a few minutes...I watch her do it when I was growing up...and then she would put it in a sack and hang it up and it would drip and dript and dript and finally it come to a great big piece of cottage cheese. Then she put it in a pan and set it on the table for us to eat.

(Did you play with your brothers?)

Yeah, I play with my brothers. There were grown you know. They were good size. I play with them all the time...me and my sister was younger than me and we would ride horses all the time just like those boys. We had two ponies and my brothers and them all had horses and we would ride all over this creek way down and up and down. All over this place. We live here a long time. Over there...I live here about twenty years when I built this home. I moved away from my dad and my mother.