

Voice in Background: Day's work then, wasn't it?

Why sure. I worked many a day for sixty cents a day. Sunup to sundown. Why sure. None of this seven or eight o'clock, begin. We had to do a day's work then. I started at daylight.

(They had real daylight saving time then. They used it all.) (laughter)

I bought my dad's home. He owed a fellow ninety dollars on a place. He sold it to him on credit. Had a deed made out to him when he paid him. I never did know him. Just have to give a note or something. People were more honest then than they is now.

NEIGHBORS HELPED EACH OTHER

He would go out to - it cost me sixty dollars in largest town in January and February and get all the provisions we was going to buy that year, 'til September. We had plenty corn, cornbread to eat, plenty of meat, butter, sorghum molasses. About beef - like four of us would be sitting around talkin' about beef this time of year and one man would say, "Would you boys like to have some beef?" Well, we all could use some. "Well, come over in the morning and I'll freshen you up some, and we'll divide it up." And we did. You take half of a fore' quarter and hind quarter. We all raised our living. What little cotton we made, why we settled our debts with it. Most of us broke, then pay our grocery bill. And I've known when my dad - by then I had got up big enough to know and pay attention to things. Dad's name was John and Mother's was Bama. She says, "John, you know where so and so is at?" And he says, "Doggone it, Bama, you must have let the cows waste it." She says, "No, they eat on it." I run out of sorghum. So I go over and say, "Old man, How's you sorghum?" He say, "Oh, I got plenty." "Well, mine is shy." Well, we'd go over and get a barrel. That's the way we lived.