

you know, help. And give her meat and everything. And beans - dried beans - he got plenty beans and kraut - he never miss nothing - cause he had to raise us. He just help. He sure work to death I guess. (Unhunh) When he sewing stocking, you know, he sell 'em 50 cents a pair. (Your mother would make the stockings and sell 'em at 50 cents a pair?) Unhunh.

(The striped stockings?)

Yeah. And man stocking. He can make white. He sold for 50 cents. And we go down in way back yonder somewhere and some weeds - and don't know what you call it - and he dig out the weeds. He sell \$5.00 pound.

(The weed was sold for \$5.00? You dont know what kind it was?)

No.

(You know what they used it for?)

No. They sold it down at drug store. And he sold it \$5.00 acre - I mean 100 pound, five cents a pound. He got a 25 pound sack full. He take it out there.

RETELLS THE STORY ABOUT THE CHICKENS AND THE NOG

(I want you to tell me again because its an interesting story, Mrs. Bearpaw, 'bout your chicken raising, that you did when you were a little girl)

Oh, you know that - I raise it. Grandma give me that chicken and not just hen you know and rooster. She give me first time. My grandma told me - said, "Well you tell me when your hen's settin' and I'll give you egg." Mamma she dont like it. 'cause she gotta go off somewhere too much to work. Mamma told me "You cant stay. You gotta go to school next year. You can't keep no chicken." I told her - I said "I want to,"