

Trina: Sixth grade is high as you went to. That's where you was peeling all those potatoes and there was fifty cents at the bottom of the potatoes, and the other boys didn't want to peel those big sacks of potatoes. He said he sat down and he peeled them, and when he got to the bottom he found fifty cents. He said he grabbed another bag. After the other boys didn't want to go to peel the potatoes, and when they found out he was finding money in there, they came back but it was too late! He found something in there. And he says, "you kids these days like candy. My candy them days was a can of tomatoes, and we put sugar in there. And with that money," he said, "I bought myself some tomatoes and crackers. And nowadays, "he says, "your children, your babies, have powder. When I was a baby my mother used red clay for my powder." And then, he said, these children nowadays have pretty toys--wagons, cars, airplanes-- My days, he said, I had a little watermelon hull--and we'd make wheels--

Bert: (interrupting) We had watermelon rind and old bones--old back bones of cows--

Trina: And that was his car.

Bert: I make a wagon. I bore a hole in the center there, and put the--

Trina: Well grandpa, that was the start of all of your work.

(Are there any stories you could tell me now?)

Bert: Yeah, sometime I could tell you some, but not now--I'm too tired I don't like it. Thinking about old times gets me all stirred up. All that junk. I call it junk.

Trina: She wants to keep all of that. It's not junk to us--we want to keep it. Because one of these times when you're gone, there'll be