

full-blooded Creek and rest of 'em had Freedman blood. Well, she lived a neighbor to me for years. And she told me about when she was a child--I think she was an orphan. And she said she would go into the woods and stay out several days. And I said, "Mrs. Perryman, what did you do about somethin' to eat?" And she said "I'd catch me a rabbit." And I said, "How in the name of God would you cook it?" She said, "I'd eat it raw." I said, "It would turn my stomach even." She was just a girl growin' up then. Times were hard then.

(Yes times were hard then.)

They sure bad then. She was a good neighbor. Used when anybody get sick in neighborhood, Mrs. Perryman was right there to see if she couldn't do something. She was pretty good at it.

FATHER COULD MAKE INDIAN MEDICINE

(Yes, having lived in the woods she did know Indian medicine and how to take care of herself.)

Yeah. Well my daddy was Indian enough and he know quite a bit. Now he'd start out in the fall of the year digging roots and herbs and skinnin' bark. He'd get vines and things you know. He'd put it in big wash pot and boil it down to a (?) and then he'd straighten it out and you know and strain it and he'd go get a jug of whiskey to preserve it. And he'd put that bitters, as he called it, in that jug of whiskey and everyone had to take a dram of that every morning before we eat breakfast. Had to take so much of that bitters. In the spring of the year then, that was to thicken the blood--the bitters for winter. So in the spring of the year he start gettin the spice wood, cherry bark and heaven knows what all. He'd make a kettle of the same dope and get a jug of whiskey and we all have to drink to thin the blood for summer. We all stay well and never see a doctor. That was how we did.