

(Well, those were certainly hardy and humble people too.)

Quite a story of my brother that's older than I am when he was about 14 he took the dropsy. Oh my, he got so bad his forearm and side--We had a doctor here in town then; he doctored him and doctored him and doctored him, said, no, he's just going to die. Just as soon as he said that Grandma sent a hired hand down to a certain place. I don't know if you know what mullen--

(Yes)

You know what mullen is? She told him to bring back two grain sacks full of mullen. She had a tub of water ready when he come back. She poured that mullen in there and stewed it and went to pouring it down my brother and bathing him in it. And by gosh, he got well and lived for 40 years.

(Well)

Doctor said he couldn't live. Said he bursted, side burated.

(My goodness, that must have been awful.)

It was. I guess he lost 14 pounds he was just a kid like--

She contended that anything that grows grows for a purpose like cockleberry roots or blackberry roots or things like that. Now she used all those things, you know. Take that slippery elm tree--

(Yeah)

Cut the bark and get the inside of that bark.

(Well)

I don't know if it was a remedy. I don't know what she used it for, but-- She couldn't read or write not one word she couldn't tell A from B or anything else. You could ask her anytime just out of the point blank just point blank question what time does the moon change. She'd tell you right quick when it was going to change what quarter and what time it would change.