WHITE FARMER'S METHOD OF STORING TURNIPS AND SWEET POTATOES

Bob: You see, you take when your turnips would mature in the fall of the year, the farmer would gather his turnips and put fifteen or twenty bushels into a pit into the ground. Get it below frost line. You see, frost line is 18 inches in this country. You get it below frost line and cover this with leaves or straw and then in the winter time when you want a mess or turnips, you just go in there and dig in to one end of it here and pull out what you want and then pull the dirt back over it. Then your potatoes-- Right out here, This Rastus Jones who lived on this place here had what he called a "potato house." And he had that thing full of Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes. One thing that causes sweet potatoes to rot is when you put them into a cellar and they have the "dry rot". By putting them into a potato house, like this, they get away from the dry rot and they can keep their sweet potatoes a long time.

(Now a potato house--would that be underground?)

Bob: Underground, yeah. It would set right out about where my double garage is there. It was into the ground. Just the roof of it had poles set in the ground here, then big pillars set in there, and they had big timbers across here and they had that covered with old tin, and then dirt on top of that.

(Is that what they used to call a root cellar?)

Bob: Root cellar? I imagine it would be. This fellow that had this farm here, he was a truck farmer. And he'd fill that thing full of potatoes. He had a large family. The farmer didn't go to town to buy things--he went to town to sell things. He took his cream--a can of cream to town every week, and a case of eggs. So he lived from what he produced from the farm. Now there's not very many farmers that I know of that even produce their own milk. I got a hundred and forty head of cattle here and don't even have a milk cow. I buy all my milk, and buy oleo--I like country butter much better.

(It's interesting how things have changed on the farm.)

Bob: The way we kept our pumpkins--we had these orange colored pie pumpkins, and then we had a pumpkin called the "Pikes Peak". You'd slice it, and you couldn't