

Something fixed in there, salt it down, cut the salt and washed it and hang it to smoke.

(Yes. You know, I've heard the Indians.)

Lay sticks across. You know how they build a fire under there.

(Yes. Well.)

Barbecue.

(I'd like to see something like that. Course I'll never get to see it.)

No.

(But it would have been something to see.)

You know they used to meet down on Honey Creek. We'd all go down and they'd fish and then divide them.

(Yes ma'am)

Have them scaffolds made. Cook them fish up there. Then they'd get a sack, and put them in there and take them home with them. Yeah, I still remember that.

(Well; a smoke fish would keep a long time, wouldn't it?)

Oh yeah. Yeah, I've seen it. Then I've seen them get together these winter, some of them call them possum grapes. I guess it is what they are. I've seen them gather a big old sack full.

(Well)

And hung them so they wouldn't get dusty or dirty, and they made, they called it grape soup.

(Well)

It was fine. We thought it was awful good. I tell them I get hungry for some of that old stuff today. (laughter)

(I'd like to have some. And they called it grapefruit.)

No. Grape Soup.

(Grape soup, well.)

They'd cook them grapes and then they'd put them in a sack and get all that