

Yeah, my mother tried to teach me how. I mean she tried to show me. But it just wouldn't turn out like she cooked it.

I never could make that sour bread turn out like it should. Other things I do pretty good on it.

And then another thing we used to take that grader and then grade our roast ears and make roast ear corn. Did you eat any of that?

(No)

You just take, just like them roast ears, you take and grade the coen on that, like I say that potatoe bread, the way you grade the potatoes.

(Uh-hum.)

You take it and--been so long I've forgot what we use in it. I know we use salt. I guess we used a little baking powder. I don't remember.

(uh-hum)

REMINISENCES ABOUT CHILDHOOD AND FATHER BAKING SWEET POTATOES IN WINTER

Then when we kids were little we lived out there on the prairie. When the big snows would come on the ground well, dad would fix a trap out you know. And just entertain us kids I guess. He had a stick tied to the string and to the window. And when the birds would get out there under that trap we'd jerk the string. And then he would go out there and get them. And then we'd pick them and dress them and then we had a big fireplace. And he'd take and put them through a cane and hold them, stick them over the fire and cook them. I don't know the kids thought it was something. ((laughter)).

(Well I guess so.)

And then at night before we'd go to bed well, dad would rake up the fire you know, and all, put the sweet potatoes in there and put ashes on them, hot ashes. And next day they'd be done. Lot better that way than you bake them in a stove.

(I guess it was. I don't think I saw to much of that fireplace where we lived. You know out in the country. Didn't have any fire place.)