

Chenoafee, that's what they called it. Old Indians said it was cancer.. We use to see cancer on people's face, that weren't cured. They taught me how to doctor "Chenoafee." Said Chrillie Bruner--I kinda asked him about it and he wouldn't tell me (laughter). He said he kinda forgot.

(I guess he thought you'd asked him to doctor you.)

I don't know, I guess he knows how, even some young people know how.

(Back in your young days, did you--that's when you were young, did you go with your mother when she doctored people?)

No, we stayed home. But most of the time they brought the jars of water with them. They got their roots or she'd tell them what to get and she (my mother) fixed it for them. They either had to drink it hot or cold.

(Did you all have to work anywhere, your brothers, in those days?)

No, we stayed home. Nobody worked out. We didn't go work anywhere. We just stayed home.

(But you all had everything didn't you?)

We had chickens, all kinds of them. Several different kinds. Guineas too. Nobody cared about guineas but they hatch a lot, and turkeys too; you really had to take care of them. But guineas, they made all kinds of noise. You know how loud they are.

(Did you all go to town very much?)

No, they didn't take us to town just my mother and father went. Close to Christmas, my mother put Tom turkeys up and sold them for \$5.00 a piece. For Christmas she'd buy us little something like red ribbon and real small doll and I was really satisfied. It wasn't much, but I was happy. Father used to buy us big sack of apples--we had apple tree, but it was no good. We had cherries too. We didn't buy fresh meat like we do now. They got little salt pork and put it in navy beans and we sure did like it. We'd be playing, waiting for it to cook. And we'd help with corn and my dad brought it to town to have it grind for corn meal. We had all that.

(Did they come by wagon?)