

Yes, we had flowers--lots of flowers. 'Course now my dad, see he inherited--not inherited. He was Cherokee and had land. Well, all of us kids had land except the three younger ones. He had quite a bit of land under control. When we was growing up dad always (words not clear) and help ma<sup>ma</sup>. But we worked in it. She had a big garden. She had flowers in the yard. We knew how to can.

(I've often thought about that. With as much work as they had to do if they time to fool with flowers.)

Well, my mother did. She had pretty flowers.

(And on top of that--)

Us kids wasn't taught to run over any of them either. We kept off of 'em. She had lots of 'em.

MOTHER WORKED HARD - CANNED FRUIT BEFORE DAYS OF GLASS JARS

(Then on top of that she had all of her housework and washing, ironing, cooking, canning.)

We didn't have--my mother kept a clean house too. I don't think a woman could ever manage that nowadays.

(No, they just couldn't do it. They wouldn't know where to start.)

Well, I --now my mon-- I guess I showed you this before. She used to can in that.

(Well.)

I dropped that. Had it for a doorstep. I'm going to clean that up. Take a coat off. Had a barrel that had a lid. And she would fix her preserves and put 'em in there and put this lid. Then she put this beeswax here and seal it and it kept realy good.

(Well now that is the early type of fruit jar made out of --well it's a crock, isn't it?)