

She run to her mama all the time, she was a white woman. And said, "I ain't going to have him." And he worked hard. And evertime he come back and eat supper she want to go home. And he quit her. And they was working up here close to Weleetka. They come by and said somebody give them two bushels of sweet potatoes. They set it on the porch and we had hogs and cane, had to haul wood in for fire. One week one boy haul wood and the other boy feed the stock. And another week the one feed the scock they had to haul wood and the other go back there and feed. And the younger boy was going to have to feed that week. And the older boy was to haul wood. And the younger boy picked up that potatoes, break it and was going to eat it raw. The older boy said, "You better not." He said, "We got that for mama to cook." He said, "I'm going to eat it anyhow." They went to fussing and going out there. One of the girls said, "Mama, the boys are fussing." I said, "What's wrong?" And the younger one he said, "He picked up potato and eating it raw." I said, "It ain't going hurt him." And they was still fussing half way to the barn. The older boy was at the brick pile. And that younger boy got mad at the other and throwed that potato and liked to hit him. And he picked it up and commenced to throwing and anything they could get hold of they just throw it back and forth. And I said, "Stop it!" They wouldn't stop. The younger boy hit that older boy and he got mad and he was going pull it. And I said, "He's messing with that motor." I said, "(name not clear) you quit that." He stop. And I had a switch with limbs on it. Well, just as well to say brush. I just got hold of them and whip them good. And I said-- and the younger boy we call him big boy. I said, "Big boy." He walk up to me and stood there and I whipped him good. (Laughter) The oldest boy was twenty-two years old. Now I was strict with them. (Laughter)

Third voice: That's what they ought to be doing now.