

her meat's getting dry she put it in a sack and sack it up for me.

GETTING FIREWOOD:

And we walked way down here by the creek, me and her, and way up south we'd walk up there in the fall and I'd go with her and she'd cut wood about that long and then she'd pack it. She put a rope around it and put this other rope through this way and she had it on her back like this and she'd just kneel down there and hold it, and put it over her shoulders and off we go back to the house, and she breaks mine about that long, and I fix my line and then I put it around my shoulder and I just hold it til we get to the house. And those little sticks you know she'd pile it in a certain place, were she could start fire with it, but these big ones, oh she carries a great big bunch of them and she was just a little bitty woman. She wasn't tall, she was small but she sure was stout in her arms and her legs. And now I just wonder...I bet I couldn't even pack a load of wood like that from the creek out here. And lots of times I wonder how she does all the work like that you know. And it's quit a ways, way down south...north to the creek a little over half a mile, about half a mile at least.

(How often did you have to go out and get wood this way?)

She goes there everyday. But you know, she's got horses and wagons and I don't know why she doesn't hitch those up the team up and go down there and get it. Sometimes when the fall comes her and my aunt they lived together, my aunt never did get married you know her daughter, and they would hitch the team and go on this creek way down there, and they'd bring great big logs, long ones too, and they pack it on the wagon that high, and they pack it to the horse. They just keep piling and hauling, and everyday, everyday, they would do that and my the wood be