

(People helped each other.)

BUTCHERING WILD HOGS

Helped each other. We'd go out on the creek bottom. We raised corn there, and we'd, it's like going on Boggy here a lot - you'd live over there near Boggy and I'd live over here and you'd have got the hogs to locate where they's out - well, every morning I'd hitch up my oxen and put the wash pot on the wagon and we'd go over there. I'd take one or two of my boys and you'd have two boys and take out old dog with us and we'd go down to the creek. You'd bring one mule down there with plow gear and with singletree. We'd cut some logs and put them wash pots there together and dip a little water out of the creek. We done know where them hogs are. They are down from here to railroad. Early in the morning we'd take them dogs and round them hogs up down there.

(You're talking about wild hogs?)

Wild hogs. We had open range, everybody had open range, everybody had a claim with hogs and things. If you moved out the settlement way, somebody would give you an old sow if you'd got a claim down there. And we killed and had meat. A wagon load and come out and divide. But now we take two or three days drive there. They already fatten, feed 'em corn and water for three weeks and clean 'em out. We'd butcher 'em and make up for all the meals and lard - never get hard, sorta like cooking oil, you know, mast fed hog, lard never get quite hard. My dad would go in and get seventy-five or eighty dollars worth of groceries and last ten or twelve months. Now it wouldn't last a month. That's the way it was.