

The Indians in God's world, but I can't remember the time like we said we ever lived hard. I don't think that we did.

FATHER WAS A GOOD FARMER - METHOD OF PRESERVING CABBAGES AND POTATOES

Now Dad was a good farmer. He raised corn, oats, and he always had cows give milk. Had big hogs to kill for meat. He raised turnips, taters, cabbage everything that way. He put 'em in a hole and they'd stay all winter.

(Well.)

But now they won't do it now. Cabbage and turnips and tater--now he'd cut a hole just so big you know and notched them down tight and he had 'im a scuddle hole to put in and he'd pull these cabbage up by the roots, head and all, great big old heads. And he'd wrap the outside leaves around and put the head on the ground and have the roots sticking up. Now he could go in there and get a cabbage head way in the winter. Then he'd go to the field and cut stalks and cover that all over and it look like a big stalk pile. (Static)--oh, it hasn't been more than seven or eight years ago, I thought I'd raise me a turnip patch--we had a good cellar--and I thought I'd raise some turnips. Well, I sowed the turnips. They come up and I had nice turnips and put 'em in that cellar. But Bless you, they all turned into a mush. Well, old Man Moody, that's my neighbor, he buried him a hill of turnips. But he died just before Christmas, no, just after Christmas. And his daughter was there, one day, and she said, "Let's go over to Dad's turnip hole and see about 'em and get some turnips." We went up there and it was again into a mush. They just won't keep now. But dad would get dry crab grass and then dead stalks and put over 'em and then he'd throw a big mound of dirt on and he'd put slats over that. He had 'em buried. But he'd always have him a scuttle hole on the south side to get in there, have it about five or six feet long. Had lots of hogs, we had all kinds of meat. Made sausage (static interference)--