

Maybe some of them would come back late. Stay all night again there.

(Uh-huh)

Stay on. Go to Stillwell. Go back up there on them flats. You don't see that no more.

OPEN RANGE FOR LIVESTOCK - ABUNDANT TIMBER

It was all open range. And everybody knowed one another's stock. And nowa days you don't know no body's stock no more.

(Uh-huh).

Open range is all fenced up. I turned the hogs on the range. And they fare pretty good. And once in a while we'd would gather them up and feed them. Put them in a pen. And feed them a little corn. To harden the fat--fatten them.

(Uh-huh)

And mash they called it. Acorns and hickory nuts and things like that. They don't do that no more.

(Huh-uh)

Well you very seldom ever see a corn feed hog anymore. They don't butcher hogs anymore.

(Uh-huh. Was there lots of timber in this country in the early days?)

In the early days there used to be lots of timber. It was big timber. It wasn't no little shrubby stuff like we got now. And it wasn't thick. It was scattered out. Well you know, I heard my father, I never did see it, but I heard him say. They used to go up on top of what they call--they call it Clubhouse Hill now. Used to call it Christie Hill. Go up there, and said they cut the hay up there. Cut the hay up there.

(Hum-m)

Between where--between top of the mountain where dad used to live said he just go up there an cut grass. Just rake it for hay. Prichart Hollow, he said he took