

George recalls when most families grew their own tobacco in the Cherokee hills. He remembers that the tobacco plants grew well and the mature plants were of excellent quality. This crop has not been grown now for nearly 50 years. He remembers seeing the very old ladies sitting around the fireplace with their clay pipes and long cane stems. People in those days made their own pipe tobacco, cured and pressed their plug chewing or made twists, and ground their own snuff. This little part of the old ways of life are gone too. He recounts the time when he was a small boy going to school in the country. He and another boy by name of Fourkiller would steal tobacco from a nearby barn and hide it near the school in a hollow tree. During the noon hour they would go down to the tree and chew home spun twist tobacco. Also recalls getting sick on chewing tobacco for the first time.