

and then he gets that ground all turned up--plowed up--and then he turns right around and plants. Plants grain like corn, and things like that. He don't hardly raise cotton.

(Did you say he used this walking lister when he planted his grain?)

Yeah. Plant the feed, you mean.

(Yeah, the feed. What about planting the corn? What would he use for that?)

He used the same thing. Walking lister. You put that walking planter.

(Is a walking lister the same thing as a walking planter?)

No, it's different. See, what you call a walking lister has got that big blades, you know, like this--diamond shaped. You use two horses and it's just throwing your dirt out like that. But that what you call a turning plow, you just only do it one way, you know, like that.

(Do you remember anything about when he would sell his load of corn--how much he would get for it?)

No. I didn't--till I got old enough to take some of mine when I raised some of my corn. I used to get a dollar a bushel when I take it to town to market.

(How old were you at that time you would take it to market?)

Seventeen years old. Till I was way up--eighteen, nineteen. I was still farming till I quit in '25.

(Were you farming during World War I?)

Yeah. I was farming then. Because I nearly got drafted. Almost. Well, Uncle Sam almost got me then. I registered and passed my physical. Passed. They had me down for A Number One. And they keep writing me, writing me, Uncle Sam, somewheres. Finally the last notice they give me to be ready to go in the army. And about the time I'm to be called, the peace is called. November the eleventh. And they get through.