

(What kind?)

Unjoint hay. It just comes up and blades out. Nice. That's the hay they used for race horses, you know, and fine stock. Yeah.

(Was that native grass?)

Oh, yeah. Native grass.

(Did the drainage ditch hurt your father's land?)

No, it didn't hurt it at all. It benefitted it. (This not clear to me. Jess said the drainage ditch benefitted the land, yet indicates here and earlier that it ruined it for his father's purposes. Should get more information on this.--jj) I know one time my brother said "Let's go and break dad's land about 10 acres of it and have a garden,"--like pumpkins and watermelons and all that. And we took a walking plow and a team and we broke out about seven acres of it. And we just had pocketfuls of watermelon seed of different kinds in every pocket and we went we just throwed them off. We just forgot them. We didn't have to cultivate it or nothing. Just sod, you know. And in August they had a pow-wow right east of Red Hill, north of Greenfield. I rode in there. Henry, my brother, was camping. "Say," he said, "Do you think that ground we broke--I wonder how them melons is doing? Besides they baled hay the other day. I told them to bale about a hundred bales of it. I want something to feed my horses during the camp. How about going over there and grabbing--?" I said, "Let's go." So we hooked up a team and drove across there. And nobody knew there was a melon patch there. All them watermelons--yellow meats, red meats, great big ones. Didn't have to be cultivated. We loaded on about twenty of them. Put some hay in there. And muskmelons. We drove up to the camp there. I told my cousin--I call her sister Annie Pedro, "I got some watermelons--look in this wagon." So we unload them out at my brother's camp. And John Pedro and I and somebody else brought them melons--breat big ones. Nice green. That's what that sod does, you know--new year--