

Yeah.

(Cemetery.)

Uh-huh. And then what they call the Campbell Graveyard. It's down here.

My folks is buried down there. My mother -- .

(Yes. Uh-hum.)

(Not clear) my mother. If we had chills she'd go out and gather some kind of weed.

(Well, my goodness.)

And make us tea to drink with the chills.

(Yeah. Hum-m.)

And, hardly, she hardly ever got any medicine for us.

(She made her own medicine for you.)

She made her own. Stuff like that.

(Yeah.)

(Not clear) Hoarhound, wild cherry bark. Boil it all up together. And then strain that out. Water out. You know. And put sorghum molasses in it.

(Yeah.)

Boil it down to make a kind of a syrup. Like cough syrup. And it'd sure cure your cough too. Liz had a kind of cough. Had kind of a -- it was the flu or something. (Not clear) taught her everything she ever done.

(Well. Yeah they knew what to do for any kind of ailment.)

I reckon you seen them kind of weeds that had white flowers on it. And you get them things and pop them.

(Yeah.)

I forgot what they used for (not clear). Well daddy was (not clear). Sure a bitter pill to swallow. My mother never did give us none of that. But I heard of it.