

a furnace like a long barbecue pit. The pan was divided into sections, with openings at alternate ends of the dividers, so the juice flowed in a zig-zag pattern the length of the pan with the fire underneath. This cooked the juice slowly for a long time. The person doing the cooking needed to be skilled in how to do the cooking properly. A long-handled strainer was used to dip off the foam, called the "skimmings".

We set (home made wooden) rabbit traps sometimes and caught one occasionally. Mama made them taste good with gravy. I also remember one time when she cooked a turtle. They have a variety of types of meat in each one. We had a squirrel a few times, and one time a possum we had caught. We kept him for a few days and fed him buttermilk and cornbread, because there was no telling what he had been eating. They have so much fat that lots of sweet potatoes went good with that.

Our pasture joined Uncle Henry's (Papa's older brother) pasture, and we would walk to school through both pastures and through Uncle Henry and Aunt Maie's yard to what is now Hill Street, and through Concord to the school house - about 2 miles. In the afternoon we did not always walk together, and Mama said one of the boys had to walk with Kate through the pastures. On the sloping road bank near Uncle Henry's driveway we made 2 small level places, one above the other. We chose 5 small stones of different sizes, one to represent each one of us - the smallest to largest stone to represent the youngest to oldest child. We placed the stones on the lower shelf, then in the afternoon each of us would move his stone to the upper shelf and walk on home, except if Kate's stone was

still on the bottom shelf, the last boy had to wait for her and put all the stones back on the bottom shelf. This system worked really well for us.

While we lived at the home place some of us worked at Mercer Dunn's peach packing house during shipping season. This was over 2 miles from our house. We walked to work and back.

Also while we lived at the home place, the several small schools then in Pike County had what was called a "County Meet" near Meansville. There were athletic and scholastic contests, and it was a big day. I don't recall if I was in anything, or about Clay and Eugene, but Kate ran the 100-yard dash, and Paul was in a mathematics contest. When they announced Paul's win, they read it as "Pearl Oxford", so after that he was "Pearl" to some of his school buddies.

At Concord basketball was our only sport played in competition with other schools. There was a baseball field where students could play. I believe all the others in our family played basketball except me. If I didn't go to a night game, it was easy to tell when they got home if our team won (excited and talking) or lost (very quiet).

After the cotton was picked in the fall, there would be some scattered late-opening bolls on the leafless stalks after Christmas. Papa would let us pick this cotton and sell it by the pound to the owners of the cotton gin, and we used this money to buy shotgun shells and rifle cartridges for hunting, which was mostly done in the fall and winter. We didn't have any hunting dogs, and didn't find many rabbits, but we were fortunate to