

little shack or some such on a piece of land anywhere that was dry, and they made their living catching fish in the creek or the river and catching wild hog or anything for game.

On Friday or Saturday afternoon you would see them going into town with a load of posts that they had cut with an ax or a crosscut saw. Of course, none of them had chain saws or power saws back then. In fact, I remember the tale where one of them went to a saw shop to buy a saw, or to trade in his old crosscut on a new one. The power saws--chain saws--had just come out, so they tried to sell him this chain saw. Of course, it ran on a gasoline engine. He told them that it did not look to him that it would do the job that the other would do. He could not cut as many posts with it. Well, they said, "This will cut ten times as many as you can cut with a crosscut, and more." There was some discussion about it, and finally they talked him into taking the power saw with him. He kept it a week, and then he brought it back in on the next weekend. He told them at the saw shop, "There is no way that you can saw with this saw. I have tried it every way in the world. I can saw just little bit more with than I could with the crosscut," he said, "but I have to work a lot harder." They said, "Something is terribly wrong with that. Let's take it out back and try it." They had logs, stumps, and everything outside the saw shop to try them out on, so he took it out there and pulled the crank rope and cranked it up. He said, "Now, what a minute. What is that noise I hear?"

P: Oh, that is great.

W: So I guess that is the way they got their name flat-wood hoosiers. It was not that they were not good people. They were all good people. It was just that they made their living differently from the rest of the world. Most of them never sent their kids to school or anything like that. Maybe [they went] to the first and second grade or so, but that was it. If they came out knowing their name when they saw it written down, it was pretty good.

P: Now, you were just telling me a story about your grandmother. Can you repeat that story?

W: Well, this is something that was brought down as a legend, I guess, or something like that.

P: It is just a story.

W: This was back in the late 1920s or early 1930s in Bell, Florida. Some men were fighting, and they were cutting each other.

P: And you call that framming?