

R: one end, take the head out, take the chisel, lot of it'd be stuck to the side of the barrel. \_\_\_\_\_ we used to get fertilizer by old German \_\_\_\_\_ was the only fertilizer we could get, 200-lb. bag and mama would take them bags that we used and wash it good and clean, you know, and we'd take that sugar out of that barrel and pour it in them big burlap bags. Hang it up, tie it in, everything up, it comes out of the \_\_\_\_\_ It may \_\_\_\_\_ there for a month or two. You could go there and ride the mule, that thing would be brown and all worn, all on the outside of that would be white. All of the \_\_\_\_\_ and everything in \_\_\_\_\_ left it almost perfectly white, what they call brown sugar. That was the \_\_\_\_\_

P: That's interesting.

R: He'd buy the four, \_\_\_\_\_ he'd buy it by the barrel.

P: Did you buy corn flour or white flour?

R: White flour, regular wheat flour.

P: Where did you buy it?

R: Well, it come from the wheat country upstate, because we didn't plant no wheat down here.

P: Right.

R: And we'd buy it at the grocery store where we'd go about once a year maybe,

P: \_\_\_\_\_ So were you raised up in North Florida? Real North Florida?

R: Right. About twelve miles from here.

P: Oh, right here. Okay. So you went to the store only once a year?

R: About once a year because you had to go with these wagons and....

P: How long did it take you, where did you go?

R: We'd just about got what it called those \_\_\_\_\_ take a two-wheel wagon and a load of cotton to the gin in Jasper. I had an aunt up there who'd run a motel, had a hotel up there, and we'd sell a load of cotton, daddy would.

P: Uh huh.

R: We'd spend a night with Aunt \_\_\_\_\_ in the motel and have a good time, you know and next day, we'd go back home.