

On March 10, 193x (?), Sam Gillard came to the house & said Mr Mark what do you want me to do today? We were supposed to set out tobacco the ground was ready, beds fertilized out, etc. I came by the tobacco bed & our plants were killed by that big frost last night.

Nobody had plants & could not find plants to buy.

Daddy then got sweetpotato plants to set out. The potatoes made good but couldn't find a sale for them when harvested. So Daddy banked the potatoes by the fence in the pecan orchard. Later that fall Daddy advertised the potatoes in the Market Bulletin. He got several many inquiries so he traded with a man. When the man came for the potatoes, the potatoes had rotted. Lots of hard work and expenses.

Times were hard and Daddy said he wondered what next would happen. In a short time, his hogs (and everybody around) got sick with cholera & most of them died. He later bought some hogs for our meat. Then people killed whatever number of hogs they thought they needed for meat the next year.

The meat was cured in a cold storage. When cured it was taken out of the cold storage, washed, put borax on it to keep bugs out, and the meat was hung on a stick in the smokehouse. The sausages were cured then cooked & packed in stone jars covered with lard.

Fat from the hogs was cooked out & put in lard cans for the next year.

The cracklings were used to make crackling bread & if any were left put in stone jars covered with lard to be used later.

People saved everything they had available to save.

In later years, Daddy bought a lard press to press the cracklings into cakes.