

They salted and sugar cured the meat. Marcy said when she was as young as seven or eight years old, she rubbed salt in the meat until she had blisters. She explained, “You poke holes in it to get it [the salt] down to the bone. Put a layer of meat, a layer of salt.”

Marcy mentioned John Blue cookware: “There was a factory called John Blue that made cookware, cast iron products.” It started in the 1800s. During the 1940s, the war years, Marcy’s brother-in-law, Lloyd Luther Langford worked for John Blue. “He would ring a bell, which would let everyone know when it was time to work or take a break.”

Taking a Bath. Marcy said:

We had a wood stove that had a water tank on the side. We had an oblong tub for baths. We didn’t take a bath every night. We just washed up. We washed up as far as possible, and down as far as possible, and then, washed old possible. [She had a mischievous glint in her eye, waiting to see if the researcher was going to ask what “old possible” was.]

We heated the water in a kettle with a wooden handle. We’d hang it over the coals. Mother made a new handle for the kettle Uncle Tom Hatchett gave her.

Well Water or Spring Water. Marcy said:

We had a black sulfur well. It was hard to pump that water. The water tasted like rotten eggs and smelled. Some people liked it. People came from Huntsville; they had TB. They thought the water was a tonic. [They had lived there awhile before that well went dry and they drilled another.] We went down to Wes and Nancy Jacobs house to get water. There was a big spring that ran out of the mountain. Right on the edge by where it joined Lillian McDonnell’s place. We’d go down to the bottom of the hill to get the water. We’d tote lard buckets up the hill, about a quarter of a mile.

An old Black woman, “Aunt” Dump Jordan, had old cedar wooden buckets. She got water when she was washing clothes and cleaning. She put one bucket on her head and one in each hand and never moved her head. They were 2 ½ gallon buckets.

“Aunt” Dump Jordan

“Aunt” Dump Jordan, the Black woman who worked for the Eliffs, made “wonderful old timey egg custard.” Marcy said, “Aunt Dump would take the flour sacks and make you a top and a skirt. You thought you was uptown, out of sight!” Aunt Dump lived south of Bentley Young’s place. Marcy couldn’t remember the woman’s husband. Marcy loved