

They'd give you anything they thought would help you. The Black Draught. They bought it at the drug store. The traveling man didn't sell anything but what was colored water—Hadacol. He made a million out of it.

Once they thought I had the whooping cough. A lady my mother knew said, "That boy got the whooping cough; give him some cow shit tea."

Another man, Press Toney, he had roots. He had a sack of roots people bought. Imagine it helped a lot of them.

**Cemetery.** Fennell Cemetery was about two miles from where Arthur lived. He said Loves and Bransfords were buried there. His daddy's sister, Odell Jordan Payne is buried there.

**Social Interaction.** Arthur said:

Everybody was poor, so they didn't know they was poor. People would help you. You got sick, people would cook, clean your house, help you however they could.

Arthur commented: "Huntsville wasn't no size. You could throw a dime across it and get change."

## **Moonshine**

Arthur's comments about moonshine are best said in his own words:

People were making moonshine. Every time the police went out, they would tear up the still they found. They would go in shooting. We [Arthur and his buddies] knew who was making some [moonshine]. We let them make a run [make some moonshine], about enough for us. We went in shooting. They thought it was the police. We took all the shine and left the still. It [the "shine"] was white lightning.

Most of the stills were in the thick woods. They'd put the mash up and let it set. It would come out in a stream of pure alcohol. They had to cut it down because it was 100 percent and would kill you.

I had a friend whose uncle made moonshine. It was his still we went to [and acted like the police]. A cow got in there one night. The cow wasn't fenced in. They let the cows out and they went where they wanted to. They set the mash up and let it ferment in wooden barrels. When it was time to cook it, they'd build a fire at night. It comes off in pure steam.