

Thinking about her mother making home brew brought Mrs. Jordan to Helen's mind. She said it was because of the Army that Mrs. Jordan became a bootlegger. Helen used to walk with her mother from their house, south of what is now Hansen Road, to visit Mrs. Jordan. The Jordans farmed. They were truck farmers. This meant they loaded what they grew on a truck and took it off to sell. At the time the Army took ownership of the land, Parcel A-47 was owned by Viola Jordan. A very narrow strip of land bordering Mrs. Jordan's land (A-46) on the west and north belonged to Elizabeth Ledbetter. Ledbetter's land was bordered in the same manner by a narrow strip (A-45) belonging to Julius Jordan.

Helen described Mrs. Jordan as a "country looking woman," about her mother's age. Her husband died about the time the Army took the land. Mrs. Jordan moved to what is called West Lawn now, just off 9th Street and Governor's Drive. Nothing was there then except several acres with a house and a barn in the middle of them. Helen said Mrs. Jordan pastured her cows, but she couldn't make a living off the land, so she bootlegged. She had moonshine whiskey, bonded whiskey, beer, and home brew. Helen said her daddy bought whiskey from Mrs. Jordan.

[Note: When the researcher said the name, Helen corrected her. The researcher was pronouncing Jordan so that the "Jor" in the first syllable rhymed with "for." Helen told her the name must be pronounced "Jur," rhyming with "fur." When the researcher later met a person named Jordan, she pronounced it "Jurden" and was corrected. This time she was told to pronounce it as if it rhymed with "for."]

Sauerkraut. Helen remembers her mother making sauerkraut. She described what she saw her mother do:

Mamma hand-chopped the cabbage with a tin can. She never had a chopper when she was young. The cabbage was packed in a crock, a churn, which was also referred to as a crock. She put the chopped cabbage down in layers with salt in between them.

I made it once in later years. It came out too salty. Maybe she put water in it, because I didn't, and mine was too dry. I think it had to set about two weeks. Mamma put a lid on it, a cloth, and tied it to keep the flies out. It smelled like something rotten. Flies really came to it. It took all day. She put the dishpan on the wood stove and brought the water in it to a boil, hot enough to seal rubber seals. Cabbage was ready in the summer so that was when she canned it. It was really hot, over that stove, but that was when you had to do it.

Apples. Helen helped her mother dry apples. They spread them out on a cloth. She said if you had an outbuilding, you put the cloth on the roof and covered the apples with a sheet. Her mother put the apples in a jar or strung them up. Helen noted that they canned beans, too.

Sausage. Both Helen's mother Ruby and Ruby's mother would can sausage at hog killing time. Helen described the process as she remembered it: