Story Time

by Delores Campbell

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Thrashing Time at Grandma & Grandpa Spencer's

God gave us plenty to eat in those days. When it came time to thrash the wheat, Grandma would fix a meal fit for a king to feed the men who came to help. My Mom would help her prepare the food, but Grandma did the cooking. I can just almost see that table full of food yet—that came straight out of the garden.

The table was long with two long benches on each side. And, oh, how I wish I had one of her light bread rolls and fried chicken, homemade biscuits, fresh tomatoes, cream style corn, Cole slaw, green beans, homemade cakes, country ham—not to mention those fried and mashed Irish potatoes. I think Grandma Spencer was one of the best if not *the* best cook in Dudley Shoals at that time. I think Mildred Tolbert would agree with me on this. She was also Mildred's Grandma and my step-Grandma. We kids would eat until we couldn't hold no more, and Grandma would tell us that we hadn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

Going to the Mill

My dad would take me with him to get the wheat ground into flour. I remember us crossing a small bridge like the one close to Gerald Miller's, but I don't remember where this mill was located. I wonder if any of you all do? I don't much think it is still standing today. He would also take corn to be ground into corn meal. I loved to go to the mill and see the grain being ground into flour and corn meal. I was about five years old at the time. God gave me a good Dad.

Making Saverkraut

Grandma Spencer could never tell us how to make bread that tasted like hers; she would only say, "I put a pinch of this and a dash of that." One day she put my cousin and me to making kraut. When we finally



got it chopped up to suit her, she showed us how to pack it into pint jars, put in a teaspoon of salt, and fill the jar with boiling hot water. Then we put a lid on it and tightened the lid. Have you priced kraut in the grocery store lately? Thank God for Grandmothers.