

Selling from the curbside, roadside, trunk and tailgate

*Your stories
of buying
and selling
farm products*



Chestnut champions

In this picture dated September 1967, my brother Clyde D. Hoots Jr. (age 9) is shown standing beside the chestnuts that he and I used to pick up to sell. We grew up in Walkertown, and in our backyard were seven large chestnut trees that my father planted in 1946.



My brother and I would sell these chestnuts any way we could. We put a sign in our front yard advertising them three pounds for \$1. Also, we would pull our Radio Flyer wagon all over the neighborhood selling them door to door. Our father, Clyde Sr., and our mother, Ersie, would sell chestnuts at work. We also sold chestnuts to produce stands. I can remember being so excited when they would buy 50 pounds or more at a time.

Some summers we would pick up over 1,200 pounds of chestnuts, just my brother and I. We deposited some of our earnings into what was then Northwestern Bank.

*Teddy Hoots
Yadkinville | EnergyUnited*

Watauga River strawberries



This is a picture of my dad, Auburn Trivette, and me. We were putting strawberries in a crate. I was the oldest of 11 children. We had to work hard to make a little money. First we tried to grow cabbage and tenderette beans to sell—but so was everyone else. Then we decided to try strawberries. All the land we owned was steep, except some bottomland next to the Watauga River, so we planted it in strawberries. We did all the planting, hoeing and weeding by hand.

When it was time to pick strawberries, my sisters and I got in a long row and picked all day for two or three weeks, rain or shine. We didn't have a vehicle, so we hired someone to take us around to the neighbor houses to sell them. The most we ever made was \$1 for a gallon. When the berries were ripe, fishermen going up and down the river would stop for a snack in our berry patch. During our harvest we had to eat strawberries for breakfast, dinner and supper.

*Audrey Trivette Greene
Vilas | Blue Ridge Electric*

Thanks for sending us stories about selling farm products in the days before we had farmers markets. You can see more of them on our Web site. Next month we'll publish your stories of the best class prank you ever saw. (Deadline was June 15.) For more themes and rules in our "Nothing Could Be Finer" series, go to page 17.



Saturdays at Marion trade lot

I remember selling produce 40 years ago. We loaded our pick-up on Friday evening so we would arrive at the Marion trade lot early Saturday. Marion was around 45 miles away, but gas was 35 cents a gallon and a Pepsi was 25 cents.

The Briscoe family managed the trade lot. Parking was \$2 if you were a seller. At the right time of the year at this market, you might buy cabbage, onions, ramps, turnips, grapes, lettuce, potatoes, peanuts, pears, peaches, apples, watermelons, cantaloupes, pumpkins, gourds, beans, plums, eggs, fatback, ham, yeast bread, pies, cakes, cookies and live ducks, chickens, goats, hogs and turkeys.

Around 11 a.m. was show time. J. D. McCormick would pull out his guitar, Dean Moore would grab his banjo and Cup Harris would show up with a mandolin. Enoch Williams would sing. Many other vendors would join in. It would last 'til everyone got tired and went home.

One Saturday we sold everything including our 1947 Studebaker truck. We hitched a ride home.

*Guy Brittain
Connelly Springs | Rutherford EMC*

Cheap peaches

I remember one summer in the 1960s a man came around in an old pick-up truck going door to door selling peaches. Door to door, mind you, could be as far as a mile in between houses. The man wanted \$2 a bushel, but we could only come up with \$1. The man gave us his last two bushels, because he said he was tired and just wanted to go home. He said he would rather us have the peaches than the hogs.

Well, Mama and Granny peeled and pickled peaches for what seemed like a week. I'm sure after about two days of fixing them peaches, they wished that man had given them to the hogs. I can remember when we moved from that house in my teen years we still had some of those peaches in jars.

*Linda Williams
Carthage | Randolph EMC*

Selling to Coolee mill town

When I was a child, I looked forward every summer to "helping" Daddy sell produce from our farm. After the Model T Ford was loaded with green beans, corn, etc., I would climb in beside Daddy. Then we were off to Coolee. In that small cotton mill town Daddy sold his produce to grocery stores, the hotel and door to door.

Once when I didn't go with Daddy, he returned and surprised my little brother and me with toys. He brought my brother a toy carpenter tool set and me a small toy iron. Back then we had never received gifts except at Christmas.

My brother worked on the window sill with his hammer, and I ironed my doll clothes.

My little iron is setting on a shelf in our house. It is a daily reminder of those good old days, when people were not afraid to open the door for a produce salesman.



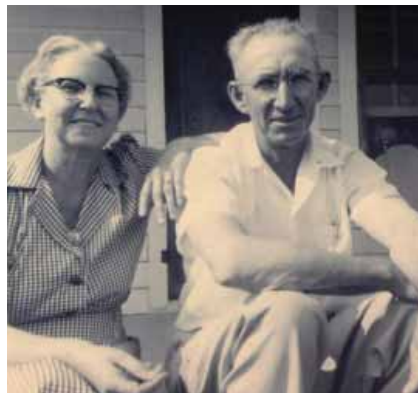
My Daddy and his cousin. My Daddy is the taller man standing near the front of his car.

*Virginia Kinley
Woodleaf | EnergyUnited*

Growing enough for everyone

Before farmers markets, there was more giving and helping than buying and selling. My grandparents come to mind. If you needed anything and they had it, you were welcome to it, and they would help you if they could. My father is like that to this day.

My grandparents planted gardens with a lot more than they could possibly use. They did it for the purpose of giving away. Actually, I don't think they knew how to grow just enough food for themselves. My grandmother was well into her 80s and still insisted on having three gardens. She grew enough



for her sons and their families and the entire community. Her green thumb shone through in every row, but not as bright as her smile. I can still see her beaming face when someone would come to pick some corn or beans to put up for the winter, or she handed someone a bag of tomatoes and cucumbers for their supper. 🍅

*Wanda Garren
Lincolnton | Rutherford EMC*

Send us your best Earn \$50

Here are the themes in our "Nothing Could Be Finer" series. Send us your stories and pictures about these themes. If yours is chosen for publication, we'll send you \$50. You don't have to be the best writer. Just tell it from your heart.

September 2007

My Favorite Fair Photo

From a North Carolina fair or festival. Tell us when and where. *Deadline: July 15*

October 2007

My Favorite Photo

North Carolina people and places. Digital photos must be high resolution. *Deadline: August 15*

November 2007

Kid Craft

Your stories and photos of children's crafts. *Deadline: September 15*

The Rules

1. Approximately 200 words or less.
2. One entry per household per month.
3. Photos are welcome. Digital photos should be a minimum of 1200 by 800 pixels.
4. E-mailed or typed, if possible. Otherwise, make it legible.
5. Include your name, electric co-op, mailing address and phone number.
6. If you want your entry returned, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (We will not return others.)
7. We pay \$50 for each submission published. We retain reprint rights.
8. We will post on our Web site more entries than we publish, but can't pay for those submissions. (Let us know if you don't agree to this.)
9. Send to: Nothing Finer, Carolina Country, 3400 Sumner Blvd., Raleigh, NC 27616
Or by e-mail: finer@carolinacountry.com
Or through the Web: www.carolinacountry.com