

I don't know if you have ever seen hops or clusters of hops. They are very light, fluffy kind of thing, sort of like an acorn or a cone and in those days you pulled those big vines down and you look for all the beautiful clusters because there was more weight to them. My mother was out at seven o'clock. Some of the more littler ones didn't always get out here right away so she would leave them sleep. People with little tiny kids, you'd put them in the basket and you'd pick hops and talk to them or you would put them under a bush, under one of the vines or under the post. But you stayed right there.

They put the colored people on one end, Japanese people and they put the white people on the other end of the hops yard. But we had communicated enough that we would meet in the middle. And you were also segregated in the