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was an animal who--a breech calf, or some? thing hit it, or maybe sick, for all I know. And for instance, cans of meat. They were bought somewhere else cheap, and the gov? ernment said, "Now, that's for the poor." And some cheese that couldn't be sold any more, little old cheese maybe 20 years old. I remember Mother saving--they came very good--she was in the (First) War-- 'cause she'd wrap them up, she'd (soften) them up. But they were as hard as a rock. So, stuff like that. And as a kid, of course, you remember that, eh? So anyway, that gives you a little idea. But when the war came, that was a godsend time for the farmers. Believe it or not. Because all of a sudden we were recog? nized. We were somebody. They came to us. You had: "Please, this food, and that food." And our bulb industry was curtailed to a minimum because we just held our essen? tials, to be ready. (Ready for what?) Ready for after the war. Because, it's just like cattle, or whatever. I mean, you cannot kill all the cattle off. You got to have something to start off with.... You kept a mimimum so you're ready to expand....

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As a matter of fact, the tulip bulbs were used for food in the war. The centre was taken out, it was poisonous. But the rest was milled up. (Whp ate that?) Us--the population. We eat--you know, when there was no more food--we eat anything that was in sight, eh. Sugar beets. You know another thing...I used to do was, I was a potato peel and vegetable offal (collector) from the homes. Now the Dutch were so orchestrated, or brainwashed, that everybody would save the food from the house--they would have a bucket for the ashes and, you know, the garbage. But no? body would put food in the garbage. They would have another pail. And I would pick that up, when I was a young fellow. First you would have customers, your relatives would save it for you, and some neigh? bours. And I was about 11 ,or 12 years old, and my father had the first cow. It was in 1939--I was 8 years old. In 1939, I was 8, 9 years old. And Father had got what you call a baker's cart--a pushcart for bread. And he had cut the top off so it was a two-wheeled wagon, push? ing. And I'd go into grandmother's and un? cles' and neighbours', and I'd come home. Wednesday afternoon and Saturday after? noon, because there were only two after? noons you got off from school. So I'd come home with this. And I would have the bread, the potato peelings-- everything was sorted, you know. I'd sort them while I'd gather it. Some of it was smelly, you know, because, two days old, it was get? ting a little sour. I'm not ashamed of it.

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