

Dear Dee,

I think I remember you saying that you liked to get letters in your cards so I thought I would oblige you. We will just let all the mistakes go free as I don't really feel like reading things over for mistakes. By the way, some people like to get back at you when you do them something like when I was so sweet to make birthday calls to all my sisters all during the day, and then, when my birthday came, some of my sisters just kept calling me all during the day to get even with me. That wasn't nice, was it? Of course, I know you wouldn't dare do anything like that, nor would I, but some think nothing of harassing dear little innocent people. Boy, you're really getting old! I'm glad I can't ever catch up with you for I'd sure hate to be as ancient as you are. It's nice to be real young and "cool". It's also nice to be a middle child for you can always be younger than half your sisters and always have the other half wishing they could be as young as me. Ha. Ha. Ha. Don't I wish?? Hey, do you remember the time you and Lucille dared me to pull the one peach on the tree that Mamma and Daddy were waiting to get ripe? You old goats! You caused me to get the beating of my life. But you sure didn't get any of that peach. I enjoyed eating it in front of you two and letting the juice slip down my mouth and watch you drool. Ha. Ha. Ha. I bet you dreamed about how good that peach tasted. Honestly, I wonder if it did taste good. Probably tasted like green persimmons but, buddy, I never would have admitted it. I would have eaten it if it would have tasted like cow's dong. Enough of the peach. I think I remember forgiving you for your ugly actions by giving you some of my delicious peaches that a friend so graciously gave me. Anyway----I hope you enjoyed them and realized what a sweet, loving, forgiving sister you have. Even though that's not all the tricks you pulled on me. You probably don't remember tying my feet together so we could jump through the house. I guess it was you. I sure couldn't tie my own feet together. Anyway, it so happened that as I got good and tied up so I couldn't run, but all I could do was hop, hop, hop, that Mamma decided she had enough of our foolishness and out came the switch, out of mid-air, and as you and Lucille, (I suppose you were the two culprits) took off running on two good, free legs while I came hopping behind and got the brunt of that miserable old switch. I can almost feel it yet. Now, don't that make you feel ashamed? How you treated your poor, little innocent sister who always was so kind and sweet to you. Everything I did you tattled on me. Of course, I didn't do anything worthy to be tattled on, but you would find something and be like the old tattler's wagon, and I, the little innocent victim, would be severely punished. Shame! Shame! Shame! Don't your conscience hurt as you recall all the mean stunts you pulled on me? Especially, since I never retaliated in any way, just took it on the chin like a sweet girl (well, not on the chin but I took it on my hinder part). It's a wonder I survived, but somehow I did and lived to tell it. Like the

time you and I was hunting the cows and got lost. I kept telling you we were going the wrong direction, but of course, you were older, and knew it all so I had to keep following you, knowing we were going wrong. Anyway, you finally listened to me (for one time in your life) and went the way I said, and we made it home before dark (without any cows. They probably had already beat us home and were already milked and were lying down chewing their cud.) Another time, me and you and Lucille, the trio, were gone in the woods hunting cows and Tom Joe met us when we came back ready to push us in the water as we crossed a log that was felled over a creek. He ran across about half-way, laughing as he came, thinking of his good joke, and his foot slipped and down into the creek he slipped. He said, "Ugh-gh-gh-gh-gh" as he went under and we were like the three Billy Goat Gruffs as we ran across laughing our heads off (almost). I reminded him of this little stunt at the reunion. I don't know if he remembered it or not but he'll remember it now. Like he and Buddy Conn tearing up our play houses. I told him of that, too. Pore old Tom Joe! I hope he's doing fine. Do you remember the time we went through the woods looking in all the stump holes to see if we could find a baby? That's where we were told they came from and we wanted to find Mamma one as she didn't have enough. Times have changed now. I saw a doll someone got for Christmas. And she had a big belly. Somehow they would move her dress or do something and get the baby out of her stomach. Which is the worse? We were so ignorant and kids today know it all. Pitiful!! Were you with us the day we decided to go for a ride with two boys? It was on Sunday afternoon and we knew Daddy and Mamma would never hear of such a thing so we walked through the woods and met them on the highway. I can't remember how we let them know where we would meet them. It certainly wasn't by telephone. Seems like it was Two-Cents Hooter and Noel Somebody. I think Margaret Reed was with us. Anyway, they picked us up and we were driving peacefully down the road, and low and behold, we had a flat. Of course, we didn't have an extra, so what were we to do? We had to get home for we were scared to death of what was going to happen to us anyway, for pulling a stunt like we were pulling. Anyway, there was nothing to do but come home on the flat. What a noise as we drove down the road in that old rattletrap car with a flat tire. Little ignorant kids! We were singing "Coming in on a flat and a prayer." But we made it and didn't get caught, but we never pulled that stunt again. I don't know how Noel made out with his borrowed car. I know it wasn't Two-Cents because he couldn't even afford a stamp to write me a letter. It was in the mailbox and I can't remember it all, but I do remember he said he put some vaseline on the stamp to make it stick (it was probably a used one). It made me so disgusted until I never wanted to see Two-Cents again. Poor ole fellow! I should have been ashamed. He was probably almost as pore as we were. I just remember --

The song we sang as we came home on the flat was supposed to be "Coming in on a wing and a prayer" but we sang, "Coming in on a flat with no spare". Boy, if Mamma would have known what her little darlings have done she would have probably done us what she threatened to do one day when we kept giggling and laughing. She said she felt like beating us to death and throwing us over the fence. Ha. Can you believe our dear sweet mother saying that? We did laugh then. We got hysterical. I think she even smiled then. Ha; it was really hilarious, like Lucille saying she was treated like a _____ little ole rabbit. I don't know how a rabbit is treated but I know one thing, I wanted to treat her like something the day me and you were lying on the floor and she sat on our heads and peed on us. Wasn't that a nerve? The little rat. Lucille and I were next to each other in our age, so when Aunt Viola got some little girl dresses from someone she worked for, though they just fit Lucille, I got half of them. Of course, they were way too short for me, but I wore them anyway. One day, one of my classmates, Maggie Dell Walker, got mad at me, and told me, "You think you are smart because you wear short dresses. " Ha. She didn't know I wore short dresses because it was all I had to wear. I remember in the sixth grade, I had two dresses to my name. I wore one two days and the other I wore three days. At midterm, Oma took one of her old green skirts and made me a skirt and bought me a sweater to go with it and Brother, I thought I was the most dressed up kid at Tioga School. I wasn't like Bertie--Daddy bought her a pair of shoes and naturally, he always bought them bigger than our foot so we could wear them longer. (Of course, they usually wore out before we grew into them). Anyway, one day, she was late for the bus and was running the best she could with her big shoes, and someone yelled, "If you'd kick off those big old shoes, you could run faster". I know that really made her feel better. I guess we took quite a bit of ribbing since we were so desperately poor , but one day we got a real treat. Somehow Mamma and Daddy managed to buy us a loaf of real light bread, and instead of having biscuits and a fried pie in our lunch, we had some real light bread sandwiches. Every day my friend, Minnie Lee Phillips, and I halfed our sandwiches, and traded with each other – but today, I wasn't about to half my light bread sandwiches with Minnie Lee Phillips, so when dinner came, I ran and hid (way up on a platform where everyone could see me with light bread sandwiches). Needless to say, Minnie Lee Phillips saw me too, and demanded half of my sandwiches. Can you believe it? I had to come across. Boy, did that ever hurt? Lorraine Jordon use to buy a loaf of bread every day at the commissary to fix their lunches. She would open it on the bus and eat the end slice (which we throw away now) and, oh, how I would drool as I watched her eat that piece of bread. I remember when we had to start going into the gym to eat our lunch. By then, most everybody (but us) had graduated to light bread. We still brought our two biscuits and

fried pie. I ate my fried pie for recess and at dinner I threw my two biscuits away because I was ashamed to eat biscuits with almost everyone else eating their light bread sandwiches. One day a boy reached over and got my lunch as I tossed it into the trash. He opened it and turned and stared at me. I felt like sinking through the seat. Shame on me! Now, I'd like to have one of those good ole biscuit sandwiches instead of light bread. Speaking of eating! Remember how when we had company, we kids would have to wait until the grown people ate before we could have anything--- I remember one day Aunt Viola (I don't remember who else) was eating with us, and and when they got through, they kept sitting around the table talking and we pore little kids were about to starve to death (we thought). How we looked longingly at that table spread with food and wished they would get their fat selves up from that table and let us have a few crumbs. Ha. How times have changed!!!! But some traditions have been handed down from one generation to the next, like good ole chicken and dumplings. Mamma usually killed a hen on Sunday since we had no refrigeration. I remember Lucille and I would go to church on Sunday morning and our friend was Maybelle Roshto. She would come home with us every Sunday, and at times Mamma wouldn't want us to bring her home. We would take off running as soon as church was over but she would catch up with us and we would head for home knowing we were going to catch it when she left. But she liked chicken and dumplings, too, and that was one sure way to get some. I'm sure Oma and Lois (I think it was Lois) remembers the good meals cooked with chicken because they found a BIG old black hen one day in the woods. It must have been crippled because they were able to chase it down and bring it home. When they proudly presented it to Daddy, he was very arrogant about it and they were told to take that ----- thing back to the woods, that it was a buzzard. That daddy was something else. As he got older, he couldn't hear good, he said. One day, Lois and I were in the front porch and Daddy was outside. Lois asked me something about the peas that Daddy had a bunch of. I kinda whispered to her, "Lois, I really don't know what I'm going to do with any more peas." I hated to tell Daddy I didn't need anymore after he was so sweet to raise them for his kids. Anyway, after I whispered (I thought) to Lois, Daddy who was in the yard and couldn't hear, hollered out to me, "Georgie, if you don't want those ---- peas, you

certainly don't have to have them". Was I ever got away with? Lois was my other Mamma. I slept with her as long as she was home. When she went to work, someone got in the bed with me up in the night one night and I thought my dear Lois had come home. I hugged her and hugged her saying, "My dear sweet Lois. My dear sweet Lois." Lois was the one who bought my graduation ring. She helped us all she could. I think she made \$30.00 a month , working at the State Colony. I bought my own High School graduation gown. I was working on Saturdays at Kress making \$1.98 a week. It took 30 cents of this to catch the bus to go get my check every week. That left me \$1.68. That left me with the big sum of 68 cents a week for spending money, and \$1.00 a week to pay on my graduation gown. But I made it and and I was as dressed up as anybody else around. I still have pictures of me dressed in my pretty satin, pink graduation gown. Boy, was I ever pretty?????? I couldn't always boast of being so pretty in my beautiful clothes, though. I remember once not having a coat to wear to school, and Mamma made me one out of an old gray army blanket. Boy, did people stare and openly make fun of me! As they did my new over-alls Mamma made me. She dyed some white feed sacks blue and proceeded to make me a pair of over-alls so I could be like all the other little girls. Well, I was like all the other little girls, alright. The first place, she didn't have enough material to make the legs so she just sewed some from about the knees on down. It was the same kind but had this big seam in it. I remember even the boys laughing and making fun of my overalls. Needless, to say, that wasn't my favorite apparel after that. I finally made enough money to buy me a nice outfit with a real nice sweater. Boy, I turned some heads in that outfit—that is, until I washed my sweater. It drew up until it would probably not have fit old Tom. I was absolutely sick. I hung it up and tied some irons on the tail of it to stretch it but that didn't work very well. so there went my only decent set of clothes that I ever remember owning when I was in school, unless it was the skirt and sweater that Oma got for me in the sixth grade, the skirt she made from one of her skirts. I might have had another decent outfit or two since we had to pick cotton to buy ourselves school clothes. I remember being an A-One cotton picker. One time I out-picked everybody, grown people and all. They just couldn't understand it. Weighed my cotton over and over to make sure they didn't make a mistake. We also picked blackberries and sold to Mrs. Jordon for 10¢ a gallon. Once when she paid us, Bertie needed some money for something and Mamma gave Bertie our hard-earned blackberry money. To get school supplies, we brought hen eggs to the commissary at Tioga and traded them for writing paper, pencils, or what have you---School days were something else. I remember the first day I

ever went how I hated it and hated to be away from my mamma. I remember getting off the bus, running all the way home, climbing over some steps by the big pecan tree and going in the house and telling Mamma I was never going back as I had to stay at that school "tree" hours. She didn't make me go back that year. Good ole Mamma! It was fun staying home. Lucille and I could play with our pet pigs that Daddy gave us. We named them Pork Chops and Spare Ribs. How we loved those pigs. We would scratch their bellies and they loved it. Would lie down and let us scratch as long as we pleased. And would you believe?? One day they got to be grown hogs, but, of course, we still loved our Pork Chops and Spare Ribs. Then low and behold, we got up one morning and our pigs were nowhere to be seen. Can you believe Daddy Killed our pets and scrapped off their hide and we had to help eat those pigs. What a low blow! It took a long time to get over that one! But in spite of the hardships, we had lots of fun. Tom Joe was usually our best playmate. We were playing "Ghosts" in the barn one day, and we would holler, "There's a ghost" and then we would run jump out the door. I decided to have some fun, so I went to the house and got a white rag and tied it around my hand and went back and climbed under the barn, and stuck my hand through a hole and wiggled it. One of them hollered, "There's a ghost", and about that time I wiggled my fingers, and they yelled as loud as they could, "There is a ghost", and ran screaming out of the barn. I got so scared that I crawled out from under that barn as quickly as I could. I scared my own self. Everette always bragged on Lucille, how she could beat me up. I was always scared I'd hurt her and get myself a good beating. But one day, I got tired of Everette saying how Lucille could beat me up, so I picked a fight out of her and brought her in front of Everette and gave her one good licking. I don't know if Mamma whipped me or not. I remember one day she was whipping several of us for something, and as she got ahold of one of you, I made a bee-line into my room and grabbed my overalls off the nail and was pulling on my poor naked legs when she came after me. She got so tickled, the best I can remember, she could hardly whip me. Reminds me of the time my kids got into something and I whipped one and started after Barry. He ran and jumped on the bottom bunk bed, knowing I couldn't raise my switch very high or I would hit the other bunk. When I came after him, he started saying, "You're sweet, Mamma, You're sweet, Mamma". Who can whip a child telling you how sweet you are? I forgot to mention when I was talking about playing in the barn one time Uncle Harvey Roshto came to see us and he was drunk. One of the bigger girls took us to the barn to hide and we were watching him through the cracks. He started swinging around one of the posts on the front porch and he fell out in the yard with a thud. We all laughed and laughed. I have some unique memories about some of our kinfolks. Elizabeth use to

come and gossip. Mamma wouldn't let us stay in the house and listen like we would have liked to do, so I remember hiding under the front porch so I could hear all the latest gossip. I remember once Liz got mad at Mamma and was yelling at her. She was somewhere on that trail between our house and hers. Mamma was a peace-loving person, so Lois took it up. All I can remember is Liz saying Mamma wasn't a lady about something, and Lois stomping her feet going down that trail and yelling, "My mamma is a lady". I can't remember too much about my older sisters but I remember Edith telling about getting in the china berry tree and took a notion she had to use the bathroom, and just as she let it fly, Daddy (I think it was) walked under the tree and was showered. You can guess what happened after that. I wonder what happened to those old china berry trees. Maybe they burned when the old house burned. Wasn't that pitiful? Pore old Mamma had been cleaning and had a box of old newspapers sitting on the table and when the house caught on fire, she grabbed that old box of newspapers and made a fast exit. She said later she thought it was a box of groceries. Elaine and Billie was down on the creek somewhere and when they found out the house was afire, they ran and grabbed their dolls and took off. I guess it was the first decent doll they ever had. Like the doll I got that was all bent up and they told me Santa Claus fell down the chimney and bent up my doll and I believed it. Well, did he?? I had another little doll I got for Christmas and we went to Aunt Ruby's and I went out to the toilet with Catherine. Her dress caught my doll and threw it into the old deep toilet hole and I never saw it again. It broke my heart, but Aunt Fannie promised me another so that consoled me somewhat, but of course, she died before she bought it. Like Elizabeth: She use to get us to do her work for her as she was on the lazy side (like me) and she'd promise us something pretty when she went to town. We'd work ourselves silly and then wait and wait for her to go to town , Finally, the day arrived, and we would wait all day to see what she was going to get us. When she came home, we'd make a bee line to her house and wait for our gift. Of course, she didn't have anything. Never intended to buy us anything. Just wanted us to do

her work. Anyway, dear ole Daddy always brought us a 10-cents bag of candy when he came from work. We use to wait for him at the bend of the road. We always brought Spot or Lep or whatever his name was and he could let us know when Daddy was coming. He would start wagging his tail when he heard his truck over by Baily Branch. We would all get real excited and start jumping up and down waiting for him to arrive. He would stop and pick us up and when we got home, Mamma would divide out the candy. Of course, Tom Joe always showed up to get his share and we would get so mad. While Daddy rested, we had to scratch the red bugs off his legs and get him some coffee and cool water. Daddy usually bought all the groceries, too. He could get a sack of flour, 25 pounds, for 25 ¢. The way we made coffee was on a wood stove in an old black aluminum pot. We would put the last grounds in the pot and put water on it and boil it and pour it over fresh grounds. We took turns in the mornings. Daddy would wake us up about 4 o'clock in the morning and we would have to get up in the freezing cold and build a fire in the stove and put on coffee. We would then hop back in bed and go to sleep. Soon he would be yelling at us to get out of bed and get that coffee made. Our fire would be gone out so we would have to start over. Oh, what a time we had until Dear old Mom would come to our rescue. Bless her memory! Speaking of a wood stove, I was one of the ones designated to help saw wood. I remember how Lucille and I would don our wood-cutting clothes and off we would go to saw wood. Daddy was on one end of the saw and one of us on the other. Lucille always did everything perfect, according to Daddy, but ole Georgie rode the saw and didn't have enough sense to saw a stick of firewood. Oh, how hard I tried! I would have given anything to hear Daddy brag on me just one time like he did Lucille, but alas, my dream was never realized. I seemingly was always the world's worst wood-cutter. But it didn't stop him from taking me to the woods every time there was wood to be cut. Wood-cutting wasn't the only duty I had. We took turns washing the dishes as we did building a fire and making coffee. It was my time to wash them and I forget whose time it was to dry them but I'm inclined to think it was Delia's. Anyway, I kept washing and piling them up in the drying pan, and hollering for Delia to come on, but she

paid me no attention. Finally, I washed Mamma's big ole milk crock and piled it on the already filled pan. Needless to say, it crashed to the floor and broke into a jillion pieces, and when Mamma got through with me, I felt like I was in about as many pieces as the bowl. I always blamed Delia for that whipping. I felt it belonged to her, but she got off scott-free. Another task we performed was helping Mamma pick geese. We kids would chase them down and hold their legs apart for Mamma to pluck the feathers for pillows or for feather mattresses. I remember one day handing her a goose and she said, "This is the one I've been wanting to get to the whole time." We asked why. We couldn't understand what was different about that goose and the rest. She looked at us and laughed, and said, "Because this is the last one." Reason enough, don't you think? Do you remember the trips to Aunt Susie And Uncle Jeff's? Oh, how scared I was of that bayou! We would hoop and holler until Billie would answer us, and then here she would come over to get us. Once over, I was thrilled. They could cook the best meals. Then every once in awhile, Mamma would let us spend the night and Billie could make the most delicious homemade candy with that thick cream that they separated from the milk in their milk separator. I use to love to watch them do this, and then Uncle Jeff would take the cream to town every so often and sell it to help them survive. Oh, the good ole days! Now our deep freezers bulge with things we get on quick sale and don't need, but it's such a good deal so we get it whether we need it or not. Which reminds me, someone just called me and told me that Super One has some sausage on quick sale for 69¢ a pound so I'd better quit for now and go buy some for I only have about ten or so pounds and I might run out. Besides, I just made some room in my freezer. I gave 2 cakes and a pie to the Trochees next door as I bought them on quick sale and couldn't handle them all, but I just couldn't pass up that good bargain. Also, I found some walnuts, shelled, on sale today so I got a bunch of them. Of course, I've still got some from last year, but these will keep a long time in the freezer and I just might need them. Who knows? That's why I got rid of the cakes, to make room for the walnuts. But we'll soon have plenty room anyway. Someone gave Randy a chest type freezer and he has an upright that he's giving to us. We already have two chest types but they are both chop-the-block, so we need another. Now, we'll have plenty room (for a week or so). Pitiful! **Most** of us girls liked to go to church. Of course, we would have to walk as there was no other way to get there. Except one time I remember Daddy decided he would attend a revival meeting that they were having. So we all loaded up on his old flat-bed truck and went to church, every night as I remember. But as far as I know, that was the last time Daddy took us to church. I enjoyed going to Sunday School. My teacher was Mr. Matt Roshto. He had us to memorize a Scripture verse to say when he called our name. I was always one to love attention. (I

guess there were so many kids at home until I didn't get very much). Anyway, I tried to memorize the longest scriptures in the Bible so he would brag on me. I still remember one I quoted to him one morning and was really bragged on. It was, "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." Because of Adam's and Eve's disobedience, we have had to earn our living by the sweat of our brow from that day forward. I guess it was good for us to learn verses from the Bible for what else would have stayed with me for over sixty years? Speaking of showing out, when I was in High School, the boys had a big hole of water that they would put a pole in when they took gym, and swing across it. It seemed to me that they did it with such ease, that one day while we girls were taking gym that I decided I would try it. So I got the big, long pole and stuck it in the middle of the mud hole and made my swing and, lo and behold, it just didn't work like it did for those boys and just as I got right in the middle of the pond, my pole stuck and there I was suspended, with nothing to do but slide down the pole into that nasty, muddy water. Talking about being embarrassed - and everybody was howling. I crawled out looking like our old hogs that use to wallow in the mire. My teacher was trying to be mad and bawl me out but all she could do was laugh hysterically like the rest. I remember Elizabeth Wooley lying down on the ground and laughing. She thought it was so hilarious. I don't remember cracking a smile. Anyway, I was sent to the Home Economics Building to wash and dry my clothes as there was no more to put on. You'd think that would have cured me forever of trying to show out but would you believe that not long after that, that we were playing ball at school in a big, open field and I was catching (I don't know why they let me catch as I sure couldn't catch anything). Anyway, a huge old billy-goat came strolling across the field, and all those silly little girls started running and screaming, but not old brave Georgia. She just held her ground to let everybody know how big and brave she was. That big old goat came up behind me and put those old horns between my legs and lifted me completely off the ground. Can you believe I was so stupid? But at least I got the attention and that was what I was after. Speaking of the goat, that reminds me of the cow that use to drink our bath water. We would put a zinc tub of water in the sun to warm for us nine or ten kids to take a bath (the first one got clean, the second, maybe. By, the fifth or sixth, the water was pretty thick) (ha). Anyway, sometimes the old cow would come by and see our water warming in the sun and about drink it all up. Boy, were we mad? Saturday nights were usually our bath nights. The other times, we had a small basin that we took what we called "spit baths". We would wash off the best we could and make do. Our drinking water was in a large granite bucket

with a community dipper. Everybody drank from the same dipper and put it back in the big bucket. And yet, people were a lot healthier then than now. I remember going to the doctor only once in my lifetime at home (other than a tonsil operation). I had a tremendous swelling under my neck that was awfully painful, so Mamma and Daddy took me to a doctor. Otherwise, when we got sick, we just took doses of Asphidity and Quinine or some kind of pills that we couldn't swallow so Mamma hid them in clabber and we slurped them down. Nowadays, kids wouldn't drink clabber, not even good old butter milk. But back there, it was either drink clabber or else because there was no refrigeration. The only time we had fresh milk was right after the cow was milked. It was nice and warm then and oh so delicious. Once we managed an ice box, and would **have** ice delivered twice a week to put in the ice compartment. It might last a day or so, then everything would sour, but we sure enjoyed it while it lasted. Aunt Viola use to put her milk in a gallon jar and tie a string around the top and put it in the old spring. Believe it or not, it stayed pretty cool. Our lighting system consisted of coal-oil lamps with globes (sometimes. the old lamp globes would get so black with smut, and oh, how I hated to wash those black things. Most of the time, we just used them without globes. Feature trying to get lessons with an old coal-oil lamp and no globe. But we did it and somehow I managed to get all the way through High School - and graduated seventh in my class. Believe it or not! I thought anybody that had curls when I was in school was rich, so I had to figure out a way to get me some curls. Finally, I found a way. You could take those long pieces of tin that you unwound potted meat with and wrap them in paper, and they made good hair rollers. Believe it or not, we slept in those things. Don't ask me how we stood it, I don't know. The main thing was we had curls the next day. Beautiful, lovely unmanageable, kinky curls. At last, we were it! We ironed our clothes (what we had) with iron flat irons which we heated on top of the wood stove. Oh, how many times would we run that hot iron across one of our precious pieces of clothes and there would be a streak of smut left behind, almost impossible to get off. Did I hear someone say, "Those were the good old days"? Do you remember a party Lois gave one night and we all went down, including Daddy. He had indulged in a little too much "minerals". Lois had some cool drinks in a big old tub with some ice to keep them cold (no refrigeration). Daddy reached behind him to find a chair to sit in and he felt the edge of the tub. and thinking it was a chair, he

backed up and sat down. It was the tub of ice water and he sank to the bottom. Needless to say, he dismissed himself and went home. I don't remember if we laughed then or not as we knew what we were allowed to do and what we couldn't, but I tell you it has furnished many good laughs since then. Speaking of Lois. They once lived in a little three-room shotgun house with a curtain in between the kitchen and middle room. They would take a bath in a zinc tub in the kitchen. One evening, Mike came in with poison ivy all over him and someone told him a cure. I can't remember what the cure was but it was something to put in his bath water. On second thought, I think it was coppus. Anyway, he proceeds to put a good quantity in his bath water to try to relieve him of his terrible discomfort. When the water filled with coppus touched his sensitive skin, he jumped out of that water and went running from one side of that little kitchen to the other screaming bloody murder at the top of his lungs. I don't know how long he leaped and ran, but he had company, and it was quite hard to suppress some laughter on the other side of that curtain as the yells were heard repeatedly and he could be seen passing that curtain time and again in the suit he was born in. I think Bean Devore and Ann were there that night. I can remember some funny things in my past life. Me and Mamma went to the doctor one day. She was going for a check-up and I was her chauffeur. I had a frozen shoulder, and I remember warning her not to fall as I would be unable to catch her with that frozen shoulder. Well, we made it fine until we got back to Tioga and stopped at a Drug Store. There was a step-up there and Mamma couldn't see good, and missed the step-up and fell. Well, I did the thing I had warned her I couldn't do and reached down to catch her and pulled my frozen arm. I nearly went into orbit. Oh, how that hurt! I just fell down beside her and there we both lay. She finally wallowed around and got up and stood looking down at me. I said, "Mamma, I'll be alright in a minute. Don't worry about me." Finally, I was able to get up. As I did, I looked in the Drug Store and they were laughing. I didn't appreciate that but what could I do? Later, we were gathered at Mamma's and I was telling Bertie about it. She said, "Be quiet. I want to have some fun." So she got Mamma's attention and proceeds to tell her

tale. She said, "I have a friend that works in the bank (near the Drug Store where we fell) and she said the other day she looked out the window and there were two old drunk ladies wallowing around on the pavement in front of Pearson's Drugs. Mamma looked at her so funny and dropped her head on the table and didn't say a word. Bertie started laughing and said, "Mamma, that wasn't you, was it?" Mamma didn't say a word. After a good laugh, she let her know she was just picking at her. Speaking of Bertie! Remember the time she was sleeping on the front porch (no screens, no nothing) and had her arms back over her head, and an old cow or horse sauntered by and woke her up licking her hands. I don't know how she could sleep anyway for the mosquitoes, but somehow, we survived. We would pile up piles of cow manure just before dark and light a match to it. This was supposed to keep the mosquitoes away. Whether it did or not, nobody knows. Remember the time we made the play house under the pecan tree and were going to sleep out there that night. Before dark we made our beds and climbed in but it was a different tale when the darkness settled and the mosquitoes started swarming. One by one, we found our way through the dark and safely back to our regular bed. Mamma knew we'd be back all the time. Ha!! I wonder how even we could cope if suddenly we had to go back to the "good old days". Remember how we had to either get our water from a spring or a well. Fortunately, we had a well and would draw the water with a rope pulley and a big long well bucket. (I think we still have one). Sometimes we would muddy the well and have to wait until it cleared before we could use it. Sometimes the rope would be old and rotten and would break and go to the bottom of the well. Daddy would get an old hook and put it on a rope and fish for the bucket until he caught it and brought it safely to the top. Of course, by then, the well would be muddy again and we would have to wait a day or so until it cleared. To wash, we had two zinc tubs and a rubboard. We'd sort out our clothes and start rubbing them on that old rubboard. Incidentally, I still have one of those, too. Our dirtiest clothes were boiled in an old black pot (which I have one, too). It would take us all day to wash, hanging the clothes on a line which often broke just as we got it full. Then what

a time we'd have, rinsing every thing again. We always had lots of chickens running around in the yard plus some cats, dogs, a goat or two, pigs, cows, horses, and what have you. I remember an old goat getting in the house one day and jumped right up in the middle of the bed. Boy, did we give him a chase!! Not only did the goat get in but a few times, we found a snake in the house. With no screens, we could expect any kind of a guest. Mamma reached in a chicken nest once without looking, and her hand touched a coiled-up chicken snake. Needless to say, she didn't argue with him over who could have the egg. Speaking of the snakes, were you playing in the barn with us the day we were swinging on a sack filled with other sacks? Daddy kept to gather his produce. Anyway, hanging from the ceiling, it made a wonderful swing. We were taking turns swinging when all of a sudden one of the old rotten sacks split open and a big old snake stuck his old black head out. It liked to have scared us to death. That finished our play in the barn for a while. We had to find ways to entertain ourselves back in those days. We didn't have as much as a radio for years. But finally, Daddy managed to buy one, I think the first one in our community. Do you remember how mad it made Mamma because she didn't have chairs in the house and here he buys a radio. I remember how she went in and sat on the floor in front of the radio to get her point across about the chairs. But anyway, we enjoyed it. People would come every Saturday night to listen at the Grand Ole Opry. While Lois was playing dominoes with her boyfriend or listening to the radio, I would lie down at her feet waiting for her to go to bed with me as she was one of my bed partners (I think I had a couple more as about four of us slept in one bed. I was a bed-wetter so everybody hated to sleep with me but dear ole Lois loved me and put up with me). I remember one night people assembled at Wilder Vaughan's to watch a fight with Joe Lewis and somebody, and just as they settled down, Joe Lewis knocked him out in the first round - so that ended that little party. Daddy enjoyed sports. He had a big flat bed truck that he use to make a living with, and he used this to haul the Rigolette team to their ball games. I think they each paid him a nickle or dime for gas, if they had it, and if not, they could ride free. Daddy was a hard worker. Besides making

cross-ties for a living, he farmed his forty-eight acre farm (with Mamma and the kids' help). I remember him raising lots of watermelons and sometimes he would peddle them to get a few dimes, but most of the time, he was very generous in giving them to all the neighbors. But he hated for anyone to steal from him. Once he found a real long tennis shoe track in his field and somehow he figured out who the culprit was who stole his melons. I never found out how the daddy of the boy found out, but I remember him marching the boy to our house and making him confess it and apologize. I don't remember if he offered to pay or not but I'm sure Daddy wouldn't have taken any money. His ego was satisfied when he had to confess. Speaking of watermelons, I remember hearing Doc Roshto telling how he was once crawling through Albert Holland's watermelon patch to steal a melon. He was crawling so Mr. Albert couldn't see him. He said all of a sudden he saw a pair of shoes in his path, and looking up. He saw a man, Mr. Albert. I remember how we laughed when he dared to tell that on himself. Watermelons were the big thing back then on the fourth of July. We really celebrated with what we had to celebrate with. We usually made homemade ice cream. They didn't make Blue Bell then, nor would we have been able to afford it. So we took a big zinc tub and filled it with ice, and put several gallon buckets with tight lids on them and someone would sit or kneel by the tub and turn them around until we felt they were frozen. Boy, would our mouth water as we waited for that ice cream. After an hour or two, we would conclude it was ready, and all of us would gather around with our bowls and spoons and wait for our helping. The time that I remember the most vividly was the time that salt got in all the ice cream and it was awful and we had to feed it to the hogs. Talk about a bunch of sick little kids (as well as dear old Mamma - she loved homemade ice cream more than anything I know) Anyway, we lived to tell it, though it was one of the most disappointing times of my life. Even though we celebrated the Fourth and a few other of the more important holidays, we hardly ever celebrated birthdays much. I guess we were too poor for gifts, but sometimes Mamma would make us a cake. We hardly ever had enough sugar to use so she would substitute sorghum molasses for sugar. We called it

a syrup cake. We ate it. Whether we really enjoyed it or not, I cannot say. I don't notice any of this type at our birthday gatherings now-a-day when we meet for each of the sisters' birthday. I remember only one time receiving a gift as a child. That gift was a small saucer that Mamma had gotten out of oatmeal (remember how they use to put little glasses, saucers, and cups in oatmeal). My, my, it's a wonder they didn't break and get glass all in the oats, but I never remember finding a broke one. I still have some little dessert dishes that came out of oatmeal. No telling what they're worth. Anyway, back to my saucer. I was as proud of that as I would be a hundred dollar bill today. I kept it for years. I don't know what happened to it unless it burned up when the house burned down. Anyway, it made a little girl happy for many years.

If you have noticed, I have not made any paragraphs. I did this purposely as I tried to continue on from one subject to the other, combining them as many happy or funny memories along life's way. Being a sister of eight more sisters and two brothers, there's been lots of fun times to tell. But there comes s an end to all things. And I'm coming to the end of what I remember. I'm sure my older sisters could add much more and probably my younger brothers and sisters. Welcome to add all you want. I will enjoy reading it as I hope you do this. I did not want to close this manuscript without mentioning the dark part of our life arid that is about "Little Bill". After seven girls, Mamma had a little boy. Oh, how happy we were. I remember Daddy standing at the foot of her bed (folk didn't go to the hospital then to have babies. They were born at home with the help of a midwife.) Anyway, Daddy stood there with the biggest grin on his face arid said, "Let's just call him "Little Bill" after him, as everyone called him "Bill". Anyway, "Little Bill" it was. He was the joy of our life. I was about four or five so can't remember much but I remember Mamma making him little dresses that we called aprons, to wear. I remember when he started to walk, how we'd tell him, "Stand up, Little Bill, and show us your new dress". He would slowly get to his feet and look around at us as if to say, "SEE, I did it." Anyway, Little Bill took pneumonia and was very sick. They didn't have the proper antibiotics then or else we didn't have any money, so

he got worse and worse. One night, Uncle Albert was sitting up with him and Uncle Albert said, "Artie, he's" gone". Oh, what sadness that brought to our family. I can still remember them laying him out, I think on top of the sewing machine. But one consolation is that he's in Heaven and, if we live for God, we can go to see him someday. Mamma was sad, sad after this. I remember seeing her her cry one morning in the kitchen after he was gone. Oh, how it hurt me to see my Mamma cry. But God sent her two more little girls after this and in the end, sent two little boys. I understand they were quite a handful to her in her old age, but she surely loved them and did all she could for them. One by one, we all married and left home. Daddy passed away first and Dear ole Mom. I remember I went to see her one day not long before she died, and she was defrosting her refrigerator. I could tell she wasn't feeling well so I offered to do it for her. My back was to her as I worked but I was talking to her. All at once, she stopped talking. I turned and I could see something was wrong. I went to her and tried to talk to her but she couldn't respond. I thought, "Oh me, what can I do?" I got her under the arms and prayed for God to help me get her to bed. I don't know how I did it but with God's help, I got her to the bed. She said she came to as I was putting her on the bed. I then called Edith and I can't remember if we took her to the doctor or she got better, but anyway that was the beginning of the end. She didn't live much longer. Died in the hospital nineteen years ago last month. Bless her sweet memory.

I will bring this young book to an end. I have enjoyed writing it and hope you enjoy reading it. Danny read part of it when he was here and asked me to keep a copy for my descendants to read. This will probably be as close to a book or our past as I will ever write, so enjoy it.

Have a Happy Birthday!!

Your loving sister,

Georgia

P.S. I decided to come out in the open and sign my name since I get blamed for everything anyway. Ha!

