

have Papa to teach us gun safety, like being careful to never have your gun pointing toward a person.

One time one of our school buddies (the Baptist preacher's son) came out to go hunting with us. We had caught a rabbit in a trap, and we all decided to give him a chance at survival. We took him out in a field of dead cotton stalks and turned him loose and shot at him as he ran away. From his speed getting out of sight, I don't think he was hurt! That was all right with us - at least we got to shoot our guns.

One year Papa helped us grow a patch of popcorn to make some money (I think Kate was included in this). After we got it gathered and shucked, Papa got a barrel from somewhere and we shipped the popcorn by railroad freight to somebody in Savannah. After that we bought a used windup table model phonograph from a second-hand store in Griffin. It played records that were tubes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and about 6 or 8 inches long, with the music and voices recorded in tiny grooves on the outside of the tubes. As the records were turned a needle followed the groove to produce the sound. It was old then, and certainly a long way from what is in use now, but there was a good sized assortment of records and we got a lot of pleasure out of it.

Over a few years, with the help of the Sears Roebuck catalog, we got a violin, guitar, harmonica, and maybe a mandolin and a banjo, but we never formed an organized group. Speaking of the Sears catalog, remember that in those days there were not as many stores as now, nor as many paved roads, and not as many cars (some people, like us, didn't have a car).

Another thing was how Papa loved to seine for fish. We seldom went more than once or twice a year, I would say, and didn't catch many fish, but maybe would have a picnic near a creek or at Flat Shoals on the Flint River. Later the state passed a law against seining. I think they said too many people would leave the too-small fish to die, instead of putting them back in the water to grow. After the law was passed, I saw Papa take his pocket knife and cut his seine in two, because, as he said, he didn't want to be tempted to violate the law.

After about 6 years Papa had to give up the home place. I believe Uncle Johnny (Papa's younger brother) took it over, and later his daughter and son-in-law moved there and started Home Nurseries. (We had gone to school with them). They had worked at H. G. Hastings seed and nursery company for a few years and learned the business, and evidently became very successful in the business. They had a rather large lake made where the pasture had been (and in sight from the front of the house). They installed pumps and water pipes to irrigate the fields of nursery stock. They remodeled the house and had it covered with brick veneer. I think all the old outbuildings are gone now.

When we left the home place about 1932 it was during the great depression, which started in 1929. Lots of people didn't have much money. We never had much any time, but Papa and Mama had always operated on a pay as you go plan, so fortunately they were not in debt.

We moved from the home place to a rented farm on the high ground at Flat Shoals on the Meriweather County side of the Flint River. The house was a large old two story