

There were places in the mountains where Huckleberries (small wild blueberries) grew. It was apparently customary for people to pick them wherever they found them, without asking permission. I think we did the same, but I'm not sure.

One time we got hold of some wheels and enough other things, with Papa's cooperation, to rig up a "goat cart". We had a small calf which we all finally got hitched to the cart, using a horse collar on the calf. We got the calf started off to pull the cart, and he went right through the horse collar. Papa said "now that's enough"- so that was the end of that project.

At that time we had a solid black cow with no horns, which we called Booty. I don't know if that was a child's version of Black Beauty or not. One day Clay followed the cow into the mountains and Mama and Papa couldn't find him. I think they rounded up some neighbors to help look for him. I'd say with all the mountains, it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. I think this was in the afternoon, too. There was a good ending, though-Booty came walking back to the house with Clay still following her, and that was wonderful.

In sugar cane season we would go to the woodpile and chop the cane stalks into joint length with the axe. One day Paul was chopping and Kate reached to pick up a joint, and the axe cut the little finger of one hand, in the section next to her hand, and left it hanging by a small piece of the skin. She immediately started running to the house, with us saying "Don't tell Mama".

Papa got a neighbor who had a car to drive them to the doctor in Zebulon. The Doctor couldn't re-attach it, so he had to remove it and dress the place. Apparently Kate got used to doing without that finger, but I have always felt a sympathy for Paul about that, thinking how it must have made him feel.

About 1921 we moved to a farm about a mile or more directly east of Concord, off what is now Mitchell Road (more like 2 miles through Concord to school on the west side of town). This farm had a long straight dirt drive with pear trees along both sides, and a field of Kudzu. Papa sold pears from the trees, and (with some help from us children) dug and sold Kudzu plants to a Mr. Middlebrooks from Barnesville (in the next county). Our mail carrier was Mr. Joel Harrison, and at that time he delivered the mail in a small enclosed horse drawn carriage, but I don't remember if that was every day or only when the weather and roads were bad. I don't think there were paved roads anywhere in the county at that time, and cars could get stuck in the mud.

As usual, we were walking to school one morning when somebody on the way told us the school house had burned. We kept on walking, and somebody else told us. I don't remember if we went all the way to the school house or not, but it really had burned. It was a two story wood building. There was a big two story wood dormitory across the street where some of the teachers boarded, but it was not burned. After the fire, arrangements were made to have school in the churches and an empty parsonage while the school was being rebuilt. The new building was one story brick, and served for all eleven grades until all the county schools were consolidated in