

different places and work. Theirs was a simple, enjoyable, and adventurous life. These river folk included timbermen, traders, musicians, etc. The river people have long since been gone.

He can remember when there were no bugs or diseases to infect crops and trees. The first to come he recalls was the potato bug, and then later the boll weevil and the chinchbug. Now he says just about everything being grown has to be treated and sprayed. In this day three different kinds of bugs eat on the soybeans, and cotton crops have to be sprayed at least twelve times during its growing season. That was not enough, then came the government to tell the poor farmers what and how much to plant, and how much he would get paid.

Despite some unfavorable conditions in its time, McLain community has enjoyed a good amount of peace and happiness. The rougher elements of society have never bothered this area, but confining their range and activities to the east in the Cookson Hills, and to the south in the Younger Bend and Briartown country. About the most serious thing to come to McLain country was the chicken stealing that existed at one time.

Long ago in this part of the country fur trapping was a good business. The river bottoms had beaver, mink, coons, muskrat and 'possum, while the prairie lands had wolf, coyote, skunk, civit, and badger. In his younger days he has skinned out and stretched many a hide. The art of this activity is now nearly lost, and few would be the young fellows to-day that could skin, board, and flesh a Furbearer. But nowadays there is no market for these hides, and it would seem that their end is evidenced by the slaughter on the highways by cars. Gone also are the days of the country boy with his steel traps and tree dogs.

These few recollections and revelations bespeak a part of one man's life as he has known and seen it, in his homeland - McLain Community.