

Well, he used to barber here for a while. But anyway them boys, them Riddle boys, Lewis, they'd come down for the weekend, you know. And they'd get to picking at I and Bill you know. And they'd throw corn cobs at us and everything. Well, we got up in the barn lot where they couldn't--there was five of them see. (Laughter) Well, course Arthur he wasn't very big. But them other four, they sure poured it on I and Bill, you know. And boy, you pick up them old wet cobs, you know, dry. Boy, I mean they'd hurt! Well, we finally got up to the loft, you know, where they couldn't have such a good shot at us. And I guess, Bill he was trying to throw at them, too. But anyway one of them hit Bill, you know. And Bill, he got mad and he run. And the old lady you know, she was standing in the door watching all of it. Wasn't saying a word. Bill got mad and he run over and grabbed a pitch fork and he come to that window up in the loft, come to that window and boy he held that pitchfork back. The old lady hollowered then, you know, hollowered. Told Bill not to throw that pitchfork. And so, course Bill he didn't. But oh, man, they give us a time. I mean they'd sure get after us. And there was their half brother there too, John House, you know. I don't know whether you ever met John House or not. But anyway he was there. And of course he was there all the time. And he was about my age. And he would side in with them boys you know when they come. Side in with his brothers. But when they went back Sunday evening, late for the boarding school. I'd get him, boy. (Laughter) There was an old log house there you know, it was distarded and everything. And it was ground floor. It had been there a long time and there was a hole. I dug out under the bottom log about like that you know. You could, that's the only way we could get in there. Just get down and crawl under. Well, we'd have stick horses in there you know. And John he fooled around there and he broke my best stick horse, you know. Oh, man and then I got mad. We was only about seven years old a piece. Each of us was about seven years old. And I flew into him and you know I whipped him. He runned, fell down on his belly and (Laughter). I've thought about that and laughed a long time. We was talking about that John and sitting there. (Yeah. Is he still living?)