

(Well)

There used to be a little old log barn. My father rented a place out to an old man. And raised tobacco. Raised his tobacco. And had a little old log barn. And lived in a little old log house with a side room. Him and his wife. And he had a step son. And so he was right between our old home and the old school. So we'd go down there, me and another boy, and watch while the other climbed up in the loft and steal a hang of that tobacco. (not clear)

(Five Killer)

Yes sir. And he'd steal this hang of tobacco. And he'd take it down in the hollow, and haul stuff down there. He kept his tobacco hid in there. And each after noon he'd go down there and get him some tobacco, he chewed tobacco. And they never did catch up with him. So one time these other boys and I, we just decided we'd go steal his tobacco. Well we went up there. Got us a leaf of his tobacco. And went down the hollow, down there where there used to be a big hole of water-- Just an old branch. And we was down there. Crumbled it up and put it in our mouths. And lord you talk about being sick. We got sick. And I never did want no more tobacco. (laughter) And the oldest one he's chewing tobacco right today. He's back in New Jersay.

(And that was 1918?)

Yes sir. 1918. And an old boy and I was sitting, well, we was riding on a merry-go-round, acting the fool. And there was a couple of girls sitting outside there. And they'd wave at us everytime we come around. So I just decided--his name was Morgan and he was from Washington. State of Washington. He said, "I back you out jumping off of these things and going out and talking to those girls." I said, "You can't do it." Next time the swing come around, we just jumped off. Didn't swing the swing. We just went broad side. Busted our bottoms. And we got up from there. These girls grabbed us and pulled us up. "You hurt boys! You hurt