

sneaky lot, whatever evil they committed was open, and for whatever it is worth it is a far cry from what we have today and all levels of politics, business and society.

George speaks about the schools he attended in his young days. Near his home in the Mt. Zion District, he attended Crittended School, Eureka School, and Mt. Zion School. After finishing the 8th grade he never went on to higher education. With this meager education, George was a good farmer, but quit the farm to work in the oil fields. He retired as District Superintendent after working over 30 years with one of the major oil companies. Upon retirement George returned to the land of his birth and now happily enjoys his autumn years at his home in the rugged Cookson Hills.

Mr. Young speaks his mind on conditions in the world today regarding the political mess at the National level, the Pueblo affair, how politics works against a deserving mail carrier applicant, the attitude of some people who trespass, and other timely matters.

In this backwoods country the beautiful hills, clear spring-fed streams, the unmatched solitude and a bigness that dwarfs human smallness, all unite to hide much of the ways of man whether in the sunshine or in the nocturnal blackness. George tells of some of the characters that wander around at night, others that adjust the laws of the land to suit their needs, and of the traffic in that evil and vile product of the moonshiners still.

George talks about his fathers early days. His father, Bill Young was born near Fayetteville, Arkansas and had three brothers and two sisters. The parents died when the children were all young. The oldest was a brother about 20 years old. The family was left with only a wagon and a pair of mules to make a living. They worked at anything that would help keep them going, making fence posts, hacking ties, picking fruit, and other small jobs around their home. Then all of them went down on Red River and picked cotton all winter