

school.

(Un-hum.)

And every day they would turn the page over.

(Well, it saved a lot of books.)

Yeah. (Laughter) I would sit and look at that old chart in them days. Boy, and you had to know it too before they would turn that leaf over. But it was painted up. Boy, them pictures was painted. It was pretty to look at. (static--sentence not clear) Name was Ethel Burkhardt. And there was some guy there. He was, I guess, 21 years going to school. She told him to do something there one day. It was right on the school ground one day at noon. And he said, "I am not going to do that." And she said, "You are too." And he said, "No, I'm not." And she had a paddle, oh, a big old long paddle about like that. And she gave that old boy a whipping right there.

(Well.)

And he took it too.

(Well, those old-many women that were teachers in those early days, boy, I take my hat off to them.) (Laughter) (They weren't even afraid of the Devil himself, were they?)

No, man, she wasn't, she wasn't. I never will forget that old gal.

(Yeah, I remember lots of them.)

There was an old George (last name not clear). He come up before her and you just have to know it, that's all.

(Well, that's what she was put there for, to try teach them if she could.

She was doing the best she could.)

I'll tell you what. Them teachers had the backing of the parents too.

(That's what counts too, yes, sir.)

My dad told me, "Son, you get a whipping there, you'll get another one when