

I said, I was never going to get married again. I wasn't going to get no other man. I been married just one time. I often think that my man is living yet. But he was lot older than I was. He was way older than I was, maybe about ten or twelve years older.

(How old were you then when you married him?)

I was eighteen. My uncle just put up a tent call it and I didn't know what was going on. And I was eighteen and we were playing in it. I used to play around in it. Make little tipis, play cook. That day my playing stopped that day. And, I don't know--I wasn't satisfied--I used to cry. I used to cry and try to get away, but I finally got acquainted with him. He was a real good man. I never--I'm not ashamed to say that--I had a good man. He was good. And, you know, he was older than I am. And before he goes, he says, "Myrtle, if anybody get after you or say this and that, you don't say nothing. Just let it go away." He used to tell me. You know, these people were bad about telling one another tales, you know. These women--they used to cause trouble for one another. And he didn't want me to be like that. And we got along. And he hit me one time--just one time as long as we were married. I lost my boy. There was a carnival over here at Canton. And one of my cousins, I guess, went and put these two boys on the merry-go-round. Bought them a dollar apiece ticket. And they went to sleep there. I didn't know where they were at and went all over that creek west of there. And, boy, he hit me. "You got to find them boys." And after my cousin heard that he hit me, he come over there and told him, "They're on the merry-go-round." So we went over there and they were both asleep. And he caused me to get hit. And then he said, "Oh, Myrtle, I'm sorry. I really feel sorry for you. I'll never hit you again." That's what he told me and he never did hit me.