

named Ditch, Ditch Bennett. He's older than I was. And you had to score them old logs, notch 'um down, saddle 'um, cut a notch. Saddle 'um on down. You couldn't tear one of 'em up. And I \_\_\_\_\_ (unintelligible) cut 'um in the knee here. Course they didn't know what to do. By gollies that boy like to never got well. Then finally, I think, he got out with a stiff leg. Than after he got grown, he went and had it took off and got him a false leg. Oh, we had quite a time here. Go to school we all liked to fight. I'd go home every evening with half of my clothes tore off of me...from fightin', you know. And I was always into everything I could get in. And things I couldn't get in I'd get in anyhow. And the bigger boys and I got smaller boys up to fight. And that's all they knowed. We didn't have any ball to play ball with. Finally some old woman made a yarn ball and put a cover on it and we played town ball, stink base, black-man...I can't think of any other. But we was jest as happy as we could be because we didn't know nothing else. And I remember one time my school teacher, an old gal, no it was an old boy \_\_\_\_\_ (unintelligible) was lousy. And the school teachers stay a month at one place with a family. Then go to the next neighbors and stay a month there. They'd board him and on around, all over the community.

Mrs.: Your school teachers them days didn't get but 'bout \$20, \$15, \$20 a month.

Mr.: Yeah, 'bout \$18, \$12 and \$15 and \$18 a month. Somewhere along there. But anyhow, them old boys jest as mean as they could be. My wife knows 'um. And one of them got a louse, dropped it on the school teachers head. First thing that teacher knowed, he's jest as lousy as the rest of us. We's all in the same boat. I don't know how he got shed of 'um. He's jest as lousy as he could be. And they always kept lice. That was that old Plumley bunch. And every time, I'd get with 'um by God, I'd get lousy. My step-mother, she'd have to get 'um off. My daddy 'ud clip my hair off as short as he could. Didn't have sense enough to take a little coal-oil and rub over my head or something like that and get the \_\_\_\_\_ out of it. They'd cut 'um off. Got every \_\_\_\_\_ (unintelligible) thing. You could take two lice and put 'um on a newspaper, jest fight like a bulldog. Did you ever see it?

Mrs.: I doubt what you ever seen those head lice. You can tear the head lice off of one kid's head and one off the other and put 'um on a newspaper and they jest fight