

schools where they were raised at. And so, at the end of my term, I mean at the end of one year when we closed the school, went back to his home, the preacher did. Fine man too.* His name is J. James. And so, I was 9 years old then, very near 10. In my childhood, my childhood memory, mind, I decided that that was, unless we get education, or do something besides what we was doing, we never would amount to anything.

LIVING CONDITIONS AND HARDSHIPS IN EARLY DAYS

We were poor, just as poor as you can make it. But we had lots of land, we could go anywhere to get the land, and we could turn our stock out, would have to because there's no fence, no pasture, and raised cattle. But it was so remote that people couldn't come in from--I believe they used to say they would come from Arkansas, I don't know, might have been Iowa people, I don't know--they'd come in and drive them off, sell them, and we'd get nothin' for 'em. And one thing my daddy could do, he was uneducated--he had about 160, about 100 acres of bottom land on Mountain Fork, fine land too. He cultivate part of it, and part of it, course, he rent it to the renters who might want to rent part of to work--raise cotton and corn. That's all. That's all they had. We had lot of hogs, few cattle, not many, pony or two, that's about all we had. We depend on the cotton for money...and we never, as I remember back there, I don't know, might have been Grover Cleveland at the time, I think, was elected President, cotton was five cents a pound, a bale, you know. And that's 500 oound bale, five cents a pound. Five dollars. And we had to haul it to Clarksville, Texas, 40 miles, no roads, no bridges--get to Red River, of course, we'd get on a boat, paid for it, crossin', 25¢ a trip. We'd haul our cotton. We didn't have any trucks, just ordinary lightweight wagon, I call them. The frame is so narrow, and he put it out there on those unworked wagon road, and they just bog down with a bale of cotton--500 pounds. We'd have to unload it and