

WPA Alabama Writers Project
Short Stories/Sketches by:
R. D. Lucky, Tuscaloosa Co

Tuscaloosa, Ala.,

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"THE LATTER LIFE OF LUCKY"

R. D. L.

~~"The poor wife's voice was no louder than a whisper."~~

Just because Aunt Lucy had moved the bed over next to the porch window; just because she had put the old magazines up in the attic, and just because Aunt Lucy was trying to be helpful; A tongue began its torture;

"She ought've knowed I weren't thru readin' that story; that'n telling all about where a man got rich melting up tin cans- and I didn't want my bed moved neither. Wish to goodness she'd leave things be around here".
And far into the night

"I can't find that book nowhere. It wus one o' them books I been ~~was saving up since 1929~~ saving up since 1929"

Aunt Lucy had not been able to find any outside job and having no home of her own, was temporarily staying with her neice.

Jim Hader was one of those fellows who knew just how to break a womans spirit. He seemed never to realize that he was as mean as a snake and apparently would never have admitted his base awkward selfishness.

"I been saying all the time, - we ain't got no business having kin folks around; and thats what anybody'd tell yuh. Jist don't pay to be puttin' up kin folks"

"She ain't none of my Aunt and I wouldn't hurt ~~more~~ ^yore feelings, Honey, but you know yoreself, ever time I come home, theys done been somp'n moved around or somp'n else. A workin' man jist don't want'a be messed up like that ever time he comes home"

"The poor wife's voice was no louder than a whisper. Aunt Lucy had been lying awake, listening in the next room but she couldn't mske out what her neice was saying.

"Well, yuh can't tell me nothing like that. She c'n work, can't she? Theys a lot of folks'd pay her two or three dollars a month jist for watchin' out for they kids and board on top o that-- and we ain't got no kids yet"

"You talk like I ain't got a dab o' sense. It'd be differnt if she paid any board. House work - whatcha talking about. I shore hope you don't call that work.

It was apparent that Jim's wife was crying as he continued. "Aw, go on to sleep then; I ain't arguin - there yuh go, get all worked up tellin me about me always wantin' to argue and here we ain't been married more'n eight months. Okay, okay - but I'm telling you this much, I'm gonna move this bed back around like it was"

Aunt Lucy had felt it all along too. She just knew, somehow, she didn't fit in. Things never work out right but she had tried to do the best she ~~was~~ could.

The above little story and the one which follows and others more or less on the darker side caused the Author to attempt to do something that will probably interest the reader to some extent at least.

For many weeks I had noticed a lady pass my furniture shop on her ~~way~~ way to the sewing room each morning. Her two small boys, aged 10 and 8, walked along beside her as far as the school house.

One morning she stopped and asked me if I could help her get her larger boy to the hospital. I had noticed too that he had not been with her the last few mornings.

"He's got appendicitis, I believe, but the Doctor don't seem to think that's it" she told me.

I decided to go down to her house and see what I might do about the matter. I found the woman's home to be an old tobacco barn, made over into a sort of ~~dwelling~~ dwelling

would say, "Ah, they ain't much wrong with her; shes jist nervous-like and can't be satisfied with nothing nohow"

There were then some wonderful hospitals in the larger communities but none for my Mother. It wasn't thought of and how could it have been arranged for her to be admitted to one of them anyway. We were much too poor of course.

~~My mother's condition~~ Before I go back to the cotton patch incident I want to mention the fact that our diet was one long and unvarying siege of "fat back" - old salty hog meat, left over buscuits, split open, sprinkled with sugar and toasted in the stove. A fine fare. I certainly believe that such a messy diet as we had during those years, brought on the ^{stubborn} case of pallegra that my father developed a little later, after my mothers death.

Now lets get back to the cotton patch where I happened to be scrapping cotton. Or rather lets begin at the house where I had gone to ask my mother if she would try to come and watch me work.

"Well son, " she said very bravely, "I'm afraid I just can't walk down that far". I suppose she thought her 10 year old son might understand her condition but I did not.

"Aw, Gee-" I kept on begging her, "Come on Mamma, I'll help you down the steps and I'll run back and get a chair so you can just sit there and watch me pick cotton"

It was in the cool of the afternoon. The sun had just about gone down behind the trees and crazy kid that I was, I thought it would be nice for her to come with me.

I got the shock of my young life right there. My mother did so much appreciate a little petting. She listened to my love-making overtures; "Come on Mamma" - She finally consented to go with me. Said I, "Here now, I'll help you down the steps and when we get to the cotton patch, I'll run back and get the chair"

It was all beyond her strength. By the time we reached the cotton patch, no more than a hundred yards, she had become exhausted; bent double; Sheer weakness had brought her to the ground.

In my bewilderment, I thought of the chair. I reasoned, Now if I can get her up in the chair and sort of drag her back to the house, but I couldn't lift her up well enough for that.

Fortunately some good man (I've forgotten ~~his name~~ who he was) came along right then and he helped me get her back home. That is the story briefly told. My Mother never got well.

~~It was a very sad experience for me and I have never forgotten it.~~
I believe such experiences affect some of us more than it does others and somehow, within the past few years, It has occurred to me that a ~~Mothers Rest Camp movement~~ movement ought to be started in this country to establish Rest Camps or Vacation Camps for Mothers.

This idea ~~has~~ remained with me so constantly that I finally began the writing of a book carrying a very pretty romantic story built up around a young lady, ~~and~~ a Doctor and his wife and a young man whose lives become devoted to the development of the original Mothers Rest Camp of Alabama.

R. D. L.

Tuscaloosa, Ala.,
October 17, 1938.
R. D. L.

Jim Holback

Dangerous Democrat.

The thing that seemed to worry Jim Holback most right now was his fifth grade education.

"I wish you'd of happened along by here yesterday", he said regretfully.

"My boy just went off again ^{night} last to see about getting ^{back} on the WPA work. He's the one that changed my mind ^{about} these things you want me to talk about and that boy could of explained things more than I can."

I watched the old gentleman as he ran his fingers along on the two by four which extended across the small front porch just about one foot above his head.

"Got several of these 25 ¢ pipes" - he chuckled. "Even then I get hard pushed when I get 'em scattered around all over the place. I'M jist liable to put one down at the hog pen as anywhere else and and walk right off and leave it. Generally run across my stray pipes though without much trouble"

"A whiff of strong, mellow-sweet smoke struck me full in the face as Jim Holback settled down in the old straight ~~xxxxxxxx~~ chair with its fuzzy cow hide seat cover. He leaned back and propped his foot against the porch post.

"It wouldn't suit everybody", he explained - handing over a small can filled with brownish, crumbly home grown tobacco.

"Smells good" I ventured and before I had time to ask about the factory-like fragrance, he continued.

"It took me forty years to make up my mind about smoking -

Never did suck any smoke down my throat but I always said nobody ~~ought~~ oughten to smoke until about a year ago, I jist decided I'm going to enjoy my pipe as long as I can"

"But what about that good flavor-odor" , I broke in.

"Well, I'll tell you the facts - my boy says it ain't right for me to raise my own tobacco and fix it up like that and I reckon he's right in ~~the~~ a way. If all of us cotton farmers raised our own tobacco I guess it would throw a lot of men out of work in the regular factories - anyway, its more trouble than its worth"

"I rolled a cigarette and tasted the mild cigar like-flavor, still waiting to find out how he ^{fixed} fixed his home-made smoking tobacco.

"Thats deer tongue what gives it the right smell", he finally told me - "You can go up around the sub-marginal project and find deer tongue a growing all over them hills up there"

"My old lady heats the tobacco leaves in the stove, crumbles it up right fine then sprinkles a little ribbon cane sugar over it and it suits me better'n any of that bought stuff you fellers smoke around town"

"I had to admit he really had something there but I was anxious to find out some other things.

"And I've got something here" - I said before ~~he~~ he had a chance to tell me any more about the home spun tobacco business.

I offered to read the list of questions which I had jotted down on a slip of paper.

"Spect you better do that" - he agreed willingly "Getting sorter late and my eyes ain't good as they used to be"

"Reckon I have to like it" , he went on chuckling again when I asked "Do you still like farm life, after all these years?"

"Don't know nothing else to like much except I been gettin' more interested in politics the last year or two than I ever been"

"Reckon I jist might as well go back and begin right where I was before I started", he smiled good naturedly while I couldn't keep from laughing at his mildly humorous ~~words~~, friendly way of saying things.

~~That's been quite a spell back. I reckon its been nigh on 32 years since my first wife died and then I moved back here with one small child~~

"That'll be fine", said I, feeling that he really had something to say, I added encouragingly - "Suppose you go ahead and tell me some of your experiences in your own words"

"Well, I was born down here a piece from Tuscaloosa - Been living here all my sixty one winters, not counting off about three years when us and several other families got the Texas fever"

"Thats been quite a spell back. I reckon its been nigh on 32 years since my first wife died and then I moved back here with one small child"

"Didn't have a dime", he said with emphasis, "but I was one of them stubbord ignoramous ~~critters~~ critters. I could handle a four pound axe and I knew it and after my first wife died --"

Mrs. Holback came out the front with the small tub which she used for her kitchen water bucket.

"Here", I suggested - suddenly thinking I might divert the Holback history into some less gruesome detail - "Let me draw the water for you"

Her husband moved slowly to his feet - "I'll take the tub Emma, wanta show him my pigs before it gits too dark I'll ^{git} in the water in A few minutes"

We walked toward the front gate leaving the tub sitting on the well boxing as we passed.

"Emmas my fourth wife", he began "but I'll tell you right now- my low down hard headed cussedness made it hard on me and my folks too"

"When I moved back here from Texas, I lit in to clearing up land for different land owners at three dollars per acre. I worked. I'll be snatched if I see now how I did what I did. Didn't have no plow mule but I got old man Silverhorn to rent me one of his plugs. He let me work out the rent so I cleared him five acres of new ground. Next thing I had to look out for some land so I could farm the coming year. Well, I just tell you the truth - anybody'd work as hard as I did that winter had ~~not~~ oughter have the fatal snot ~~not~~ beat out of 'em. Yes sir, I cleared by myself - I mean with my axe and piled the brush - twenty seven acres of new ground that winter"

"I boarded with my brother and his folks all that winter and then about time spring set in , I done decided I better try to git married agin. I never did court none, you might say. Honest to God , I reckon I never did say a kind word to any of my wives except I try to treat Emma a little better now since I sorter learned a little sense besides working"

"My second wife died in two years and left me with another child and that made one boy by my first wife and one little gal by my second wife. I argued and growled about nearly everything - jist looks like I couldn't help it and it might do somebody some good to just put that down on your papers jist like I'm telling it right here."

"My third wife had six gals. She worked and worried herself plumb to death. She shore was a good woman and ^Iought of been a whole lot easier on her but its donê too late to talk about that now. When the last baby was born the Doctor ~~said~~ told me it had done been dead at least a couple of days and natchally my wife didn't live over that.

"The oldest gal had done got up big enough to keep house and cook and the other six cut wood, hoed and helped me farm just the same like they were boys. Oh yes - my boy - well, I just tell you, he run away and I never did know where he went for a long time."

"6"

"You all can come on to supper", Mrs. Holback called from the well, after, no doubt, deciding that we men couldn't be depended upon for her bucket of water.

Although anxious to know the full details of the life of an unusual sort of fellow, I felt that I'd rather hear more about politics and less about Holback history. On second thought, I made up my mind to listen to whatever he wanted to say.

The old fashioned long table, the bench fully as long, and sitting next the wall bore evidence of being well used.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather just sit here on this bench" I suggested. Right at the moment I had the notion to say, "This must be the seat of the silent six" but I didn't have to ask about the six girls.

"Since my gals have all left home, we ain't had much use for that old bench"

Jim Holback spoke dryly, unemotional, as he passed the large bowl of tender greens, cooked with what was left of a hickory smoked ham.

"I reckon if you took them one by one, they'd tell you plenty to put in your writings about how hard I was on 'em when they was growing ~~up~~ up"

"I just wonder who that is now" Mrs Holback turned her ~~head~~ chair and got up. The two dogs rushed out from under the house. The howling bark of the older dog turned to a whiny welcoming sound just outside the front gate.

"It ain't no 'possum, I don't feckon; jist keep your seats, I'll go see" Mr. Holback volunteered flatly. "Gittin' to where its sorter like town roads out here with all them rolling stores and school buses; keeps the dust a flyin' "

"Its Horace " the kind old lady heard the familiar voice

as she said to me, "I guess he couldn't get back on the WPA work"

A tall, red faced man of something near 30 years came in followed by his father⁴

"Now hes the one can tell you about Dictators and Democrats"
Mr. Holback spoke slowly as the younger man shook my hand cordially.

Finishing supper we sat on the front porch while Horace Holback told me of his hobo visits to old Mexico - work in the orange groves and finally his stevedore experiences on the San Francisco water front.

"Iwent to night school out there and being interested in "Whats the matter with every thing " I put in most ~~of~~ of my time on political ~~science~~ science and economics "he began seriously and apparently sure of himself .

"I believe we should have older ~~peoples~~ peoples schools² in every rural community - ~~That is~~ - That is;- special evening classes where the older folks might go and mingle with each other ^{and see what a} problem it really is to get things worked out for the good of all the people³

"I've fully decided", he continued thoughtfully, "We don't need one man to get started on a band wagon basis; whip up a fuss all over the country and get people to thinking too much can be done all at once"

"Sure - we need to get along better - every small farmer in this country does - they've just about lived on hope and hard work every since I can remember"

"Money is just about the root of all our troubles all right but it certainly isn't the whole cause of our hard times"

"The older generations just like my father here were never permitted to really know anything about economics, you might say. They planted their cotton and just hoped they might get a fair price.

"8"

No control, no cooperation- No security. individual family. Its

"It'll take up too much of your time", he warned me, "if I try to explain everything the way I see it, so I'll just not try to do so"

"Go ahead and say what you please", I answered - "I'm comfortable and certainly feel at home with you folks"

"Well, since we have made a start toward better methods, crop cooperation, control etc., I think we should continue that way. Of course, I believe it should be improved quickly, because no farmer can possibly have anything like the decent necessities while his products are priced out of line and unbalanced with our national economy.

Mr. Holback had said nothing, suddenly he got up and put his pipe on the two by four from which it had been taken before supper.

"Well, you boys can go to bed when you get ready, I'm gonna lay down"

Turning toward me, he said in his usual unemotional manner, "I'll just leave the farmers fate in you younger folks hands- Make yourself at home"

The old mans son moved his chair closer. Tempering his voice, he began , "Now you take Pa for example - He never has believed in Automobiles. He used to say "them dang things is whats ruint the country" - he laughed a little and then kept talking "Thats the way of a lot of other people living out this way.

"Pa never would buy anything unless he had the cash in sight and you can see for yourself, he hasn't anything here but a few acres of worn out hilly land. ~~zzzzzzzz~~ You can easily see how progressive he has been. This old house for instance; when our other house burned, he built this lean-to out of some old second hand lumber that you nor I would have. He simply never realized that progress ~~mm~~

"9"

means more than a pitiful existence of the individual family. Its got to be national and in fact, its got to be more or less world wide"

"Now, don't you think", he almost asked me point blank -"They are the dangerous democrats?" . I mean, these fellows who work and skuffle all their lives ~~in~~, trying to manage things on the old early American pioneer plan. Their education and outlook is such that they see things almost wholly from a selfish individual point of view. After they suffer and talk among themselves for a while, they decide its all wrong but they don't exactly know why!"

"Some high powered misleader works his way in , takes the floor, and begins pumping the younger folks with the idea that something a whole lot better is right around the corner. These poor fellows fall in line and while the long winded misleader froths at the mouth, a new movement is born!"

"New movements are all right ~~and~~ and its a good idea to keep on kicking for improvements but the democratic party can be improved on and on and far as thats concerned any party would have to be improved all along to be successful so I say "Why not wtick to the old Democratic idea and keep on improving it"

"Sounds sound" , ~~the young man said~~ , I agreed, "and thats just the way I look at it ~~and thats just the way I look at it~~ myself"

"How about his religion?" , I asked. "Would it be a good idea to say anything about ~~his~~ that?"

~~the young man said~~ , Horace Holback smiled a little. "I suppose it would be all right. Hes been going to church all his life, gets a big kick out of trying to sing the do, ray, mes, in the old christian harmony. I know one thing for sure, his every day religion has improved since I was a kid. Its just like the Democratic idea, it

seems to me that ones religion should be constantly improved."

"You know what," the young man looked at me in the light from the kerosene lamp sitting inside the room that ^{had} been assigned to me for the night. "If you were to get a history of this family, boy, you'd have to come out here and spend a week" and with a hopeful ring in his voice, he added, "Why not do that some time this fall; we can hunt some and eat sweet potatoes till you break down with a good spell of indigestion"

"That reminds me of what Aunt Jenny used to say", he added with a boy like chuckle "She used to say ~~that~~ ^{the} best way in the world to kill a sweet gum tree; and you know how they will sprout every time you cut 'em down; well, she said the way to kill a sweet gum, you have to bore a big ~~hole~~ hole about half way through, pour it full of old sorghum molasses and then stuff the hole full of soft sweet potatoes; stop it up and it would sure die with indigestion"

"Pretty good" - I agreed heartily "but I like 'em and certainly it would be a pleasure to spend a week with you some time later"

Leaving early the following morning, I felt convinced that if all the small farm owners could have the spiritual outlook of Horace Holback, there would certainly be no need to worry over what might come in the future. At the same time, I wondered ^{what} ~~about~~ the six "gals" and their tenant farmer husbands might think about the conditions under which they live. I resolved to make the trip back into the country sooner or later.

mmmm

R. D. Lucky

Moundville, Ala.,
Nov. 15, 1938.
R. D. L.

Mrs. Lucy Craver sat down in the front bed room of her rented home, located only a few steps off the Old Mill Road, one mile east of Moundville. She bent over and turned the opposite side of the four gallon churn toward the small fire.

"At least we've got one thing less to worry about since yesterday" - she began with little indication of enthusiasm. "It'll save us the trouble of looking around and trying to find another farm to move on. He wouldn't agree to fix the wiring in the house so we could have electric lights but the landlord told my husband this morning that we could stay on here for the same rent we paid last year"

This lady of 35 seemed to have an inexhaustible reserve of patience and while her small stature gave no clue to her physical poweress, she must certainly have been strong.

"My Mother died when I was 9 years old", she continued casually and undisturbed. "There were four sisters of us; two older than me and one younger, then too, I had one brother and he was older than the rest of us kids - that was when we lived up yonder a few miles this side of Bessemer".

"Our brother didn't stay at home so all four of us girls had to do the work mostly inside the house and outside both"

"I see a lot of things come up now days that puts me in mind of my Father. Hes dead now but he didn't die till about two years ago but I'm gettin' ahead of what I was going to say. He

Married again several years before he died, that was after us girls got to marrying off."

"Pa was what you call a trapper and fisherman and there ain't many people that do that now in this part of the country. He trapped and fished nearly every since I could remember. He stayed away sometimes two or three nights before he would come in and during the winter, he would make pretty good money"

"We farmed some too but Pa took up more of his time fishing and trapping than nearly any other way. It does look like we would have got along better and I reckon we would if Pa had let Licker alone"

"He got pretty good money for such as Mink hides and Coons and then for several days to come, he'd blow in what money he had, mostly on whiskey and whatever he took a notion to. He generally would wind up drunk and mean to where nobody couldn't ~~xxxx~~ hardly stay around him."

"I seen him ^{one night} ~~xxx~~/come in from the river and that ain't the the first and the last time he done such a thing. On top of it all, it wasn't our fault because us kids didn't hardly have anything left in the house to cook - but Pa started in to saying, "I'm hungry as a bear cat" and kept on getting madder and madder because we didn't have but mighty little left over from supper"

"Pa's name was Lim Haverty; he was a big man and rough looking and so us kids had a right to live in mortal fear the way he acted. That night he grabbed up the gravey bowl that had used to belong to my mother before she died and threw it against the stove. Then he made us all get out of bed, light the fire, hunt up some eggs out

in the crib and scrap around till we got him some more supper fixed. The trouble was we never did even know when he would come in a night but we always had to have more cooked than he would eat before he would be satisfied and then he would raise a row no matter how it was."

"Now such things as that is what all I thought I was going to get rid of when I got married. I was 17 years old when I did get married and just like any other girl that you might know of. At first my husband didn't drink hardly any at all so then I said to myself, 'I know I can turn him against whiskey' but I see I couldn't do it so now I just go ahead and do the best I can!"

"We have farmed nearly every since we have been married and for the last two years we have been what they call "bull farmers!" My husband laughs about ^{it} when anybody mentions 'bull farming' and just says 'well, it takes a good man to get onto it and it takes a better man to get off' - For myself, I don't think it shows anybodys good sense to speak about people being 'bull farmers' when they are just being given a little helping hand by the Government.

"We've got five children. The oldest one is a boy and hes in the C.C.C. out in California. I don't think its hardly fair on him but hes been in the camp going on two years and like I tell him when I write him (I send his letters by airplane) I try to make him realize how much we appreciate his check every month as I don't know what we would do if it wasn't for that"

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "My husband Luverne, thats my husbands name, hes good in a way and it used to be that he'd work along all right during the crop time and hardly ever got into any kind of messes.

It just seems like he would get plumb disgusted when settling up time came around. We would make a little money clear may be like this year and then next year we would not make enough to come out and pay up our debts. Its been that way off and on with most of the small farmers that I know of and specially you can't pay up if theres any doctor bills like we had. It seems like when my husband would be in heart to go ahead and thinking now sure he would have enough extra after the crop was gathered to buy something nice such as new furniture or a new suit, it would make him disgusted when he couldn't do so"

"Then if he couldn't find any public work, such as painting or working at the saw mill, he would start in to hanging around the stores and it got to where he would drink any time anybody would offer him some whiskey"

"Every year it got to where I had to be the manager more and more because Luverne didn't have much care about trying to do anything except by spells. He got so he'd have a worse temper and get mad and throw things around whenever he was drinking. I had a lots to put up with that nobody don't know about, yet and still, the children were coming on and getting in school. I had to work harder and harder and I'll just tell you the dying truth, I don't hardly know how it all happened. It came on this way so slow and gradual until I couldn't to save my life, tell just when the store men begin to look up to me as the boss of everything here at home. They wouldn't even let my husband have any credit at all. I even had to buy his snuff and I couldn't have done it if we hadn't of got started to truck farming on the side"

"Why sure, my husband would work sometimes, a month or two and not drink any and that kept me in heart to thinking he'd finally stop drinking whiskey"

"The people around the little town here have been good about buying nearly anything I had to peddle such as turnip greens, peas, beans, tomatoes, okra, corn and so on"

"Some of my husbands own people have hinted at me like I ought to just quit ~~my husband~~ and get a divorce but I just go ahead and don't pay much attention to them except I try to pass it off as friendly as I can to not hurt their feelings. I think about my children and when you think about it hard enough, I can't see how it would help anybody for me to quit my husband"

"Now theres my daughter - I know we have got her up to the 7th grade. She is pretty and everybody seems to like her. I sell butter and milk, all that we can spare - and scrape around every way to keep her sorter up even with other girls her age - so all these things make my work pretty hard and steady but I still say, I already know what its like to keep on like we are but if I was to fly off the handle and get a divorce, we might be worse off than we are now"

"My husband don't believe in going to church but he is good hearted. He thinks most of the church people are against him and you couldn't make him look at it any different to save your life. The way he tries to tell me about the biggest church people; he says now, that Mr. Freedmore has took mortgages on peoples houses crops and everything and even when the Lord fails to send the rain and make good crops- why foot, he says - it don't make Mr. Freedmore feel bad to take everything you got just so he keeps on getting a little richer every year. The way I look at it myself, I know there are a lots of them kind of people and I know its true in a way. They don't really feel very sad over anybodys condition except their own but you can't say anything to them about it. It makes my huseband

mad because some of them blame him then he turns around and blames the others, that never do seem like they work any much but they hand out a little money when the crops is started and then get back more than they ought to when the crops is ~~finished~~ finished, but as I tell my husband, its been like that for hundreds of years and there ain't much that we can do except to do the right thing as near as we can"

"I send my daughter and my youngest son to church every Sunday and I go as often as I can. I want them to be in the habit of going to church because I think it does anybody good if they will go"

"Education in my way of thinking is just one long hard row of stumps for the poor people but yet and still, I believe we need education. I didn't get to go but to the fourth grade so I want my children to be educated"

"Now you take this year; I ~~had~~ had to get out and beg, borry and ~~trade~~ trade off some of my frying size chickens to get books. Then first thing I knew, I had to skimp around and get up incidental fees. I sure feel like education is worth the price but it comes pretty high for the parents. Theres the football business. If the school principals knew how the boys are kept away from the stovewood pile and work at home that would be worth something, I believe they would actually be ashamed. Anyway, I just rather go ahead and do the best I can. They would call me crazy if I told them what I think about so much football."

"I always wanted nice things but I guess a person would finally go crazy sure enough if they keep on wanting and wanting to have such things as plenty of clothes, bath rooms, rugs on the floors, electric lights and so on. I still do want things like that but yet

and still I get pleasure out of just living for my children. We have never had a car so I do not go visiting very much but the children go as much as I think they ought to. It would take a lot more than we are able to make if we tried to live like people in town so as I said before I don't try to keep up with very many other people. We have plenty to eat such as milk, butter, bread and home canned vegetables and ~~if~~ that is about all a person would need in the way of something to eat. If you get to thinking about it, we are just about as ^{WELL OFF AS} a lot of other folks and we have a lots to be thankful for!"